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THE
NATION
America's Leading Liberal Weekly Since 1865

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THE WELTNER BILL VERN COUNTRYMAN

THE NATION

JULY 4, 1966 *35 cents*

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WILLIAM EASTLAKE

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CARL DREHER

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LETTERS

Brown failed

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the California Republican gubernatorial and Democratic primaries ["California, There She Blows!," *The Nation,* June 20] is a clear, intelligent analysis. However, I notice that you again mention Governor Brown—as you have sometimes had occasion to in the past—in a somewhat favorable context. To many of us, Brown is not another Earl Warren or Hiram Johnson (men who, incidentally, shine in comparison with their fellows, but whose intrinsic merits as humanitarians seem lacking) but merely the man who could have (1) followed through correctly after his correct appraisal of the roots of the Watts riots, but who instead unleashed the brutal suppression of the rioters; (2) struck a blow for free speech by publicly upholding the rights of the Berkeley FSMers; (3) saved the life of Caryl Chessman. On all these points Brown failed—failed as a human being.

Jerry Engelbach

baby Marines

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: On the morning of May 17, the students of Jesuit High School in New Orleans were treated to an event which will become common in high schools all over the nation in the next few months. The noted event was the activation ceremonies for the first U.S. Marine Junior ROTC program in the country. This program is for youths in the age group 14-18 and is the first of 12,000.

The latest move to militarize the youth of the country did not go unchallenged, however; several pickets were on hand and many students of Jesuit High objected. The pickets carried signs reading: PEACE CORPS NOT MARINE CORPS, HOW MANY MORE MUST DIE FOR JOHNSON'S MISTAKES? WHY TRAIN OUR CHILDREN TO BE KILLERS? and WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRINCE OF PEACE? . . .

During the demonstration, a picket was struck by an irate father of one of the boys, the same man then spat on two female pickets and tore up a sign. . . . The students and parents were addressed by Gen. Wallace M. Greene, U.S. Marine commandant; the Rev. J. Donald Pearce, school president, and Rep. F. Edward Hebert, an alumnus of Jesuit High and the proud father of the ROTC revitalization bill.

General Greene congratulated the students for being chosen as the first unit in the United States to receive the "honor," and said: "We in the Regular Marine Corps are proud of this new addition to the Marine Corps family." The Rev. Donald Pearce stated that the United States is presently fighting in Vietnam "to preserve the ideals established here 200 years ago." He went on to say: "If our youth is rightly instructed our power will be greater than any weapon man can devise. . . ."

Jack J. Frazier

more about Sylvester

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of June 6 ["Did You Hear That?"] makes the point that Arthur Sylvester, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, once threatened newsmen in Saigon with "I know how to deal with you through your editors and publishers in the States." I can testify from personal experience that Mr. Sylvester does not confine his threats to newsmen.

In a radio broadcast on June 24 (on Washington

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EDITORIALS

The Kennedy Safari

President Kennedy rated his brother Robert as a major political intellect and insisted on having him in his Cabinet. On his African safari, Senator Kennedy proved that President Kennedy's evaluation was not overdrawn. Everything the Senator said was well said, and, in a precarious situation, he did not make a single misstep. Even his confusion and embarrassment, on one occasion, turned out to his credit. The trip was a good thing for the United States, for the Africans, and for Kennedy himself. What Richard Nixon said at a Republican fund-raising dinner on June 11 is now even more emphatically true: "Bobby Kennedy will be the second most powerful man in the Democratic Party in 1968. Whether he challenges the President or not will depend on the polls." It will also depend on Kennedy's courage and his ability to sustain the political *élan* he showed on his African journey.

For the first time in memory, an important American said the right things in the Union of South Africa. By denying entry to the American press, the Verwoerd government assured special attention to Kennedy's visit. Nor was the news blackout complete. The New York *Daily News* had a correspondent—George Laing—in Johannesburg, and he syndicated the story after traveling with Kennedy.

The white supremacists had expected Kennedy to get a mild welcome from English-speaking university students. Instead, 4,000 students, who had waited for hours at the airport, hoisted Kennedy onto their shoulders and marched him triumphantly into the terminal building. The mobbing was repeated in Capetown, in Durban, and even at Stellenbosch University, a hotbed of Afrikaaner nationalism.

The trip must have been educational for Kennedy as well as for the Afrikaaners. When he tried to shake hands with an African member of the ground staff at the Kimberley airport, the man fled. To shake hands with a white man would have been perilous for the African. But thousands came to hear him speak, and surged forward in an uncontrollable mass, shouting, "Master, Master"—the only word of praise and gratitude they knew. In Tanganyika Kennedy met a more sophisticated crowd of black Africans. They listened to him politely but in grim silence, and Kennedy knew the reason: Vietnam. His hands trembled and he spoke awkwardly. But he recovered and, abandoning his written text, spoke directly to the young, to those, as he put it, "with the fewest ties to the past, the fewest ties to the present, and the greatest stake in the future."

At no point was Kennedy the self-righteous American abroad. He conceded our faults and said only that we were aware of them (some of us at least) and were trying to do better. There he was speaking not only to the Africans but to liberals, intellectuals, progressive labor and, in general, that part of America which is left of Center. If he is to achieve higher office than the Senate, that grouping must be the nucleus of his support. If events favor, it can spread from these elements to the less differentiated electorate.

His risks are as great as his opportunities. From a professional political viewpoint, his start has been made too early. It is more than two years to the 1968 election, six to 1972. The big issue on which the coming elections may turn is Vietnam. Kennedy has sent up one trial balloon on the issue of opposition to the Johnson policy of escalation in Vietnam, then pulled it back. Whatever the outcome, the United States is in for endless trouble in that part of the world. Even if the Vietcong are conquered, at enormous cost, Vietnam will turn out to be a Pyrrhic victory for American military power. Kennedy must show that he foresaw disaster and opposed it while it was still politically hazardous to speak out. Winston Churchill came to power in Britain by opposing the government in power. A lone voice, when it speaks truth, is the loudest. And Kennedy's voice is already strong enough so that he cannot be ignored. His African trip made him an international figure. Now, with a continuation of nerve and verve, he is in a position to capitalize on it in U.S. politics.

The Cry of the Cities

This year's meeting of the U.S. Conference of Mayors in Dallas was notable on two counts. The first is that the mayors of New York, Boston, Detroit and other cities made it clear, in a national TV broadcast, that some of the money being spent in Vietnam had better be turned to solving the problems of the cities, before conditions become completely chaotic. The mayors mentioned $33 million a day, but this figure is outdated. Only a few members of the inner circle of the Johnson Administration know what the war is actually costing, but it is nearer $2 billion a month than $1 billion, and probably before the end of the year it will exceed the larger figure.

That hurts. As Marquis W. Childs points out in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a mayor's life is not a happy one. Half the time he is beating a path to Washington holding his hand out for money, merely to keep afloat. The rest of the time he may be fighting a state legislature which regards the city as a den of iniquity, in contrast to the pristine purity of the constituents on the farm—those who are willing to remain there. A cooperative governor is an exception rather than the rule. These afflictions of the typical big-city mayor are almost taken for granted, but when Washington is pouring billions into an overseas war, on top of the billions routinely allocated to "defense," many mayors must be asking themselves if there are not easier ways of dying.

The compensating factor in this, for the country if not for the mayors, is that the cities they represent are one of the most significant potential sources of political pressure to curb the excesses of Vietnam. Organized labor is for the most part acquiescent, business even more so, because in the short run both benefit by the war. But the cities' financial plight is such that the local officials who are trying to cope with it may be able to transmit some of their desperation to Washington. Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh of Detroit and Mayor John F. Collins of Boston called for a "total reassessment and re-analysis" of national and international commitments. Mayor Lindsay of New York concurred. These men are national figures, close to the grass roots. Cavanagh is running against G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Michigan. As he tours the state, most of his audiences

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: 242-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address [illegible] well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION *Volume 203*
No. 1

applaud his stand on the Vietnamese war, which is to stop the escalation and try to negotiate a settlement. And Detroit needs the funds a settlement would release.

Equally significant at the conference was the blunt talk of Mayor Henry W. Maier of Milwaukee on city-suburb relations. One of Maier's proposals is that the federal government should put pressure on the suburbs to bear part of the burden of housing and education in the cities, where people of low income (or none at all) are concentrated. The central city, Maier points out, is left to become "the receptacle for all the functions the suburb dweller does not care to support." He contends that "the islands of the privileged could not exist unless they were paid for by islands of the poor." The well to do flee to the suburbs and, from these enclaves, sally forth daily to make money in the cities, then return at night to the comfort and relative security of their outlying homes. When, as Mayor Lindsay proposed, they are asked to pay a city income tax which would impose a negligible burden, their screams resound over the whole metropolitan area.

At the same time "metropolitan hypocrisy" keeps suburban schools tightly segregated. It is poor form to mention this fact, but Maier spoke about it at length. The mayors, at his suggestion, asked the federal government to cut off financial aid to suburbs which are not willing to think and act in terms of metropolitan areas. Such action would be a step in the right direction in any effort to check the degradation of the cities, and the only immediate source for the huge sums this would require must come from possible cutbacks in military spending in Vietnam.

The Economics of Pollution

The economics of water pollution has not received anything like the attention the subject deserves. It is currently estimated that the nation suffers almost $13 billion annually in damage from water pollution. Technically it is possible to upgrade the quality of water to any extent necessary; the problem is largely a matter of economics. As the *Illinois Business Review* (University of Illinois) points out, the costs rise sharply once pollution is severe. "Once any practice is permitted," the *Review* notes, "it becomes entrenched in a vested interest that cannot be dislodged without a fight." The longer pollution is tolerated, the higher the costs will be and, if tolerated long enough, the costs can become prohibitive.

Yet pollution is not lessening as one might assume from the attention it is getting in print; on the contrary, because of rising population and industrial output, we are facing a deteriorating situation. The immediate problem is to prevent additions to the uncompensated social costs of wastes passed on to others. Each expanding community, each new factory should be required to return to the stream water equal in quality to that taken into the plant or into city conduits. These requirements should be enforced all across the country, to prevent self-seekers from competing for new plants and population at somebody else's expense.

Even if this first task is met, the cost of cleaning up the existing mess and supplying ever increasing needs will be enormous; but if it is not met, the ultimate costs will be much higher: The *Review*'s conclusion is unassailable: "We are facing the day when water production will have to be managed, region by region, by efficient enterprises, which will make careful use of resources, carry on research to solve emerging problems, and enact a scale of charges designed to allocate available supplies economically. We cannot delay the building of the regional enterprises that will have these responsibilities. Any loss of momentum will magnify and solidify the obstacles. To salvage the future we have to begin building it now."

Honor Thy Father & Thy Mother

In practice, the Biblical injunction has been construed as an obligation of adult children to support their parents. When the children are affluent and the parents are in need, this is fair enough, but when the moral principle is enacted into law, inequities develop in many cases. Title 19 of the federal government's medicare program has resulted in a highly desirable modification in the welfare regulations in New York State and New York City, and no doubt other states and cities will effect similar changes. In New York City thousands of needy old people have been informed that their children are no longer required to support them and, contrary to what one would expect, the parents as well as the children express relief. The elderly residents of an institution in Brooklyn are quoted in *The New York Times* as saying that they were glad their children would now be free "to take a vacation, get a new car, or give the grandchildren some extras." The burden of guilt has been lifted from parents (and grandparents) who were plagued in their last years by awareness that they were a burden.

Undoubtedly there will be a howl from the Right, with the usual assertions that here is another measure to obliterate individual and family responsibility by shifting the burden to the well-to-do taxpayer. The facts do not jibe with this well-worn theory. What the federal law did was to eliminate the requirement that children be responsible for their parents' medical bills; in taking advantage of the federal program, New York State sensibly extended this exemption to all kinds of support. Spouses remain responsible for each other, and parents for children under 21. The only change has been in favor of children over 21 toward their parents. Those who are willing and able to support their parents, or help support them, will no doubt continue to do so. However, they cannot be forced, and in fact the attempt to force them was never much of a success. It resulted in cruel hardships and did more to divide families than probably any other law on the books.

A typical case is that of a $10,000-a-year man with a wife and two children. Under the former arrangements, the cut-off income was $5,600 a year, and this man was required to pay half the difference, or $2,200 a year, toward his parents' support. What with the income tax, interest on the mortgage, etc.—and the obligation, now well-nigh taken for granted, to send the children to college—this $10,000-a-year man and his wife need only a little bad luck to be headed for the relief rolls themselves.

What the voices on the Right are not likely to mention is that lawyers have contended for some years that "relative responsibility" (applied outside the spouse-for-spouse and parent-for-minor-child categories) may well be unconsti-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 11, July 25, August 8 and August 22.

tutional under the equal-protection clause, in that it imposes double taxation on the person who happens to be unlucky enough to have relatives who need public assistance. Also, little attention will be paid to the assertion of New York City Welfare Commissioner Mitchell I. Ginsberg that the additional cost to the city when it picks up the bills previously paid by children will be offset by savings in investigation and court costs. Heretofore, every applicant for welfare has been investigated to ascertain whether any relatives can be held responsible for his support, and several hundred cases a year have been taken to court. Even if it should turn out that Mr. Ginsberg has exaggerated the savings, the inherent indecency of these proceedings would be cause enough for their discontinuance. The change should be hailed not so much on the basis of cost as on grounds of humanitarianism and civic amenity.

Thanking Senator Robertson

On March 10 of last year, the U.S. District Court in New York City ruled that the Manufacturers Trust Company and the Hanover Bank were, by their merger into the nation's fourth largest bank, in violation of the Sherman antitrust laws. Three weeks later, Sen. A. Willis Robertson, Chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, introduced legislation to exempt Manufacturers-Hanover from this court action.

Not surprisingly, the officers of Manufacturers-Hanover felt kindly toward Senator Robertson, a venerable Virginia gentleman, for this assistance, and the bank sent out 40,000 letters asking its stockholders to express their "thanks" to Robertson this year—which happens to be election year for him and he is hard pressed.

When this was revealed in Washington newspapers recently, Robertson responded that he had never "solicited a penny" from the banks. This is probably true. There would be no need to remind the bankers of the country of what they were already very well aware (as several of them have said openly and as several columns in the *American Banker* have stressed): that if Robertson is defeated and if U.S. Sen. John Sparkman is knocked off this fall by an Alabama Republican—which is not impossible—then the committee chairmanship could fall into the hands of Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois, assuming his re-election, who dearly loves to make big banks and big corporations toe the mark.

*Some*one is soliciting *some*thing. A director of one bank in Virginia resigned recently, saying that the "arm twisting" to force contributions for Robertson, some of it done with the threat of blocking advancement of bank workers if they did not chip in, was too much for him to stomach.

Robertson's own efforts to appear above aligning himself with the bankers' lobby were somewhat deflated when Robert Walters of the Washington *Star* recently discovered that the Virginia Senator had hired, for the duration of the campaign, one Charles Emmet Lucey as a "researcher." Last session of Congress Lucey was better known around Washington as one of the top lobbyists pushing the bank-merger bill that gave Manufacturers-Hanover and several other banks such a timely assist. And what is Lucey doing in Robertson's office? "I'm giving assistance," he said, "to help him formulate various things."

The Salisbury Talks

The talks now in progress in Salisbury between officials of the British Government and those of the rebel regime of Rhodesia will not solve the country's main problems—even if agreement is reached. The manner in which they were initiated, as well as the composition of the delegations, precludes a consideration of the main issues that gravely concern the leaders of the 4 million voteless Africans.

The man who should take credit for the current talks is Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa. When the United Nations Security Council gave authority to Britain last April to stop and even board ships taking oil to Rhodesia, it indirectly warned South Africa not to continue breaking the international boycott. Dr. Verwoerd knew that the Security Council would widen the use of the powers contained in Chapter 7 of the Charter to include his own country, if the limited use already agreed on proved ineffective. He was therefore eager to take the Rhodesian crisis out of the hands of the Security Council before the May meeting. By threatening Britain with a direct confrontation with South Africa in the financial field where the former is weakest, and by bullying Ian Smith's Rhodesia, which could not survive without his massive aid, he managed to get the two to talk.

It may not matter how or who starts negotiations, but South Africa's intervention in Rhodesian affairs always strengthens the conservative, racialistic elements in the white-settler population of Rhodesia. The solution Dr. Verwoerd seeks is totally different from that of Ian Smith, let alone Britain or the Africans. The British Foreign Office's statement last week that conservative right-wing Ministers in Ian Smith's regime are on the ascendancy in policy matters came as no surprise and can be traced directly to Dr. Verwoerd's intervention in April and May.

It is incredible that Britain's Labour government should agree to go this far in discussions with Ian Smith's representatives without leaders of the 4 million Africans being present. Wilson's six principles, which have formed the basis of the current talks, have been rejected by Africans as both inadequate and outdated by U.D.I. (the Unilateral Declaration of Independence last November). Any modifications insisted upon by Rhodesian representatives will be even more unacceptable. It is therefore tragic that two delegations composed entirely of Europeans should sit down in Africa in 1966 to discuss and decide upon the future of 4 million indigenous Africans. No decision arrived at in the absence of Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and Mr. Joshua Nkomo —the elected leaders of the African people, now in detention with many of their followers—can be considered binding on the African people. In fact they may well feel duty bound to abrogate any such imposed settlement. Britain learned (or should have learned) this lesson bitterly in the experiment of the Central African Federation. After ten years of hard work and heavy investment it was finally dismantled. The same fate awaits any agreement that may be reached in the present talks.

The issues at stake are that at the time Britain gives independence to Rhodesia there should be a government responsive to the wishes of all people (majority rule), and therefore power must shift from the 220,000 settlers to the 4 million Africans; and that race must not be a hindrance to economic and social advancement. If Britain were as fully committed to these principles as it says it is, it would not be talking to a regime that is moving in the opposite (South African) direction; instead, it would be tightening the sanctions (for instance, giving more assistance to Zambia to blockade Rhodesian railways by finding alternative routes) and fully supporting Security Council action.

African demonstrations against the Salisbury talks have been ruthlessly put down by police and army units and censored from all local newspapers. On June 15 there was widespread rioting in all African townships in Salisbury. A bus, a factory, a hotel and several drug stores belonging to Europeans were set on fire by angry demonstrators, who were being chased by trained police dogs. Isolated incidents were reported in London newspapers of the week ending June 19, but readers of Salisbury newspapers never know about any such incidents. Both supporters and opponents of Ian Smith's regime live in the dark about their own country—and in constant fear. N. M. SHAMUYARIRA

Mr. Shamuyarira, born in Rhodesia in 1928, was for four years editor of the now banned Daily News, *the only paper in the country edited for African readers. He is at present studying for a Ph.D. in politics at Princeton University. In 1965 Mr. Shamuyarira* published Crisis in Rhodesia *(Andre Deutsch).*

Quebec: Separatism in a New Guise

DILLON O'LEARY

Mr. O'Leary is a Canadian free-lance journalist and political correspondent.

Ottawa

English Canada breathed easier immediately after the June 5 Quebec provincial election. The first clearly Separatist bid at the polls had been soundly rebuffed by Quebec's voters.

The rest of Canada, which knows little about Quebec except that it seems a troublesome puzzle, also heard that Daniel Johnson's Union Nationale had scored a narrow upset victory over the Liberal government of Premier Jean Lesage. Lesage had for three years been raising English-Canadians' hackles with demands for "Quebec's rights," so his defeat by Johnson seemed an exchange of a devil they knew for a devil they didn't. That seemed less important than knowing that Separatism was a hollow threat.

But is it? A long second look at Premier Johnson proved less reassuring. He is an urbane lawyer of age 51, and an experienced politician who was sponsored and taught his art by the late Premier Maurice Duplessis, who for eighteen years ran Quebec as a feudal fief. Despite his name, Daniel Johnson is every inch a French-Canadian. In recent years he has become an advocate of Associate Statehood for Quebec: a more sophisticated brand of the Separatism espoused by young romantics and some professors in Quebec's universities. He is the first Quebec premier to endorse such a doctrine. The next year may tell whether his quasi-Separatism was mere demagogy, or a storm signal which was largely overlooked or ignored.

As good a definition as any of Associate Statehood was offered by Johnson last summer to an English-speaking study group. He would have English and French "nations" co-existing within the Canadian state. Ottawa would be the capital of only the "English nation," and Quebec City of the "French nation." He allowed that they might have a common postal service, currency and, perhaps, defense force; otherwise they would be autonomous. He has also asserted Quebec's right to become a republic. The difference between this theory and outright Separatism is largely a matter of semantics.

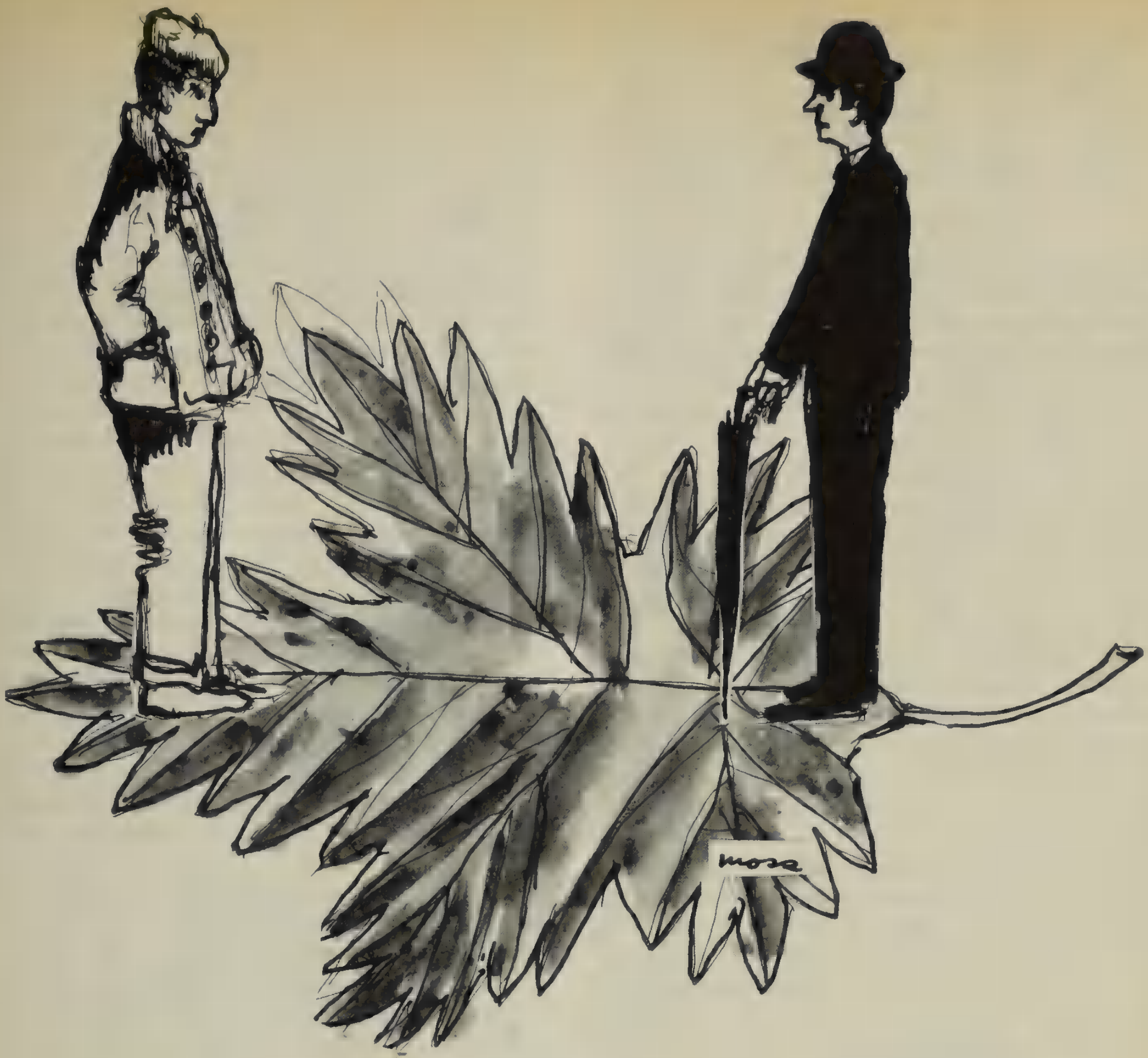
This is a dissonant theme amid Canadian preparations to celebrate next year the hundredth anniversary of Confederation. In 1867, Confederation welded the four British colonies of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into a federal union. The centennial will celebrate its development into modern Canada of ten provinces, stretching 4,000 miles from Atlantic to Pacific; an independent nation attached voluntarily to the British Commonwealth.

Within Confederation, however, Quebec held aloof from the rest of Canada. Until recently, its hinterland beyond Montreal remained a pastoral enclave outside the industrial development of North America: Roman Catholic and clerical, rustic, inward-looking and intent mainly on preserving its religion and language. The fact that two prime ministers were from Quebec—Laurier and St. Laurent—did little to lure the city into the mainstream of Canadian life.

Nor did English Canada often extend a sympathetic hand. Canada's English-speaking Establishment regarded Quebec as "backward and priest-ridden," and a source of largely unorganized and cheap labor for industry owned by American and English-Canadian capital. Montreal's English-speaking businessmen paid support to the reactionary and union-hating regime of Duplessis, who ran the province through corruption and coercion, and let the rest of the country go its own way.

All that changed completely in 1960 when Premier Lesage took office, and Quebec's so-called "quiet revolution" began. French Canada came alive to the 20th century, and its pent-up cultural and political ambitions exploded.

The upsurge swept Lesage to a second and decisive victory in 1962, with his slogan, *"Maîtres Chez Nous"* (Masters in Our Own House), symbolizing Quebec's aspirations to control its economic as well as its political destiny. His government nationalized the electric utility companies, owned by English-Canadian capital, into Quebec Hydro. The backward school system was reformed and expanded



rapidly. An emerging and well-educated middle class demanded its share of posts in the upper echelons of the province's business and industry; it also demanded that French replace English as Quebec's language of commerce, and that French have equal status with English in the federal civil service in Ottawa. The latter demand was coupled with insistence that French-Canadians be given a greater share of the senior civil servant positions.

From that ferment was born a nationalistic Separatism, demanding an independent Quebec republic. Its adherents were mainly students, bohemians, some young workers and intellectuals; and a sprinkling of Marxists and young French Canada's version of the New Left. (Only ten years ago a French-Canadian Marxist was both a curiosity and an outcast.) Separatism in turn spawned a faction of terrorists, noted in 1963 and 1964 for their bombings, and raids on armories and gun shops. Almost the first bomb blew up General Wolfe's monument on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City, where Wolfe won French Canada for Britain in 1756. Terrorism killed three persons and maimed another. Two terrorists have been condemned to death and are awaiting execution.

But when the Separatists resorted to ballots instead of bullets in the recent elections, Quebec's 3,200,000 voters largely ignored them. Their major bid was by the leftist RIN (Rassemblement pour l'Indépendence Nationale) led by Pierre Bourgault, a 33-year-old ex-journalist who was in the fore of demonstrations against Queen Elizabeth during her visit to Quebec City in 1964. The RIN got only 5.5 per cent of the vote, though it was nearly 8 per cent in Montreal. An ultra-Right Separatist group got 3.2 per cent.

That vote hardly writes off Separatism. For the spirit of Separatism pervades the Liberal and Union Nationale parties: its concepts often flower in theories of a semi-autonomous French Canada, or Associate Statehood, almost a throwback to the Austria-Hungary of the Hapsburgs. Premier Lesage was not of that belief, but a few of his prominent ministers were. They included the Socialist-minded René Levesque, who inspired the electric utilities take-over; Paul Gerin-Lajoie, who insisted on Quebec's right to sign certain foreign treaties on its own, such as a cultural agreement with France—and did; and Pierre Laporte, Lesage's then heir apparent.

Their attitude exacerbated the guerrilla warfare which the Lesage government conducted with Ottawa, demanding and often getting ever greater autonomy in administering welfare, educational, housing and manpower policies; and demanding also for Quebec, and getting, a larger share of income taxes under the formula by which they are shared between federal and provincial governments. Rakosi's salami-slicing techniques were used to whittle away federal power in Quebec.

Nevertheless, during the election these ministers were in the background. Lesage made himself the central Liberal spokesman, and he attacked Separatism as "foolish and childish."

Johnson played both sides of the fence. He appealed for the English-speaking minority's votes—about 15 per cent, concentrated in Montreal—and said he had rejected an alliance with Separatist groups. He declared he was against splitting Quebec from Canada (which was not necessarily a repudiation of Associate Statehood). But he also appealed directly for Separatist votes, and said Separatism could not be ruled out as Quebec's final solution.

He did not get the English-speaking vote, and the result was embarrassing. Union Nationale won fifty-five seats in the legislature, against fifty-one for the Liberals, plus two independents elected; but because Johnson's main strength was in the numerically smaller rural ridings, he got only 41 per cent of the popular vote, against 47 per cent for the Liberals. The non-French vote had withheld from him the clear mandate he wanted. In exasperation on election night, he protested that *"les Anglophones et les Juifs"* (the English and Jews) had voted against him. The racist undertones sent a chill through the province.

To allay fears from that outburst, Johnson has promised his government will pass a bill of rights for all minorities in Quebec. He has also unfolded other fascinating plans: to send Quebec delegates to some bodies of the United Nations, such as UNESCO, and to set up a Quebec department of immigration. Foreign affairs and immigration are, under the Canadian constitution, solely federal jurisdictions. But Johnson proposes to revise the constitution through negotiation between English and French Canada. The federal and provincial governments together have been trying without agreement to revise Canada's constitution these last seventeen years; Johnson will not find it any easier.

For the present, however, it is not these plans which perplex Ottawa. The federal government wonders how far Johnson will press his main election plank: his demand that Quebec take over all personal income, corporation and succession taxes collected by Ottawa in Quebec. In cold cash this year, that would give his government $865 million additional revenue, over and above the $585 million Quebec garners in these taxes. It is an impossible demand. Ottawa could not grant it without other provinces asking a like share. That would leave a bare treasury, and the mere remnants of a national government. How seriously will Johnson push his ideas? He has been ambiguous about this.

He must score spectacularly in at least some of them. For with his small majority in the legislature, he must almost certainly call another election within a year in an attempt to win a decisive majority, if he is not overthrown by a legislature vote before that. In seeking increments to Union Nationale support, the temptation to woo the total 8.7 per cent of the outright Separatist vote will be alluring; especially in Montreal, where the Union Nationale vote was weakest and the Separatist vote strongest. He can do that by loudly asserting Quebec sovereignty in dealing with Ottawa and English Canada generally.

The likelihood is that such action would intensify an English-speaking backlash in the rest of Canada. The anti-Quebec resentment is already there, as Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson discovered last fall in the federal election. He has staked his career on reconciling English and French Canada. That policy won him most of Quebec, but he failed to sell it to English Canada. He returned with a minority government in the five-party House of Commons.

The confederation has not yet been torn asunder. But the current noises from Quebec sound suspiciously as if it is bulging at a few of its seams.

THE NIGHT WE BOMBED PEKING

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia. While there he had some "night thoughts" about his experience, and since he is by trade a novelist and short-story writer, they took this form.*

"Silent as a whisper, death, Billy," the CIA man said, and then he said, "The colonel says we have to bomb Peking now before it is too late."

The captain agreed and the major didn't say anything. The Communist waiter left to make notes and the CIA man said, "Well, I don't suppose it's any secret that you're a nut, Colonel."

We were in the bar of the Surawongse Hotel in Chieng Mai, Thailand, where the country curves north toward China and where the bombing run to Hanoi is short. The American Air Force officers had come into this rest area four days before. I had come up on the Bangkok-to-Chieng Mai train behind a golden, dragon-emblazoned, wood-burning locomotive, with the CIA man in the same compartment. We talked. The CIA man was fresh from triumphs in Cuba, Santo Domingo and Singapore, but he didn't want to talk about that. He wanted to talk about Franz Kafka.

The smoke drifted around us.

"I don't think I was cut out for this job," he said.

I had never even seen a CIA man before so I kept quiet and let him talk.

"Cat got your tongue?" the CIA man asked. "Wait till you hear those Air Force kooks in Chieng Mai," he said slowly in remembrance of blunders past. "They'll jar your teeth out. They want to be turned loose on China. Funny thing," the CIA man said, "your reaction is not atypical. Most Americans get scared when they meet a CIA man. But you can't write about me. No one would believe it if you did. Cat got your tongue, Billy?"

More smoke.

"Teak," the CIA man said. "Smells like camphor. Did you enjoy Cambodia?"

"How did you—?"

"That's my business. Don't get scared. We're both Americans. People are always surprised that a CIA man is a human being. Particularly intellectuals. Intellectuals have got us pigeonholed in their clichés as villains, blundering villains. I hate to disillusion you, Billy."

"You want to play nasty?"

"I want to provoke you into saying something. I sense resentment and I think it would be helpful if you got it out."

"Boo!" I said.

"That's better," the CIA man said. "Pretty soon you'll be treating me like a human being."

That night in the Surawongse Hotel bar, after the American Air Force officers left with the international whores, the CIA man went suddenly quiet. The Bentley's overhead cams were still noisy the way they had been every night the international whores picked up our heroes.

"Where do they go?"

"I don't know where the Air Force goes at night," the CIA man said abruptly. Then he ordered the Communist spy waiter to fetch him a *sangría.* "I don't know what they do on their time off, Billy. They are entitled to some privacy." The CIA man thought about this a long time in silence while waiting for the *sangría.* "No, they're not. Not as long as they got the bomb they're not entitled to any privacy at all. You know that place across from the prison that looks like a palace, Billy? Well, that's what it is, a palace, and that's where they go. I've got all the bedrooms wired for sound. You want to hear an old tape?"

"No."

"All they want to do is bomb China. Is that asking too much? You won't let them do it, will you, Billy?"

"That's right."

"Their lives can be frustrating, Billy. Very frustrating."

The *sangría* arrived.

"I don't know why I tell you all this. I tell you all this because no one would print it."

"Maybe you have a compulsion to confess?"

"No, Billy. I read Dostoevski too."

"Michigan State?"

"Princeton," the CIA man said. "I show my hand, Billy, because that's the best cover. No one will believe the truth. Not even my wife."

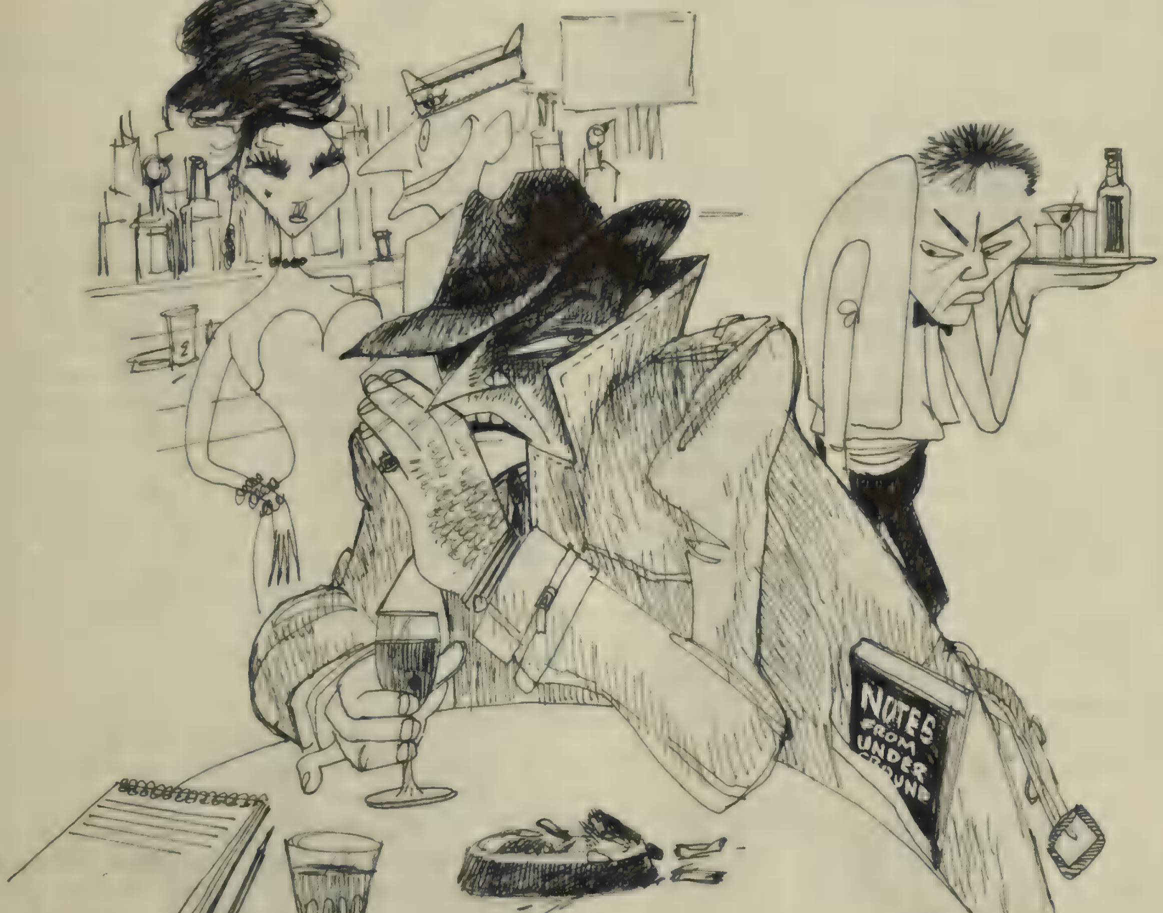
"Sad."

"Au contraire, Billy. It's my cover—my *modus vivendi.*"

"I guess you went to Princeton all right."

The CIA man mumbled something in Latin that I couldn't catch, couldn't catch if I had caught. Then he said: "You know, Billy, the CIA could take over this whole shooting match any time at all."

"Oh?"



"Doesn't that scare you, Billy?"

"More than you'll ever know."

"Did I tell you about our Santo Domingo caper?"

"Twice."

"Try to get it printed."

"I see what you mean."

"It's not that we control the press, Billy. It's that they don't control us."

The CIA man sent the waiter off on another *sangría* mission and then said: "I taught him to make a Cuban *sangría*. And I got him a job here so I could keep an eye on him. His room is on tape. This way, Billy, if an American—if you—were to be assassinated we would know about it."

"Thanks."

"I said we'd know about it. I didn't say we'd do anything about it. Sometimes in the long run we find it best to let nature take its course. If it meant our cover or your life, who knows?"

"Quién sabe?"

"Billy, I'm going to buy you a Buddha and then I want you to do me a favor."

"What favor?"

"Let the Air Force drop the bomb on Peking."

"Say that again."

"A fantasy bomb, Billy, not the real thing. But it will do the trick. You see, the American people sent the Air Force over here to win a war cheap. Quick and cheap, but they tell them Thou Shalt Not Do This, Thou Shalt Not Do That. They got areas all mapped out where they can go and can't go. They can't go to Peking."

"What a shame."

"It means they can't win the war, Billy. It means they're all choked up. It means our colonel, the captain and the major are in trouble. You think they enjoy running off every night of their Rest and Recreation, spending all of their R and R, with the international whores? No, Billy, they're in trouble."

"That is a pity."

"Come on, Billy, I'll buy you a Buddha."

And he did, too, but first we got in a trishaw to get where the Buddhas were. I insisted he use my trishaw boy, Yip Phy. I've still got Yip's card along with the card of a saffron-robed Buddhist monk, another companion on the wood-burning train—cards, the confetti of the jungle.

"The Thais got the card-carrying bit from their Japanese allies during the Second World War, but they don't like to be reminded of this. They have another legend that they're a free people. They love myths," the CIA man said. Then he made a big pause watching the hard-working rear of Yip Phy. "Billy, what are we going to do for our heroes, the captain, the major and the colonel?"

"Nothing."

"Just one bomb on Peking?"

"Nothing."

"Come on, I'll buy you a Buddha."

The bronze Buddha, 10 centimeters high, was beautiful. I had no intention of accepting it, but man is weak. I'm watching it on my desk as I write.

When we got back in our trishaw the CIA man said: "Billy, did I ever tell you about the directive that went out advising everyone attached to the American Embassy to improve our bi-cultural relations. It said that the darker hill Thai people should no longer be excluded from functions. Do you know what I said when I heard this news, Billy?"

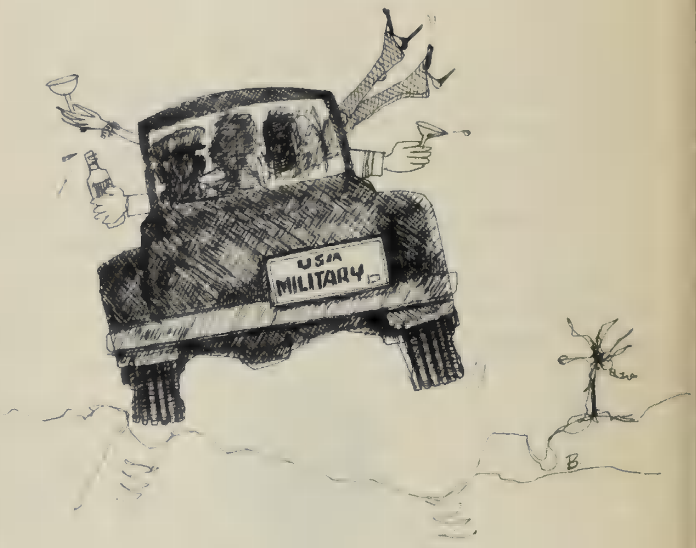
"What did you say?"

"Black Thai mandatory."

"Thank God for the CIA," I said.

That afternoon, as was their custom, our Air Force heroes on R and R got stoned, starting at noon. When I arrived at four o'clock at the Surawongse bar they were all staring into the yonder.

"I am just telling them, Billy, about their mission to Peking."



"Honored," the colonel mumbled. "Terribly honored."

"Take off at 1800 hours," the CIA man said, flicking his watch.

"Honored," the colonel said. "But we have all been drinking heavily."

"That could help," the CIA man said.

"Yes," the colonel said. "Honored to have been selected for this first mission, but—but—we have an engagement at 1800 hours with the international—with the young ladies."

"Take them along to Peking. I mean, forget them. Think of your country."

The colonel thought of his country. "Old Miss," the colonel said, and he brushed away a tear.

"It's 1500 hours now," the CIA man said. "Time to go to the ready room for briefing."

"We're honored."

"We sure are," the captain said.

"Shut up," the colonel said. "Sit down, boy," the colonel said to the CIA man. "Who's your friend?" he said staring at me through a blear of Scotch.

"Not the novelist William Eastlake whom we all know, love and admire and respect in this bar on your R and R," the CIA man said. "That's his cover. William Eastlake, the novelist who or whom you have all come to love, honor, admire and respect is not a very good cover, is it? Well;

he is in fact Henry Wilberforce, our operator from Harvard who planned this mission."

"All by yourself?" the colonel said.

"We are sure honored," the captain said.

"Shut up," the colonel said. The colonel took another sip of his Scotch. "At 1800 hours we have an appointment with the ladies."

"Listen, Colonel," the CIA man said, standing up and pointing. "If you go out that door to the old Bentley with double overhead cams, I mean if you go out with the international whores, that door leads straight to hell. On the other hand, if you go out that door over Peking, somewhere, somehow there will be a hallowed spot in every American heart in solemn memory."

The colonel took another swig of the Scotch.

"Or is that what you want to do, Colonel?" the CIA man said. "Make Thailand into an American brothel?"

"Washington is an American brothel," the colonel said.

"That's right," the major said.

"Sure is," the captain said.

"You see? That shows our State Department was right all the time," the colonel said. "Have a drink."

"All right, you've had your little joke, Colonel," the CIA man said solemnly. "Now let's get back to bombing Peking."

"Some other time," the colonel said, struggling to his feet. He looked at his wrong wrist. "Got appointment with the ladies at 1800 hours."

"The whores," the captain said rising.

"That's right," the major said.

"Shut up," the colonel said. "They're fine young ladies who are using the money to reconstruct the palace. Where would this country be without them? They are studying for the priesthood, got the yellow dresses, everything." The colonel stared around. "Where's Peking? I mean, where's the Bentley?"

"That's right," the major said.

"Sure is," the captain said.

They all departed. They all stumbled out the door to the noisy, double overhead cammed old Bentley. The door they did not take led some time, somewhere to a Mach Four, brand new, silent as a whisper, death.

The CIA man watched them make the Bentley, then turned to me and said, "How do you like those apples, Wilberforce?"

THE TRANSIT SNARL

IS IT BACK TO THE RAILS?

CARL DREHER

It is a common belief that the railroads lost most of their passenger business through complacency and technological stagnation. In certain instances, that may be close enough to the truth; but, as always in widespread adversity, the responses of groups and individuals differed widely. Some of the railroads went down fighting; some others held on to a substantial part of the traffic—and these, with government help, are now on the verge of a comeback.

Even where somnolence was clearly a factor in the decline, the sleep was by no means total. When diesel power promised to reduce costs, the railroads made the steam locomotive a museum piece with a celerity that belied the myth of senility. In recent years striking advances have been made in efficient freight movement, and the results are reflected in the 1965 earnings of the stronger roads, some of which delighted their stockholders with profits unparalleled in their history: Norfolk & Western, with $90 million; Northern Pacific, $28 million (the latter had earned more in two previous years, but the later of these was 1918). The New York Central, with $41.5 million, up from $27 million in 1964, did not do badly either. Where management failed it was only in the passenger field, against seemingly insuperable competition from the airplane and the automobile. Ten years ago, research and development were not the magic words they have become, nor was it apparent that we were highway-building ourselves into trouble.

Now that it is apparent, there is still no indication that the railroads can regain their one-time primacy in long-haul passenger transport. The Urban Mass Transportation Act of 1964, insofar as it is aimed at the 460-mile "Northeast Corridor" (Boston-New York-Washington) may prove to be quite off the mark. Fast trains on this run might obviate the time-consuming trip from midtown to the airport and offer such attractive features as barbershops and club cars, but most of these amenities were taken for granted on pre-World War II de luxe trains like the Southern Pacific's *Lark*.

Once, seven nights a week, the *Lark* carried 300 passengers from San Francisco to Los Angeles in civilized leisure and comfort, and an equal number in the reverse direction. The distance is about the same as between Boston and Washington and the *Lark*, though not what it once was, is still a pretty fair train—but the railroad has asked the California Public Utilities Commission for permission to discontinue it. The air line makes the trip in an hour and offers hundreds of flights a week. Ninety-five passengers ride the *Lark* each way each night; the air line carries 7,700 a day. As the SP traffic manager says, the *Lark* has one fatal defect—it can't fly. Any conceivable increase in speed would leave the *Lark*, and probably its East Coast counterpart, still far behind.

The crucial problem, and the one that calls for new directions in railroading, is in suburban areas within a radius of, say, 60 miles from the great metropolitan centers, where the automobile is becoming a greater source of pollution than of movement, and where the airplane does not compete. But even here we should not expect too much too soon. "The fuse is lit," one Sunday feature writer proclaims, "for an explosion in urban mass transportation that may rival the freeways of the past decade." Maybe so, but "explosion" is a word sorely overused these days. What we are likely to see is something more on the order of accelerated evolution in a number of locations, with the controlling interests elsewhere waiting and watching. Their decisions will hinge less on social efficiency and the commonweal than on the amount of financial assistance federal, state and municipal governments are prepared to offer.

We should be skeptical of both grandiose organizational reforms and great technological leaps, such as 300- or 400-mph ground transport by the various exotic means on which magazine art departments delight to exercise their imaginations. It is said that transportation in all its forms accounts for about 20 per cent of gross national product—as much as $140 billion yearly. Considering its fragmented, cross-purposed character and the waste we all experience at the junction points of the various modes, the estimate does not seem out of line. When Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor talks hopefully of "all forms of transport . . . harmonized and orchestrated in the manner best serving the national interest," he is giving a good description of what U.S. transport is not. Costs could indeed be reduced and the public convenience served by large-scale planning and coordination, but the prospect for any such inclusive overhaul is dim.

This article is the second in a series on new technological developments in inter-city and suburban rail transportation. The first, "Advance Into Yesterday" by Michael Harris, was published on June 6.

To appreciate how far we are from anything resembling an integrated transportation policy, one need only look at the jagged interface between ground and air transport. Charles C. Tillinghast, Jr., president of Trans World Airlines, puts it aptly: "America had better solve some of her mass transit problems before she worries too much about the supersonic jet. If the problem of getting to and from airports is not solved, almost half the time of a transcontinental trip will be spent on the ground." At the present rate, the problem will not be solved before the eighties, if then. A metropolitan airport is a crippled facility without a rapid transit line to the city's core area, but no such combination exists anywhere in the United States, and only one city—Cleveland—is planning such a connection. Since only 10 or 15 per cent of the American people have ever flown in any aircraft, civil or military, and a much smaller percentage flies the air lines at all regularly, it can be argued that rapid transit to and from airports is unwarranted. But, with all the advertising the air lines do, isn't that another indication that an inclusive transportation policy is envisioned only in the after-dinner speeches of high government functionaries?

The proposed federal Department of Transportation—assuming it can manage to get through Congress—will be able to change the general picture very little in the foreseeable future. Special interests will simply do their infighting within the new department. The management and coordination of federal programs in the various fields of transportation will improve only slowly and may even suffer setbacks as the present eleven agencies charged with supervising air lines, railroads, federal highways, etc., struggle to retain their autonomy while submitting to organization-chart merger. That the present generation of commuters, whether on rubber or steel, will benefit in any tangible way is unlikely.

This does not mean that integration cannot be effected regionally on a significant scale. Public-spirited individuals and organizations should continue to bend their efforts in that direction. Among local and regional programs there can be beneficial interplay and the federal government can exert constructive influence with impartial expertise and judicious allocation of funds. A hopeful sign may be found in the provisions of the Federal Highway Act of 1962, which was supposed to withhold federal highway grants from cities that failed to come up with plans tying in road projects with other modes of transportation. The question is whether plans on paper—tokenism in transport—will be allowed to substitute for the real thing.

On the technical side railroads are making important progress, especially by adapting airplane technology, with its objectives of compactness, lightness and reliability, to ground transport. Note that I do not include air line speeds, since even the higher propeller speeds are not feasible on the ground, and jet speeds are out of the question. However, rail schedule times can be materially improved with vehicles moving at, say, 80 mph. Even if it should turn out that there is no market for a modernized rail passenger system running the length of the Northeast Corridor, the experiments will benefit suburban traffic along that route and elsewhere. The Pennsylvania has started upgrading its roadway, tracks and catenary (the 11,000-volt overhead feed for electric trains) and expects to be ready for 100-mph top speeds within eighteen months, and perhaps for 150 mph by 1970. By the end of the year, the Department of Commerce will receive under lease a United Aircraft train equipped with Canadian Pratt & Whitney engines which are a ground-adapted version of an airplane engine. This train will be capable of speeds up to 160 mph, but will be tested on the New Haven Railroad between Providence and Boston at much lower speeds. The Long Island will test a Budd train equipped with Garrett gas turbines, likewise modified from turboprop aircraft service. The design speed of this train is 100 mph, but operation at only 75 mph is contemplated.

Rail systems are benefiting by internal development as well as by borrowing from air technology. The Housing and Home Finance Agency has put more than $7 million into the test track of the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit District. BARTD itself paid part of the total cost, and the suppliers (General Electric, Westinghouse Air Brake, Philco, General Railway Signal, General Steel Industries, Pullman-Standard and others) are said to have invested between $2 and $3 for every dollar contributed by HHFA and BARTD. There is now talk among the railroads that the test track should be kept going in some central location, such as Chicago, with continuing support from the federal government, the railroad industry and manufacturers. Coordination in this form would hardly have occurred at this time had it not been for the BARTD project and the need for research as a basis for design.

The most important factor in future commuter rail travel is its relation to the private automobile. The point of departure for any meaningful analysis is that the automobile has relegated the train to a subordinate place, or entirely taken over the business, for several good reasons, as well as some bad ones. Everyone who drives knows the built-in advantages of the automobile. It may not arrive when you want to arrive, but it leaves when you want to leave. It takes you door to door with no transfers. There may be no place to put it after you get there, but much is to be said for it en route.

On many journeys, the automobile is the only practical conveyance, although, when used individually, it is more expensive than most motorists realize. Suppose you live in Westchester, north of New York City, and work on Long Island beyond subway service, as a surprising number of people do. If you could use a helicopter, your course would be southeast. You can drive in that general direction on the Westchester expressways and over either of two bridges crossing Long Island Sound, then on Long Island expressways and local roads to your destination. The tolls amount to 50c each way—$20 a month. The car costs 10c a mile—for a 25-mile one-way trip, $5 a day or more than $100 a month—total more than $1,400 a year. Many motorists fail to take amortization and maintenance into account, but even if they were aware of the actual cost they would drive, because the alternative is next to impossible.

The alternative involves an automobile trip to a New York Central line which will bring the traveler to New York, then a subway ride with one change, then a trip on the Long Island Railroad, with a possible change en route. At each of the railroad-subway interfaces there is considerable walking and stairclimbing. The traveler must have commutation tickets for both railroads, and since few people use this roundabout route there is no reason for coordination of schedules. When the traveler finally gets off the train he may still have the problem of transportation to his factory or office. The directions are wrong, too—south by southwest, then east. In sum, both in time and money the automobile is the only way to do it. There are situations like this all over the country, with impractical public transportation or none at all. People cry for freeways and more of them. They will never relinquish their cars; they can't.

Everybody is tired of the crack about the Long Island Expressway—"the world's longest parking lot"—but during peak hours it sometimes seems only a mild exaggeration. Yet this is a new freeway and no expense was spared. Contributing to its daily tie-ups are those commuters who could travel by rail between Long Island and Manhattan, but who cling to their automobiles. If the railroad were made attractive enough, on a national scale, to change the habits of huge groups like that, the pressure on the freeways would be relieved. What is involved in this hoped-for switch is far from simple; it calls for more than improved, yet inexpensive, rail service alone. Though a few general principles obtain, their application varies from place to place and will encounter serious obstacles everywhere.

One unavoidable obstacle is the enormous vested interest in automobile manufacture and servicing, and in highway construction on a scale that threatens to obliterate with concrete vast sections of the American landscape. In 1966 the federal government is spending $5 billion for highways, and construction of the Interstate Highway System still has six years to run. The cost of the system, originally budgeted at $41 billion, will actually come to $50 billion or more. The positive feedback of highway construction is something to reckon with: it is supported not only by the majority of motorists but by the automobile manufacturers, their innumerable subcontractors and 64,000 dealers; the gasoline companies; the tire companies; the cement, asphalt and gravel industries; the motor clubs; highway department officials on all levels and the politicians allied with them; construction contractors and unions; and numerous allied interests. When Henry Ford, 2nd, warned recently of the economic hazard in undue pressure to improve car safety, he was not indulging in idle threats. The annual model change, which is presumably what Mr. Ford saw in jeopardy, is actually one of the pillars of the American economy, and highway construction is one of the indirect subsidies on which the automobile industry depends for its profits.

However, the situation is not hopeless. Freeway construction is running into rising opposition from prospective displaced persons, conservationists, engineers not hypnotized by highway technology and the public spirited of every occupation and persuasion. The freeways are not doing the job and comparisons of peak-carrying capacity of railroads and freeways invariably favor the railroad. Ruth and Edward Brecher, writing in *Consumer Reports* (February, 1965) gave the BARTD system a peak-hour capacity of 30,000 seated passengers in each direction. A comparable eight-lane freeway with two reversible lanes would begin to slow down at 7,000-8,000 cars per hour (10,000-12,000 occupants). A figure widely used for single-lane freeway peak capacity is 2,250 persons per hour, which would move 13,500 over six lanes, better than the Brecher estimate but still far below the railroad figure, which the same source estimates for a single track at 35,000, presumably including about 15 per cent standees.

Especially during the rush hours, cars are ridiculously underloaded, and that accounts in part for the low capacity of the highway. When Nikita Khrushchev surveyed early morning home-to-work traffic on San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, he exclaimed in amazement: "There is only one man in most of those cars!" Some Americans also find it hard to justify the use of a 4,000-pound, 350-horsepower vehicle to carry a payload averaging 240 pounds. But until mass transit arrives, this travesty will continue.

The freeway is designed primarily to get people to and from work. Its cost could not be justified otherwise, either for construction or for the withdrawal from other uses of the land it devours. On the average, a freeway may carry 80 per cent of its total traffic during the commuting hours. At other times it provides fast, relatively safe transportation and justifies its name, but it is precisely during the hours when it is performing its primary function that it becomes inefficient. In this sense the unassisted freeway is a failure, at best a stopgap, and a metropolis like Los Angeles, with 400 miles of operating freeways and plans for another 800 miles to complete the network, would be well advised to give priority to its projected rapid transit system, which has now been in the talking stage for ten years or more. When they have rapid transit, they can start building freeways again with at least a semblance of sense.

It is a pity that the headlong rush to superhighways occurred and that the limitations of this mode did not become apparent earlier, but with so many interests making so much money out of it, the aberration had to run its course. Many suburban freeways which were built for automobiles only should have been built with automobile lanes and a rapid transit guideway in each direction, like the Eisenhower Expressway in Chicago and parts of the BARTD project. Plans for future freeways should be scrutinized with two questions in mind: (1) Should the highway be built at all? (2) If the answer is yes, should not the design allow for mass rapid transit as well as automobiles? It is not precluded, even, that interurban freeways might be advantageously combined, in special cases, with a modern version of the interurban trolley.

A more widely applicable solution, and by far the most economical, is to upgrade existing suburban trackage and equipment. The view of some industry executives is that many suburban lines can be rehabilitated with new or rebuilt, comfortable, attractive cars designed for fast loading and unloading, and frequent service, with only moderate increases in speed. All through the period of decline in passenger traffic the Harlem Division of the New York Central has continued to operate a few express trains which maintain top speeds of 70 mph for major parts of their runs—not far short, on this old railroad, of the 75 or 80 mph projected for the ultramodern BARTD system. The ride is quite smooth, indicating that the track system could be upgraded further without radical changes. Despite an enforced limit of 45 mph in the 2-mile tunnel into Grand Central and a five-minute change of locomotives from diesel to electric, or reverse, 24 miles from the city, these expresses make schedule speeds, including stops, of 40 mph. However, the average schedule speed of most trains on the line is only about 30 mph, which is too slow to compete with automobiles on the parkway paralleling the tracks. If we visualize a service at schedule speeds of 40-50 mph on trackage of this quality, with all the amenities of first-class railroad service, at a fare substantially lower than the cost (including depreciation) of the automobile, there is every prospect of dividing the traffic between the parkway and the railroad, to the advantage of both—including faster rides on the parkway, fewer accidents, and somewhat lowered automobile insurance costs.

Improved rail service, though vital, is only part of the answer. The coordinated transit approach aims to take advantage of the flexibility of the automobile and bus to feed high-volume, high-speed rail lines. In many suburbs feeder-bus transportation could bring passengers to the railroad station during the commuting hours and obviate both parking and walking from the car to the station which, as parking space is provided at greater distances, becomes a significant factor in making the train. Transportation of school children is considered so important that even in thinly settled neighborhoods almost every child, from the kindergarten through high school, is assured a door-to-door ride every school day at public expense. In contrast, although the children could neither be educated nor fed and sheltered were it not for the commuters, the latter are entirely on their own. In many localities no public transportation whatever is available, even on main routes. During World War II bus routes were improvised because it was considered important to save gasoline and rubber, but as soon as the war ended collective transportation, with all its inherent advantages, gave way once more to the 1.5-passenger automobile.

But who is to foot the bill? Alan S. Boyd, Undersecretary of Commerce for Transportation, is said to have predicted that a cabinet-level department of transportation would favor ending subsidies "whenever possible," requiring users to bear the full cost, and relying more on competition to protect consumers' interests. If Mr. Boyd is correctly quoted and if he means that open subsidies for rail transportation should be disallowed, but that the hidden subsidies for freeway transportation should continue, it amounts to saying that the proposed department of transportation will favor the policies that got us into this mess.

To the question of who is to pay for an efficient ground transportation system, one may oppose the question of who is paying now for the inefficient highway-oriented program. The automobile clubs and highway lobbies have convinced many taxpayers that the Interstate Highway System is financed by gasoline taxes and similar highway imposts and so the cost is entirely defrayed by the users. This is less than a half truth. Fuel and other taxes paid by users of a typical expressway at the peak hours defray only about one-third of the capital cost. According to Dr. Lyle C. Fitch of the Institute of Public Administration, if the tax on gasoline burned on a freeway costing $2 million per lane-mile, were to be assessed on the peak-hour users to cover the entire cost of the road, that tax would have to be raised by 75c a gallon. Prof. William Vickrey of Columbia University puts the figure even higher—he estimates that rush-hour motorists on typical urban expressways and streets enjoy a subsidy of 10c per mile per automobile.

The subsidy for the motoring commuters comes from all the motorists who use all the roads, including city streets, most of it amortized long ago and now requiring only routine maintenance. This great population of motorists is pictured as a sodality willing to share in the cost and operation of the $50 billion interstate highway system and other expensive highways. That they so regard themselves, or would if they knew the fiscal situation, is extremely doubtful. This is apposite from the standpoint not so much of eliminating the subsidy as of supplementing it. ". . . whether warranted or not," the Brechers write, "subsidy to peak-hour commuting by car is far too deeply imbedded in the economics of our large cities to be wrenched out at this late date. And if freeway and parking subsidies continue, the corollary inevitably follows that high-quality rapid transit will also require a subsidy."

A rough idea of the magnitude of the latter subsidy may be obtained from the two partly electrified New York Central suburban lines running into Grand Central. Electrifying all the way to Brewster on the Harlem Division and Peekskill on the Hudson Division, rebuilding the station platforms to eliminate the need for steps on the cars, providing first-class rolling stock and allowing for minor improvements, would cost in the neighborhood of $60 million. This is less

than the money cost *per day* of the Vietnamese war at the present level of $2 billion per month, a figure which emerged from the recent testimony of Administrator David E. Bell of the Agency for International Development in hearings before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

These two lines might be modernized with an investment substantially lower than the cost of waging the Vietnamese war for a single day. Electrification involves very high capital costs. If gas turbines were used, with transition to electric propulsion in the Grand Central tunnel, a lower investment would suffice. This situation can be more or less duplicated on other rail lines serving New York City and its environs; according to a study by the Regional Plan Association, full modernization of these lines would entail an investment of $1 billion, spread over ten years.

The rail managers, whether in New York or elsewhere, are not going to defray the deficits on commuter services; the present situation results, in part, from their reluctance to do so. They are even less willing to pay for the updating of these services. They are going along now, and with their suppliers, showing signs of a progressive spirit, primarily because subsidies and possible future revenues have elevated the mood of the industry. They can and do argue that if rail commuter service is necessary to avert chaos in ground transportation, the deficits are no obligation of theirs. It may be deplorable that they are not willing to show gratitude for past favors, dating back to the Civil War, and to defray these current costs out of profits from other operations, but under the free enterprise system they are not obliged to be so generous.

If ground transportation is to be radically modernized, the federal government will have to take over the major part of the capital cost of many projects. Thus we face a recurring dilemma. Our mores require an apparently permanent counterrevolution against communism. This costs money, lots of money. It spells defeat in the war on poverty. It also spells defeat in the effort to rationalize and renew metropolitan transportation. Capital costs must come for the most part from the funds now poured into foreign wars. It is a familiar conflict and one which will be resolved in the familiar way—by a course somewhere between catastrophic breakdown and the efficiency which an untrammeled technology offers. One can only hope it will be nearer the latter.

THE WELTNER BILL

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

VERN COUNTRYMAN

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Given its record of futility and unconstitutionality, the best treatment for the McCarran Internal Security Act would be to repeal it. Instead, Rep. Charles Weltner of Georgia, the "liberal" member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, has recently introduced a bill (H.R. 12302) to revise, expand and perpetuate it as a new "Criminal Conspiracies Control Act."

The McCarran Act was passed by the Congress in 1950, over President Truman's veto. After giving an elaborate recital of Congressional "findings" of internal subversion directed by a "world Communist movement," which was itself directed by "the Communist dictatorship of a foreign country," the act created a Subversive Activities Control Board to deal with the problem. The board was authorized to conduct hearings and to make determinations that organizations were either "Communist action" or "Communist front" ("Communist infiltrated" organizations were added by a 1954 amendment). Once the board had made such a determination, the organization was required to register with the Attorney General and to file with him each year information concerning its officers, membership, financial affairs and printing facilities. All members of "Communist-action" organizations were also required to register. In addition, federal tax exemptions were withdrawn from the proscribed organizations, and they were required to label all of their mailings and radio or television broadcasts to reveal that they were disseminated by "a Communist organization." Members of the proscribed organizations were barred from employment by the United States Government and from office in or employment by a labor union, and members of "Communist-action" organizations were also barred from employment in defense plants. Members of all proscribed organizations were to be denied passports.

President Truman in his veto message stated that he acted on the advice of the Departments of Justice, Defense and State and the Central Intelligence Agency, and that the McCarran Act "would seriously damage the security and intelligence operations for which they are responsible." He characterized the act as one which "would put the government of the United States in the thought-control business" by giving government officials "vast powers to harass all of our citizens in the exercise of their rights of free speech," and predicted that its "unworkable registration provisions" would require the government "to spend a great deal of time, effort and money—all to no good purpose."

Events have borne out the President's characterization and his predictions. The Subversive Activities Control Board's first proceeding, initiated against the Communist Party of the United States in 1950, after one determination had been set aside by the Supreme Court because based in part on the evidence of perjurers, culminated in 1961 in a final order that the party register as a "Communist-action" organization. But the provision of the McCarran Act requiring members of the party to register themselves was held by the Supreme Court to violate the privilege against self-incrimination. That privilege has thus far also blocked criminal prosecution of the party for failure to register, and neither the Communist Party nor any of the twenty other organizations found to be "Communist fronts" has yet registered under the McCarran Act despite more than fifteen years of government effort. The Supreme Court has also invalidated the provision which would deny passports to members of the party, and has reversed two other orders of the board requiring organizations to register as "Communist fronts" because the orders were based on stale evidence. It has, in addition, invalidated as a bill of attainder a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act, similar to the McCarran Act's provision, making it a crime for a member of the Communist Party to serve as an officer of a labor union.

The Weltner bill of 1966 also recites Congressional "findings"—some ungrammatical ("Being a nation of laws, the Constitution protects the guilty as well as the innocent"), some vacuous ("Criminal syndicates are vast networks which exact billions of dollars from their victims"), and some amending the McCarran Act's findings to recite that control of the "world Communist movement" is now "divided among two or more foreign powers both [*sic*] of which" have established subversive groups within the United States.

Under the Weltner bill the Subversive Activities Control Board would be reconstituted as a Criminal Conspiracies Control Board, with authority to conduct hearings and make determinations that organizations are "criminal conspiracies" and that individuals are "members" of such organizations. "Criminal conspiracies" are of three varieties: (1) Any organization having as one of its purposes "the establishment [*sic*], control, conduct, seizure or overthrow of the government of the United States or any state by force or violence"; (2) any organization which "advocates or employs acts of violence or intimidation" to deprive United States citizens of rights under the federal Constitution or laws; or (3) "any organization having as its purpose the planned, continued and consistent execution of acts which violate" the federal Criminal Code. (Congressman Weltner has cited, as an example of each type, respectively, the Communist Party, the Ku Klux Klan and the Cosa Nostra.)

To avoid troublesome constitutional obstacles to self-registration and annual filing of information by proscribed groups, the Weltner bill requires the Attorney General to register in a "Register of Criminal Conspiracies" (open to public inspection) all groups ordered by the old Subversive Activities Control Board to register themselves, all groups found by the new Criminal Conspiracies Control Board to be criminal conspiracies, and all individuals found to be members of such conspiracies. Individual members are also required to supply the Attorney General annually with their current addresses for inclusion in the "Register of Criminal Conspiracies." The newly proscribed organizations are required to label their mailings and their radio and television broadcasts to disclose that they are disseminated by "a criminal conspiracy," and are to forfeit tax exemptions and all other "rights, privileges, and immunities attendant upon legal bodies." Finally, the federal courts are authorized to issue sweeping injunctions directing organizations determined by the board to be criminal conspiracies to cease their conspiratorial activities, and these injunctions may be made binding on individuals whether or not they are parties to the proceeding.

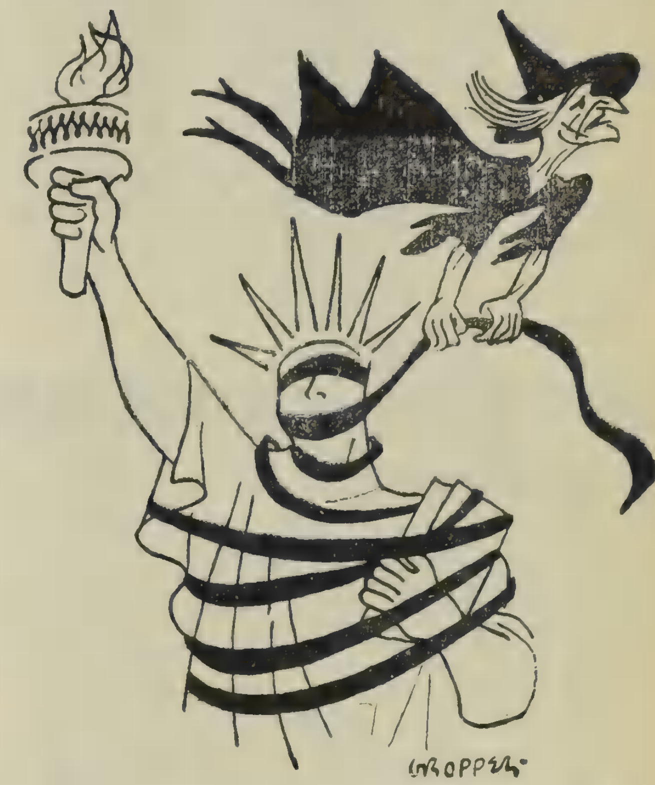
Congressman Weltner's cynical joinder of organized crime, commercial or racist, with political unorthodoxy as the targets of his new bill, may gain him support among the unthinking. But it does not change the fact that the McCarran-Weltner approach is contrary to basic principles of our constitutional system. Indeed, the Weltner bill is in some respects more objectionable than the McCarran Act.

Like the McCarran Act, it would drastically abridge those freedoms of speech, belief and association which the First Amendment forbids Congress to abridge. Men and organizations are to be proscribed because they are found to "advocate," or have as "purposes" or "objectives" certain activity to be carried out in the future. Departing from our constitutional practice of punishing acts, we are to continue and expand the McCarran practice of attempting to search out potential actors by official inquiry into and strictures upon speech, belief and association, in complete disregard of the First Amendment.

The Weltner bill and the McCarran Act also dispense with the view that individual guilt is personal, and resort instead to the pernicious doctrine of guilt by association. Once the group is proscribed by the board, the board is also to proscribe its members. And in determining whether an individual is a member of the group the board "shall consider the extent to which [he] has had a close and continuing relationship with such [group], knowing the purpose thereof." Evidence of such relationship would be "in any manner communicating or publicizing" its "policies, plans, or directives," or supporting it "by financial or other contribution" or by "advising, counselling, imparting suggestions." Lest some or all of these matters be viewed as consistent with innocent affiliation, publication in the Federal Register of the board's prior determination that the group is a criminal conspiracy is made to "constitute notice to all concerned." By such standards the bill would dispense with the due process requirement of a rational basis of proof by authorizing the board to conclude that one who made suggestions to or in any manner contributed to the group, or in any way publicized any of its policies (a) knew of its proscribed purposes, (b) had a close and continuing relationship with it, and (c) was a member of it.

Because we are not really equipped to read the minds of men or the collective minds of groups, it becomes necessary for the McCarran-Weltner approach to dispense with rationality and to substitute statutory presumptions for evidence. In determining whether a group is a criminal conspiracy of the Communist variety, the board "shall take into consideration" the extent to which its policies "are consistent with" the policies of any foreign government which is a "dictatorship," and the extent to which "for the purpose of concealing its activities and goals, and connections with foreign governments," it conceals its membership or "in other ways operates in a secret manner." For criminal conspiracies of the Ku Klux Klan or Cosa Nostra variety, the same practices of secrecy "for the purpose of concealing" goals and activities is also to be considered evidence of the proscribed goals and activities.

Since our traditional constitutional guarantees designed to insure a fair trial are devised for procedures which punish actors rather than potential actors, those guarantees must give way to the McCarran Act and the Weltner bill. It is made a crime for one who has been determined to be a "member" of a criminal conspiracy to fail to file his address with the Attorney General. But in the ensuing criminal prosecution most of the basic elements of the offense will not be submitted to the jury, nor be subject to proof beyond reasonable doubt, nor open to cross-examination, nor indeed to inquiry. The board will already have determined, in a proceeding of which the alleged "member" may have had no notice, and on the basis of a preponderance of the evidence as aided by statutory presumptions described above, that the group is a criminal conspiracy. The accused "member" may never have learned of the board's determination, but that is irrelevant. Publication of the determination in the Federal Register is to fill the gap. Even the question of the accused "member's" membership will not be open in the criminal trial. That issue also will have been determined by the board under the special definitions and evidentiary rules prescribed by the Weltner bill. The only issue in the criminal trial is to be whether the accused filed his address—though he was not in any rational sense a



member of the proscribed group, did not know of its proscribed purposes, did not know that those purposes had been proscribed until "membership" proceedings before the board were brought against him, never had a chance to contest the findings as to the group, and will not have a chance in the criminal trial to contest the board's findings of his "membership" in the group.

The Supreme Court has characterized as "the first essential of due process of law" that "the terms of a penal statute creating a new offense must be sufficiently explicit to inform those who are subject under it what conduct will render them liable to those penalties"—an essential which the Court held was lacking in "a statute which either forbids or requires the doing of an act in terms so vague that men of common intelligence must necessarily guess at its meaning and differ as to its application." Clearly, the basic constitutional requirement is disregarded by the Weltner bill, as by the McCarran Act before it. What man of common or uncommon intelligence can inform himself as to the meaning of "criminal conspiracy" or of "membership" therein under the tortured definitions and evidentiary rules of the Weltner bill?

Weltner goes beyond McCarran in the authorization of dragnet injunctions against conspiracies or participation therein by any persons, whether or not they are parties to the injunction procedure. The obvious purpose here is to circumvent the constitutional guarantees for criminal trials completely. All subject to injunction are also subject to summary procedures for contempt of court in disregarding the injunction—without the benefit of indictment by grand jury, trial by jury, presumption of innocence, and the requirement that proof of guilt be beyond reasonable doubt.

Weltner also goes beyond McCarran in another respect. Lest the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination prove troublesome in hearings before the board or in injunction proceedings before the courts, witnesses may be granted complete immunity from prosecution for any matter about which they are compelled to testify or any matter later discovered as a result of such testimony. With such an amnesty from criminal prosecution for actual crimes as bait, the board and the courts may indeed be able to induce those of Communist, Ku Klux Klan or Cosa Nostra persuasion who have committed such crimes to testify to the speech, beliefs and associations of others.

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

We are pleased to announce that beginning with this issue Mr. Williams will be contributing a regular "Letter from Britain." He is a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and one of Britain's most distinguished young social critics. His better-known books include Culture and Society, The Long Revolution, *and two novels,* Border Country *and* Second Generation.—The Editors

During these warm months of May and June, we have been living though a national crisis. There is a nationwide strike of merchant seamen. But the crisis is not in the fact that its merchant fleets are dry-docked. Foreign ships still come into port, and the only shortages are on some of the off-shore islands. The crisis is rather in the fact that the strike has had the effect of shattering a long-standing myth: that England can advance in its own social progress, regardless of any external pressures. In its actions, the Labour Party has indeed shown that it will bow to external pressures: pressures on the pound. And former supporters of the Labour Party cannot help wondering whether it is time to reassess their allegiances.

The government, in effect, has been faced with a choice between favoring the interests of its sailors, or the sterling pound. If the sailors get their raise, they are likely to spend more money out of the country, and the goal of protecting the pound will not have been advanced. On the other hand, if the sailors do not get their raise, then the pound is being protected, but the sailors—traditional heroes of the British people—are being allowed to continue working at a pitifully low wage scale as compared with other laboring professions. The New Left is watching the Labour government choose to support the pound over bettering the conditions of the sailors; it is watching what is supposed to be the party of the people choose commercial over humanitarian goals.

Wilson has dramatized this whole issue as a struggle between the state and the seamen. The seamen insisted all along, and in my view rightly, that this was solely an industrial dispute with the shipowners. But Wilson had made it seem to the public that the seamen, demanding their own rights, are working against the public interest. The known militancy of the seamen makes this image believable to the public.

Here in Cambridge we had a meeting of the Center for Socialist Education to hear one of the seamen's leaders present his case. What struck me most in listening to him was the sheer injustice in Wilson's having dramatized the strike as a struggle between the state and the seamen. The seamen obviously need the raise for which they are striking. The strike, in fact, is long overdue. During the good years for British shipping the seamen had a notoriously inert and bureaucratic union. Most of the present leadership had to fight for years to break through the old leadership, and it really only succeeded in doing so by the early sixties. By that time—after all those years of poor union leadership—wages and conditions had dropped well below national standards. The present struggle for a forty-hour week is essentially an attempt to get for the seamen what the great majority of British workers already have.

The government's rationale for opposing the seamen's strike is that the seamen are ignoring the government's incomes policy (the name is supposed to distinguish it from a wage freeze). But the incomes policy provides that in itics." Phillips argues that radical politics of the thirties and the sixties are both futile and equally anti-intellectual. The only advance—if that is not too strong a term — consists in recognition of the incompatibility of intellectual and political activity. Having divorced radical literature and criticism from politics, the sophisticated intellectual, Phillips concludes, attains a tenuous freedom. Instead of grasping reality through the distorting lens of political organizations as in the thirties, he can now "face history directly."

One wonders, nevertheless, whether this solitary confrontation is merely a modern variety of aestheticism, a realism of the uninitiated intellectual.

Does permanent rejection of radical politics constitute the intellectual's final wisdom, the exacting but necessary price of clear vision? Or does such disengagement insure historical nearsightedness? In the preface to *The Russian Revolution*, Trotsky observes that "society does not change its institutions as need arises, the way a mechanic changes his instruments. On the contrary, society takes the institutions which hang upon it as given once for all. For decades the oppositional criticism is nothing more than a safety valve for mass dissatisfaction, a condition of the stability of the social structure." For Trotsky, however, the *status quo* is only a temporary equilibrium of irrational power — to be comprehended and dissolved through a synthesis of revolutionary theory and practice. It would be a supreme irony—for connoisseurs of historical irony and paradox — if the ex-radicals ultimately fail to attain the vision of Trotsky, the teacher of their youth, who experienced, as much as any modern man, a personal discontinuity of criticism and action, yet always affirmed their historical continuity.

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Images of Loathing

THE SOFT MACHINE. *By William Burroughs. Grove Press. 182 pp. $5.*

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

An enormous amount of discussion has been wasted on William Burroughs since *Naked Lunch* was published six years ago. There was the underworld. There were drugs. There was homosexuality. One heard him linked endlessly with Jean Genet, a writer with whom he has almost nothing in common. Burroughs has not been considered as an artist, but as a phenomenon in a moral crisis.

And it is true that Burroughs himself regards his work as critical, radical. But the torn energy and violence of his four books have little to do with the crisis—what is it? does it exist?—that troubles his commentators. That, one presumes, is a crisis in manners, demeanor. The "moralist" in Burroughs addresses himself to something else: the freedom or bondage of consciousness, insofar as consciousness is a function of language. "What scared you all into time?" he asks in *Nova Express*. "I will tell you: *'the word.'* Alien Word *'the.'* 'The' *word* of Alien Enemy imprisons *'thee'* in Time. . . . Prisoner, come out. The great skies are open. I Hassan i Sabbah *rub out the word forever*." In the accents of a grade B movie sage from the Mysterious East, Burroughs prophesies on the attitude toward language, particularity and selfhood that underlies his art. Let's not worry for the moment about the truth of the prophecy—suffice it to say that it's questionable, and that it's not necessary to the validation of Burroughs' books as works of art. Language, like the heart, has its reasons.

Burroughs' ideology—the theme explicitly developed by *Nova Express*, his least impressive book so far—is based on an image of consciousness in bondage to the organism; better, of consciousness *as* an organism, gripped by the tropisms of need. Consciousness is addicted—it is here the drug metaphor enters—to what sustains it and gives it definition: in particular, it is addicted to the word, the structures of language that define meaning and thus reality itself. The linguistic formulas that fill our lives, he assumes, have hardened into independent, imprisoning realities.

The human organism is "the soft machine" craving to be programed by the world's "ticket." Burroughs' art is an effort to explode that ticket. Such an experiment is possible only during the late stages of a language's history. There is a large amount of parody in these books, based (as in the great early modern examples, like Joyce and Mann) on a certain self-conscious, liberating attitude toward the decadence of a language. But Joyce and Mann were concerned with the degeneration of literary language: Burroughs uses, primarily, pre-literary forms. More important, his attitude toward the problem of meaning is far more radical than theirs. Mann and Joyce are ironists: their achievement was to infuse irony with the temper of romantic ecstasy. But ecstasy is something one works *toward* (through the disciplines of asceticism, concentration, seduction); it is always the result of something structured. In literature, meaning and structure are virtually coextensive. (To choose a deceptively simple example, consider how much depends on the subject-verb-object sentence structure.) But "meaning" is precisely what Burroughs wants to break apart.

Break meaning apart in the name of what? Meaninglessness? There's no need to enter that tortured ground. Burroughs won't give the world any more or less meaning than it already has. His books are without meaning just as they have no stories and are not imitations of life. They are unparaphrasable experiences. Experiences of language, to be sure, but nonetheless unparaphrasable, because this is language without content. For language is charged with affect as well as ideas; it can be opaque, as well as transparent.

Burroughs regards words not as vehicles of concepts but as instruments of provocation—as sensory agents. He gives their affect priority over their role as signs quite simply: by de-structuring, by destruction. Words, sentences, paragraphs, moving in these rapid, lurid, discontinuous "biologic films" are not concepts but things, put together in mosaics of verbal icons violently scattered across the sensibility with invisible artfulness. The books begin when opened, end when closed; there is no need to read them straight through. The reader's mind plays over their broken, sensuous surfaces at liberty, discovering correspondences, making associations, experiencing images of the impossible, accepting, rejecting—creating the work himself.

The Soft Machine, like the other three books (one, *The Ticket that Exploded,* has not yet been published in America) is a collection of related, syncretically developed "routines"—sections from 2 to 50 pages—that exploit various images and voices in the surrealistic confidence that language retains its vibrancy even—perhaps especially—in a state of radical dissociation. There are romps in Panama, hangings, science-fiction wars. None of these are proposed as something to believe; there is no story to accept or reject. In the "routines," the ordinary devices of fiction—situations, characters, places—exist as pretexts for unsustained verbal texture, excitement, tempo, coloration. "I was working the hole with the Sailor and we did not do bad," the book begins. The sentences follow one another like the words that circle the tower at night at Times Square, an endless, but endlessly fragmented line. But though these routines are formally unsustained, they are given a certain coherence by means of repetition. Phrases, motifs, images recur like obsessions. And indeed, the energy of obsession makes this book live.

Burroughs has been announced (by Jack Kerouac, among others) as a satirist. This is not quite the case: he is a parodist, a satirist of the way words are used. Strictly speaking, a satirist must have an object, an intention. This Burroughs' art precludes. Nonetheless, his work is obsessed with a quality of feeling frequently found in the real thing. I am speaking of loathing. It is not directed against anything, for almost nothing in Burroughs can be construed as an ethical statement. But some of his images have a certain lurid but real and remarkable energy generated by the force of disgust. So far as I know, his is the first work in English prose to exploit the rich intensity of loathing in a direct, unstructured, unrationalized appeal to the senses. When I call it lurid, I don't want to suggest that it is cheap. "Sensationalism" like it (e.g., the paintings of Francis Bacon) has been accorded respect in the visual arts for a long time.

For Burroughs, energized disgust is a strategy for making prose concrete. As such, it is an important, even essential, enterprise. The notion that concreteness can be achieved in prose with mere lists of names is naive: in an abstract medium like literature, concreteness is really a form of emotional concentration. Actual objects are able to provide it only so long as the names of things still provoke a sharp sensory response not yet enervated by banality. Unfortunately, in a period like ours, when prose style is in a state of extreme decadence, it is very difficult to make names play such a role.

In his images of loathing, Burroughs has been able to find the primary sensory appeal names are no longer able to call forth. Of course, the effort succeeds only if the images are given definition in some carved, complex way that allows them to keep their primitive energy despite the elaborations of art. But that's what Burroughs has done in *The Soft Machine,* often enough to make the book one of the most interesting pieces of radical fiction we have.

Violent Days

THE DIARY OF A RAPIST. *By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Simon & Schuster. 252 pp. $4.95.*

STEPHEN ZOLL

Articles by Mr. Zoll have appeared in Dissent, The Village Voice *and* The Nation.

The Diary of a Rapist is a pitiful journal recording a compulsive preoccupation with violence, scorn and hopelessness. It is faithfully kept for one week short of a year by a cowardly adult version of the child who rather expects it will turn out that he has been kidnaped from a prince's cradle. The journal starts on the first of January as though, by this precision, to mock the irresolute and arbitrary intervals of the diarist's otherwise unmeasured life. Six of the seven blank days are the resoundingly empty entries whose missing author has vanished into madness or worse: December 26-31. The silence at the end comes as no surprise as the diary reads throughout the year as if it were the last messages of a stranded Antarctic voyager waiting for the end.

As a novel, the portrait it gives of the rapist is little more than a conventional psychological case history in the terms of which the reader agrees to have more concern for the subject than his victim. But Connell has achieved far more than this convention. The rapist, Earl Summerfield, a name like buttermilk, is passive, depersonalized, paranoid, infantile, latently homosexual, anal, etc. The symptomatology is corroborated by convincing entries. Connell has produced a powerful fictionalized documentary the effect of which is extremely troubling; he has moved case history into autobiography and we experience the impersonal subject of the first as the feeling author of the second.

Imagine a novel with these limitations: a first-person narration by the one and only character; a point of view limited to that character's unjustified anger and destructive madness; nothing is probed or revealed of this character—it is all confessed—as the narrator is acutely self-aware that his personality is limited to obsequiousness, cowardice and false bravado; there are no literary devices—neither plot, irony, reversal, discovery, epiphany, etc.—only language that is inventive, flowing, disciplined and nevertheless convincing as the words of so limited a character. This is the cavil: Summerfield has no stature.

Even so, Summerfield is not used for violently confronting the reader with intimations of his own foibles magnified. A consistent literary formula for shocking portrayals of deviates, murderers, addicts and the institutionalized insane has been the hopeful nomination of a metaphor that we are all murderers, or that between someone else's drugs and our own dependencies there is more than a casual connection, and, the dismal ultimate, that between an institution (such as Charenton) and the world, between the inmates and ourselves, there is no dependable distinction. This formula, however artistic, prosecutes, like a district attorney, for conviction. Connell's book is an exercise in pity and terror; the diary's power to make it impossible for the reader to keep from identifying with Earl Summerfield lies within its limitations: we are not manipulated or accused. We are made aware in Summerfield's greed of the weakness in our own faith that we can ever be satisfied.

The 4th of July is the first of the seven blank entries in the diary. On this day of American celebration, the diarist committed his crime. He had first seen the girl in February; her American virtues of fresh good looks, church service, physical innocence, monied background, added up to perfect harlotry. The accusation is the justification to hate. Summerfield hates because of an unsatisfied greed for love and fame.

He grandly fantasies that he will be given a promotion, that he is a superior person capable, really, of achieving a career as a theoretical physicist or a concert violinist. He thinks he would like to be a woman and be loved and not require fame. His fantasies and ego ideals return to haunt him with blame and guilt that he was not powerful enough to make them come true. As punishment he tortures himself by dwelling on the knowledge that he is physically repellent, that he is getting fat and growing bald, that his youth is past, that his marriage is hopeless, that he is totally unskilled and will forever be underpaid—that what will follow will be only more of what went before. From dreams of stately world travel and encounters on equal terms with the international elite, he concludes a reverie, wondering, "What would happen if I tattooed my face?" In the pit of depression he saves himself by thinking that the girl, as he raped her, admired him.

The sin of vanity is Summerfield's only protection against the consequences of his greed. He feels he deserves, while simultaneously knowing that he is not worthy. The vocabulary of separate disciplines of behavioral criticism calls this lack of affect either ambivalence, fecklessness, or feedback impeding output; Connell's method is to make the reader see the squirming Summerfield as an uncomfortably recognizable human being. The recognition is not that we are like him, or he like us; it is that both Summerfield and ourselves—he permanently, we temporarily from time to time—belong to a woebegone minority of the unglorious that can never be justified or organized; a minority whose members share a failure of faith to believe in defenses against vulnerability; either absorption in a life's work, or a great love, or riches, or handsome appearance, or fame, a dependable pat on the back when one can't accept one's own.

There is a weak irony built into Summerfield's miserable position as a filler of forms in the Bureau of Unemployment Compensation. He administers to those whose lives are not entirely their own affair and have become a public burden. In Summerfield, clay that had once been touched, the vast distance between his reality and his ideas, a mocking comparison to the mere economic adversity of his clients, provoke him to violence as a hope of making the burden of that distance no longer his own affair.

Connell, I believe, would have the reader understand that this case history of aberration is not, narrowly, a psychological problem, but, perhaps, a religious one. On Christmas Day, Summerfield's last entry is, "In the sight of the Lord I must be one of the many." Leaving off his private diary, he has given up even vanity and disappeared into the scandal of public confession. Connell seems to be saying that recognition achieved finally by becoming one of the many is a theological madness, and that human hunger unsatisfied leads to greed so monumental that there can be no hope of satisfaction. Without hope there is neither faith, nor grace, nor salvation. Summerfield's obscene behavior is the best answer he can give his hunger; it is to save him from the abyss. Connell moves the reader because Summerfield suffers his mad logic and also disappears into the abyss from which his madness was to have saved him.

Hinterland Theatre IV
Washington to Philadelphia

JULIUS NOVICK

A theatre is traditionally an urban phenomenon, flourishing where people are most concentrated, and so it is not surprising that in this country, resident theatres are clustered most thickly in the Washington-to-Boston megalopolis. Washington itself has two of them; one of these, the Arena Stage, is materially and artistically one of the most successful theatres in America.

Mrs. Zelda Fichandler, the Arena's founder, "producing director" and guiding spirit, is (along with Nina Vance of Houston), one of the matriarchs of the resident-theatre movement. With her thick, dark hair, net stockings and brown boots, she doesn't look like a matriarch, but then she has been at it for only sixteen years. In the resident theatre even the matriarchs are young; the Arena, begun in 1950, is the oldest of the dozen or so such theatres on the Eastern seaboard.

It opened in an old movie house with 247 seats, and was received, says Mrs. Fichandler, "with instant apathy." But she knew that in Washington, as in every major city, there was an audience that was not being served by the road companies. And, after years of "staying at it, surviving, on Monday trying to get to Tuesday," it turned out that she was right. From the movie house the Arena moved to an abandoned brewery thenceforth known as the Old Vat, and from there to its present home, a custom-built, 773-seat, million-dollar theatre (paid for mostly by the Ford Foundation). The new house has been filled this season to more than 90 per cent of capacity; it played to some 179,000 people. (Soon there will be an additional auditorium of 300 seats for experimental work.) This season Mrs. Fichandler presented *Saint Joan, The Skin of Our Teeth, Project Immortality* (a new play by Loring Mandel about a dying scientist), *The Three Sisters, Serjeant Musgrave's Dance,* a bill of one-acts (Ionesco, Pinter and a new play) and *Oh What a Lovely War.* It is not, nowadays, an unusual program, though it is rich and variegated; Zelda Fichandler has never been as audacious in this regard as the hotheads at the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco. But she points out that though many theatres are doing these plays today, the Arena was doing them when hardly any other professional theatre dared.

My first encounter with the Arena was depressing: a flat and superficial *Three Sisters,* directed by Zelda herself. Chekhov is the most evanescent of playwrights; everything depends on how sensitively the

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director and the actor can seize his hints. "Men dine, just dine," he wrote, "and in that moment their fate is decided and their lives are destroyed." In this production the dining was there right enough (I could quite literally smell the soup in the first act), but the decisions and destructions were less clear. Naturalistic detail is important in Chekhov, but only as a means of revealing character; here there was plenty of "behavior," but psychology was not much in evidence. Most of the individual performances were quite creditable, as far as they went, but they did not go far enough to interact and kindle one another. Alas, there are only two kinds of Chekhov productions: exquisite and tedious.

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance, John Arden's murky, beautiful play, is a very difficult work to bring off in the theatre, but the Arena did nobly by it. The Washington production opened just a few days after the off-Broadway production of the same play in New York, and was by a good margin the better of the two. The Arena's arena, a big rectangular stage surrounded by the audience on all four sides, had made *The Three Sisters* seem unfocused (it is not a good stage for living-room drama), but it suited *Musgrave*, which is not only the story of four Victorian soldiers on a mysterious recruiting mission in the north of England but also a parable, didactic in intent and unrealistic in form, about the futility of violence.

Edwin Sherin, the Arena's associate producing director, staged it frankly, but not self-indulgently, as a piece of theatre. He began and ended it by bringing on the whole cast in a circle dance; he had the simple scenery changed by the actors; important speeches were spoken directly to the audience; actors came up the aisles amidst the spectators. All these devices have been used many times before, but seldom with such control and to such purpose. Usually, in the theatre, we are overhearing and peeping at an action confined to the stage; we can take it or leave it. In this production, what happened onstage was explicitly for us, to us, at us in the audience. We were never quite allowed to forget that we were watching something contrived for our benefit. Perhaps this is Brecht's famous "alienation effect," yet it did not alienate. The central characters never dwindled into mere metaphors or mouthpieces; things were happening to these people, and happening with conviction and intensity; emotional involvement with them was by no means excluded by the production—though it was made difficult by the diffuseness of the play.

At the Arena as elsewhere, directors sometimes come through, and sometimes do not; the actors do, almost always. They are sometimes miscast; they sometimes show the effects of too little help from the directors; but their work is almost always at least highly professional, and often something more than that. Jane Alexander in *Musgrave*, for instance, played a coarse, dirty, half-mad slut without stridency, but with passion, with desperation and with a tragic dignity. As Masha, in *The Three Sisters*, Janet Sarno created in the first act, clearly and incisively, an intelligent, sophisticated young woman who rather despised her sisters with their vaporings and carryings-on. In the third act, when she broke down and confessed to them that she was in love with Vershinin, she seemed a different woman altogether; but her two inconsistent Mashas were both very well executed. Robert Prosky was excellent as Masha's husband, the stupid but kind-hearted pedant Kulygin, and he was equally good as a glib, flashy second-rate swindler in a new one-act play. George Reinholt played two widely contrasting young men—the shy, earnest Baron Tusenbach in *Three Sisters* and the joke-telling, song-singing, card-tricking Private Sparky in *Musgrave*—most appealingly; too appealingly, perhaps, since both characters are supposed to be homely and awkward. In *The Collection* (one of Harold Pinter's one-act exercises in elegant ambiguity), Reinholt played a homosexual dress designer without quite enough attention to the character's origin in an English slum, but under Dana Elcar's taut and lucid direction he and Robert Foxworth (as another ambiguous young man) had the air crackling with innuendo.

What the company seems most notably to lack is a heroic actor, a deficiency that was apparent in *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. Ted D'Arms, who had been very good as Andrey in *The Three Sisters*, played Musgrave as simply a sergeant, with a brisk manner and a good throaty bellow. The deeper authority and strength, the grandeur and mystery, the fanaticism, the madness, were missing. But then, who could provide them? Olivier? Scofield? O'Toole? Burton? Brando? Even without such an actor, the Arena has the best resident company in the United States, except perhaps for that of the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis. And the Guthrie has the tremendous prestige of Sir Tyrone Guthrie's name to attract other big names; the Arena has no big names, and has acquired its own prestige.

Washington's second resident theatre, the 145-seat Washington Theatre Club, is one of the smallest Equity theatres in the country. Since the club can break even on an attendance of only 800 people a week (the Arena usually plays to that many in a night), it is able, according to its artistic director, Davey Marlin-Jones, to take chances "that a General Motors operation can't take." Yet its programing is fairly conventional, for a resident theatre; this season it has given Anouilh's *Romeo and Jeannette* (a neglected play which deserves to be seen), but also lightweight works such as Murray Schisgal's *The Typists* and *The Tiger*, and a musical version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Like so many resident theatres, Center Stage of Baltimore is now in the intermediate stage between small beginnings in the recent past and large hopes for the near future. It began in January, 1963, in a cramped and ill-equipped former gymnasium. For its fourth season, now concluding, it had 5,984 subscribers and a new home (a former Oriole Cafeteria, converted into a comfortable and well-equipped 350-seat theatre). William H. Bushnell, Jr., the executive director of Center Stage, believes that "the basis of any theatre in a community has got to go beyond its major productions." And so he has instituted a full program of auxiliary activities: a high school tour financed by the state government that this year visited twenty-one out of Maryland's twenty-three counties; special matinées of *As You Like It* at the theatre for high school groups; plays and drama classes for children. The plan for the future is the usual one: a new home in a new urban renewal project downtown, with a main auditorium seating 800 or 1,000, and a 300-seat experimental theatre.

Meanwhile, a competent but somewhat unexciting group of actors, under the artistic directorship of Douglas Seale (an Englishman who has directed at all three Stratfords: a biggish name for a resident theatre) works its way through a well-balanced schedule. The Center Stage production of *The Birthday Party*, Harold Pinter's "comedy of menace," was the best of the three I saw on my travels. It was directed for maximum nerve-racking effect by Brooks Jones, the producer-director of the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park (where Seale in turn has served as guest director).

The Days Between by Robert Anderson (the author of *Tea and Sympathy*) was offered to Center Stage through the American Playwrights Theatre, which Anderson describes as "a group of college and community theatres which has come together to get a chance to produce the plays of 'established' playwrights *before* not after Broadway." By September, fifty theatres will have mounted *The Days Between*, but Center Stage is the only professional theatre I know that has been willing to touch it. Its theme is the perennial, almost the obsessional, theme of American drama since O'Neill: the self-deluder forced in the end to face himself for what he really is. Anderson's hero is a writer, the author of one good novel in his youth, who has been struggling ever since to write his second book. Five minutes after the play begins we know he never will.

This fatal disability aside, the play is competently—somewhat too competently—constructed in the old-fashioned way: everything is smooth and neatly dovetailed; you can see where every line is going. Furthermore, the dialogue is highfalutin and hollow ("I became sick with this indescribable longing." "How can you say that?" "Because it's the truth."), and the characters are gracious, grammatical puppets. There is a certain amount of entertainment to be derived from watching them glide neatly through their carefully arranged paces (or perhaps I thought so because no play about "writer's block" can ever be without interest to a writer). But *The Days Between* is dead. Douglas Seale's production (on an impressive multi-level set by Mark Rodgers) was decent enough, but unavailing; the leading actors looked about ten years too young for their roles, but it did not matter.

The Chinese Wall, by the Swiss writer Max Frisch, which succeeded *The Days Between* at Center Stage, is a very different kind of bad play: shapeless, whereas *The Days Between* is all too carefully shaped. Buried in *The Chinese Wall* is an unsubtle but effective one-act parable about an ancient emperor of China, "Tsin She Hwang Ti, called the Son of Heaven, he who is always in the right," who presides at the trial of a mute child on the charge of being a revolutionary called The Voice of the People, and who is provoked by the mute's impassivity into screaming out the truth about his own tyrannical crimes. (This Emperor was strongly played in Baltimore by John Schuck.) But Frisch has added a character called the Contemporary, a 20th-century intellectual (or so the playwright says) who gets involved in the action and spouts yards and yards of platitude. The point seems to be something about the impotence of well-meaning intellectuals in the face of tyranny, but it is not made very economically. And then Frisch has filled out his cast with Romeo and Juliet, Napoleon, Columbus, Pontius Pilate, Don Juan, Brutus, Philip of Spain and Cleopatra, who carry on and on for no good reason that was evident to me; perhaps it all has something to do with the Teutonic sense of humor.

In this meandering free-for-all, Seale saw the opportunity for a directorial tour de force. Influenced, perhaps, by Peter Brook and *Marat/Sade*, he set the play not in a madhouse but in a circus. The Contemporary became the ringmaster, Romeo and Juliet the acrobats, Napoleon a clown, Cleopatra a gum-chewing stripper, and so on. In the Emperor's speech about "the Great Order, which we call the True Order and the Only Order and the Final Order!" (according to the published translation), the word "Order" was changed to "Society." The Mandarins were dressed in K.K.K. sheets; Brutus wore a big "Make Love Not War" button pinned to his leotards. In the first act, it seemed to me, Seale's inventiveness was not quite sufficient to offset the innate dullness of the script; but the second (which contains, along with more dull stuff, most of the action in the play) was a splendid piece of theatre.

At any rate, the production showed a laudable determination on the part of Center Stage to stir things up in Baltimore. Interestingly enough, *The Days Between*, which is pseudo-realistic and easy to follow, was not popular there; people seemed to prefer an absurdist comedy-melodrama like *The Birthday Party*, or a didactic extravaganza like *The Chinese Wall*. (None of these three plays, incidentally, has yet been done professionally in New York.)

In Philadelphia, a young organization called the Theatre of the Living Arts seems even more intent on keeping things stirred up. The Living Arts opened a year ago last January in a 407-seat converted movie house in a Negro slum section. Its story is a familiar one: this season, its second, it had 8,500 subscribers; it played to 80 to 85 per cent of capacity; it expects to build a new theatre of 800 or 900 seats. In its brief existence, however, it has already received an extraordinary amount of attention. A couple of fairly well-known New York playwrights have expressed interest in writing for it. The New York press has taken notice. Robert Brustein, the new dean of the Yale Drama School, has invited the company to give its production of Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* at Yale. It has also been invited, along with the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival, the Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis, and the Arena Stage of Washington, to appear at a resident theatre festival that will be held in a Broadway theatre in 1967. Some of this attention is attributable to the fact that the theatre is only about an hour and a half from New York; but a good deal of it, I think, comes from the air of excitement that—sometimes at least—prevails there.

André Gregory, the artistic director at the Living Arts, is a member of the Actor's Studio, and acknowledges its influence on his work. But perhaps because he has worked in Europe with Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble he appears to be free of the various kinds of corruption (whatever they are; authorities differ) for which the Studio is, justly or unjustly, notorious. "Just doing plays well is nice," he says. "It's a value, but it's not a prime value." He wants his theatre to be the place where the community comes to question itself. One of the purposes of the Living Arts should be, he believes, to "shock and seduce—but more shock—into thinking. Things have been much too rigid in this town. . . . People have got to feel about problems that concern them."

This is more or less what most resident-theatre leaders want, but it is a tall order. One wonders how often an evening at the theatre changes anybody's mind, or causes him suddenly to begin thinking about something that had never occurred to him before. I tend to believe that the important effect of the theatre is subliminal and cumulative, that it builds up in a man's mind like a coral island. But I guess also that it builds up faster at the Living Arts than at most resident theatres (and, of course, a lot faster at any halfway decent resident theatre than in the

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commercial theatre). Many directors say the same, but Mr. Gregory seems to be more in earnest about it than most, and his urgency is reflected in what happens on his stage.

This urgency was not overwhelmingly apparent in the Philadelphia production of *The Last Analysis,* Saul Bellow's self-consciously raffish attempt at intellectual farce. The play concerns itself with the opinions and obsessions of a washed-up Jewish television comedian named Bummidge, a "serious buffoon" who wants to broadcast the story of his life over closed-circuit television to an audience of psychoanalysts gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was directed with high competence by George Sherman, the theatre's associate director; the broadcast itself, as staged by Mr. Sherman, was a hilarious nonsense fantasia on themes from Freud. As Bummidge, David Hurst was splendid: light and deft, very funny, unflagging but never forced, elfin but never overcute.

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Mr. Bellow has loaded Bummidge with *Weltschmertz* and *Angst*; students of modern literature will have a field day comparing him to Herzog. But Herzog is not so noisily pretentious, and even Herzog is not so intolerably self-obsessed as Bummidge. Around him Mr. Bellow has written a repetitive, meandering script, full of lame jokes and peculiarly unidiomatic dialogue. A great deal is talked about the human condition, but very little is said about it. Mr. Bellow's foray into farce reminds me of the essay in which T. S. Eliot longed to be a music-hall clown, so that he could really reach the masses. I thought when I saw the play in New York, and I thought again in Philadelphia, that Mr. Bellow was slumming.

Poor Bitos, Jean Anouilh's acute and subtle study of the revolutionary temperament, is a play far more to my taste. André Gregory's production showed, for better and for worse, what his theatre can do. Anouilh's Bitos is a Communist public prosecutor in a small French town, graceless, uncultivated, fanatically dedicated and ruthless; in a flash-back he turns into Robespierre, his prototype. He hates the frivolous, decadent aristocrats of the town, yet yearns to be like them; when invited to one of their parties, he comes. But the party has been arranged specifically to torment him.

Mr. Gregory made it quite a party. In rehearsal, he provided a phonograph, and had his actors improvise to jazz and rock 'n' roll; the phonograph, the music, and a good bit of the improvised material ended up in the performance. The result, influenced perhaps by *La Dolce Vita,* was probably the most obscene, degenerate orgy ever seen in Philadelphia. I particularly remember an actress in a skintight, scaly-silver sheath wriggling passionately on the floor and doing God knows what to Bitos' feet. These abandoned revelers had little in common with Anouilh's elegant aristocrats, and the pathos of poor clumsy Bitos, the washerwoman's son who never knows which fork to use, passionately envying the cool, assured, exquisite Beautiful People around him, was lost amid all the hotly spectacular goings-on. But in its place we got a vivid picture of a lone puritan trying to preserve himself in the midst of a debauch.

Even more than John Hancock with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in San Francisco, or Douglas Seale with *The Chinese Wall* in Baltimore, Mr. Gregory went all out for shock. He was brilliantly aided by Eugene Lee's constructivist wooden setting, with its floor sloping crazily in several directions at once, by Mr. Lee's hallucinatory lighting, and by the unhackneyed sensuality of Adam Sage's costumes. A crucial moment in the play was marked with a deafening scream of electronic music and a blinding flash from bright lights focused directly into the eyes of the audience. One of the revolutionary ladies in a flash-back scene performed with one breast exposed. (We were demurely informed in a program note that this lady used to appear that way in real life.) It was an audacious production, very contemporary, very immediate and very vivid.

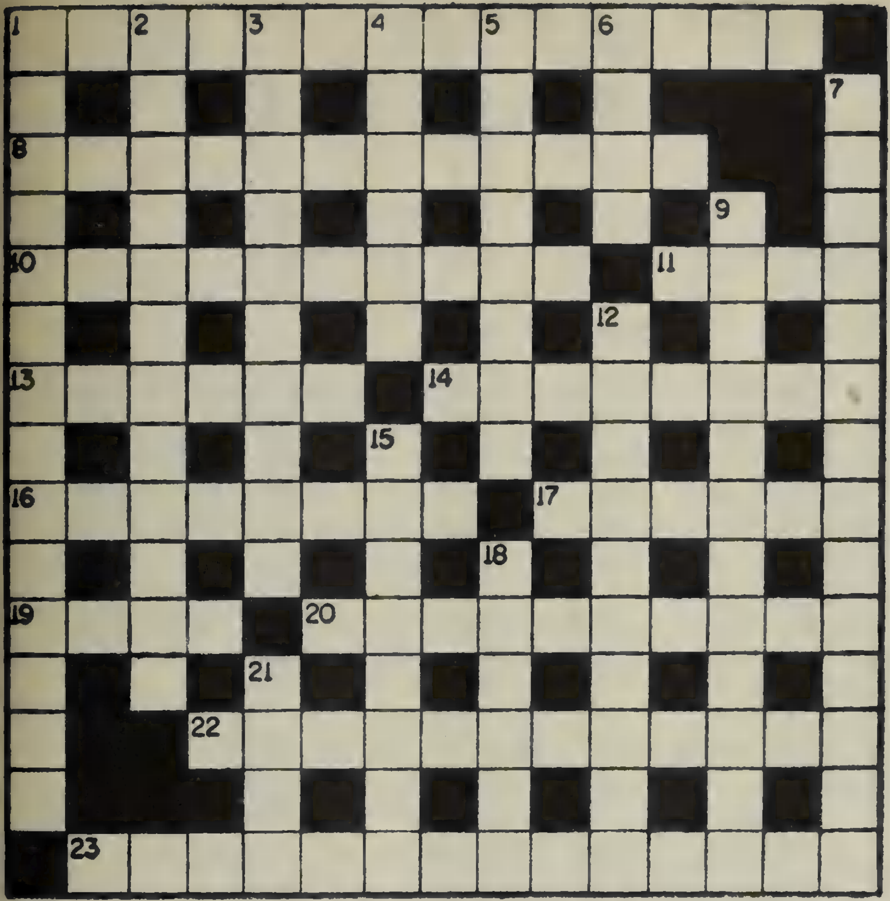
But it was a production in which the scenery, lighting, costumes, music and special effects were more interesting than the acting. George Bartenieff with his febrile raging was often intriguing as Bitos, but rather mannered, with a tendency to tense up and gabble indistinctly in moments of crisis. As his chief tormentor, Anthony Zerbe was competent enough, but in accordance with the director's scheme he coarsened the elegance of the character. And all the goings-on tended, to a certain extent, to distract attention from both of them. The Broadway production, like the London production before it, had no special effects, no *dolce vita,* no shocks; only two superb performances by Donald Pleasence and Charles D. Gray as Bitos and his opponent. It focused, as the Living Arts production did not, on two men fighting with everything they had, which is one of the things that drama is really about.

The Theatre of Cruelty can be highly exciting and bare breasts and blinding lights may have their place in the theatre. But nothing will ever take the place of good acting. *Bitos* in Philadelphia had an air not just of urgency but almost of desperation, as if Mr. Gregory feared that ordinary theatrical methods no longer work, that an audience must be shocked, galvanized, almost beaten and kicked, before it will pay attention. I do not think that this fear is warranted, and I doubt that Mr. Gregory really thinks so either.

But it is good to know that some people in the provinces are experimenting with skill, responsibility, and with qualified but very real success. It is not impossible that they will learn—and teach others—how to preserve the merits of their innovations without incurring the drawbacks, how to use shock tactics without unduly de-emphasizing the actor. Mr. Gregory appears to be following along behind Peter Brook (of *Marat/Sade*), who in turn is following Antonin Artaud; but it would not surprise me to see, in future seasons, Broadway directors and many others following along behind Mr. Gregory.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1160

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What traction equipment might be for standing in back of the lead? (10, 4)
8 Their tops are supposed to fold over, but don't always. (12)
10 I read at least one version before the message can be destroyed. (10)
11 Not quite chi-chi, but still smart. (4)
13 The old sign of the guardsmen. (6)
14 Altering the constituent make-up? (8)
16 Little outdoor cooking, but that's not important. (5, 3)
17 An Italian used the octave before the sestet. (6)
19 Turner might have been connected with it, but Max Leger took it to heart. (4)
20 Probably no sign of welcome at such entrances. (10)
22 Walked about, but made paler when upset by it. (12)
23 Certainly not a consistent quality. (14)

DOWN:

1 Should there be 400 in the Polynesian group? (7, 7)
2 A friend of the Department of Defense, or is this merely how it might appear? (12)
3 Four less than 2, in a narrow way. (3-7)
4 It ain't proper! (6)
5 See 9 down
6 In which effectively one sees Oscar, perhaps. (4)
7 Cocoa, sold as the standard drugstore treat? (9, 5)
9 and 5 Famous band of opera-lovers? (3, 4, 2, 3, 8)
12 Miss Crane? (10)
15 Forget an alternative to an extent, if you look at it one way! (8)
18 A common friend from Boston? What a racket! (6)
21 Inconclusive injunction to amount to something, but you might find one is in the soup! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1159

ACROSS: 1 Turkish bath; 9 Black cat; 10 Drupes; 11 Sunroom; 12 and 25 Bucket seats; 14 Behalf; 15 Pushcart; 17 and 6 Thunderstruck; 20 Rulers; 22 Sponges; 24 Assuage; 26 Sextet; 7 Acidosis; 28 Chorus lines. DOWN: 2 Uncertain; 3 Kick-off; 4 Sate; 5 Bedaubs; 7 Blouse; 8 Better; 13 Spasm; 16 Cellulose; 18 Hopper; 19 Ejector; 20 Rossini; 21 Regain; 23 Notch.

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LETTERS

Bundy in Santo Domingo

Stanford, Calif.
Dear Sirs: In his article, "The Unfinished Revolution," [*The Nation*, May 2], Sidney Lens stated that McGeorge Bundy "came to Santo Domingo" in May, 1965, and demanded that the Dominican Communists should be "incarcerated in concentration camps."

The term "concentration camps" is filled with such horror and loathing that no one should use it lightly or without absolute assurance. I have tried to find out what truth there may be in Mr. Lens's story. I have consulted some of the principals and one who was present at the discussions in Puerto Rico and in Santo Domingo, President Jaime Benítez of the University of Puerto Rico.

I am convinced that Mr. Lens has here committed an irresponsible and indefensible calumny. He does not state what his source of information is, but he passes on this tale with such circumstantial detail—most of which, I am convinced, is also fictitious—that the reader is led to believe that his source was at least one of the principals whose information was not open to question. United States intervention was bad enough without inventing unnecessary slanders and without making a villain of Mr. Bundy, who took on a most onerous task and carried it out as honorably as possible. Mr. Lens merely succeeds in exculpating the real villains.

Theodore Draper

Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs: Is it really so hard to visualize the United States asking another country to put Communists in concentration camps? I wonder where Mr. Draper has been these last twenty years.

My article had to do with negotiations between two men about a formula to save President Johnson's face in the Dominican Republic, and how, when McGeorge Bundy came to Santo Domingo to implement it, the whole matter got twisted into the usual hard line vis-à-vis the Communists. My source—unimpeachable in my opinion—is one of the principals, among others, and his story makes sense in the light of what Draper himself concedes to have been a false policy in the Dominican Republic.

What I suspect bothers Draper is something in himself, not me. He was a leading apologist for U.S. policy in Cuba, and in my humble opinion, he gravely twisted facts to make the U.S. State Department look good. On the Dominican issue he has been on the side of the angels and his articles are among the best materials on the subject. . . .

I get the impression that what Draper would like to do is show that there were some "good guys," like McGeorge Bundy, and some "bad guys," like Thomas Mann, making U.S. policy. I concede that Bundy probably did want to play the dove and work out an arrangement with Bosch and Guzman. But it is a historical fact that Bundy was eventually ordered to take the hard line I indicated, and that the thrust of U.S. policy was typically cold war and interventionist.

Sidney Lens

Sherrill wrong

Washington, D.C.
Dear Sirs: Robert Sherrill's article ["Foundation Pipe Lines: The Beneficent CIA," *The Nation*, May 9] is misleading and inaccurate. I have been a member of the board of directors of AFME since 1957 (and chairman since 1958), and I am thoroughly familiar with its activities.

(Continued on page 51)

EDITORIALS

Korea—with a Difference

At a June 18 news conference, President Johnson hinted at still another intensification of U.S. military action in Vietnam. "We must continue to raise the cost of aggression at its source," was his wording. This sounded like a threat to extend the area of bombing; and *The Wall Street Journal* of June 27 carried a report that Mr. Johnson had reached a decision to bomb North Vietnam's oil-storage depots at the port city of Haiphong which, because of the volume of foreign shipping passing through it, has heretofore been treated with some circumspection. A report to the same effect appeared in the June 26 *Observer* (London) under Anthony Howard's by-line. It must be said for Mr. Johnson that he is not given to idle threats: On June 29 U.S. Air Force and Navy jets bombed fuel depots on the outskirts of both Hanoi and Haiphong, approaching within 3 and 2 miles, respectively, of the city centers.

Howard reported further that the Johnson Administration had decided to settle for nothing less than a "Korean-type solution" for Vietnam. All ideas of a settlement based on the neutrality of South Vietnam have been ruled out, which is to say that the United States Government has fallen in line with the policy laid down by the triumphant Premier Ky who, with the latest types of tear-gas bombs and judicious use of clubs and firearms, has crushed opposition to his rule, at least for the time being. Ky and Johnson are apparently committed to a harder line than the Pentagon and Secretary McNamara. The latter, according to Howard, is not enthusiastic about the war of attrition and endurance implied in a Korea-type finale.

The American people are not being let in on the Administration's thinking. After all, elections of a sort are to be held in South Vietnam in September, and in the United States in November. In the Vietnam election neutralists are to be excluded, both as candidates and voters, and of course there will be no balloting in the areas held by the Vietcong, so the outcome is a foregone conclusion. In the United States, perhaps unfortunately from the Administration's standpoint, the outcome cannot be so confidently predicted. So that the U.S. electorate would not be unduly alarmed, Mr. Johnson took the unusual step of privately summoning a group of foreign correspondents to the White House and taking them into his confidence, with no domestic newsmen present. He avoided getting down to specifics, but made it clear that he was determined to fight in Vietnam to the bitter end. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* asked him about the possibility of holding out some concessions to the Soviet Union in order to enlist its help in reaching a settlement in Vietnam. Nothing of the kind, the President replied; no "bribes and carrots," was the way he put it.

That the United States could never be expelled from Vietnam has been clear from the outset. When it looked as if the government of South Vietnam was coming apart at the seams, the Johnson Administration threw in sufficient manpower and materiel to take care of the situation, and it is still engaged in taking over the chief burden of the war.

After the elections the American people will be informed—as they were after Mr. Johnson's landslide victory on a peace platform in 1964. They will then learn that it is going to be Korea all over again—but with a difference. The Vietcong are in South Vietnam to stay, and though they may be forced by sheer weight of air power to lie low for a while, a Korean-type conclusion is inherently impossible. This is only the latest of the blind alleys into which Mr. Johnson has led us.

Synchronized Escalation

The closing in of U.S. bombers could have been predicted in the light of a "Citizens' White Paper" which shows that efforts toward a political settlement of the Vietnamese war have repeatedly been collapsed by timely intensification of the American military effort. The authors of the study, titled "The Politics of Escalation," are three professors of the University of California at Berkeley: Franz Schurmann, director of the Center for Chinese Studies, Peter Dale Scott of the Department of Speech, and Reginald Zelnick of the Department of History, assisted by a dozen consultants and editorial workers at Berkeley and other universities. A covering letter commending the report to the attention of President Johnson was signed by twenty-nine scholars, clergymen, lawyers, businessmen and labor leaders.

The study runs to book length and leans over backward in its effort to be fair to the Johnson Administration: "Available evidence does not prove that escalations were intended solely or primarily to counter efforts at compromise or negotiation. . . ." On these two counts it will no doubt be widely ignored, at least initially, by a press which likes its sources short, sensational and self-assured. Its immediate impact will be mainly on thoughtful Americans, who have been notably deficient in their influence on this Administration. This effort, however, differs from previous ones in that it is not so much a remonstrance as a marshaling of evidence which, in time, can hardly fail to raise questions. Is this repeated concurrence to be attributed to pure chance, or to such a sustained build-up of U.S. military strength in Southeast Asia that any particular move could hardly fail to coincide with the repeated efforts to end a war which most of the world regards as senseless and barbarous? Or is this pattern of synchronous occurrence the result of a deliberately calculated policy?

The authors cite and document at length nine incidents in what they call "the sombre, recurring pattern of political exploration cut short by military escalation. . . ." They ask the President whether this is fortuitous or intentional. The President does not reply. Instead, too late for inclusion as a tenth example, he is unleashing the bombers on Hanoi and Haiphong, at a time when efforts are being made by the Secretary-General of the UN and by French and Canadian envoys to negotiate a de-escalation of the war.

Yet despite Administration obfuscations and a generally uninformative press, the Johnson-Rusk policy of open-ended escalation is losing support. In the June 27 *New York Times*, Ronald Sullivan reports that Democratic leaders in New Jersey are "seriously considering" breaking with the President on Vietnam. They see advocacy of de-escalation

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: 242-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 203 No. 2*

as their only chance of beating the Republican "hawks" in November. State Sen. Ned J. Parsekian, who has been chosen to oppose U.S. Sen. Clifford P. Case, feels he may have to turn down the nomination, partly because of his doubts about U.S. Vietnamese policy. The freshman Representative from Bergen County, Henry Helstoski, who rode into office on the Presidential coattails and has been a loyal supporter, now argues that we must stop bombing North Vietnam and ask the UN to work out a settlement. He has been echoing Charles E. Osgood's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—that it is impossible "to escalate the intensity of an attack on an opponent with one hand while simultaneously holding out an olive branch with the other."

Helstoski has been attracting attention with his news letters to constituents and the polls he conducts. A year ago those replying to his questionnaire on Vietnam favored Mr. Johnson's policy by 75 to 25, a ratio which has now fallen to a precarious 57 to 43. A poll by the Democratic State Committee in the spring gave a similar result. If Helstoski and other apprehensive Democrats should decide to run as moderate peace candidates, they can find fresh arguments for their position in "The Politics of Escalation." Nor would it be surprising if, with such efforts, the American people discover what Mr. Johnson would prefer not to let them know, until such time as his plans for a "Korean-type solution" mature.

Raid on Medicare

Not much editorial notice was taken of it, but the American people were given a brilliant lesson recently in how private industry can manipulate Congress—and make Congress like it. This exhibition was in the mangling of the Medicare Act by the American Hospital Association. As originally passed, the act allowed Robert M. Ball, Commissioner of Social Security, to repay the hospitals and nursing homes the "reasonable cost" of caring for the elderly. Repeatedly Ball acknowledged in Congressional hearings that he interpreted reasonable costs to mean reasonable costs *only*—no profits.

No doubt Ball thought he was telling the truth. In any event, the hospitals and nursing homes weren't about to settle for cost service. No sooner was medicare passed than they began to talk about boycotts. Washington bureaucrats panicked and began to give ground.

Meanwhile, the American Hospital Association was storming at the non-booty idea of the program. The California division of the association was especially enraged and threatened not to participate. At this point Ball, who apparently has the authority under the act to squeeze and stretch it any way he likes, went into private session with the American Hospital Association. Not even Congress knew what he was up to. Sen. Clinton Anderson requested from Ball a copy of the minutes of his conference with hospital officials—and was turned down!

Then Ball emerged to announce that he would allow the hospitals to operate their medicare programs on the old profiteering cost-plus basis: they would be paid a profit of 2 per cent of their cost. The more they pad their costs, the more they profit.

Furthermore, depreciation of facilities will be considered part of the cost. Here's a beautiful wringing of the taxpayer's neck: First he finances the construction of the hospital through the Hill-Burton program, and then he is forced to pay for the building's depreciation. He pays twice. (The 2 per cent of *this* is a *third* payment.)

Another curious deal Ball made with the hospital operators was an arrangement by which they can collect from the government thirty days in advance for services they "think" they will render to the old folks; this will deprive the Medicare Trust Fund of millions of dollars in interest, of course, but it will give the hospitals some early money to play with.

By the time the preposterous arrangements were made public, and Sen. Russell Long, Chairman of the Finance Committee, had called a private hearing to determine how seriously Ball and the American Hospital Association had damaged the intent of Congress, it was too late to do anything about it. The Senators did get to rid themselves of some of their spleen. Page 121 of the executive hearings shows a blank space, representing some very fiery language which Senator Anderson directed at Ball, and later removed.

But Congress and the American people have been beaten out of an estimated $150 million a year, which will be deducted from what *would* have been spent for actual care of the elderly, and given to the hospitals for profit.

As *The Nation* said on January 3, "There are signs that the results [of medicare] will not be so much the subsidizing of needy people as the subsidizing of an industry."

Senators Are Different

There are only fifty states in the Union and only a hundred Senators; they must therefore be accounted a special class of citizens. And among them Thomas J. Dodd seems to be in a special class all by himself. In the hearings before the Senate Ethics Committee, one cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between Dodd under investigation and the hundreds of witnesses, not Senators, who have been investigated by Dodd and his colleagues. It was the misfortune of the latter to be just plain citizens, at a time when cold-war scapegoats were in demand and Dodd was one of those most zealous in harrying and exposing them.

A new word, heralding a new concept, has emerged from the present hearings. The committee rejected copies of Dodd's correspondence, documents, etc., which had been turned over to Drew Pearson by members of Dodd's staff—to whom he does not seem to have endeared himself. The committee held that the copies were "stigmatized." In the federal courts documents seized without a search warrant fall into the category of "tainted" evidence, and "stigma-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 25, August 8 and August 22.

tized" documents are apparently the Senatorial analogue.

Sometime back, police and representatives of a state legislative committee concerned with "un-American" activities broke into the New Orleans office of The Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., an organization seeking to secure to Negro citizens the rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution. The office was totally ransacked and everything movable taken away. Personal effects of Dr. James A. Dombrowski, the executive director of SCEF, were seized in his home and he was arrested. A Louisiana state court ruled that these proceedings were illegal, but in the meantime the books (one was Thoreau's *Journal*), records, membership lists, etc., had been moved to Baton Rouge, and from there taken across the state line into Mississippi under arrangements made by J. G. Sourwine, counsel to the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. The documents were reproduced and published by the subcommittee, of which Sen. Thomas J. Dodd was a prominent member. Apparently the subcommittee did not regard this material as "stigmatized," nor was the equanimity of other Senators in the least disturbed by any phase of this operation.

Coming back to the present proceedings, we find Dodd represented by a prominent law firm with seven lawyers in attendance, four at the counsel table and the overflow in the first row of the spectators' section. It must come as a surprise to see these lawyers vigorously cross-examining "hostile" witnesses. In the proceedings of the Internal Security Subcommittee witnesses without number, represented by counsel who were denied the right of cross-examination, have been crucified, with Dodd enthusiastically taking part in the inquisition.

Dodd now castigates his former employees who abstracted the documents from his files for copying, and who now find themselves without jobs and little prospect of ever being employed again in official Washington. But since when, in Dodd's world, has the informer been disreputable? The committee on which he serves is a refuge for informers, and they are praised to the skies for their actions and their testimony.

Granted that Senators are different—but are they that much different? Innumerable reputations have been destroyed through denial of the privileges now accorded Dodd. Is the reputation of a Senator that much more sacred than the reputation of any other citizen? Do we have one set of rules when Senators are investigated, and another set of rules for ordinary citizens? Or will the Senate now be shamed into revising the rules for the latter, to give them some semblance of equality?

'The Christian Virtues'

Newsweek once pointed out that J. Edgar Hoover is an "authentic folk hero." If any doubt remained on that score, it has been removed by the installation in the Capitol Hill Methodist Church in Washington of a stained glass window, 22 feet high and 33 feet wide—about the size of a modest ranch house—dedicated to the great G-man with the inscription, STATESMANSHIP THROUGH THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. When one contemplates the honors showered upon Mr. Hoover during his illustrious career and the lamentable fact that he resembles other men in one respect—mortality—one wonders what there will be left to say when he finally shuffles off this mortal coil.

Yet even while he is in our midst, terrorizing evildoers of every description, Hoover has his troubles within the government he serves so selflessly. On May 4, the Supreme Court refused to review the conviction for income tax violation of Fred B. Black, Jr., a Washington lobbyist. His attorney asked for a review on the ground that a wiretap issue was involved. On May 21, Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall submitted a memorandum to the Court in which he stated that wire taps or electronic eavesdropping devices had been used, *without the knowledge of the Department of Justice and without its authorization.* The Court responded by ordering that more information be supplied; specifically, who did order the bugging?

The effect of this sequence of events was to point the finger at J. Edgar Hoover, who has not yet responded. Marshall's action is said to have provoked a confrontation between Justice Department officials and Hoover in which the latter was described as "furious." This is not hard to believe. Even under the best of circumstances Hoover is a choleric sort, and his present situation is a trying one. As a folk hero he is probably immune from chastisement, but his temper is being put to a severe test.

However, more is at stake than prerogatives and passions. Marshall's action highlights a basic problem: that under Hoover's administration the FBI has assumed practically unlimited investigative powers. It can investigate almost anyone it wants to investigate, by almost any methods it sees fit to use.

In a series of articles in *The Washington Post,* Richard Harwood recounts some recent FBI investigations. A national magazine discovered in 1964 that the FBI had compiled a dossier on the ex-wife of one of its writers. The material in the file was then used by Hoover's associates to bar the writer from sitting in on an interview with Hoover. The managing editor of a prominent newspaper in the Midwest was advised by a U.S. district attorney in 1965 that a reporter for the paper has become *persona non grata* at the Federal Building because of "derogatory information" in the possession of the FBI. Americans traveling abroad—university professors in particular—have been put under surveillance by the FBI. The authors of books critical of the federal establishment can be reasonably certain of acquiring dossiers in the FBI files.

The folk hero has the wherewithal and the power. His annual budget is about as large as the State Department's and more than twice the size of that available to the Attorney General. Hoover commands the equivalent of an oversize army division—16,000. No one, right up to the President, can deal with him as an equal, much less a subordinate. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach once joked in private: "Sure I could fire him on Monday. The only thing is that I'd be looking for a new job on Tuesday."

The more credit, then, to Thurgood Marshall. What he did took courage. If Katzenbach abetted him, so much the better. They cannot fire Hoover, but they have given him some explaining to do.

U THANT ON WAR AND PEACE

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

Mrs. Weill-Tuckerman has covered the United Nations since its inception as a correspondent for Agence France-Presse. She is also a regular political commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

As he sets out on another European trip, there is no doubt that Secretary-General U Thant is deeply troubled about the future of the United Nations and its diminishing capacity to meet its commitment, under the Charter: to keep or restore the peace. This disenchantment and concern are key factors in his delay in announcing whether or not he will be available this fall, and his repeated statements that he would be happy if the Security Council found a successor to assume the post of Secretary-General after November 3 when his term expires. U Thant has tried to minimize the difficulties in finding a suitable candidate and has even, apparently in a semi-serious vein, offered his help in this search.

It is probable that U Thant has not yet made up his mind definitely about another term. On the personal level, he is not politically ambitious; perhaps because of his Buddhist philosophy, he has escaped the clinging to power which grows naturally in the breasts of most politicians and statesmen. Even if he now has a good idea of what he wants to do after November 3, he is not telling and is determined to seize this opportunity to convey in the strongest terms to those most concerned what he considers essential for the survival of the United Nations.

The top priority goes to the war in Vietnam, whose continuation demonstrates the impotence of the peace organization and threatens its very existence.

U Thant has called repeatedly for a three-point program as the only avenue to a negotiated settlement of the conflict: "First, the cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam; second, the scaling down of all military activities in South Vietnam, which alone could lead to the bringing about of a cease-fire; and third, the willingness by all sides to enter into discussions with those who are actually fighting," or, in more concrete terms, the willingness of Saigon and Washington to enter into discussions with the Vietcong.

The first and third steps of this program are undoubtedly the responsibility of the United States. The bombing of oil targets in the highly populated areas of Haiphong and Hanoi has given a resounding negative answer to U Thant's point one, and the Secretary-General has expressed his disapproval in a laconic but unequivocal communiqué. Already the punitive warnings to North Vietnam by President Johnson in his press conference of June 18 gave the impression that he did not take U Thant more seriously than Stalin did the late Pope Pius XII, when, according to the anecdote of Yalta which has become a historical cliché, he brushed aside the role of the Vatican in Italian politics with the comment: "How many divisions has the Pope?"

As for the possibility that General Ky will sit down with the Vietcong—an essential element in point three of U Thant's scheme—American policy makers who might conceivably accept such an eventuality for themselves are not likely to insist on it in Saigon in view of the extreme precariousness of the present regime. By refusing to sponsor a Saigon request for United Nations observers in the forthcoming elections (scheduled for this September), U Thant has amply shown that he did not care to confer a UN seal of approval on these elections or their results.

A related cause of U Thant's concern over the future of the UN is the absence of the People's Republic of China; this could become a fatal flaw in the fabric of the world organization as the present paralysis over Vietnam demonstrates. He realizes that, at this stage, the main obstacles no longer derive solely from the United States but from Peking itself, partly out of rancor against an organization which has for so long denied it its legitimate place. He is extremely careful not to interpret or comment publicly on the attitude of the Chinese leaders toward the UN or himself and it has been noted with some interest at UN headquarters that no direct attack against U Thant has been made from Peking—or Hanoi—since he enunciated his three-point program for a Vietnam settlement in Paris last April.

Next to the need for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam and China's admission to the UN, the future of the UN itself depends largely on its capacity to wield the machinery for peace keeping. Here too, U Thant feels an acute disappointment which he has expressed forcefully in recent weeks. Although he kept as much as possible out of the quarrel over Article 19, which dealt with the financing of the controversial Congo operation (a legacy from the Hammarskjold administration), he does not keep silent on the lack of progress in the establishment of machinery for future peace-keeping operations, including financial provisions. Above all, he is thoroughly dissatisfied with the refusal of big powers like the USSR and France (which have voted in favor of the present operation in Cyprus) to assume financial responsibility for the UN force there. The Secretary-General has denounced as grossly inadequate and unacceptable for the future the method of voluntary financing now used for the Cyprus account. He has warned that "if the UN is to develop as a really potent force for peace, it must have the tools to perform its work; and without the proper tools, there is going to be a stagnation . . . [which] is definitely not in the interests of the organization or of world peace."

This, together with the need of a Soviet contribution to ease the UN financial difficulties, U Thant will discuss with Soviet leaders during his visit to Moscow late in July. He will also have frank discussions about the changes that the Russians want to effect in the administration of the Secretariat, which he feels are not in the interests of the organization. It is worth while to note in this regard that the Soviet Union is the only big power which has not announced its support of U Thant for re-election, the official position being that no comment will be forthcoming from Moscow until the Secretary-General has stated his intentions unequivocally regarding his candidacy. Two can play at that game.

Finally, U Thant is dissatisfied with what he considers insufficient efforts on the part of the large industrial powers to help the developing countries. The widely heralded "development decade of the United Nations" is far from being a success. International assistance, U Thant said in a recent message to the World Bank, is falling behind the absorptive capacity of the developing countries; yet it cannot be argued that they have done little to mobilize their domestic resources in the past years. The insufficiency of external aid remains, and the modest target set by the General Assembly in 1961—that the flow of development capital should represent 1 per cent of the aggregate national income of developed countries—is still far from being reached. Should this situation become worse, as it threatens to do, the growth of developing countries will be seriously retarded.

U Thant well realizes that he cannot bring about a change of policy on the part of the big powers toward the United Nations and world problems, but he is making full use of the best opportunity he has to state frankly to those involved his opinion of their responsibilities in the continuing crisis. He has made it clear that he does not have to go on leading an organization whose effectiveness they are preventing and—with the war in Vietnam—perhaps strangling to death.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

A Report From Occupied Territory

JAMES BALDWIN

Mr. Baldwin's first published work was a review in this publication. Among his more recent books are: The Fire Next Time, Another Country *and* Going To Meet The Man *(all Dial Press).*

On April 17, 1964, in Harlem, New York City, a young salesman, father of two, left a customer's apartment and went into the streets. There was a great commotion in the streets, which, especially since it was a spring day, involved many people, including running, frightened, little boys. They were running from the police. Other people, in windows, left their windows, in terror of the police because the police had their guns out, and were aiming the guns at the roofs. Then the salesman noticed that two of the policemen were beating up a kid: "So I spoke up and asked them, 'why are you beating him like that?' Police jump up and start swinging on me. He put the gun on me and said, 'get over there.' I said, 'what for?' "

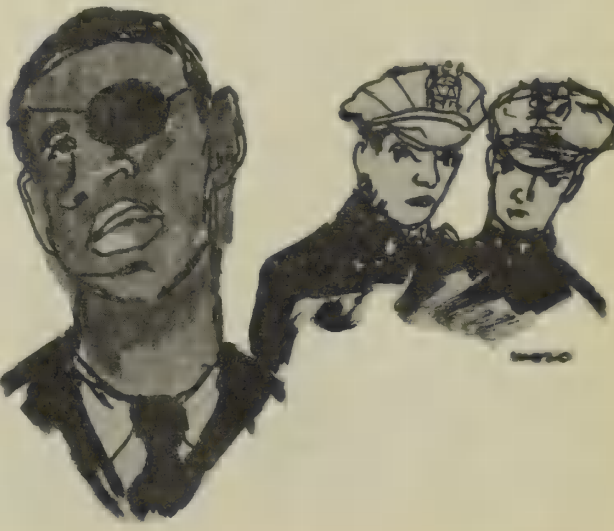
An unwise question. Three of the policemen beat up the salesman in the streets. Then they took the young salesman, whose hands had been handcuffed behind his back, along with four others, much younger than the salesman, who were handcuffed in the same way, to the police station. There: "About thirty-five I'd say came into the room, and started beating, punching us in the jaw, in the stomach, in the chest, beating us with a padded club—spit on us, call us niggers, dogs, animals—they call us dogs and animals when I don't see why we are the dogs and animals the way they are beating us. Like they beat me they beat the other kids and the elderly fellow. They throw him almost through one of the radiators. I thought he was dead over there."

"The elderly fellow" was Fecundo Acion, a 47-year-old Puerto Rican seaman, who had also made the mistake of wanting to know why the police were beating up children. An adult eyewitness reports, "Now here come an old man walking out a stoop and asked one cop, 'say, listen, sir, what's going on out here?' The cop turn around and smash him a couple of times in the head." And one of the youngsters said, "He get that just for a question. No reason at all, just for a question."

No one had, as yet, been charged with any crime. But the nightmare had not yet really begun. The salesman had been so badly beaten around one eye that it was found necessary to hospitalize him. Perhaps some sense of what it means to live in occupied territory can be suggested by the fact that the police took him to Harlem Hospital themselves—nearly nineteen hours after the beating. For fourteen days, the doctors at Harlem Hospital told him that they could do nothing for his eye, and he was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where for fourteen days, the doctors tried to save the eye. At the end of fourteen days it was clear that the bad eye could not be saved and was endangering the good eye. All that could be done, then, was to take the bad eye out.

As of my last information, the salesman is on the streets again, with his attaché case, trying to feed his family. He is more visible now because he wears an eye patch; and because he questioned the right of two policemen to beat up one child, he is known as a "cop hater." Therefore, "I have quite a few police look at me now pretty hard. My lawyer he axe (asked) me to keep somebody with me at all times 'cause the police may try to mess with me again."

You will note that there is not a suggestion of any kind



of appeal to justice, and no suggestion of any recompense for the grave and gratuitous damage which this man has endured. His tone is simply the tone of one who has miraculously survived—he might have died; as it is, he is merely half blind. You will also note that the patch over his eye has had the effect of making him, more than ever, the target of the police. It is a dishonorable wound, not earned in a foreign jungle but in the domestic one—not that this would make any difference at all to the nevertheless insuperably patriotic policeman—and it proves that he is a "bad nigger." ("Bad niggers," in America, as elsewhere, have always been watched and have usually been killed.) The police, who have certainly done their best to kill him, have also provided themselves with a pretext *derisoire* by filing three criminal charges against him. He is charged with beating up a schoolteacher, upsetting a fruit stand, and assaulting the (armed) police. Furthermore, he did all of these things in the space of a single city block, and simultaneously.

The salesman's name is Frank Stafford. At the time all this happened, he was 31 years old. And all of this happened, all of this and a great deal more, just before the "long, hot summer" of 1964 which, to the astonishment of nearly all New Yorkers and nearly all Americans, to the extremely verbal anguish of *The New York Times*, and to the bewilderment of the rest of the world, eventually erupted into a race riot. It was the killing of a 15-year-old Negro boy by a white policeman which overflowed the unimaginably bitter cup.

As a result of the events of April 17, and of the police performance that day, and because Harlem is policed like occupied territory, six young Negro men, the oldest of whom is 20, are now in prison, facing life sentences for murder. Their names are Wallace Baker, Daniel Hamm, Walter Thomas, Willie Craig, Ronald Felder and Robert Rice. Perhaps their names don't matter. They might be my brothers: they might also be yours. My report is based, in part, on Truman Nelson's *The Torture of Mothers* (The Garrison Press, 15 Olive Street, Newburyport, Mass., with an introduction by Maxwell Geismar). *The Torture of Mothers* is a detailed account of the case which is now known as the case of The Harlem Six. Mr. Nelson is *not*, as I have earlier misled certain people into believing, a white Southern novelist, but a white Northern one. It is a rather melancholy comment, I think, on the Northern intellectual community, and it reveals, rather to my despair, how little I have come to expect of it that I should have been led so irresistibly into this error. In a way, though, I certainly have no wish to blame Mr. Nelson for *my* errors; he is, nevertheless, somewhat himself to blame. His tone makes it clear that he means what he says and he knows what he means. The tone is rare. I have come to expect it only of Southerners—or mainly from Southerners—since Southerners must pay so high a price for their private and their public liberation. But Mr. Nelson actually comes from New England, and is what another age would have called an abolitionist. No Northern liberal would have been capable of it because the Northern liberal considers himself as already saved, whereas the white Southerner has to pay the price for his soul's salvation out of his own anguish and in his own flesh and in the only time he has. Mr. Nelson wrote the book in an attempt to create publicity and public indignation; whatever money the book makes goes into the effort to free The Harlem Six. I think the book is an extraordinary moral achievement, in the great American tradition of Tom Paine and Frederick Douglass, but I will not be so dishonest as to pretend that I am writing a book review. No, I am writing a report, which is also a plea for the recognition of our common humanity. Without this recognition, our common humanity will be proved in unutterable ways. My report is also based on what I myself know, for I was born in Harlem and raised there. Neither I, nor my family, can be said ever really to have left; we are —*perhaps*—no longer as totally at the mercy of the cops and the landlords as once we were: in any case, our roots, our friends, our deepest associations are there, and "there" is only about fifteen blocks away.

This means that I also know, in my own flesh, and know, which is worse, in the scars borne by many of those dearest to me, the thunder and fire of the billy club, the paralyzing shock of spittle in the face; and I know what it is to find oneself blinded, on one's hands and knees, at the bottom of the flight of steps down which one has just been hurled. I know something else: these young men have been in jail for two years now. Even if the attempts being put forth to free them should succeed, what has happened to them in these two years? People are destroyed very easily. Where is the civilization and where, indeed, is the morality which can afford to destroy so many?

There was a game played for some time between certain highly placed people in Washington and myself before the administration changed and the Great Society reached the planning stage. The game went something like this: around April or May, that is as the weather began to be warmer, my phone would ring. I would pick it up and find that Washington was on the line.

Washington: What are you doing for lunch—oh, say, tomorrow, Jim?

Jim: Oh—why—I guess I'm free.

Washington: Why don't you take the shuttle down? We'll send a car to the airport. One o'clock all right?

Jim: Sure. I'll be there.

Washington: Good. Be glad to see you.

So there I would be the next day, like a good little soldier, seated (along with other good little soldiers) around a luncheon table in Washington. The first move was not mine to make, but I knew very well why I had been asked to be there.

Finally, someone would say—we would probably have arrived at the salad—"say, Jim. What's going to happen this summer?"

This question, translated, meant: Do you think that any of those unemployed, unemployable Negroes who are going to be on the streets all summer will cause us any trouble? What do you think we should do about it? But, later on, I concluded that I had got the second part of the question wrong; they really meant, what was *I* going to do about it?

Then I would find myself trying patiently to explain that the Negro in America can scarcely yet be considered—for example—as a part of the labor unions—and he is certainly not so considered by the majority of these unions—and that, therefore, he lacks that protection and that incentive. The jobs that Negroes have always held, the lowest jobs, the most menial jobs, are now being destroyed by automation. No remote provision has yet been made to absorb this labor surplus. Furthermore, the Negro's education, North and South, remains, almost totally, a segregated education, which is but another way of saying that he is taught the habits of inferiority every hour of every day that he lives. He will find it very difficult to overcome these habits. Furthermore, every attempt he makes to overcome them will be painfully complicated by the fact that the ways of being, the ways of life of the despised and rejected, nevertheless contain an incontestable vitality and authority. This is far more than can be said of the middle class which, in any case, and whether it be black or white, does not dare to cease despising him. He may prefer to remain where he is, given such unattractive choices, which means that he either remains in limbo, or finds a way to use the system in order to beat the system. Thus, even when opportunities—my use of this word is here limited to the industrialized, competitive, contemporary North American sense—hitherto closed to Negroes begin, very grudgingly, to open up, few can be found to qualify for them for the reasons sketched above, and also because it demands a very rare person, of any color, to risk madness and heartbreak in an attempt to achieve the impossible. (I know Negroes who have gone literally mad because they wished to become commercial air-line pilots.) Nor is this the worst.

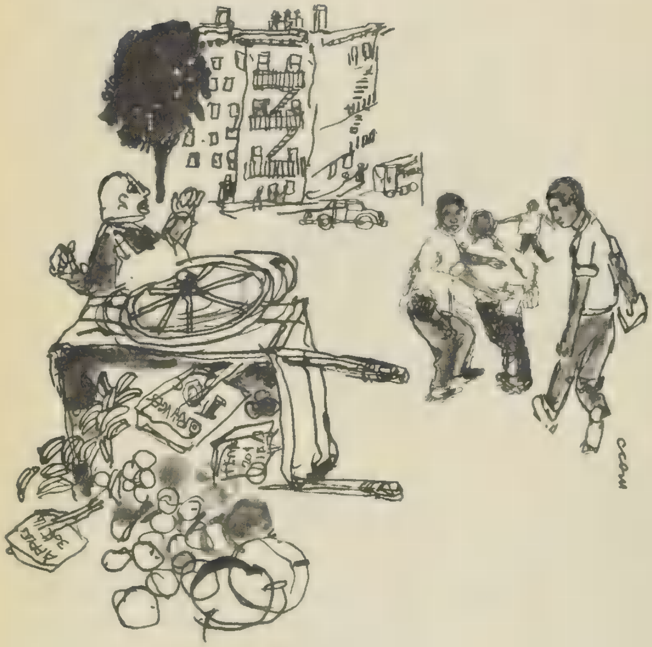
The children, having seen the spectacular defeat of their fathers—having seen what happens to any bad nigger and, still more, what happens to the good ones—cannot listen to their fathers and certainly will not listen to the society which is responsible for their orphaned condition. What to do in the face of this deep and dangerous estrangement? It seemed to me—I would say, sipping coffee and trying to be calm—that the principle of what had to be done was extremely simple; but before anything could be done, the principle had to be grasped. The principle on which one had to operate was that the government which can force me to pay my taxes and force me to fight in its defense anywhere in the world *does not have the authority* to say that it cannot protect my right to vote or my right to earn a living or my right to live anywhere I choose. Furthermore, no nation, wishing to call itself free, can possibly survive so massive a defection. What to do? Well, there is a real estate lobby in Albany, for example, and this lobby, which was able to rebuild all of New York, downtown, and for money, in less than twenty years, is also responsible for Harlem and the condition of the people there, and the condition of the schools there, and the future of the children there. What to do? Why is it not possible to attack the power of this lobby? Are their profits more important than the health of our children? What to do? Are textbooks printed in order to teach children, or are the contents of these textbooks to be controlled by the Southern oligarchy and the commercial health of publishing houses? What to do? Why are Negroes and Puerto Ricans virtually the only people pushing trucks in the garment center, and what union has the right to trap and victimize Negroes and Puerto Ricans in this way? None of these things (I would say) could possibly be done without the consent, in fact, of the government, and we in Harlem know this even if some of you profess not to know how such a hideous state of affairs came about. If some of these things are not begun—I would say—then, of course, we will be sitting on a powder keg all summer. Of course, the powder keg may blow up; it will be a miracle if it doesn't.

They thanked me. They didn't believe me, as I conclude, since nothing was ever done. The summer was always violent. And in the spring, the phone began to ring again.

Now, what I have said about Harlem is true of Chicago, Detroit, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and San Francisco—is true of every Northern city with a large Negro population. And the police are simply the hired enemies of this population. They are present to keep the Negro in his place and to protect white business interests, and they have no other function. They are, moreover—even in a country which makes the very grave error of equating ignorance with simplicity—quite stunningly ignorant; and, since they know that they are hated, they are always afraid. One cannot possibly arrive at a more surefire formula for cruelty.

This is why those pious calls to "respect the law," always to be heard from prominent citizens each time the ghetto explodes, are so obscene. The law is meant to be my servant and not my master, still less my torturer and my murderer. To respect the law, in the context in which the American Negro finds himself, is simply to surrender his self-respect.

On April 17, some school children overturned a fruit stand in Harlem. This would have been a mere childish prank if the children had been white—had been, that is, the children of that portion of the citizenry for whom the police work and who have the power to control the police. But these children were black, and the police chased them and beat them and took out their guns; and Frank Stafford lost his eye in exactly the same way The Harlem Six lost their liberty—by trying to protect the younger children. Daniel Hamm, for example, tells us that ". . . we heard children scream. We turned around and walked back to see what happened. I saw this policeman with his gun out and with his billy in his hand. I like put myself in the way to keep him from shooting the kids. Because first of all he was shaking like a leaf and jumping all over the place. And I thought he might shoot one of them."



He was arrested, along with Wallace Baker, carried to the police station, beaten—"six and twelve at a time would beat us. They got so tired beating us they just came in and started spitting on us—they even bring phlegm up and spit on me." This went on all day. In the evening, Wallace Baker and Daniel Hamm were taken to Harlem Hospital for X rays and then carried back to the police station, where the beating continued all night. They were eventually released, with the fruit-stand charges pending, in spite of the testimony of the fruit-stand owner. This fruit-stand owner had already told the police that neither Wallace Baker nor Daniel Hamm had ever been at his store and that they certainly had had nothing to do with the fruit-stand incident. But this had no effect on the conduct of the police. The boys had already attracted the attention of the police, long before the fruit-stand riot, and in a perfectly innocent way. They are pigeon fanciers and they keep—kept—pigeons on the roof. But the police are afraid of everything in Harlem and they are especially afraid of the roofs, which they consider to be guerrilla outposts. This means that the citizens of Harlem who, as we have seen, can come to grief at any hour in the streets, and who are not safe at their windows, are forbidden the very air. They are safe only in their houses—or were, until the city passed the No Knock, Stop and Frisk laws, which permit a policeman to enter one's home without knocking and to stop anyone on the streets, at will, at any hour, and search him. Harlem believes, and I certainly agree, that these laws are directed against Negroes. They are certainly not directed against anybody else. One day, "two carloads of detectives came and went up on the roof. They pulled their guns on the kids and searched them and made them all come down and they were going to take them down to the precinct." But the boys put up a verbal fight and refused to go and attracted quite a crowd. "To get these boys to the precinct we would have to shoot them," a policeman said, and "the police seemed like they was embarrassed. Because I don't think they expected the kids to have as much sense as they had in speaking up for themselves." They refused to go to the precinct, "and they didn't," and their exhibition of the spirit of '76 marked them as dangerous. Occupied territory is occupied territory, even though it be found in that New World which the Europeans conquered; and it is axiomatic, in occupied territory, that any act of resistance, even though it be executed by a child, be answered at once, and with the full weight of the occupying forces. Furthermore, since the police, not at all surprisingly, are abysmally incompetent—for neither, in fact, do they have any respect for the law, which is not surprising, either—Harlem and all of New York City is full of unsolved crimes. A crime, as we know, is solved when someone is arrested and convicted. It is not indispensable, but it is useful, to have a confession. If one is carried back and forth from the precinct to the hospital long enough, one is likely to confess to anything.

Therefore, ten days later, following the slaying of Mrs. Margit Sugar in Mr. and Mrs. Sugar's used-clothing store in Harlem, the police returned and took Daniel Hamm away again. This is how his mother tells it: "I think it was three (detectives) come up and they asked are you Danny Hamm? And he says yes and right away—gun right to the head and slapping him up, one gun here and one here—just all the way down the hall—beating him and knocking him around with the gun to his head." The other boys were arrested in the same way, and, again of course, they were beaten; but this arrest was a far greater torture than the first one had been because some of the mothers did not know where the boys were, and the police, who were holding them, refused for many hours to say that they were holding them. The mothers did not know of what it was their children were accused until they learned, via television, that the charge was murder. At that time in the state of New York, this charge meant death in the electric chair.

Let us assume that all six boys are guilty as (eventually) charged. Can anyone pretend that the manner of their arrest, or their treatment, bears any resemblance to equal justice under the law? The Police Department has loftily refused to "dignify the charges." But can anyone pretend that they would dare to take this tone if the case involved, say, the sons of Wall Street brokers? I have witnessed and endured the brutality of the police many more times than once—but, of course, I cannot prove it. I cannot prove it because the Police Department investigates itself, quite as though it were answerable only to itself. But it cannot be allowed to be answerable only to itself; it must be made to answer to the community which pays it, and which it is legally sworn to protect; and if American Negroes are not a part of the American community, then all of the American professions are a fraud.

This arrogant autonomy, which is guaranteed the police, not only in New York, *by the most powerful forces in American life*—otherwise, they would not dare to claim it, would, indeed, be unable to claim it—creates a situation which is as close to anarchy as it already, visibly, is close to martial law.

Here is Wallace Baker's mother speaking, describing the night that a police officer came to her house to collect the evidence which he hoped would prove that her son was guilty of murder. The late Mrs. Sugar had run a used-clothing store and the policeman was looking for old coats. "Nasty as he was that night in my house. He didn't ring the bell. So I said, have you got a search warrant? He say, no, I don't have no search warrant and I'm going to search anyway. Well, he did. So I said, will you please step out of this room till I get dressed? He wouldn't leave." This collector of evidence against the boys was later arrested on charges of possessing and passing counterfeit money (he pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor, "conspiring" to pass counterfeit money). The officer's home in Hartsdale, N. Y., is valued at $35,000, he owns two cars, one a Cadillac, and when he was arrested, had $1,300 in his pockets. But the families of The Harlem Six do not have enough money for counsel. The court appointed counsel, and refused to allow the boys counsel of their own choice, even though the boys made it clear that they had no confidence in their court-appointed counsel, and even though four leading civil rights lawyers had asked to be allowed to handle the case. The boys were convicted of first-degree murder, and are now ending their childhood and may end their lives in jail.

These things happen, in all our Harlems, every single day. If we ignore this fact, and our common responsibility to change this fact, we are sealing our doom. Here is the boy, Daniel Hamm, speaking—speaking of his country, which has sworn to bring peace and freedom to so many millions: "They don't want us here. They don't want us—period! All they want us to do is work on these penny-ante jobs for them—and that's *it*. And beat our heads in whenever they feel like it. They don't want us on the street 'cause the World's Fair is coming. And they figure that all black people are hoodlums anyway, or bums, with no character of our own. So they put us off the streets, so their friends from Europe, Paris or Vietnam—wherever they come from—can come and see this supposed-to-be great city."

There is a very bitter prescience in what this boy—this "bad nigger"—is saying, and he was not born knowing it. We taught it to him in seventeen years. He is draft age now, and if he were not in jail, would very probably be on his way to Southeast Asia. Many of his contemporaries are there, and the American Government and the American press are extremely proud of them. They are dying there like flies; they are dying in the streets of all our Harlems far more hideously than flies. A member of my family said to me when we learned of the bombing of the four little girls in the Birmingham Sunday school, "Well, they don't need us for work no more. Where are they building the gas ovens?" Many Negroes feel this; there is no way not to feel it. Alas, we know our countrymen, municipalities, judges, politicians, policemen and draft boards very well. There is more than one way to skin a cat, and more than one way to get bad niggers off the streets. No one in Harlem will ever believe that The Harlem Six are guilty—God knows their guilt has certainly not been proved. Harlem knows, though, that they have been abused and possibly destroyed, and Harlem knows why—we have lived with it since our eyes opened on the world. One is in the impossible position of being unable to believe a word one's countrymen say. "I can't believe what you say," the song goes, "because I see what you do"—and one is also under the necessity of escaping the jungle of one's situation into any other jungle whatever. It is the bitterest possible comment on our situation now that the suspicion is alive in so many breasts that America has at last found a way of dealing with the Negro problem. *"They don't want us—period!"* The meek shall inherit the earth, it is said. This presents a very bleak image to those who live in occupied territory. The meek Southeast Asians, those who remain, shall have their free elections, and the meek American Negroes—those who survive—shall enter the Great Society.

WHAT THE WARREN REPORT OMITS

THE VITAL DOCUMENTS

JACOB COHEN

Mr. Cohen taught history at Yale and is teaching this summer at Brandeis. He is presently completing a book on the Kennedy assassination which defends the Warren Commission's principal conclusion that Oswald was the lone killer. His articles have appeared in many magazines including The Nation, Commonweal *and* The New Leader.

Several writers have recently suggested that Lee Harvey Oswald was not a lone assassin shooting at President Kennedy that black Friday in Dallas and publishers' fall lists promise several new books developing variations of the same theory. While the writers we have heard thus far differ on such crucial details as the number of shots, the timing and source of the shots, and the precise location of the hits, there is one point upon which all present and, I would guess, future devotees of the theory could be made to agree: if there was more than one assassin, then the results of the autopsy which was performed on the President at Bethesda the night of the assassination must have been deliberately falsified.

One can reach no other conclusion. Two experienced pathologists and a wound ballistics expert examined President Kennedy thoroughly, internally and externally; and the physical damage described in their autopsy report, submitted, we are told,* on November 24, 1963, two days after the assassination, perfectly sustains the ultimate conclusions of the commission: that two bullets hit the President, both fired from a point "behind and somewhat above the level of the deceased"; that one bullet hit him in the back at the base of his neck, exiting from the lower third of the throat; and that the other bullet, the fatal missile, entered in the back of the skull and exited from the right temple, "carrying with it portions of cerebrum, skull and scalp."

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*The autopsy document (Exhibit No. 387) is undated. We learn the date it was submitted in the testimony of the examining doctors (II pp. 349 et seq.).

Let us suppose, then, that the wound in Kennedy's throat was a wound of entry, which would place another assassin somewhere in front of him. This is one of the notions developed by Vincent Salandria in his articles in *Liberation*. Now, obviously, such a bullet would have to go somewhere. Either it would have lodged in Kennedy's body, in which case it would have been seen in the X rays and removed by surgery, or, it would have exited from the body at some discernible point. Internally, the bullet would have left a path and a pattern of bruises, rips, abrasions, blood clotting, displaced tissue, probably broken bones, and metallic tracings which could not have failed to indicate the bullet's source. But there is not a scintilla of evidence in the autopsy which would indicate a hit from the front. If there was such a hit, the autopsy must be false.

Or suppose that the President was hit flush in the right temple by an assassin situated to his right on the grassy knoll, as Salandria and Fred Cook suggest. This means that the massive fault in Kennedy's temple, which was observed in horror by many eyewitnesses to the shooting, was an entry wound; Salandria suggests the use of dumdum bullets to explain how an entry wound could have had such a shattering effect. However, the autopsy says that Kennedy's temple was shattered by a bullet which entered the base of his skull, leaving a neat, round hole, and then blasted *out* of his temple. Descriptions of the beveling and splintering of bone and the displacement of brain matter confirm this interpretation, as would the many pictures and X rays taken just before and during the autopsy examination. Again, it is inconceivable that a bullet—even a dumdum bullet—fired from the right, *entering* the right temple, could have caused damage even remotely resembling that caused by a bullet fired from above and behind which *exited* from the temple. If Cook and Salandria's speculations are correct, the autopsy is phony.

Or consider the theories of Edward Jay Epstein, who is described in Richard Rovere's adulatory introduction to Epstein's recent book, *Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth* (Viking): "Mr. Epstein," says Rovere, "does not challenge or even question the fundamental integrity of the Commission or its staff. He discards as shabby 'demonology' the view that the Commissioners collusively suppressed evidence." However, when one extracts the theory behind Epstein's line of questioning it is clear that Epstein, no less than the others, suggests that the autopsy was falsified and, I might add, the evidence of this collusively suppressed.

The pivotal point in the commission's case for a single assassin—Epstein and Cook would agree—is its contention that President Kennedy and Governor Connally were hit by the same bullet. According to the commission the bullet which hit the President in the back of the neck and exited from the throat went on to hit Connally and caused all his wounds. If this did not happen—if Kennedy and Connally were hit by separate bullets—then it follows that there was a second assassin, as Epstein and Cook's very similar analyses of the films of the assassination indubitably prove. Both Epstein and Cook believe that the bullet which hit Kennedy in the back hit too low to have exited from his throat and then hit Connally. Cook agrees that the bullet exited from the throat, but feels its line of flight was too flat to have hit Connally at the required downward angle. Epstein doesn't even believe that the bullet exited from Kennedy's throat; he suggests that it penetrated the back an inch or so and then fell out.

Now either the bullet hit high enough on the back to have done what is claimed for it, or it did not; this is a matter of observable, measurable fact. Epstein suggests a wound several inches below the one described in the autopsy. If he is right, the autopsy must have been falsified; doctors, like successful assassins, don't miss by that margin. Similarly, is it a matter of observable fact whether that bullet exited from the throat or not? Dr. Milton Helpern, chief medical examiner of New York City, points out that "there is no such thing as a rifle bullet's passing through a neck without leaving a path." Mr. Epstein says there was no path (op. cit., pp. 58-9). Cook, too, says the pathologists at Bethesda were "unable to . . . trace the actual path of the bullet." But the autopsy report describes the path in some detail:

> The second wound presumably of entry is that described above in the upper right posterior thorax. Beneath the skin there is ecchymosis of subcutaneous tissue and musculature. The missile path through the fascia and musculature cannot be easily probed. The wound presumably of exit was that described by Dr. Malcolm Perry of Dallas in the low anterior cervical region. When observed by Dr. Perry the wound measured "a few millimeters in diameter," however it was extended as a tracheotomy incision and thus its character is distorted at the time of the autopsy. However, there is considerable ecchymosis of the strap muscle of the right side of the neck and of the fascia about the trachea adjacent to the line of the tracheotomy wound. The third point of reference in connecting these two wounds is in the apex (supra-clavicular portion) of the right pleural cavity. In this region there is contusion of the parietal pleura and of the extreme apical portion of the right upper lobe of the lung. *In both instances the diameter of contusion and ecchymosis at the point of maximal involvement measures 5 cm. Both the visceral and parietal pleura are intact overlying these areas of trauma.*

The emphasis is suggested by Dr. Helpern who interpreted this passage for me and assured me that this is a proper description of a path through the neck. Dr. Helpern also expressed considerable irritation that Mr. Epstein had quoted him in connection with Epstein's view that no path was found. When I asked Helpern what was meant by the statement "the missile path . . . cannot easily be probed" he snapped, "Nobody said it was always easy to find a path."

In other words, the President's body provided the most effective disproof of any contention that there were other hits, other assassins, and anyone making such an imputation, therefore, must be willing to defend the thesis that the autopsy doctors deliberately falsified their report, or that the autopsy report reproduced in the Warren Commission Report is a forgery, or both. Such a charge, of course, challenges the good name of many people, including those who lied, those who ordered them to lie, and the many who would know about the deception and are remaining silent.

Has it come to this, then—the doctors' word against the word of Cook, Epstein, Salandria, et al.? There is, of course, eyewitness testimony and other corroborative evidence on the nature of the wounds, but an objective mind would, it seems to me, find this evidence contradictory. Taking from these contradictions only the evidence which does not confirm the official version, critics easily can convince their readers that the Warren Report is radically flawed. And, sadly, the authors of the report have also been rather selective in their interpretation of the evidence. Whom are we to believe?

Fortunately there is an easy way out of this predicament, for there exists material evidence—the photographs and X rays taken at Bethesda—which could settle almost all the major differences of opinion concerning the wounds. The photographs would pinpoint the location of the back wound, and by showing whether it was high enough to sustain the commission's theory, would either silence Cook and Epstein or win a Pulitzer Prize for one of them. The photographs could also show alleged wounds unaccounted for in the autopsy, such as the exit wound of a bullet entering the throat, and they would reveal details of the complex wound in Kennedy's temple. And the X rays would determine, once and forever, if any unaccounted for bullets or bullet fragments lodged in Kennedy's body. Bullets are as clear in an X ray as a spoon and, together with the photographs, would depict the fracturing in Kennedy's skull clearly enough to test Salandria's theory that the massive skull wound was a wound of entry. Indeed, one sentence in the autopsy report makes the point perfectly:

> The complexity of these fractures and the fragments thus produced tax satisfactory verbal description and are better appreciated in photographs and roentgenograms which are prepared.

By showing nothing more than the autopsy has led us to expect, these documents would be valuable for they would silence a hundred theories already born or *in utero*.

All of which leads us to an examination of what may be the most exasperating mystery surrounding the Warren Report, that of the missing X rays and photographs. For amazing as it may seem, these documents—the only material evidence that could confirm or deny the observations of the autopsy doctors—are not included among the exhibits in the twenty-six-volume Warren Report, and as far as one can ascertain, were never even examined by the Warren Commission and its staff. Indeed, after several months of part-time detective work, I cannot even be sure of the whereabouts of these documents.

This much may be learned from the public record: In the half hour before the autopsy examination some "15-20 photographs both black and white and color" were taken, "depicting significant findings." Also, "10-12 X-rays" were made at this time, and "perhaps 15-20 more X-rays were made during the autopsy." I quote from the testimony (II, 348 et seq.) of Dr. J. J. Humes, the chief autopsy surgeon, who went on to say to the Warren Commission that these films were used "extensively" during the autopsy examination. Soon after the autopsy was concluded, all films were turned over to Agent Roy H. Kellerman of the Secret Service by Humes's superior, Captain J. H. Stover, Jr., and Kellerman then brought them to the White House where he turned them over to Special Agent Robert Bouck.** What the Secret Service did with these documents is, as we shall see, part of the mystery.

On December 6, 1963, Captain (then Commander) Humes submitted a "Supplementary Autopsy Report" (Exhibit No. 391) to Captain Stover containing the results of microscopic examination of Kennedy's brain, heart and sections of the abdominal organs. In this report Humes writes:

> During the course of this examination seven (7) black and white and six (6) color 4x5 negatives are [sic] exposed but not developed (the cassettes containing these negatives have been delivered by hand to Rear Admiral George W. Burkley, MC, USN, White House Physician).

We are not told whether the thirteen photographs mentioned here were taken in the laboratory, or are the same ones which were taken and exposed in the morgue at Bethesda on the night of the assassination. If they were taken in the laboratory, there are twenty-eight to thirty-three photographs extant, and twenty-five to thirty-two X rays. If they were taken the night of the assassination, the missing photographs number from fifteen to twenty.

Dr. Humes appeared before the commission on March 16, 1964. He quickly explained that before testifying he "did not know whether or not the photographs which we made would be available to the Commission," and that, therefore, he had asked a Navy artist to prepare drawings of the President's wounds. These drawings (Commission Exhibits 385-389), the only visualization of the wounds in the entire twenty-six volumes, were made, Humes testified, solely on the basis of his, and his colleague, Dr. J. Thorton Boswell's, *verbal* description of the location and nature of the wounds. Humes and Boswell worked from notes; they did not have the pictures and X rays before them as they told the artist what to draw. Humes concedes the awkwardness of this procedure, repeating several times that these drawings are only a "schematic representation" and admitting once that "the photographs would be more accurate as to the precise location [of the wounds]," but then he insists, unconvincingly, that the pictures and X rays would be of no particular help to the commissioners. Since, as we have seen, inches count very preciously for the commission's thesis of a single assassin, it is difficult to understand why the commissioners did not examine the photos.

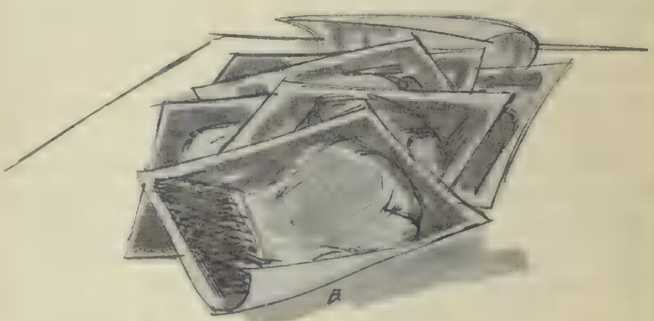
***Secret Service Report to the Warren Commission*, December 18, 1963, Volume II, Exhibit 12. This material is in the National Archives in Washington, D.C.

What did Humes mean when he said that he didn't know whether these documents "would be available" to the commission? At one point in his testimony he informed the commissioners that some of the X rays taken *during* the autopsy, as distinguished from the X rays taken *before* the autopsy, would be "available" if requested, strongly suggesting that the other X rays would not be "available." Who, we wonder, was telling Humes just what documents would or would not be "available" to the commission? The best guess is someone from the Secret Service, since that agency presumably possessed these documents at this time. Nor is it clear whether the commission ever requested and received the X rays which were available, though in a lengthy interview on June 13, 1966, Arlen Specter of the commission staff told me that he had not seen any of these documents, and that when he asked Justice Warren for them Warren said that the commission had decided "not to press the matter." Since Mr. Specter, who is now District Attorney of Philadelphia, single-handedly developed the evidence on the autopsy and wrote the first draft of the most widely controverted pages in the Warren Report, his comment on this crucial point may be significant. Of course, his memory may be inaccurate. His reputation is certainly in some jeopardy as a result of accusations made lately, particularly by Epstein. However, this much seems clear from the public record: the Warren Commission did not see all of the X rays, or any of the important photographs.

Surprised by the revelations in Humes's testimony I began to check through the Warren Report to see if anyone else who should have seen these documents actually did see them. For example, on April 27, 1964, three wound ballistics experts from the Army's Edgewood Arsenal conducted experiments relating to the President's wounds. From animal skin, animal meat and gelatins they simulated several inert human necks and skulls, and then, under conditions roughly equivalent to those which prevailed at the time of the assassination, using Oswald's rifle, they fired round after round into the dummies in order to compare the damage done to the simulated necks and skulls with the damage that had actually been done to the President. They also simulated Governor Connally's rib cage for comparison with his wounds. Unquestionably, these scientists needed the photos and X rays of the President in order to make precise comparisons, just as they needed the Connally X rays. (No photographs were taken of Connally.) They received medical reports on Connally, the Connally X rays and the Kennedy autopsy, but not Kennedy's X rays and photos (I, p. 581).

Nor had the commission's principal ballistics expert, FBI scientist Robert Frazier, seen the X rays or even the autopsy before testifying on May 13, 1964. Asked whether the bullet holes in the front and back of Kennedy's shirt were made by the same bullet, Frazier refused to comment because, he said, he had not yet seen the autopsy results (V, p. 71). On June 4, 1964, Frazier testified again. He had been to Dallas on May 23 and had conducted an experiment for the commission which reconstructed the circumstances of the assassination. It was mainly from this that the commission concluded that a bullet exiting from Kennedy's throat, at the angle indicated by autopsy findings, would necessarily have hit Connally, considering the position of the two men at the time of the shooting. But this was not Frazier's conclusion. He withheld final judgment because he still had not seen the autopsy or other evidence on the wounds which would have indicated exactly what the downward angle of the bullet was (V, p. 168).

The fact that Frazier, the FBI's leading ballistics expert, had not seen the X rays and photos, or even the autopsy, by June, 1964, strongly suggests that the FBI did not have these documents as it prepared its own report on the assassination, presented to President Johnson on December 9, 1963, less than three weeks after the assassination. The point is crucial, because, as Salandria and Epstein have stressed, the FBI report contradicts the autopsy in the Warren Report in several details. According to the FBI, Kennedy was hit in the back, not the lower neck, and this bullet did not exit from his throat. The throat wound, says the FBI, was caused by a sliver of the bullet which hit Kennedy's skull. Now, *if* the FBI had the autopsy when it made this report, the conclusion must follow that the autopsy findings have somehow changed since the time the FBI examined them. Epstein states categorically that the "autopsy report was forwarded to the FBI" before it submitted its report on December 9, 1963. He adds that the "FBI had color photographs of the autopsy." But his only citation for these statements is an interview with Francis W. H. Adams of the commission staff. When I called Mr. Adams to check, he told me that he did not remember talking to Epstein, did not have Epstein's name in his calendar for July 8, 1965, the date Epstein claims the interview took place and, most important, that he had no knowledge whatsoever of whether or not the FBI had seen the autopsy and photographs. Unless Epstein can produce firmer documentation for his statement, we must add the authors of the FBI report to the list of people who should have seen the X rays and photos and did not.



Add the authors of the report of the Dallas police to that list also. Much abuse has been directed at the Dallas police for its handling of the case in the days just after the assassination, all of it deserved. It should be said, however, that the Dallas police continued its own separate investigation of the case for several weeks after the assassination, and the report it sent to the Warren Commission (XXIV, pp. 195-404) is well organized and admirably detailed. This report must have been considerably more useful to the commission than the brief and largely rhetorical FBI report of December 9. Within three days of the assassination the Dallas police had received from the FBI laboratory reports on all bullets and bullet fragments, Oswald's rifle and pistol, finger and palm prints; by December 20, they had an analysis of the Zapruder films of the assassination prepared by the FBI, which had received the films on December 5 (XXV, p. 576). And yet the Dallas police apparently never saw a copy of the autopsy report or of the photographs and X rays.

Where are these documents today? They are not in the National Archives, which supposedly has all the materials on the assassination. On March 31, 1966, I spent a day with John F. Simmons and Marion Johnson of the archives staff working through a long list of all the items in the assassination collection. Mr. Johnson said he had handled every item on the assassination in the building—classified, declassified and unclassified—and was sure that he had not seen the Kennedy X rays and photos, though he did remember photographs of Oswald's body. We also checked through all correspondence between the Secret Service and the commission and found no mention of these documents. The people at the archives, who were clearly irked that such important material is missing from the collection, suggested that I get in touch with the Secret Service.

So I wrote to Robert Wallace, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who forwarded my letter to David C. Acheson. In a tart note Mr. Acheson informed me that the Service had turned all of its material over to the commission or the archives and that the "X-ray films were made available to the Commission and were in fact used in briefing the Commission staff on the autopsy procedures and results." He said nothing about the photos. I responded, politely, that the X rays were not in the archives despite the fact that the commission had turned over all its material to that library. I asked specifically how and when the Secret Service disposed of these documents, and I asked *who* exactly had "used the X rays in briefing the commission staff on the autopsy procedure and results," since it was clear from their testimony that the doctors who performed the autopsy had not seen the X rays since the night of the assassination. I also asked again about the photographs. This letter, dated April 26, 1966, is unanswered. When I wrote it I had not yet interviewed Specter, who told me the X rays had been unavailable.

And I wrote Dr. Humes, requesting clarification on several points and asking whether he knew where the photos and X rays were. He offered a terse no-comment. I wrote to Admiral Burkley, to whom Humes sent thirteen photographs, along with his supplementary autopsy, asking what he did with these photos and whether he knew where the photos and X rays were. He did not answer.

And I wrote a still unanswered letter to Sen. Robert Kennedy on May 5, 1966. Several of the lawyers on the commission staff whom I interviewed had told me they had heard that the photographs and possibly the X rays were not published at Robert Kennedy's request. The request is not in the record. Nor does the record indicate why the commission acceded to the request, if it was made, and why, if Kennedy merely opposed publication, the commission itself and the doctors and scientists who worked with the commission and the FBI were not permitted access to these documents. One can understand why the Kennedy family would not wish the photographs of the dead President widely reprinted, but why they would object to the publication, or even the examination, of X rays, which are as impersonal as IBM cards, is puzzling. I asked the Senator four questions:

(*1*) A member of the commission staff told me he had heard that you requested that the photographs not be included among the published exhibits. Did you also request that the X rays not be made public?

(*2*) When did you make this request, and are you willing that your request be made part of the public record?

(*3*) Was it also in consequence of your wishes that the commission and its staff apparently did not have these documents available for study?

(*4*) I understand perfectly your desire not to make a spectacle of President Kennedy by making the photographs generally available. But isn't there some way that responsible scholars can be permitted to examine them in order to silence what promises to be—if the assassination of Lincoln is any example—a century of harmful accusations?

Mr. Kennedy, of course, has been out of the country. It is hoped that with the publication of this article he will comment publicly on some of these matters.

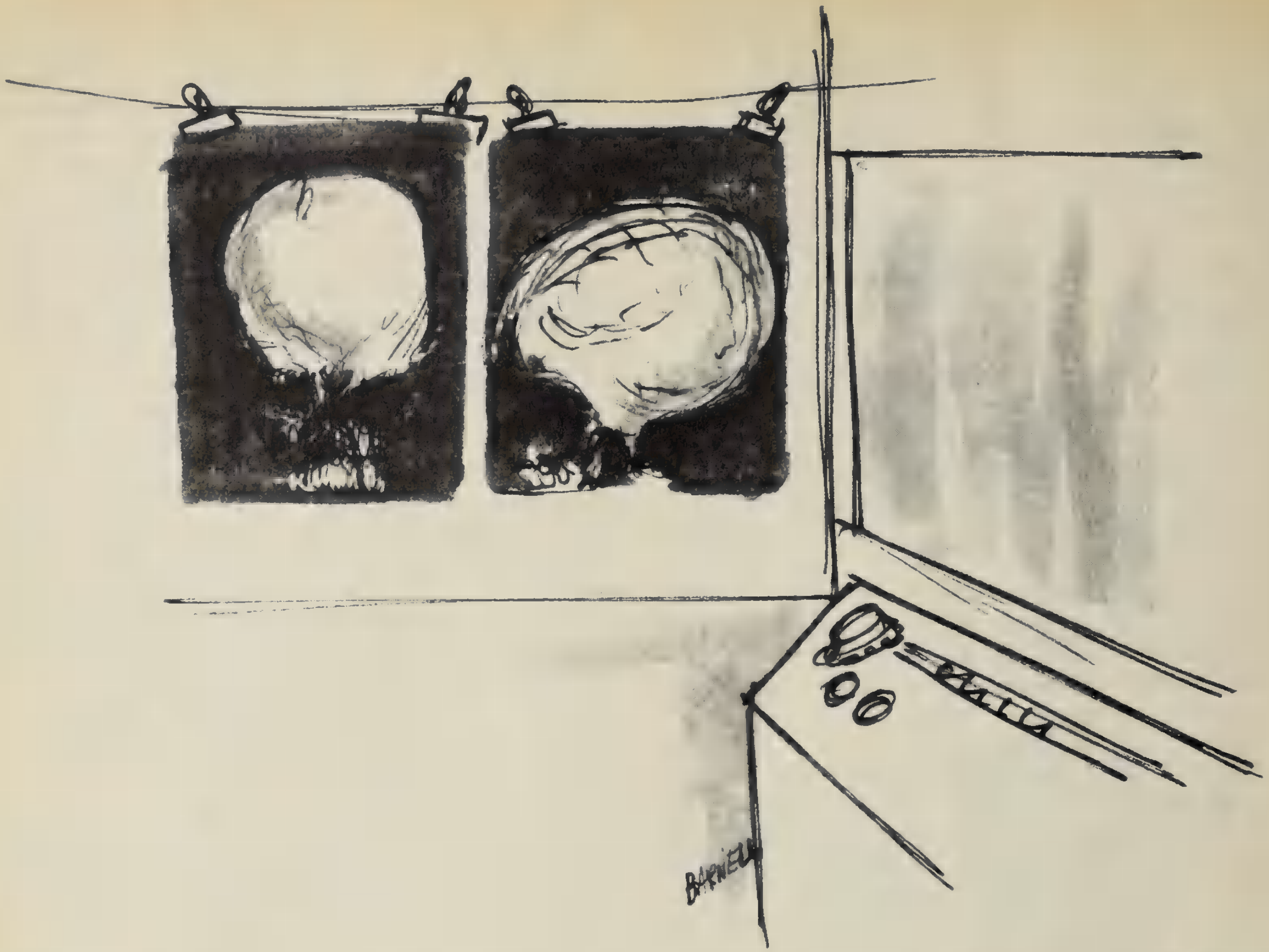
Why the secrecy?

Sometimes it all seems like a weird joke. Here are twenty-six volumes on the assassination of the President, displaying a penchant for infinite detail which extends even to an exhibit showing a strand of Oswald's pubic hair. And yet, perhaps by some innocent oversight, the X rays and photos of the murdered President, the only material evidence on his wounds, the only hard and fast confirmation of the autopsy results, are somehow missing (though the X rays of Connally are published in the report, exhibit 681). Here is a report which explicitly tries to answer troublesome critics, taking great pains, for example, to demolish almost every individual point raised by Mark Lane during the time he was defending Oswald in theatres and lecture halls all over the world. And, yet, the one set of documents which could disarm the speculations of its most serious critics has seemingly disappeared.

There is, of course, the sinister explanation that the autopsy is false, as the appearance of the X rays and photos would demonstrate. If so, there can be little question that there was a second assassin; that the commission covered this up and either helped in or silently observed the fabrication of evidence which would point to Lee Harvey Oswald as the sole assassin. The exposure of such a conspiracy could not fail to discredit the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the District Attorney of Philadelphia, and many, many other prominent people. I believe it would cause a major political crisis in this country.

Is there an innocent explanation? Let me suggest one in which government officials act like government officials and the Kennedy family acts like the Kennedy family, emphasizing that what follows is only a theory, to be proved or disproved by the publication of the pictures and X rays and an explanation of where they have been.

It is now fairly well known that President Kennedy suf-



fered from Addison's disease or adrenal insufficiency. Theodore Sorenson is quite frank about that in his biography, *Kennedy* (Harper & Row). Explaining why Kennedy was so near death after his back operation in 1954, Sorenson writes: "The chief cause of his hospitalization and discomfort was his back; but the cause of his near death in the fall of 1954 was the shock of a spinal operation upon his inadequate adrenal system. . . . The effect of surgery on his adrenal shortage caused, as he had been told might happen, severe postoperative complications. Twice the last rites of the church were administered. Twice he fought his way back to life, as he had once before in the Pacific." As Sorenson makes clear, the development of adrenal hormones, in the last decade and a half, has almost completely eliminated the debilitating and eventually fatal effects which Addison's disease once visited upon sufferers. With "simple medication by mouth," as Kennedy liked to describe the dose of cortisone type drugs he took daily, the disease can be fully controlled, much as diabetes can now be controlled. So there is nothing about the disease to keep a man from being President. As Dr. Milton Helpern said to me: "I don't know if Kennedy had Addison's disease, but if he did, I think it would be a marvelous thing if sufferers knew that this unmistakably vigorous man, who was our President, also suffered from the ailment."

Still, the malady was a political embarrassment, and the Kennedys took pains to cover it up, or at least to avoid the public use of the ominous term, "Addison's disease." Though Sorenson is candid on the subject, a recent television series on Kennedy mentioned that the back operation in 1954 brought him to the edge of life, but failed to indicate why a back operation should have caused such peril. Occasionally rumors about Kennedy's health take a nasty turn, as when Rep. Walter Judd (a physician) commented disparagingly forty-eight hours before the election in 1960, on the "physical and mental health" of Addisonians. Or, as when Oswald's mother told writer Jean Stafford that her son may have been a mercy killer hired to put a President dying of "Atkinson's disease" out of his misery.

Conceivably, then, to avert low-minded speculation that Kennedy was a dying man when he was shot; to avert, in other words, on the occasion of his death, the kind of speculation about his health that he had tried to discourage during his life, Kennedy's family requested that several of the autopsy findings be kept a private matter. Such a request would explain a curious omission in the autopsy which has not yet received public comment: that the report contains no description of the adrenal glands. Nor is there any mention of the adrenal glands in the Supplementary Autopsy Report of December 6, 1963, though that report does contain the results of microscopic examination of the brain, heart, lungs, liver, spleen and kidneys. The omission of any mention of the adrenal glands in the post-mortem examination of a man with Addison's disease is incredible, according to Dr. Helpern and several other doctors. It is even possible (and this is my speculation, not that of the doctors) that the first bullet which passed harmlessly through Kennedy's neck would have caused a fatal adrenal crisis even if he had not been struck, fatally, in the head. Such a possibility must have been a matter of conjecture among the autopsy doctors, though the medical record does not reflect it.

As for the X rays: Dr. Austin J. McSweeney of the University of Wisconsin Medical School writes that in cases of "chronic adrenal insufficiency . . . an X ray of the abdomen may show calcium in the adrenal glands." When I pressed a radiologist, Dr. Sanford Bluestein, with my layman's questions, he estimated that X rays show calcium in about 40 per cent of the cases.

My theory, then, is that certain aspects of the autopsy dealing with the adrenal glands were excised at the request of members of the Kennedy family who did not wish the public or anyone to have the X rays or, for that matter, any material which would encourage speculations about the state of the President's health. The photographs were not released, as stated, for reasons of taste. If the family asked that this material be kept in the family, the Warren Commission might not have pressed to examine it.

Such a theory would clear up some other mysteries. It would explain, for example, why the autopsy report reproduced in the Warren Report is undated, a fact Epstein seizes as proof that the original observations of the autopsy doctors were altered. According to the theory we are offering, the autopsy *was* altered, or shortened, after the fact, though not for the sinister purposes Epstein suggests. Such a theory also might explain why Dr. Humes inserted a note in the record announcing that he had destroyed notes prepared immediately after the autopsy—a fact which Cook and Salandria stress to indicate the general dubiousness of the autopsy. Humes's action may simply have been that of a faintly guilty and thoroughly bureaucratic professional conscience. (Why Humes—who would be neck deep in guilt if the autopsy was falsified—should have taken pains to incriminate himself is something Cook and Salandria can probably explain.)

I will not pursue the theory further; the reader is probably testing it against notions of his own. But certainly everyone with an opinion on the Warren Report—those who, by and large, accept it, as I do, and those who seriously criticize it, can agree that the X rays and photos must now be made available for competent study and interpretation. If the Kennedy family—which probably has legal title to the documents—will not release them for publication, or even place them in the National Archives for the use of scholars, perhaps a committee of trusted scholars and doctors can be assembled to examine them. Sinister accusations have been made, and the longer these X rays and photos are hidden, the more credible these accusations will appear. If there is something sinister afoot, let us expose it. If there is not, let us silence these accusations and also inhibit what promises to be decades of dreary fantasizing.

THE BRASS PYRAMID

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Some people in Washington feel that the military has already begun its quiet coup of the civilian government. Retired colonels and generals climb into positions of authority and then hire their buddies for other important posts. The pyramid of ex-brass grows higher.

Officials in the American Federation of Government Employees, Air Force Lodge 1092 (representing 4,000 civilian employees in the Pentagon) recently estimated that there are 200,000 second-career military retirees on the federal payroll, many of them in top positions and all of them drawing double compensation from the government—that is, they are drawing most of their retirement pay as well as their regular salaries.

"The situation has reached such a magnitude as to constitute a real and genuine threat to continued civilian control of the federal government itself," said Charles J. Kenny, president of the Pentagon civilian group.

Significantly, the Civil Service Commission has refused to debate the issue, stating that the cost of determining how many retired brass are in Washington, and in what positions, would be prohibitive. It has admitted there are about 26,000 retired military men now holding civilian jobs in the Department of Defense alone.

The bitterness of the civilian government labor unions on this point (they claim the military "buddy system" of employment is ruining the chances for advancement to the better jobs) is so intense that periodically the military propagandists crank out a rebuttal. One, issued recently by Col. Benjamin B. Cassiday, Jr., secretary of the Air Staff, actually resulted in substantiating the charges. Speaking of the Pentagon's Air Force Headquarters only, he said that last year twenty-two retired military men were hired, out of 999 appointments, a measly 2.2 per cent of all the appointments.

Ah, yes. But where did these retirees wind up? Thirteen of the twenty-two moved into the six top-ranking government levels (GS-13 through GS-18). Four others were hired at the level of GS-12. This is equivalent to being drafted into the army at the rank of lieutenant colonel.

As for the years 1960 through 1964, when the ex-brass were supposedly *really* rolling into Washington, no statistics have been released despite repeated requests for such information from the unions.

The Dual-Compensation system was revamped in 1963 to permit military retirees to receive full pay for a civilian government job, plus the first $2,000 of their retirement pay and 50 per cent of the remainder. Thus a colonel who was earning $9,600 on Monday could retire on Tuesday, step into a GS-13 job and start earning $19,310—doing the same job, actually, that he was doing the day before. Legally, he should wait six months, but special dispensations are easy to come by.

The most notorious example of the bounty of the Dual Compensation Act was the appointment by President Johnson of Gen. William F. McKee, U.S. Air Force (ret.), to become administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency last year—a neat trick that took a special act of Congress, inasmuch as the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 specifically prohibited the appointment to this position of a person on either "the active or retired list of any regular component of the armed services."

Not only did Congress side-step that prohibition; it gave McKee a combined retirement pay-salary income of $38,404—the third highest pay check in Washington, just under the President and the Vice President, and considered by many a fine tribute to the growing prestige of the retired military in Washington.

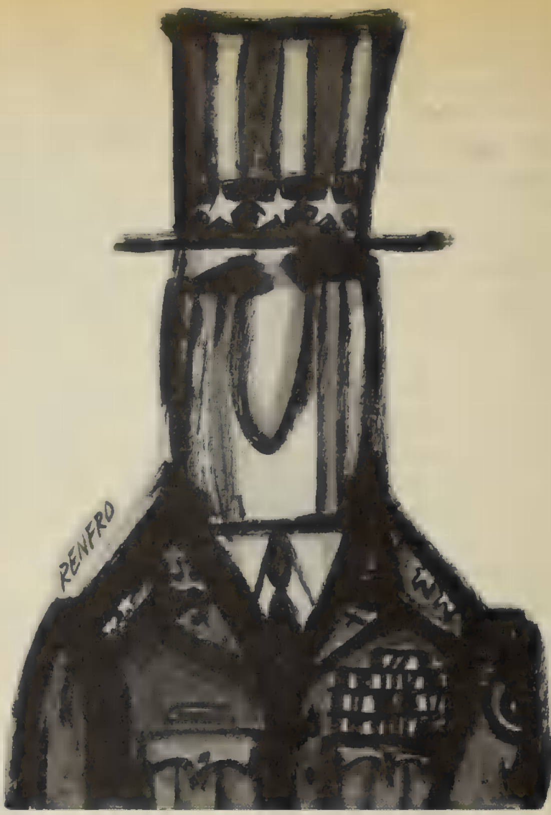
So much opposition to the Dual Compensation Act was voiced by the regular civilian civil service employees at its passage that a report of the first ten months of government operation thereafter was demanded by Congress. Even with the buddy system somewhat decelerated by this supervision, 645 ex-army officers with the rank of colonel and another 492 ex-majors were hired into the top civil service ranks.

This influx has aroused considerable skepticism about the Department of Defense's "civilianization program"—the conversion of 75,000 military jobs to 58,500 civilian jobs. Many civil service employees believe that this will turn out to be a huge hoax, with the military simply retiring into these 58,500 jobs at Dual Compensation pay, while the "militarization" of federal jobs will actually increase.

Morale is low at the Pentagon among civilian employees as a result of the promotion block. Recently the AFGE Lodge 1092 solicited comments and opinions from its 4,000 members as to their complaints about working conditions. The following comments are typical:

¶ "In my opinion, a 'retired military officer junta' is taking over the civil service system and control of most of our large federal government departments and agencies. The appointment of retired Admiral Raborn as head of CIA and retired Air Force General McKee as head of FAA are only two examples. There are tens of thousands of others. NASA and State Department, for instance, are loaded with twenty-year military retirees (colonels and generals who start their second careers at GS-14 and up, plus Dual Compensation privileges). The Civil Service Commission recently admitted that about 9,000 federal civil service jobs are being taken over each year by the retired military. I think the wholesale dumping of retired, overage, military deadwood into high-paying federal jobs is aging and warping our national policy-making processes. Who says it can't happen here? An American military junta is already becoming entrenched in Washington—ironically, with the help of the Civil Service Commission and the Dual Compensation Act."

¶ "Merit promotion in our directorate is a joke! Every time a career civilian transfers, retires or drops dead, particularly at the GS-12 level and up, the general sends over the name of a retired buddy of his as a suggested applicant. Almost always, the 'suggested applicant' gets preference over any other civilian. I have been a GS-11 for nine years."



¶ "I am a veteran of World War II now in civil service. I will have to wait until I am 62 years of age before I retire. All this time I will have to pay 6.5 per cent retirement deduction (before taxes) out of my pay. By contrast, my professional military buddies (I call them super-veterans) can retire after twenty years of military service at the age of 38 without contributing a red cent to the military retirement fund. I have seen as much military combat as nine out of ten of today's so-called professional soldiers. However, the military are allowed to quit at age 38 and enter a second-career civil service job without losing their pensions. I don't have this privilege even though I'm a veteran. No wonder the military retirement fund has an estimated deficit of $52 billion. When is Congress going to wake up?"

¶ "When is somebody going to expose the real reason for soaring defense costs? As a career civil service employee, I am tired of being the scapegoat for federal economy. In view of today's military payroll and fringe-benefit costs, I doubt if we can ever fight a major war again; we would go bankrupt the first year. The $10 billion annual costs for the Vietnamese *small* war illustrates what I mean. Military manpower costs are now consuming more than 60 per cent of the entire defense budget. The recent military pay raise of 10.6 per cent, plus promotion speed-ups, twenty-year retirements with no contribution, free medical care for military dependents, state income tax exemption, PX and commissary privileges, Dual Compensation in civil service jobs, etc., are making war a most lucrative profession."

The *Federal Times* also took a survey of civil service employees and found similar bitterness, with 66 per cent of the respondents claiming that a military buddy system exists, 34 per cent denying it. It added that "readers who denied that such is the case, were, almost to a man, retired military."

While John W. Macy, chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, claims he can't find out how many ex-brass are running the civilian show in Washington, and Department of Defense officials claim only 2.2 per cent of their employees are ex-military, a survey conducted by the University of Michigan in 1961 showed that 12 per cent of the retiring military officers go into civilian positions with the federal government.

Two or 12 per cent, the point is that the ex-brass tend to concentrate in the upper brackets, and it is their concentration in these important posts that presents the real threat to government of, by and for civilians.

LETTERS *(continued from page 34)*

American Friends of the Middle East is a private, nonprofit organization supported by over 800 individuals, and by business concerns and other organizations of integrity which share and endorse AFME's goals and purposes.

AFME is dedicated to the proposition that American ideals and fundamental national interest require broad-based growth of friendship and understanding between the citizens of the United States and the peoples of the Middle East and North Africa. AFME's activities are solely and consciously directed to that end. We are against only those ideologies and self-serving elements which seek to undermine or negate this high purpose.

It is regrettable that a reputable publication would give credence to the discredited statements of two recognized—and self-admitted—lobbyists for foreign interests: I. L. Kenen and Bushrod Howard, Jr.

Earl Bunting

'journal de combat'?

Freeport, Me.

DEAR SIRS: Regarding your recent editorial on *Encounter* magazine [May 16], I wonder if you have read Conor Cruise O'Brien's recent collection of essays called *Writers and Politics*. He devotes one essay, "Journal de Combat" to *Encounter*. O'Brien supports your general view saying, among other things: "It seeks rather to carry the impression that its anti-Communist and pro-capitalist propaganda is not propaganda at all, but the spontaneous and almost uniform reaction of the culturally free, of truly civilized people."

Andrew Lillywell

dynamite

Flushing, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Just read Alexander Werth's "America's Colony in Hell" [*The Nation*, June 13]—a digest of Robert Guillain's series of five articles for *Le Monde*. It's tremendous in its impact of the truth about Vietnam—and it would shock the American people into needed action to stop this shameful war. . . . Practically none of the American people are aware of the facts mentioned—and yet these facts are dynamite. Can *The Nation* run an appeal for funds to get this article before the masses—at least before the readers of, say, *The New York Times*?

Leon Forer

'cultural freedom' and the CIA

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The charges and denials regarding the alleged involvement of the Congress for Cultural Freedom with the CIA and/or other agencies of our government recalled a story that I heard from two independent sources sometime in 1950, which my informants said had come from Richard Wright.

According to this story, Wright was to have been one of the speakers at the first Congress for Cultural Freedom. The speech contained a strong attack on racial bias in the United States, and an American "cultural" official in Paris tried hard to get Wright to tone down the attack. When Wright refused to do so the exasperated official pounded the table, shouting, "Who the hell do you think is paying for this Congress, anyway?"

Harry Grundfest

Lubove mistaken

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR SIRS: As a professional social worker, retired after almost forty years in public and private agencies, Roy Lubove's article, "Social Work and the Life of the Poor" [*The Nation*, May 23], strikes me as written primarily to startle. It is hardly an analysis based on facts. The way in which he makes social work the whipping boy for all the ills of our capitalistic society seems to be common among young anti-poverty workers who do not know the history and roots of social work, which presumably would not be true of Mr. Lubove. Nevertheless, here are a few facts he seems to have overlooked:

(*1*) There was so little professional social work prior to World War I that hardly any improvements in the condition of the poor were made. Nevertheless, stalwarts like Jane Addams, the Abbotts, Florence Kelley and others devoted their lives to achieving broad social measures such as child labor laws, workmen's compensation, mothers' pensions. Yet would Mr. Lubove have had these pioneers demand a basic family income, or guaranteed annual wage for all families, back in 1910? How could one infinitesimal group, no matter how concerned, have influenced legislators to pass laws fifty years ahead of their own thinking? . . .

(*2*) All the defects he attributes to social work were largely the defects of society as a whole. To castigate the young profession of social work for not having changed the economic structure of the United States is like a parent being angry with a baby for *acting* like a baby! Social work as a profession was barely in existence prior to 1920 and was little known to the general public before 1935. Private agencies were (are?) dominated by the local power structure of businessmen, not by social workers. Also, only a small percentage of counties in the United States had any kind of public welfare agency prior to 1935, other than elected officials who administered "poor relief" on a bare subsistence level. It should not be surprising, therefore, that private agencies were reluctant to turn over social welfare functions to government, which was likewise reluctant to perform them. . . .

(*3*) Most social workers have always been concerned about the low level of payments in public welfare. Many of us have worked hard over the years to get legislators to see the need for adequate financial aid, to remove residence requirements and other eligibility restrictions. It is the lawmakers and the general public which elects them who have made of public assistance the limiting, damaging kind of program it is in many counties. The result is that only a few really dedicated workers remain in public agencies. . . .

Dorothy Swisshelm

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Pablo Neruda: The Poet in New York

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias is a novelist and essayist, and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

The arrival of Pablo Neruda in New York for the PEN international congress, his first visit here in twenty-three years, seemed more evidence that the cold war is over. Neruda, unquestionably the finest poet in the Spanish language, is also unquestionably Communist in a way that few Communist artists are: he held elective office in Chile as a Communist, was forced into hiding and political exile in Mexico in the fifties, and during the McCarthy period addressed some of his most ambitious poems, among them "Let the Rail-Splitter Awake!" to the imperialist giant of the Americas. His presence here, as that of some other left-wing intellectuals, required a special visa dispensation from President Johnson, an act of which PEN was justifiably proud but about which its American president, Lewis Galantiere, so often boasted to Johnson's credit that it made some delegates restive. Apparently, they felt such dispensation should have been unnecessary. Neruda is used to the role of great poet and controversial figure, but when he walked on the stage of the 92nd Street YMHA for a poetry reading sponsored by PEN on the hot Saturday night before the congress opened, he was startled and moved by the standing ovation of the audience. Archibald MacLeish introduced Neruda as a great poet whose vision of what the Americas should be is the same as ours, however different our ways of attaining it may seem, and with every seat taken, standees spilling down the aisles and many other admirers in the lobby still hoping for a ticket, Neruda stood again while applause rained from an audience which ran the gamut from chic ladies of the literary and diplomatic communities to youngsters whose very manner of dress is a defiance of the Establishment. The head of the Poetry Center had told me that Neruda was not going to read any political poetry —"He feels that people may not know his real work because of his reputation"—and with this disparate audience at his feet there seemed little reason to fear he would rock the boat and prove her wrong.

The first International PEN Congress held in the United States in forty-two years met in June at New York University's Loeb Center. More than 500 delegates from over fifty PEN centers throughout the world addressed themselves to the theme of the congress, "The Writer as Independent Spirit," at four round-table sessions, following keynote speeches by Arthur Miller, president of International PEN, and Saul Bellow. U.S. PEN entertained the delegates at a *piquenique sur l'eau*—a boat ride around Manhattan, complete with basket supper, courtesy of the Brasserie—and with the brazenly American *Annie Get Your Gun* of Ethel Merman.

Back at the sessions, some of PEN's most valuable moments occurred as a result of the confrontation of cultures and ideologies of delegates from Communist, Latin American and Western countries. More important, delegates focused attention on the unfortunate isolation of the literature of certain countries.

A beginning is made here to present a glimpse of the rich quality of Latin American literature in the poetry and views of Pablo Neruda of Chile, reported by Jose Yglesias. Alan Cheuse reviews two important Brazilian novelists, translated from the Portuguese. Subsequent issues will cover the literature of additional South American countries.

Ivan Boldizsar furnishes a view of international congresses from the East. He will report on the current literary scene in Hungary in a future issue.

EDITOR

In slow but perfect English he thanked the audience and said that he had bought a copy of Walt Whitman on Fifth Avenue that day. "Oh how many times in the course of my life I have bought this book," he said, and then recited the opening lines of the seventh section of "The Song of the Exposition": "Away with themes of war! away with war itself!" And paraphrasing another line of that poem he added, subtly modifying MacLeish that, like Whitman, he loves all the works of *reasoning* men. He did not rock the boat, he cradled it, and in a way that was perhaps imperceptible to the Poetry Center, carried it a little further on the course he has traversed since the days when, as an already famous young poet in the consulate of Chile in Madrid, he was witness to the Fascist uprising.

Born in Parral, Chile, in 1904, Neruda began publishing poetry at the age of 15. A 1962 edition of collected works contains 1,832 pages of his poetry in small print. This does not include the volume *Canción de gesta* nor the four-volume *Isla Negra* published since then, and when I asked him, Neruda was not certain of the total number of poems he has published. It was inevitable that the fifteen poems on the program—read in English by translator-poets Clayton Eshleman, James Wright, Ben Belitt, H. R. Hays and Robert Bly—should neglect some of his themes and moods, but it ranged from the early volume of *Residence On Earth*, sensual and surrealist, to the second and third volumes of the same title dating from the thirties and early forties, personal and social visions of peoples and places: and included several poems from *Canto General* and *Elemental Odes* of the fifties, witty, sardonic, observant comments on such subjects as the United Fruit Co., Toussaint L'Ouverture and a pair of socks knitted for him by an Indian woman.

The audience would not let him go at the end of the program, so he brought two more poets—Selden Rodman and Alistair Reid—to read a translation each from a late volume entitled *Estravagario*, a book of uncharacteristically short poems, except for the final long poem "Autumn Testament." The title is a word Neruda invented: it suggests extravagances, vagaries, super-laziness, leisurely or wild road, a word which once invented seems necessary to the language. "You must read it," a Cuban poet said to me in 1960, after we had heard Neruda recite in Havana. "An intensely personal book. Think of it!—in his 50s Neruda breaks new ground, when we'd thought he had hardened into a political poet, a writer of public poetry."

The poem Alistair Reid translated from this book is called "Lazybones" and tells of the space ships which are traveling among the stars, how man will land on the moon and there set up pharmacies. In Chile the vines are maturing, Neruda says, and he describes the different wines they will produce. At home his woman has eyes the color of wild hazelnuts and at night she dresses in white and green. The one-line last stanza states quite simply, "I prefer my planet." A superb ending to the reading and it brought the audience to its feet again: the Cuban poet and the head of the Poetry Center were wrong.

The poem also paralleled his comments at the first round-table session of PEN devoted to the subject "The Writer in the Electronic Age," chaired by Marshall McLuhan. Neruda had been scheduled to participate, but when he arrived here, he protested that it was no subject for him. Some members of the Latin American delegations told me they thought that this was PEN's way of neutralizing Neruda, and the objections were finally solved by shifting him to the session on "The Writer As Public Figure" set for the last day of the congress. Nevertheless, he was called on at the first session and was quoted by the newspapers as saying that the first airplane he saw as a child seemed magical and beautiful, but that when he saw planes dropping bombs on Madrid he changed his mind about them.

ODE TO MY SOCKS

PABLO NERUDA

Maru Mori brought me
a pair
of socks
which she knitted herself
with her sheep-herder's hands,
two socks as soft
as rabbits.
I slipped my feet
into them
as though into
two
cases
knitted
with threads of
twilight
and goatskin.
Violent socks,
my feet were
two fish made
of wool,
two long sharks
seablue, shot
through
by one golden thread,
two immense blackbirds,
two cannons,
my feet
were honored
in this way
by
these
heavenly
socks.
They were
so handsome
for the first time
my feet seemed to me
unacceptable,
like two decrepit
firemen, firemen
unworthy
of that woven
fire,
of those glowing
socks.
Nevertheless
I resisted
the sharp temptation
to save them somewhere,
as students
keep
fireflies,
as learned men
collect
sacred texts,
I resisted
the mad impulse
to put them
in a golden
cage
and each day give them
birdseed
and pieces of pink melon.
Like explorers
in the jungle who hand
over the very rare
green deer
to the spit,
and eat it
with remorse,
I stretched out
my feet
and pulled on
the
magnificent
socks
and
then my shoes.

The moral
of my ode is this:
beauty is twice
beauty
and what is good is doubly
good
when it is a matter of two socks
made of wool
in winter.

Translated by ROBERT BLY

I asked him about this the next evening, following a private reading he gave to young poets in a modest apartment in the upper West Side, and he said that statement by itself made him sound naive. "I was also saying to this McLuhan that technology is something the poet must absorb and decide about," he said. "He must bend it to his purposes, not surrender to it."

He had been ill the morning of the private reading and had needed a doctor at his hotel room. The young poets, who knew that he was the lion of the congress—he never appeared anywhere without a dozen people importuning, photographers clicking and at least one young lady from *Life* taking down everything in shorthand—worried that he might be kept from his appointment with them. But in the early afternoon he showed up for an unscheduled round-table discussion of the problems of Latin American writers. When I asked him if he could keep his evening appointment with the poets, he was surprised that there could be any doubt: he had asked a young American poet to organize the evening, it was too close to his heart for him to miss.

"Sure, a great man like him isn't interested in just talking to the Establishment," one of the poets said when I reported back. That evening Neruda filled in the gaps of the Poetry Center reading: the love poems and the angry poems were represented, since he did not have to be guided by available translations, and he chose for the last the extraordinary "Autumn Testament."

After talking about his vocation, he says in this poem: "I have left my worldly goods/ to my Party and my people,/ and now it is time to talk of other things." There soon follows a passionate section to Matilde Urrutia, his wife, who is also the subject of 100 sonnets. She sat in the room watching him, as she does unobtrusively wherever he goes; sometimes she takes out a small camera from her purse and photographs him. When he recited, "My love is a crying child/ who does not want to leave your arms," she closed her eyes; and when he recited, "You are red and you are peppery,/ you are white and you are salty/ like pickled fish with onions," she laughed with everyone else.

"And now behind this page/ I shall go and not reappear. . . ." And the poem ends, "and then I shall grow again/ until I become so small one day/ that the wind will carry me away/ and I'll not know my name/ and I'll not be when I awake:/ Then I'll sing in silence."

But the young poets did not let him disappear: they took him down to Emilio's in the Village where there are tables with benches in the backyard and where the bill is manageable when shared. They took turns sitting across the table from Neruda, and he reminisced for them, for there is no Spanish or Latin American literary figure he has not known intimately: Nicolas Guillen, Cesar Vallejo, Federico Garcia Lorca, Vicente Aleixandre, Rafael Alberti.

I mentioned that I had met Aleixandre in Madrid last year, and that we had talked about him and about Miguel Hernandez, a Spanish Civil War poet whom Neruda had first encouraged and who died at 30 in a Franco prison.

"How is Vicente?" he asked.

"He is old and well," I said.

"Old?" Neruda said, and brought a hand to his heart. "A good old comrade, Vicente."

Someone asked him if he had seen *To Die In Madrid*. "No, I do not think I could bear it," he answered. "I saw so much with my own eyes, I could not see it again."

He has not been back to Madrid. "During the war they used to announce on the Fascist radio that I was on the list to be executed. I suppose I could go back now. . . ." After a pause he added, "I have been on ships that stopped at Spanish ports and went ashore, for the Spanish port police are the least like police I have known anywhere. But I have not been back in Madrid." He gazed away with those heavy-lidded eyes which on stage give him the air of being very grand, and looked unapproachably mournful.

Then, with a smile, "My apartment in Madrid was right where the University City began, and the Loyalist militiamen used to shoot at the Moors from my windows. During the years in consulates in the Far East I had collected Balinese and Burmese masks and the militiamen would put them on, stick their heads out the windows to frighten the Moors and then shoot!"

When his plate of celery and olives and a portion of spaghetti with garlic and olive oil arrived, he explained how much he loves garlic. "I think in your country it is not looked on with favor?"

Someone explained that one of the uglier epithets for Puerto Ricans is "garlic mouth." He translated it into Spanish for himself, and changed the subject. "Now, your celery cannot be matched," he said. "Nor does anyone serve it so nicely. Ours is all strings."

One of the poets asked if the Federico he had mentioned was Lorca. "We were very good friends," he nodded, "and there was no quarreling with Federico. I was the only one who was ever allowed to call him out of a rehearsal and it was about that that we once quarreled.

"Some of us were together at Pascual's Tavern on the Calle de la Luna—Pascual was very good to us and oh the things Pascual put up with from us! Everyone wanted Federico to join us. He was rehearsing *Blood Wedding*; and I was delegated to call him. Lorca was told there was a call for him from home and he came to answer thinking it had to do with his mother, who was old. So he berated me for frightening him that way and I became very angry at his thinking I would fool about such things. In any case, I *was* very angry and I hung up on him and went back to the bar.

"A little later, I am there drinking and someone taps me on the shoulder. I look back and there is Federico and I turn back quickly and take up my drink. Again, he taps me on the shoulder and this time he begins to take a handkerchief from his jacket pocket, in so strange a manner that I am forced to watch him. Slowly Federico unfolds it and places it neatly on the sawdust floor and then kneels on it before me! How can you quarrel with such a man!"

Neruda asked us if the I.W.W. still existed, and we told him no. "And yet in my country they had great influence," he said. "There are still some important trade union leaders who began as converts to the I.W.W. of your country." He leaned back, took a sip of his beer, and placed his hands happily on his stomach. In a deep voice, he imitated Paul Robeson: "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night. . . ."

"I try not to be sectarian or dogmatic," he said with a theatrical sigh, "but it is very difficult." And when I asked him if those intensely personal poems of *Estravagario*—with titles such as "Don't Ask Me," "Don't Mind Me"—were not politically inspired, he nodded readily. "They are about the Stalin period of course."

For the last PEN panel—"The Writer As Public Figure"—Neruda was seated between H. P. Tseng of Taiwan and Ignazio Silone of Italy. Silone's speech called for support for all who fight totalitarianism, equating the situation of Pasternak, Daniel, Siniavsky and of Polish, Hungarian, Czech and East German intellectuals with the Spanish university students and the anti-Nazi writers of Hitler's days. It was a standard Committee For Cultural Freedom speech and, in New York, sounded unprovocative.

When Neruda's turn came, he talked about finding both happy and unhappy writers in Socialist and capitalist countries, but more happy ones in the Socialist than in the capitalist countries. In passing, he said that Socialist countries are those countries which capitalist writers call totalitarian. "I had begun to think the cold war was over, but a colleague has awakened me from my dream."

The chairman, Douglas Young, insisted on telling Neruda that though he lived in England and Silone in Italy neither was a capitalist writer and, with the exception of Arthur Miller, all other panelists who followed also attacked Neruda's opening statement. Diffidently, in an even more imperturbable manner than before, Neruda explained that he had used the word capitalist in its ordinary sense and that they could give it whatever interpretation they preferred. I had heard him speak in that tone only once: in reading the final lines of "The Ship" to the young poets.

"The Ship" consists almost entirely of

FUNERAL IN THE EAST

PABLO NERUDA

I work at night, the city all around me,
fishermen, and potters, and corpses being set afire
among saffron and fruit, rolled in scarlet muslin:
those terrifying corpses go past under my balcony,
making their chains and copper flutes give off noise,
they let off harsh and sharp and mournful whistles,
among the brightness of the flowers that are heavy and poisoned,
and the cries of the dancers covered with ashes,
and the constantly rising monotony of the drum,
and the smoke from the logs scented and burning.

For once past the corner, near the muddy river,
their hearts, either stopping, or starting off at a greater speed,
will roll over, burned, the leg and the foot turned to fire,
and the fluttering ashes will settle down on the water,
and float like a branch of chalky flowers,
or like an extinct fire left by travellers with such great powers
they made something blaze up on the black waters, and bolted down
a food no longer found, and one finishing drink.

Translated by ROBERT BLY

the anguished questions of people who arrive at a ship where all the places are taken: Why is there no place for us, they ask. "But we have already paid for our fares in this world/ why, then, don't you let us sit and eat?" If this is a sad joke, they say, end it quickly, talk seriously now, and the poem concludes: "Afterward the sea is hard/ and it rains blood." For those two last ominous lines, Neruda's voice had taken on that anticlimactic, diffident tone.

That PEN session caused much discussion and excitement among the delegates. *The New York Times* was to head its story; "Ideologies Stir PEN Delegates"; and Socialist delegates, consulted with Western colleagues during the lunch break on whether they should answer Silone from the floor. For one Eastern European delegate, to whom the term Communist means strictly a member of the Communist Party, it presented a tremendous diplomatic problem. "It is all right for Neruda to speak that way," he protested, "he's a Communist!"

At the end of the session, Neruda got up, apparently unaware of the stir he had caused, and began to shake hands as graciously as always with the people who rushed toward him. From the audience his wife walked toward the stage, and she too looked quite contained. She is a beautiful and elegant woman, but readers of his verse know that like him, she comes from the southern section of Chile, an area which he describes in a memoir as an impoverished frontier similar, it would seem, to the West of our cowboy films.

In one of his many sonnets to her, he writes: "You are from the poor South: where my soul comes from/ In its sky your mother still washes clothes/ with my mother. That is why I chose you, *compañera*."

At the bottom of the aisle, Mrs. Neruda took out her camera and focused it on the stage. She waited calmly until someone there stepped aside and Neruda came into view. Then she clicked the camera and put it away.

The View from the East

IVAN BOLDIZSAR

Mr. Boldizsar is deputy president of the Hungarian PEN Club and editor in chief of The New Hungarian Quarterly, *an English-language journal published in Budapest. He is a novelist and a dramatist and has translated into Hungarian works by Kafka, Huxley and Mauriac, among others.*

I started writing this article at the beginning of February, and I am completing it in June, about the series of international meetings I have attended during the past eighteen months. The attraction, characteristics, significance and success of each of them was due to the fact that they were attended by intellectuals from both the Eastern and Western halves of Europe, as well as from the United States, Latin America, Asia and Africa, and even, at the PEN conferences, from as far afield as Australia.

But I am straightaway pulled up by that much abused word "intellectual." In all the languages known to me the word has a variety of meanings—sometimes with unpleasant overtones. In America, when they call intellectuals "egg heads," it is with a combination of irony and respect. "Intellectual" in English has a more restricted meaning than the Hungarian word *értelmiségi*. Our word includes not only those the English call intellectuals but also professional people—everyone who makes a living out of professional work of any kind, indeed all "white collar" workers.

Nonetheless, I use intellectuals in the more restricted sense of the word —in both Hungarian and English—to describe the people who assembled at these international meetings. They are men and women who—embracing this or that ideological outlook, belonging to this or the other philosophical persuasion, or professing eclecticism—are in any case humanists. They guard their intellectual independence, insist on seeing both sides of any case, look for no exclusive panacea; they believe with Voltaire that though they may fight what you say, they will fight to the death for your right to say it. This intellectual independence, this careful examination of both sides of every case, and this respect for the opponent's point of view do not, in my modest opinion, prevent them from throwing their weight behind the struggle for a given cause—and, if need be, risking and sacrificing their lives not only in the metaphorical sense but in the very real, physical sense of the word.

I thought this little excursion into semantics necessary not only because it provides an appropriate basis for the notes and conclusions which follow, but also because some readers might join with some Western participants in believing that the broad definition of an intellectual I have given is all very well in the West, but cannot be applied to the more or less

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official delegates from the East. Fortunately, it has become abundantly clear, from recent international meetings, that my attempt at a definition of the intellectual does apply equally well to the intellectuals of the Eastern Socialist countries. That among the latter there are more who could be called committed intellectuals, to widen Sartre's expression, is not all the result of political pressure but the consequence of several hundred years of social and historical development. In Hungary, just as in Poland or Czechoslovakia, centuries of foreign oppression and subjugation gave the intellectuals a greater and more active role in public life, in patriotic movements and on the international stage than in, say, England or France.

I have said all this a number of times at the international gatherings I have attended. The first of these took place in Budapest in October, 1964, under PEN auspices: its theme was "Tradition and Innovation in Literature." For many years, International PEN Congresses had been scenes of cold-war skirmishes, with Hungary in the direct line of fire. An English writer, trying to sound out contrary points of view, standing in a corridor of the Academy of Sciences in Budapest overlooking the Danube, said: "You know if anybody had told me seven years ago that PEN would today be holding its executive meeting in Budapest and arranging round-table discussions to follow with numerous participants from East and West, and with Soviet writers present as observers, I should have stared at him and run for the nearest psychiatrist."

The best thing about the Budapest round table was that it remained round; no one tried to make it square with anything else, either unduly in favor of tradition or innovation. The second PEN meeting was the 1965 annual congress in Bled, Yugoslavia, with the complex theme of "The Writer and Modern Society," with the innovation of real round tables in the first sense of the words, a rather refreshing change for an international conference. For here were the Eastern and Western and the Northern and Southern partners in the debate arguing, clashing, picking quarrels and making them up, agreeing and disagreeing, scoffing at one another, sympathizing with complete ease, as if they had been friends sitting around café tables and shouting at one another for years. No one kept minutes of what went on, the press was only there insofar as they were writers or in their private capacity, and no one had the feeling that he was making a public statement, or wondered about the possible reactions of his worst enemy—or best friend—at home. We all found ourselves saying on the third day that though of course we were, every one of us, staunch defenders of proceedings in public in all other matters, our honest and fruitful exchanges had been possible only because we didn't have to bother about readers, publishers and newspapers.

> *It is natural that PEN's reason for existence would seem completely bound up with its defense of the writer's right to express himself and to publish. When in the Fifties, American writers were being hounded by government committees and blacklisted, forced to write under pseudonyms or barred outright from movies and television and in some cases from publishing; when Portuguese writers are arrested, when Soviet writers are tried for the political implications of their work and sent to jail for long terms, the duty of PEN is clear and unavoidable. When Yiddish literature in the Soviet Union is not permitted the same publishing accommodations as other literatures; when the language of Catalonia is suppressed in Spain—these and unfortunately many other suppressive actions cry out for PEN's protests. But as important as this function is, it is not or ought not be PEN's sole reason for existence.*
>
> —Arthur Miller

There was no chairman at any of the tables; it was merely that the conversation tended to gravitate around some person who had an equal command of English and French, and so could channel the discussion.

The informal café atmosphere did not get under way at once. On the first day we all sat rather stiffly around the tables. Tell a man to talk freely, and he dries up. One of the subjects on the first day was the writer's responsibility. The tongue-tied silence was resolved by an Italian writer—we all promised not to mention names. "What if we talked, instead, of the writer's irresponsibility," he suggested. I urged him to begin. He made a witty and animated case for the argument that the writer had no responsibility to anybody except . . . and in ten minutes' time, because he was a very good writer, because he had to draw the positive from the negative, because he couldn't help himself, there he was, nicely involved with the writer's responsibility.

The first day had as official subjects for discussion on the agenda: Was literature more or less important today than it had been in the past? Had the writer's responsibility and role in society increased or decreased? To the first question all five tables gave the same answer: more important. On the second point, it was agreed that the importance of the individual writer had diminished, but that of literature as a whole had increased in stature. I had better leave Douglas Young to clarify this; the subject is a somewhat delicate one and liable to bring a hornet's nest about one's ears. "It has been stated that in some countries the writer enjoys complete freedom. This complete freedom at the same time decreases the writer's influence upon the readers." What on earth does that mean? I happened to sit at the table where the statement was discussed, and I joined in. An American author, the editor of a magazine with a mass circulation, said at the height of the battle about freedom that though it was true that there was nothing which could not be said in his paper, including the opposite, nobody cared. He would willingly give the half of his kingdom if he and his paper could enjoy the attention society commonly gave to similar writers and journals in some East European countries.

The second meeting in 1965 was held in Vienna, the seventh in a consecutive annual series bearing the name of Europa-Gesprach; but it only became truly European in that year. It was the first time that the Russians, Poles, Czechs, Yugoslavs and Hungarians were also invited.

It all got off to a bad start, with a lot of boredom and some irritation. Avalanches of speechifying. Gentlemen, the Mayor. Gentlemen, the President of the Republic as former mayor. Gentlemen, the deputy mayor in charge of cultural affairs. I slip out before the fourth speaker begins. I am enticed back by Mozart. Following the speeches a string quartet; after all, we are in Vienna. The Europa conversation is opened by an American. Not just any American, but one of the most interesting and controversial figures of the postwar years: George F. Kennan, described in the program as "*Botschafter und Prof.*"—"Ambassador and Prof." But for the last two years he has been ambassador neither in Moscow, nor in Belgrade, nor in New Delhi, but only a professor at Princeton. That rising of the hackles is produced by a chill reminiscence of the dead days of the cold war; why must a European conversation begin with an American lecture?

Is it perhaps because the Vienna hosts wanted to have a big and "impressive" name? Maybe; but chiefly to stress how far we have come from the cold currents and icy seas of the cold war. How come? Who? Just now, with things as they are in Vietnam? The Vienna conversation has also proved very instructive from this point of view. The Austrians had invited, as they said, "the world of European intellectuals through their representatives."

It turned out that they had invited none but humanists, Center and left of Center, from England, France, Switzerland, Norway, the German Federal Republic and Holland. It seems that the word intellectual is beginning to mean the same thing in both halves of Europe.

This is the "we" who have come a long way from the cold war. This first person plural includes the West European partners of the conversation, and they too write *we*, meaning the Polish Adam Schaff, the Czech Hajek, Prof. Ota Sik, the "Kafka expert" Goldstücker, the Yugoslav Supek and, I hope, myself as well. It is worth paying a little attention to Vienna because it has given eyewitness proof of how far Western intellectuals have come from the cold war.

Kennan's striking language was a faithful reflection of his thoughts. The ideologist of the first phase of the cold war—with practical experience of the theory of "containment," taking his point of departure from philosophical and political coordinates different from ours—made out a nice case for the necessity, indeed inevitability, of coexistence. Backed by solid arguments and in the restrained language befitting a professor, he took a stand against the armaments race and the nuclear policy, pointing out the dangers of nationalism in European (and not only European) thinking, and finally, with a cautious show of patriotism, declared that he would not like to see his country continue to play the part of "the guarantor of European security."

Isn't this Viennese picture a bit too seductive? True, Kennan, as I said, is no longer in a position of power. Obviously it is because he thinks as he does. But this does not lessen the fact that his stand is symptomatic. Kennan and the best part of the participants in the Vienna conversation, as well as those whom they were representing (without credentials it is true, but not without approval) a few years ago were committed to the same position as is officialdom today. This is true of all questions concerning the cold war, nationalism, nuclear superiority, disarmament, and the leading role of the United States. That something had changed in Western thinking in the relationship of the intellectuals and politics had already been indicated by Kennedy's policy, and above all by his attitude. The Vienna conversation testified that this change in the attitudes of the best minds in the West had deeper roots and was more decided than we in the East would have thought, judged by Western political symptoms.

On the second day of the Vienna conversation the Prague professor, Eduard Goldstücker, told me before the session: "I shall begin my talk on Kafka tonight by asking what they mean by the title of the conversation: 'Bridges Between East and West.' Prague is 80 miles *west* of Vienna."

Goldstücker could not raise the question that day because someone had already done so. It was Kogon, also Eduard, who lectures on sociology in Frankfurt am Main and is the editor of the *Frankfurter Hefte*. He asked the same question from the chair in the afternoon session, and he too cited Prague.

Professor Kogon, the director of the Vienna conversation and the chairman of most of its sessions, is a Catholic who opposed the Nazis and spent years in a concentration camp. When liberated he wrote a book, the first of its kind, about the concentration camps, *The SS-State*. The book, including pocket editions, has sold millions of copies, and teachers in some German schools use it as a textbook. Kogon became hostile to the "East" by the successive waves of the cold war and the long delay in the ebb of Stalinism. The Vienna conversation demonstrated the process by which people like Kogon find their way back to their original position and resume the dialogue left off fifteen years ago. Incidentally, one of the dangers of the Vietnamese adventure is that it creates divisions where they shouldn't be and puts the clock back.

The conversation introduced another type of person, also in the chair. Kogon was occasionally replaced by a certain Herr Czernetz, an Austrian Social Democratic deputy, who was very regrettably bent on exacerbating the differences between East and West and kept dredging up ten- to fifteen-year-old arguments. I imagine it was not quite what he intended, but he certainly played the role of the negative catalyst in the experiment. Participants from abroad naturally received his strictures with icy disapproval, or argued with him, put him right on a number of points, those from Western Europe quite frequently undertaking the task instead of ourselves; on the second day the audience booed him, and from that day on he was not seen again on the rostrum, nicknamed by our witty writers the "altar."

Jiri Hajek, editor of the journal *Plamen* (published in Prague), read a very elegantly written contribution with the title, "The Specific Mission of Writers." He was described as "Prof. Hajek" in the program, but for simplicity's sake the organizers promoted all and sundry to "Doctors" and conferred professorships indiscriminately as the waiters used to do in Budapest cafés, and the Italian waiters do today. The task of literature, he said, is not to cheer people up in and out of season but exclusively to explore the human condition of the age we live in. The Dutch idealist Staellert and the Marxist Hajek read prepared texts, but somehow they seemed to have agreed beforehand to make the same points. According to Hajek, good literature seeks the truth in both halves of our divided world, and by doing so makes the world less divided: "Good writing in both parts of the divided world has this further trait in common: it reveals the tragic in the human condition of our age in all its fullness." True enough, each side offers diametrically opposed interpretations of the tragic: the humanist "Right," to borrow the phrase of the Polish philosopher Lesek Kolakowski, holds that the tragedy inherent in this situation is unalterable. The humanist "Left" sees a rational way out in socialism, and that progress along

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this road will recognize and overcome at least the social cause of the tragic.

In the course of further debates the most exciting—in the political, more cinematic, sense of the word—was the Munich publisher Kindler's Ehrenburg affair, or rather scandal; in the literary field, Goldstücker's Kafka analysis; in philosophy, Adam Schaff and O. Flechtheim's debate on ideological coexistence; and in human terms, the lecture by the Czech Prof. Ota Sik.

At first I was puzzled to account for the presence of Kindler, then owner and publisher of the West German mass-circulation picture magazine *Revue*. He has since sold it. He told us what had happened to him because he had published Ehrenburg's memoirs. First he was called a traitor to his country. Next a statement was forged in Liechtenstein, purporting to have been written and signed by him, and it was sent to his business partners. His family and children were threatened. He was called a Moscow agent. A paper published a statement by someone who declared he knew Kindler was a homosexual. Another said that he was given to raping young girls. Both said he was syphilitic. So far all this is more humorous than tragic. The really alarming thing was to follow. The day after the publication of the memoirs, a Saturday in October, after all the shops in the big cities and university towns in West Germany had closed, the windows of all the booksellers in which copies of Ehrenburg's memoirs were displayed were pasted with placards saying: "Paid Agent of the Jews! Traducer of the People!" Since that day—one and a half years ago—not more than 120 copies of the book have been sold in the whole of West Germany.

Kindler was followed by Goldstücker who told us that Kafka was first published in Nazi Germany in 1934, with a band round it reading "Only for Jews". . . . That was not the main point of his lecture, but the process by which, thanks in the first place to Goldstücker's own personal efforts, Kafka was—to use his own phrase—demilitarized, a phrase I think I first heard used by Sartre at the 1963 World Conference on Disarmament.

I began with a PEN meeting, and finish with another, the June meeting in New York. It was a good and interesting congress, sometimes even important, but the really important feature of it was neither literary nor intellectual; it was geographical. I use this word here as a euphemism for "political." Why? Was it a political Congress? Not at all. It was less so than it could have been; less than some feared it might become.

I don't intend to be more political than the congress was: the war in Vietnam was mentioned only on the last day and very casually. But for many delegates from Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America, the outstanding fact was that they could come to the United States at this time—despite the war. This was a job well done by the American PEN Center.

The great attraction was also geographical: New York itself. One needed quite an amount of discipline and literary self-sacrifice to attend the meetings instead of discovering New York, north and south of Washington Square. Some did not go further and I wonder how many personal notes, diaries, poems and TV chats will identify New York with the microcosmos in and around that fountain in the Square. On the other hand, the bearded and long-haired Lilliputs may have discovered that some literary Gullivers are surprisingly "cool."

This word should lead me to another microcosmos, that of Marshall McLuhan, who uses *cool* and *hot* as part of the terminology of the post-Gutenberg age. Much of the discussion of the meeting revolved around McLuhan's concept. But let me say first that the greatest merit of the Thirty-fourth PEN Congress was what it did not become: either a review of the Siniavsky-Daniel trial or an indictment of the absence of Soviet observers. This creates the possibility that the next PEN meeting will be attended by Soviet writers. The congress was a place where one could speak with a human voice.

These were the words of Arthur Miller in his closing remarks. He performed superbly as international president in the closed session of the executive committee and in public debate. Like one of his major characters in his best plays, he proved his dramatic talent by consistently finding the adequate words for all situations. His closing remarks were a sort of keynote address for future PEN congresses but I could use it also as a motto for this paper on East-West meetings of intellectuals: "You and I should emphasize what is similar and isolate what separates us." I don't think that is the solution, but it is the road to it.

The beginning of understanding is information. Eastern writers read their Western colleagues, but very few Western authors' knowledge goes beyond Solzhenitsyn, Yevtushenko, Voznesensky. Paustovsky, maybe. I have become accustomed to the encouraging smiles I receive (to me hateful) when I state that there is a literature in Hungary. "Go on, chap. The ancient Peruvian civilization was also very interesting." All of the writers of Eastern Europe, for instance, knew Saul Bellow and read his novels (and not only *Herzog*), and were therefore astonished at the anger in his keynote speech against the "literati." I felt a certain uneasiness; I had heard the same superiority and irony, sometimes even the same arguments, against intellectuals in my country in the early fifties. These were uttered by spokesmen very, very different from that distinguished American author. The arguments tried also to separate the writer from the environment of intellectuals and thus place him on an elevated podium above the multitudes. Do I need to add that I like Bellow's novels very much and that I am more than sure that he did not intend to echo the literary debates taking place in the early fifties far away in Eastern Europe? But I still do not understand his anger. He should have attended the round tables and participated in the corridor small talk to learn about his colleagues and to experience the good atmosphere of the common language of writers and "literati" intellectuals.

> *What do these intellectuals do with literature? Why, they talk about it, they treasure it, they adorn themselves with it, they make careers of it, they become an elite of it, they make discourse of it. It is their capital, their material. They take from it what they need for their own work in culture history, journalism or criticism of manners, producing hybrid works, partly literary, sometimes interesting in themselves but postulating almost always the decadence or obsolescence of contemporary literature. . . . They seem to have it both ways. On the one hand they share the distaste of the modern classic writers for western civilization, they are repelled by the effrontery of power and the degradation of the urban crowd. They have adopted the* Wasteland *outlook. On the other hand they are very well off. They have money, position, privileges, power, private schools for their children, elegant dental care, jet holidays in Europe, stocks, bonds, houses, even yachts and with all this, owing to their education, they have a particular sympathy with the heroic artistic life, they have tastes and judgments formed by Rimbaud and D. H. Lawrence. What could be neater.*
>
> —Saul Bellow

This congress discovered another need for a dialogue—not only between East and West but between North and South. Discussing one of the themes of the congress, "The Writer as Public Figure," delegates from Western Europe and North America heard the same points of view expressed by writers of Peru and Poland, Uruguay and Hungary. In a word: literature and national existence—sometimes even literature and survival—are as inextricably interwoven in our distant Eastern and Southern countries as literature and politics are separated in the West and North.

The principal theme of the congress was almost left undiscussed, perhaps because every writer is an independent spirit, or he is no writer. It was very good that we did not debate the question of the *degree* of independence enjoyed by the so-called independent writer.

The real theme of the round tables was not that suggested by the program but what the writers of East, West, North and South felt they should discuss: the writers' position in our new electronic, nuclear age, in the world of mass media, in confrontation with science fiction, and in the duel between fiction and documentary. The doomsday prophecies of Marshall McLuhan, though passionately rejected, were also passionately considered. There was general agreement that electronics may create a new environment but cannot replace the written and printed word. Nor can it supplant the creative force of the writer whose raw materials were, are and will be the reality and the dreams.

Brazilian Diamonds

BARREN LIVES (Vidas Sêcas). *By Graciliano Ramos. Translated by Ralph Edward Dimmick. University of Texas Press. 131 pp. $4.75.*

SAGARANA. *By Joao Guimaraes Rosa. Translated by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. 303 pp. $5.95.*

ALAN CHEUSE

Mr. Cheuse, formerly an editor of Studies on the Left, *now lives in Mexico.*

Like those diamonds that are washed up along the river banks of their Brazilian homeland and left to sparkle only under their native sun, these collections of short fiction might have remained unknown to readers of English, but for the efforts of their partisan translators. Ramos' book was first published in 1938, Guimaraes Rosa's in 1946. Their appearance now in English finds both writers still unfamiliar to most North American readers. Their genre, the "cycle" or group of tales linked by mutual characters or setting is more recognizable. *Barren Lives* has a *yanqui* cousin in *Winesburg, Ohio*. The landscape of *Sagarana* is as lovely, dark and deep as Faulkner's woods—another Eden. But in ways more crucial than technique or setting, these works prove telling and meaningful for Americans.

The Ramos volume, slimmer of the pair, is composed of thirteen short sequences, all taking place within the course of a single year, in the life of a wretched backlands peasant family. Ramos, later a Communist and, still later, a minister in the Fascist Vargas government, found politics for his protest. Luckily, he wrote and published this evidence of his outrage before he was tempted to trim *Barren Lives* to any party pattern.

Nomads in a land of drought, the family of *Barren Lives* squats on a temporarily abandoned farm. The father, Fabiano, is a herdsman hired to work for the always offstage owner of the farm. Vitoria, the mother, tends to her meager household; the boys play with the animals; the dog hunts and sleeps; on feast day they visit a town. Even their speech is barren. Forced to kill their parrot for food, Vitoria

> justified the act by telling herself that the bird was quite useless—it didn't talk. That wasn't its fault. The family was one of few words and with the coming of the disaster [the drought] all had fallen silent, only the briefest utterances passing their lips.

Rather than the fierce, bullying, superstitious, partisan country dwellers one meets in Verga or Silone, Fabiano and Vitoria are dispirited and more recognizably related to the poor of our ghettos and farms. The unseen owner is given bitter homage, as from sharecropper to overseer. Illiterate Fabiano cannot protest the scrawls that rob him of his rightful pay. He and his wife sleep on knotty tree boughs for lack of better bedding. They see themselves "as a pair of useless dogs." Fabiano knows what happens to useless dogs: he shoots their own sick beast.

The only mystique in these lives is the arrival of the next drought. Time is the wind to their eroded existence: this debilitating ignorance reinforces itself daily. Their one hope is that the boys will learn to read, like Tomàs the miller, their ex-neighbor, who died in the flight from the drought. (From scene to scene the memory of Tomàs is a link, one of the few recurring images that give the book its novel-like effect). But the mother admires Tomàs the miller not for his knowledge but really for his bed

> made by a carpenter, with a frame of sucupira wood, smoothed with an adze, the dovetails cut out with a chisel, and neatly fitted together, the frame covered by rawhide, well stretched and nailed down. That was a bed on which a Christian could stretch his bones!

Flights of birds signal the approach of another drought season. Last trek they killed their parrot. Now they move on without their dog. Kernels of memory—of the dog, of the parrot, of Tomàs the miller—lie scattered in their wake. From the soul's dust bowl, from the heart of dryness, rises a singular lament.

To combat the withering effect of despair, Ramos offers a few sips of water. Guimaraes Rosa gives us steak and rice, fancy cakes and ices, plus the liquor of his language. Dogs useless? Never! Bushes, bugs, rocks, trees, lakes are demonstrations, emulations, echoes, simulations, mocks or props of the themes and byplay of his epic of *ambiente:* Man or animal, bee or palm tree, one finds one's function as one's fate. And until we have gone through nature's educative cycle, until we are sure in whose zoo we are kept, by institutions or our own slack wills or both, we should pay hard attention to the beasts of the field, fish, fowl, snake or marmot.

Nine novellas make up this story "cycle." The first, "The Little Dust-Brown Donkey," introduces the beast, Seven of Diamonds, who participates in a cattle roundup marred by a fatal flash flood. Cool, self-contained creature that he is—"seeking himself out, discovering himself, finding some essence of his being"—Seven of Diamonds saves two out of many herdsmen, carrying one unconscious man on his back through the rising waters while another clings to his tail. This is not donkey *ex machina*. It's Existentialism, Brazilian style. Because of the animal's durability, man is saved; to push the word play, saved by this *tale*, a blend of the pastoral and a fated encounter with nature's flood force.

Animals play a role, as reflectors of the action, in "The Return of the Prodigal Husband." Lalino Salathiel sells his wife to a covetous Spanish immigrant and goes off to find his fortune. The action is mirrored in an ironic side show in the swamp nearby where

> . . . the king of all the frogs . . . was dying and discussing his last will and testament with all the low-life frogs. . . .
>
> "When I die, who will take care of my children?"
>
> "Not me. . . . Not me. . . . Not me. . . ."
>
> "When I die, who will take care of my wife?"
>
> "Me! Me! Me! Me!"

In the gently ironic love story, "Mine

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Own People," a standard for love is glimpsed in the relationship between a mare and her colt:

> . . . the newborn colt, still so long-legged, comes leaping behind her, eager to nurse. As it buries its muzzle under its mother's belly and thighs, its whole body is a long-drawn-out greediness. The mare waits. Nobody knew how to give with greater dignity.

To bird song Guimaraes Rosa adds lyrics. The grackles in "The Straw-Spinners" caw as they steal seeds from an imaginary planter: "You put them in, put them in / I pull them out, pull them out."

Guimaraes Rosa treats the natural world as if he were constantly in a state of receiving new vision. Sometimes he makes Whitman-like catalogues of landscape; when describing the bunched horns of corraled cattle (". . . the arms of a cross, the barbs of an anchor, the holders of a candelabrum, the forked limbs of a dead tree, the pincers of a crab, the insignia of Satan, lyres without strings. . . .") the effect is that of catching the inner- and overtones of the material world.

> We ride. We ascend. We go higher Now a steady slope up the long ridge of the sierra, scaling the summit. And suddenly the world becomes clearer: the ascent has ended and we are in amazing altitudes.

Describing a ride to a ranch in the mountains of Minas Gerais, Guimaraes Rosa might be telling how his language works upon his matter.

We *are* carried to amazing heights of invention, where amazing things take place. In the tale before last, "Conversation Among Oxen," animals do more than speak. As in the first piece, they act as agents of fate. How young Tiao, a cart boy, aided by a team of disgruntled oxen, revenges himself on the carter, Agenor Soronho, for cuckolding his dead father, is a triumph for beast and boy. The story is a mixture of folk materials, imported philosophies and a deep dredging of human and animal psychology; it is the peak of the man's work, and a masterpiece.

During the trip from town to graveyard, while the father's corpse lies on top of a load of brown sugar, a moment of karma-like beauty is achieved. The oxen are enraged by the carter Soronho's goad. They plot rebellion. Their consciousness and that of Tiao, walking alongside the cart almost in a trance, fuse:

> . . . I am the ox Dansador. . . . But there is no ox Dansador. . . . There is not the-one-who-has-a-big-head-and-a-hump-on-his-back. . . . I

> am the strongest of all. . . . There are no oxen, no man. . . . We are strong. I am very strong. . . . I can strike at all sides. I strike at Mr. Soronho with a halter rope, a quince switch, a goad . . . until I draw blood. . . . And I become even stronger. . . . I am Tiao . . . Tiaozinho. . . . I killed Mr. Agenor Soronho. . . .

Thus the crime is planned. Oxen and boy, nature and man, join forces to commit it, an "accident" caused by the cart boy's dreamy condition and the rambunctious team. The coda keeps covenant with the Eastern flavor of this union. In a kind of Old Testament celebration (mountains leap like rams, hills skip like lambs) where once it was only animals that spoke, now even inanimate objects rejoice as the heavy wheels sever the carter's head from his body. Yea,

> even the cart is happy—*cre-e-ak, cre-e-ak*—and opens the throat of its axleshaft in a triumphal tune.

Basic to Guimaraes Rosa's style are his epigrams and anecdotes, birdsong, whore's calls, chants and bull stories. Basic to his vision is the recognition of the bite in the idyll. In "Woodland Witchery," a homage to the magical powers inherent in his people, every tree is the tree of knowledge:

> . . . from the gypsy liana and the velvet bean, libidinous creepers, with polyandrous flowers; even the grayish toadstools, with their earthy effluvia, and the erotic golden trumpet whose leaves, however crumpled, always quickly stiffen again.

In the final tale, "Augusto Matraga's Hour and Turn," where a man's impulse to bully his neighbors is transformed into a search to contribute to the natural order of the world, one finds a will kin to that of the donkey, Seven of Diamonds, evidence that the cycle, the sea change, is done. The grain has gone into the mill, been ground to flour and made into dough, baked in the ovens: here is the bread.

TELEVISION / Peter Gzowski

Mr. Gzowski was formerly managing editor of Maclean's Magazine *and is now entertainment editor of the Toronto* Daily Star.

Toronto

An American friend of mine once spent part of a trip to Canada asking Canadians, who devote a lot of time to worrying about their independence from the United States, just what it was they were trying so hard to preserve. "Well, there's the C.B.C.," he reported most of them as saying, "and . . . well, there's *certainly* the C.B.C., and the . . . I don't know, I guess the C.B.C. sort of sums it up."

The C.B.C., the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, does fulfill a unique and important function—at least as far as Canadians are concerned. Films, magazines, newspapers, records, books and, of course, radio and television signals flow virtually unhampered across the border from the United States into Canada. In most of their tastes, people who live in Vancouver are more like people who live in Seattle than they're like people who live in Montreal; what's hip in New York this month will be hip in Toronto next month, just as certainly as it will be hip in Cleveland. But there are still differences, and the C.B.C., a crown corporation that requires about $100 million of federal government money to make up its annual deficit from advertising, helps to preserve them. It forms a kind of East-West counterforce to the natural North-South pull of American geography.

Because of its relative freedom from the dictates of advertising, the C.B.C. is also, as I imagine most readers of *The Nation* know, probably the best big television network—in terms of not being afraid sometimes to appeal to minority tastes, even in prime time—on the continent. That doesn't mean it's as good as I understand many Americans who aren't able to watch it believe. But it is good. Here is a breakdown of a reasonably typical week on my own local channel, in Toronto: 25 hours of straight American imports (*Bonanza, Hogan's Heroes, Ed Sullivan*, and so on); 19 hours, 45 minutes of Canadian entertainment shows, generally no better, if no worse, than their American counterparts (although this list does include a 90-minute production of *A Doll's House* at 9:30 Wednesday evening); 12½ hours of movies, nearly all of them American; 10½ hours of children's programs, nearly all of them Canadian; 10 hours of sports (this was the last week of the Stanley Cup playoffs); 3 hours of educational and 2½ hours of religious programs; 1½ hours of material imported from England; and 17 hours of 15 minutes of news and public affairs.

It's that last category that makes the difference. The C.B.C. news, which is, of course, unsponsored, is a national institution. Lorne Greene learned how to sound like *everyone's* daddy by reading it on the radio during the war and, on television, it now provides the one truly Canadian medium of communication. But in recent years the Public Affairs Department has become even more important. Which is why tremors that have shaken the Public Affairs Department of the C.B.C. this spring have made a lot of Canadians worry about whether the really excellent parts of the corporation can continue to survive.

For the last two seasons, the heart of public affairs broadcasting on the C.B.C. has been an hour-long program with the Zen-like name, *This Hour Has Seven Days*. *Seven Days* runs—or has been running—in the primest of times, at ten on Sunday evening. It has what television people call a magazine format; it deals with as many as a dozen topics a

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week. In fifty shows, those topics have included LSD, teen-age prostitution, political corruption, automobile safety, French-Canadian separatism, the American Negro, thalidomide, labor bosses, spies, stock manipulation—almost everything that is noticeable on American television by its absence. *Seven Days* has broadcast interviews with perhaps half the Canadian cabinet and a wide assortment of other important, interesting or controversial Canadians. There have been interviews also with Collie LeRoy Wilkins, George Lincoln Rockwell, Robert Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger, Buckminster Fuller, Pete Seeger, Cassius Clay, Ralph Nader, Bertrand Russell, Edith Sitwell, Susan Sontag, Julian Huxley, Jules Feiffer, I. F. Stone, Herman Kahn, McGeorge and William Bundy, Orson Welles, Robert Morley and Carol Doda, the topless dancer from California, of whose act we Sunday evening viewers got a slightly edited version on film.

Seven Days edits everything ruthlessly. Its producers, some of whom are among the world's leading disciples of Marshall McLuhan, seem to have grasped the idea that public affairs broadcasting is not so much journalism—no matter how journalistic the subject—but *television*. Rather than explain stories or ideas, it has exposed them; it has given its viewers not a complete picture of the people it has interviewed but a genuine experience of them.

And even when it has dealt with subjects like the birth control pill, the influence of Tony Richardson and Jean-Luc Godard has been more evident than the influence of Fred J. Cook or even Edward R. Murrow. And it has worked. In spite of some frequently sophomoric satirical pieces and some ventures into what even its ardent fans have felt is questionable taste (should George Lincoln Rockwell be on television at all?), *Seven Days* has been enormously successful. Next to hockey, which is the real national bond in Canada, *Seven Days* has been the most popular Canadian show on the air this season. In a nation with a population of 20 million, roughly 5 million of whom speak French first, it has achieved an audience of more than 3 million—right up there with *Bonanza*.

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In mid-April, with *Seven Days* still having three editions left to put on the air, a vice president of the C.B.C. went over the heads of the show's executive producer, a soft-spoken former newspaper man, Douglas Leiterman, and informed the two on-air hosts, Patrick Watson and Laurier LaPierre, that their contracts wouldn't be renewed next season. The vice president's reasons, as they've come out, were cloudy. He questioned the "loyalty" of both Watson and LaPierre to C.B.C. management. (Watson, who along with Leiterman, founded *Seven Days* in 1964 and emerged as an on-camera personality only this season, was the president of the C.B.C. producers' association last year, and signed a brief to the Fowler Royal Commission on Broadcasting, whose report turned out to be highly critical of the C.B.C. management. LaPierre, a professor of French-Canadian studies at McGill University in Montreal, who has been commuting to his weekly job with *Seven Days* in Toronto, had made some speeches in which he didn't exactly butter up his part-time bosses.)

The crucial question, however, as most people on both sides of the dispute have seen it, was really the matter of *Seven Days'* excellence, and particularly its predilection for controversy. Through the past winter in particular, there has scarcely been a Monday morning when the newspapers haven't been forced to carry some report of what *Seven Days* has done the night before, and usually it has been a front-page report. Quite a few toes got stepped on. And, instead of taking the bold and direct action of firing Leiterman, it seemed, the C.B.C.'s management had tried to de-fang the show by taking away the two hosts and, by implication, some of Leiterman's independence.

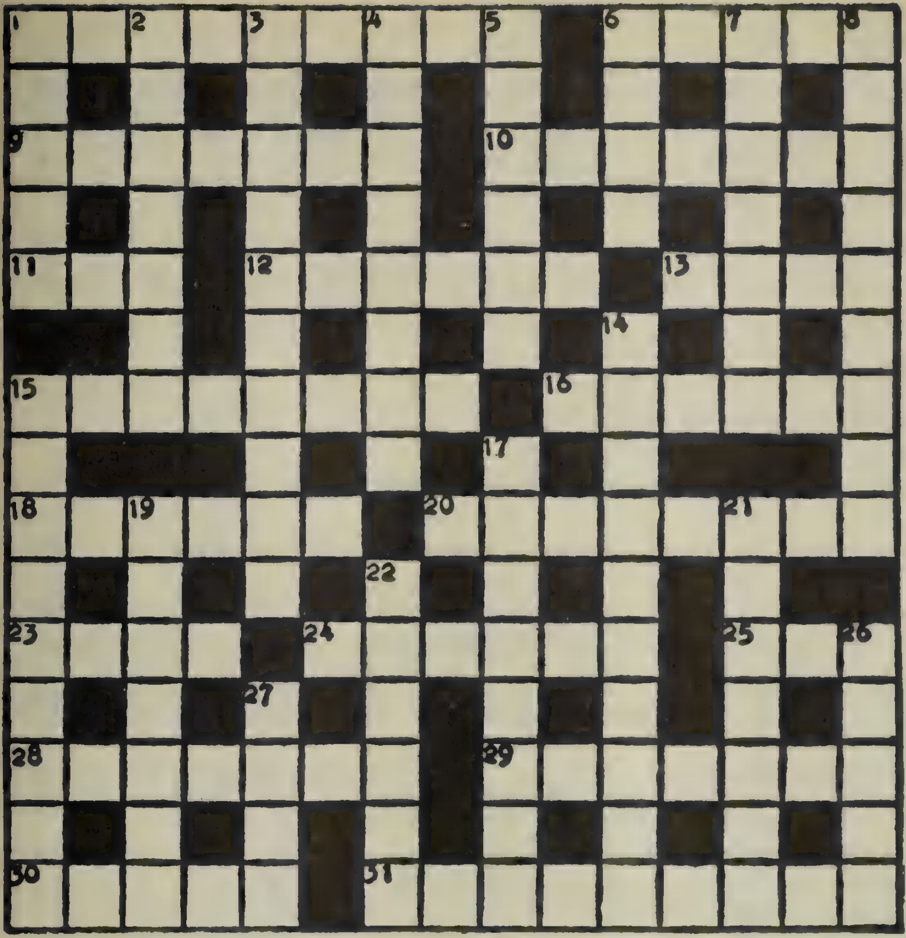
It was, as Judy LaMarsh said, only the top to the iceberg. Miss LaMarsh is the Secretary of State. As such, she answers to Parliament for the C.B.C. And, while one could have wished for a fresher figure of speech—there must be *some* other way to get that idea across—Miss LaMarsh seemed to be right. The C.B.C. has been divided into two factions for years: on the one hand, the people who make radio and television programs; on the other, the civil servants who administer the crown corporation. Each faction has had a different idea about whether boats ought to be rocked, and neither has always believed the other acted in constant good faith. "It's totally impossible to carry on a sensible conversation with the principal officers of this corporation," said Reeves Haggan, the corporation's supervisor of public affairs, English language division, and the owner of another head that had been gone over in the firing of Watson and LaPierre. (In his turn, Alphonse Ouimet, the C.B.C.'s president, said later that Haggan hadn't been given a raise last year because "his supervisor performance had not been up to expectations.")

The creative people—the producers—quickly closed ranks over the *Seven Days* firings. Unless there was a satisfactory solution, the producers' association announced, not only to the Watson-LaPierre affair but to the whole running battle, they would "withdraw" their "services." (Since the producers don't negotiate as a body on any other question, they've been very careful to avoid the word "strike.") They were riding a remarkable wave of public support. On the evening of the first edition of *Seven Days* to go on the air after the announcement of the firings, pickets surrounded the C.B.C.'s Toronto studios. Most of them were students—WE LOVE YOU LAURIER; GIVE US FOOD FOR THOUGHT, and so on—but they obviously represented a strong body of public opinion. The C.B.C. got more than 11,000 phone calls protesting the firings.

A citizen's committee to "save *Seven Days* and restore the integrity of the C.B.C." sprang up around a group of professors and journalists in Toronto. People who in the past have worked hard to *prevent* political interference with the C.B.C. wired their Members of Parliament to have the decision reversed. Both the Parliamentary Committee on Broadcasting, chaired by Gerard Pelletier, a tough-minded former labor journalist and editor of the Montreal daily *La Presse*, held hearings on the issue. At the last moment, Prime Minister Lester Pearson, who once won a Nobel Peace Prize for his international diplomacy, announced the appointment of a mediator, Stuart Keate, a newspaper publisher from British Columbia. The "withdrawal of services" was averted. *Seven Days* completed its season, with Watson and LaPierre in their usual chairs, although their futures, and the show's, are still in doubt.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1161

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One way to carry conservation of resources to extremes, if you do, you sap! (9)
6, 30 and 11 How to lose control? Make false notes, and more false notes, being of the imaginary sort. (6, 7)
10 What one might be doing after a shake and a rattle, but associated with a sort of 30 it doesn't gather the green stuff. (7)
12 Might it stretch two games out of three? (6)
13 Thought to have this father, if you recognize Henry IV. (4)
15 Might it keep one from banging the arm? (8)
16 Noted the transaction called so? (4, 2)
18 She had a set arrangement placed before her. (6)
20 It's a struggle indeed, when provided payment. (8)
23 Equivalent to the merrier writer? (4)
24 Spread bad news about the Rough Rider. (6)
25 Field-tripper in implied agreement?
28 Nothing should go 6 for 1000, when 8. (7)
29 Players' garb? (7)
31 They're said to be improper, but a close miss, perhaps. (9)

DOWN:

1 The agency of television, relatively speaking? (5)
2 The old word for "do" in a fluid state, following an obligation. (7)
3 The way a bean might appear for a chapparal cock. (4, 6)
4 Not exactly 2, but one is obliged to be so. (8)
5 The one Arne described as having something well-deserved? (6)
6 Might be found in cabinet rank. (4)
7, 9 and 27 Suggests the ruling Persians and Afghans? (7, 4, 3, 4)
8 Humpty-Dumptyish? (3-6)
14 Johnson might typify it, but it's no Y.M.C.A. trip! (10)
15 At most, be a Mississippi type for example! (9)
17 It might tell you where to go and whom to see. (8)
19 The sort of twisting one might find in roots. (7)
21 Found in New England, any northern state, or just any place in the country? (7)
22 Stirred in haste? The man heading for the office does quite frequently. (6)
26 Bad skids still might result in records.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1160

ACROSS: 1 Supporting cast; 8 Convertibles; 10 Eradicable; 11 Chic; 13 Yeomen; 14 Integral; 16 Small fry; 17 Sonnet; 19 Axle; 20 Incursions; 22 Perambulated; 23 Changeableness. DOWN: 1 Society Islands; 2 Pentagonally; 3 One-sidedly; 4 Titian; 6 Chef; 7 Chocolate sodas; 9 and 5 The Ring of the Nibelung; 12 Demoiselle; 15 Frontage; 18 Hubbub; 21 Bean.

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"If you had printed more about the (Bay of Pigs) operation, you would have saved us from a colossal mistake."—Pres. John F. Kennedy to Turner Catledge, then Managing Editor, *The New York Times*, at the White House, May, 1961.

". . . The Bay of Pigs operation might well have been cancelled and the country would have been saved enormous embarrassment if The New York Times and other newspapers had been more diligent in the performance of their duty—their duty to keep the public informed . . ."—Clifton Daniel, Managing Editor, *The New York Times*, June 1, 1966.

"Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—stupid."—Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, to a group of U.S. war correspondents in Saigon, July, 1965 (quoted in article by Morley Safer, CBS News, inserted into *The Congressional Record*, May 12, 1966).

IF it is true that until now we have not had *all* the facts—

IF it is true that facts have been *deliberately withheld*—

IF it is true that only certain officials and certain institutions are *permitted* to have all the facts—

THEN isn't it time that average American citizens began to depend on their own fact-gathering resources?

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Our first project is to send a Citizens' Mission to Cambodia, leaving Washington on July 25. The Mission members are:

KAY BOYLE, internationally famous writer,
DONALD DUNCAN, of *Ramparts*, former member Special Forces,
RUSSELL JOHNSON, American Friends Service Committee,
WILLIAM KUNSTLER, well-known civil liberties attorney, and
FLOYD McKISSICK, National Director, CORE.

The Mission is assured all cooperation of the Cambodian government, which has repeatedly asked for honest and responsible border inspection—including that of U.S. Senators, accepted in principle by Vice President Humphrey, although no date has yet been set, and no Senators have been selected.

The Mission will have full freedom to investigate what is happening on ALL the borders of Cambodia—and to get the facts concerning alleged "Vietcong sanctuary" and a so-called "Sihanouk Trail."

We are requesting that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee invite the Mission's members to testify on their findings—in addition to our own publication of the Mission's Report on Cambodia.

YOU can help make a success of the Mission to Cambodia and assure the permanent role of AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW as a future watchdog against press and official misrepresentations, by contributing NOW to the costs of this trip ($1500 per person), all of which will be raised exclusively by voluntary contributions.

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LETTERS

a pledge of conscience

New York City

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 11, James Baldwin described the case of six young men who are now serving life sentences for murder—"The Harlem Six." The Charter Group for a Pledge of Conscience, formed in 1964 as a means of bringing together and developing a role for white persons concerned about racial injustice in New York City, has retained four attorneys—William M. Kunstler, Conrad J. Lynn, Mary M. Kaufman and Gene Ann Condon—to file an amicus brief in connection with their appeal.

The Charter Group has not taken a position on the guilt or innocence of the six, but it has become convinced that their constitutional rights were violated from their arrests through their convictions. The primary issues on which the amicus brief will be based are the facts that the two confessions admitted into evidence were illegally obtained, and that the six defendants were denied court-appointed counsel of their choice. (The New York Civil Liberties Union is filing its own amicus brief on the latter issue.)

The Charter Group plans to follow the case of the Harlem Six through the Supreme Court. Contributions can be sent to the committee at Box 346, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Anthony J. Garro
Louise Lander

how to succeed?

Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sirs: My husband and I had been meaning to write and thank you for your editorial ["California, There She Blows!" *The Nation*, June 20] commending Governor Brown of California. Mr. Jerry Engelbach's letter in the July 4 issue claiming that Governor Brown "failed as a human being" because he did not "save Caryl Chessman" prompts us to write the long delayed letter.

Governor Brown acted with both great "human" and political courage in the Chessman case. He first stated unequivocally that he was opposed to capital punishment and that he would certainly commute Chessman's sentence if the laws of the state of California would permit him to do so. However, by law, the Governor could not commute the sentence of a man previously convicted of felony. Then the Governor called a special session of the California legislature and laid it on the line to members of both parties, thus alienating many members of his own party by exposing their determination to retain capital punishment.

Few acts of any governor of any state have been any bolder or any more "humane." We wonder what, in the view of Mr. Engelbach and other uninformed persons, Governor Brown could have done in order to "succeed as a human being."

Lois Phillips Hudson
Randolph H. Hudson

the viability of violence

Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I long ago gave up hope that the editors of *The Nation* . . . would disavow violence as a viable solution to all problems of the modern world.

But I did believe that in these days the editors never would make so shallow an observation about nonviolence as appears in the editorial on James Meredith's views in the June 27 issue. *(continued on page 90)*

EDITORIALS

Snow Job

As the founding fathers well knew, undistorted information about public affairs is as vital to democracy as universal suffrage. As we are now being taught, modern techniques of management of the news are destructive of the democratic process. A current example is the way in which the latest escalation of the Vietnamese war—the bombing of the oil installations in Hanoi and Haiphong—was turned into the most prophylactic combat operation in history, with domestic protest effectively muffled in advance.

The present campaign was not entrusted to underlings like Arthur Sylvester, the accomplished juggler of fact and fancy at the Pentagon. This time it came straight from Papa at the White House and, from a purely technical standpoint, one must admire his performance. Nothing was left to chance and every possible loophole for truth was closed off. Top officials received outlines of the points to be stressed—that the United States was winning, that Hanoi knew it was losing, that domestic opposition was negligible and that the latest bombings were proof of our peaceful purpose and our carefully graduated, humane way of fighting the war which had been forced on us.

Against the protests of C.B.S. and N.B.C., the Defense Department withheld films of the Hanoi and Haiphong bombings. Accounts in the French press reported the wailing of ambulances and other indications of casualties, but the Administration insisted that only one or two civilians had been hit. Precision bombing had achieved miraculous levels of accuracy, and the home folks could enjoy their vacations assured that our fliers burned only oil, not people.

Another prong of the news management operation consisted of a chorus of optimistic statements by the President, Secretary McNamara, and acting Secretary of State George Ball—statements which, without actually saying so, gave the impression that with these bombings, and perhaps a few further escalations, we were on the home stretch. In *The New York Times*, Max Frankel referred to these paeans as a "sustained celebration of progress" designed to persuade Americans that the war had reached a turning point. "By blunting the criticism at home," Frankel suggested, "officials are said to seek not only political advantage but also a further demonstration to Hanoi that it cannot count on domestic opposition to inhibit the American war effort."

It is scarcely likely that except for their own home propaganda purposes the leaders in Hanoi ever harbored any such idea. How often has a great military power been seriously handicapped in the prosecution of a war by minority opposition? Even the often cited French example in Vietnam has been greatly exaggerated; the French army was defeated by the Vietminh, not by Mendès-France. But in the way of political advantage, and muting such opposition as Mr. Johnson has encountered in his design for conquest in Southeast Asia, the campaign worked perfectly. The President's Harris rating shot up 12 points, from a pre-bombing low of 42 per cent to 54 per cent. The President, who reckons in percentages without asking questions when the arithmetic favors him, was elated. Harris himself was more discerning and pointed out that the 5-to-1 support for the bombings had to be interpreted. People are tired of the war. They want it ended. They hoped that the bombings might do it, although on the face of it how could an enemy like the Vietcong, without an air force, tanks, and heavy artillery, be greatly handicapped by a shortage of petroleum?

But this acquiescence, and the entire record of management of the news in this war, only shows that crude methods of manipulation work quite well with the mass of citizens. The intellectuals may be disturbed, together with politicians like Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, Aiken, et al., but most of the people are still committed to the "my country right or wrong" mores and are glad to receive the President's assurance that we are reluctantly combating a godless enemy. They believe in democracy in a desultory way, as if it had been established in 1776 and nothing could ever happen to it. These millions of self-satisfied Americans had better learn to read the news, to become sophisticated about news management, and to be utterly skeptical about anything this Administration tells them. Otherwise they will find themselves with the forms of democracy but none of the substance.

The Coming Crisis

Giving Mr. Johnson all due credit (or discredit) for his masterly manipulation of public opinion in the Hanoi-Haiphong bombings, he still faces a turbulent political future. The dissenting minority can grow into a majority; the very fluidity of the polls shows how unstable the situation is. Nor does one poll make an election, when it is still four months off and may turn on a war that has never been popular. What does Mr. Johnson make of the Ayrshire, Iowa, poll which shows a catastrophic drop in his standing in a bellwether county? What does he make of California polls showing Senator Robert Kennedy steadily gaining strength among Democrats, primarily on the basis of a mildly critical stand on the Vietnamese war? And what of primary returns showing votes of 40 to 45 per cent of the total for peace candidates who were never heard of before and lacked a political machine of any sort? Or the persistence of "independent" candidates, such as David Frost for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey (not to mention the general disaffection of the Democratic Party in that state), the clear disaffection of the party in Wisconsin, and something approaching it in Minnesota? Or Maine, where Thomas L. Maynard, a highly respected educator and investment executive, has decided to run in the First Congressional District as an independent opposing the Administration's policies in Vietnam?

Assuming that Mrs. Gandhi's peace overtures and similar efforts fail and that the United States is still heavily engaged in Southeast Asia as the Congressional elections approach, one can predict Mr. Johnson's forthcoming moves with considerable assurance. In late September or early

SUMMER SCHEDULE
During July and August *The Nation* appears on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated August 8 and August 22.

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: 242-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 203 No. 3*

October a crisis will develop which, to the extent that the President can control its effects, will put the peace forces on the defensive and keep them there, at any rate until after the elections. "Put in the crudest terms," Marquis Childs writes in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (July 10), "the Johnson Administration will make the Congressional campaign in the fall a choice between patriotism and communism. Are you for our boys fighting in Vietnam or are you helping the Communists who are killing them?" Mr. Childs is putting words in Mr. Johnson's mouth, but the words have a plausible ring. Mr. Johnson has come pretty close to saying as much in the recent past, and if he finds himself with his back against the electoral wall he will say and do whatever he thinks will advance his cause.

Never, in this century at least, has an American President tried to push a foreign policy against such solid opposition from the intelligent and fair-minded section of the community as Mr. Johnson in his enlargement of the Vietnamese war. Nor has an American President faced such nearly unanimous world disapproval. The methods to be pursued by the President and his helpmates will be of commensurate impudence. A harbinger may be seen in the Haiphong-Hanoi bombing justification campaign. After the Administration build-up with all the stops pulled out, Secretary Rusk, a master of quiet effrontery, accused the press of being responsible for exaggeration! If gall has no limits now, what can be expected in the months ahead?

Another ominous sign is Mr. Johnson's speech of July 12, holding out the hand of amity toward "a misguided China." In an editorial, "Synchronized Escalation," in the July 11 *Nation*, we remarked on the coincidence of Mr. Johnson's peace offers and his stepping up of the war. ". . . if we stand firm in Vietnam against military conquest," Mr. Johnson said, "we truly believe that the emerging order of hope and progress in Asia will continue to grow and to grow." This familiar rhetoric should be a warning to the Asians and to Americans who oppose Mr. Johnson's policies in Asia. When Dr. Jekyll speaks of the good time to come, we can be sure that Mr. Hyde is preparing a fresh sequence of barbarities.

The 'Black Power' Rhubarb

The big guns of the editorial pages from coast to coast have been unlimbered on the militants of the civil rights movement and their use of the term "black power." The discussion would be more useful if it centered less on the phrase than on the situation which precipitated it.

Historically, the civil rights movement, if it is not at an end, is nearing the end. It came to its terminal point with the enactment of the Civil Rights Act. The agitation for civil rights legislation was successful, in the sense that the law is now on the books. It is equally obvious that the Administration is not enforcing the act, or, to be more accurate, is giving it only minimal, or token, enforcement. That is why SNCC derided the suggestion that there should be *more* civil rights legislation, when in truth and in fact we were not enforcing the legislation already there.

This phase would have been reached just as surely if the frightening phrase "black power" had not been called into play. It was in fact clearly and comprehensively predicted in "Freedom Now—But What Then?" by Loren Miller in *The Nation*, June 29, 1963. As Miller wrote then, "within the foreseeable future" the civil rights phase of the struggle would be over. At that point, "it would be a mistake to assume that these profound changes will automatically usher in a society that will make full and effective use of these new potentials for social progress. . . . Once before, almost a hundred years ago, a similar promise lighted up the American scene and was snuffed out after a decade of uncertain flickering. . . . We are back where we began. . . . The nation has been given a second chance to solve the problem."

Symbolic of what has happened is the shift of focus from the rural South to Cook County, Ill. Techniques that worked passably well in the Klan-infested countryside cannot work equally well in Chicago, not merely because Mayor Daley is one of the smartest of big-city bosses but because the problem is different. The new situation is fraught with danger for a number of reasons, three of which have been pointed out by Dr. Martin Luther King: the growing restiveness among Negroes caused by "broken promises"; the difficulty, after six months of effort, of winning significant concessions; the desperation and frustration in the Mississippi march, where, in that earlier theatre of war, the "black power" movement had its inception.

Too much trust was placed in the civil rights phase of Negro emancipation, because, difficult as that was, far greater obstacles are now ahead. Here again Loren Miller was prophetic. "Time itself," he wrote, "will drive home the lesson that problems entailed in incorporating Negroes into our tremendously complicated social and economic structure are political in nature and will propel the new militants into political action. There is no other road to reform in a political democracy."

What Dr. King lacks—and it is surely only to a minor degree his fault—is (1) a program; (2) a political strategy; (3) a political vehicle to carry out the program and the strategy. As merely one aspect of the dilemma, Mayor Daley could not, if he would, grant Dr. King's demands and remain political boss of Cook County. If he were to give in, the structure and personnel of his organization would be subverted. So he is digging in. He cannot be ousted by force. He cannot be converted by nonviolence, i.e., demonstrations. The only possibility of constructive change is by organized political power, wherever Negroes and their allies possess or can acquire it.

In the meantime, the danger that Negro frustration will reach the flash point on a regional scale is all too real. As far as the ordinary Negro is concerned (not the Negro at the Los Angeles Statler) little progress of value to him has been made. As Burke Marshall writes in *American Trial Lawyers* (June/July 1966), the civil rights successes have "the deceptive quality of a tranquilizer." Negroes as a group continue to be badly housed, unemployed or meagerly employed, with substandard incomes and inferior status in the things that count for them, as for whites. The "black power" rising is a revolt against these conditions. It is a race between the violence which is brewing and the political means whereby the Negro can achieve economic equality. And it is easy to see which of these forces is growing more rapidly.

The Alexander Case

The Alexander Defense Committee, an organization which has been providing funds for legal defense and family relief to prosecuted opponents of the South African Government, has recently been ordered by the Department of Justice to register as an "agent of a foreign principal." This order was initiated in supposed accordance with the Foreign Registration Act. The act provides that groups representing the interests of foreign governments must register with the Department of Justice. But the act has never, to our knowledge, been construed to include humanitarian groups such as the Alexander Defense Committee (which exists, ironically, not to represent a foreign government but to aid those *opposed* to one—the South African regime).

The order handed down by the Department of Justice is a divergence from precedent (if not a misconstruction of the act), and we cannot help wondering what this move against the Alexander Defense Committee means. Is it the result of some kind of pressure applied to our government by the South African regime? Is it perhaps the first in a series of attempts by the Department of Justice to harass what might appear as left-of-Center interest groups? Whatever the Department of Justice's motive, the order seems way out of line. We hope it will be quickly rescinded.

Is Peace Naive?

Washington

How can peace be brought to Vietnam?

There is only one road it would seem: by close and fair collaboration between the U.S. and the USSR. Neither may seek to exploit any settlement to promote its selfish nationalist interests. Is this naive? Then peace is naive and war is sophisticated. What, then, are the practical methods by which peace can be achieved in Vietnam?

(*1*) There must be a cease-fire. The thirty-seven-day cease-fire around the turn of the year indicated that another prolonged stoppage of fighting is feasible and could be longer with peace at stake.

(*2*) There shall be a mixed American-Soviet force along the frontier between North and South Vietnam. Its duty shall be to halt any infiltration or other actions likely to prolong the war. A similar mixed American-Soviet force shall stand guard at ports of North and South Vietnam to check military movements there.

(*3*) Suppose there is a dispute between the American and Soviet authorities as to methods being used to restore peace. Can there be an arbiter between those two powers? Yes. The three countries forming the International Control Commission—Canada, Poland and India—can perform the function. This correspondent has been informed, on high U.S. authority, that the United States would not propose a mediatory role for the ICC, but would not oppose it.

(*4*) What if the People's Republic of China tries to torpedo such peace efforts? How can it be restrained without use of force?

Could not mainland China be offered a certain amount of food for a specified number of years as an inducement to contribute to peace in Vietnam? This would give America's Food for Peace program a new, deeper meaning.

Why should not the United States, as tangible proof of its love for peace, contribute among others to such an arrangement, just as the U.S. sent food to the Soviet Union in the early period after the Bolshevik revolution, with Herbert Hoover administering that move and lending it respectability as well as humaneness? Could the Chinese afford to refuse such an offer with the contumely that would evoke in world opinion, to say nothing of the immense saving in scarce foreign currency for China? Last year the wheat China bought in Canada, Australia and elsewhere consumed 40 per cent of China's total foreign currency expenditure.

(*5*) How shall South and North Vietnam be governed pending a lasting settlement?

There cannot be fair elections under the present regimes in both those states. That is, not unless they are supervised by thousands of observers. Which nations could provide the observers? Again, why not mixed groups of the ICC? This has the disadvantage that Canada, Poland and India are all opposed to mainland China. How might that obstacle be overcome? The United Nations is ruled out because neither Communist China nor either of the two Vietnams belong to the UN.

Would it not be possible to add Chinese Communist observers to watch the elections in the South and, say, British observers to fulfill a comparable role in the North?

Would the governments of South Vietnam and North Vietnam concur in such an arrangement? That is where the U.S. and the USSR could exert important pressure. But would such a plan thrust North Vietnam into the embrace of Red China? Not if Communist China has promised to keep its hands off in return for substantial supplies of food for its bulging population.

(*6*) Would the foregoing proposals involve U.S. recognition of the government of the People's Republic of China? Certainly not. We gave food to the Soviet Union many years before we recognized its government.

Furthermore, it took us about sixteen years to discover that we could not abolish the Bolshevik government in the USSR by pretending that it did not exist. Recognition in 1933 certainly did not convey approval.

Critics of these suggestions may demand: "Who is to be the commander in chief of the proposed mixed American-Soviet force at the North-South Vietnamese border?" Why not alternate? Why not an American commander one fortnight and a Soviet the next, and so on?

Is there any incentive that would impel Soviet Premier Kosygin to cooperate with President Johnson to end the Vietnamese war? The risk, small today but susceptible of increase, that the Soviets might be involved in a major war is a menace worth eliminating. In the longer run this factor could be telling among the rulers in Moscow.

The rising generation of leaders in Communist China may be more tempted by the time factor: the time during which, with peace on its boundaries, China could far more rapidly build its economic strength.

This reporter is aware that all these plans may seem chimerical at a time of stiffening and escalation on both sides in Vietnam. But nothing could be more civilized than to put reverse English on the old cliché and in time of war prepare for peace.

FREDERICK KUH

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ASPEN?

P. G. ERNST

Mr. Ernst, a well-known sports writer, has visited Aspen every year since World War II.

Aspen

This past spring a group of European hoteliers headquartered in Rome sent an executive to Aspen, Colo., with the idea of acquiring some land and building on it. The chain has large hotel-motel holdings among the palaces of Florence, on the shores of Lago di Garda, and in the lavish ski resort of Courmayeur. The group's establishments in Kitzbuehel, St. Anton and Garmisch serve many American guests. It was logical, therefore, to toy with the idea of moving into America, too. Why not Aspen? Indeed, summer brochures showed the Colorado town from far away in its lush green valley, mountains shooting up on all sides, bright with aspen trees, wild flowers, and over it all, a deep blue sky. Publicists had billed Aspen as "truly cosmopolitan"—"a diet of Haydn and hiking," "the world's most magnificent ski resort." It was also supposed to be a kind of intellectual summer shrine — with music festivals, executive seminars and writers' workshops.

So the Roman came and saw. But Aspen did not conquer him. To be sure, it did not take him long to know that he had been oversold by the Aspen publicity office. True, the surroundings were impressive: in a nearby canyon loomed rock castles and granite fortresses, and Aspen's adjacent valleys were lush, wild, utterly romantic. And true, there was an attraction and glamour about the young girls in their dirndl dresses, the sunny Aspen children in *lederhosen*, the tanned, athletic young men.

But Aspen itself was an ugly town. It had obviously grown without planning. It had the marks of the fast dollar. There were touches of pomp, but also of shabbiness. The visitor knew it the moment he checked into one of the many motels. This one looked like a barracks. A miniature, not quite clean swimming pool was surrounded by a low wall; the owners had been too miserly to put up one high enough to guarantee privacy. Coffee was served alfresco on card tables, and while the traveler did not expect *espresso*, he had hoped for more than gray water after the long journey. The moment of truth came when the Italian began to look over the much touted town on foot. The lack of sidewalks, the unpaved roads, the large potholes were all disturbing.

And Aspen's architecture seemed a frightful hodgepodge. Here were the false front Wild West stores, the log cabins and Victorian homes of the early miners, the shacks of the twenties, deserted now, and left to fall apart. There were crumbling cinder-block houses, plastic buildings shaped like tents and apparently serving as Indian-style motel units; there were ramshackle cracker boxes, fake Swiss villas, curtainless A-frames that offered no privacy. A potato-sack hill was covered with rows of gray apartment houses. At the bottom of the ski runs, beer cans bloomed amid the crocuses. A fancy-looking restaurant served dinner on paper plates.

The man from Rome left the next day.

He is not alone. Last winter, a well-known photographer-lecturer drove in all the way from Trenton, N. J. He had a soapy martini in an Aspen saloon next to a lot full of weeds, steered past the inevitable trailer courts, made a U-turn and settled elsewhere in Colorado. Indeed, thousands have fled Aspen, never to return. Yet the town has become almost sacred. Rave stories have appeared in many national publications. The *Saturday Review*, for instance, has called Aspen (pop. 1,500) a "Salzburg in the Rockies," although there is no ground for such comparison. *The Saturday Evening Post* once devoted a whole article to the "special charm" and "scintillating night life" of Aspen. And writers stand in awe before the financial success of the resort.

Business indeed has been good. So good that hysteria shakes Aspen's town fathers when there is a 1.5 per cent drop of tourist dollars. The average cost per visitor per day is $35, although a good number of guests spend over $50. And the well-heeled Aspen Skiing Association estimates that skiers leave some $20 million a season in town. Last December, almost $1 million flowed through the Bank of Aspen between Christmas and New Year. And Bill Dunaway, publisher of the *Aspen Times* points out that every house on one of the hills is inhabited by a millionaire.

Real estate values have skyrocketed. Even in the magnificent nearby wilderness area, at Snowmass, an acre goes for $9,000 and up (it was worth just $100 seven years ago). In Aspen itself, enough ground for a home costs some $16,000. To this one can often add the cost of tearing down one of the many ghost houses. Self-owned condominium apartments go for $19,000. A woman with a small lot and a flimsy abode that were worth only $900 in 1948 recently refused a $90,000 offer for her property. And when a supermarket group wanted to buy an Aspen block, they were told bluntly that they would have to pay $240,000. Natives and visitors thus continue to queue up for their expensive groceries in a few small markets.

Still, money isn't everything. The Texas-based Humble Oil Company was quite prepared to plunk down a tidy sum. Could their service station be located at the entrance curve of Aspen? The city said no. Zoning regulations. Humble sued and lost. Oddly enough, Phillips 66 used to ply its trade at the very spot years ago. Was there a conspiracy against Humble by the four local stations? Not so, claim Aspen citizens. They were willing to let Humble settle elsewhere in town (at an astronomical price).

The high prices of the oversold resort come up again and again. Last winter, for instance, the Chamber of Commerce and the Skiing Association banded together to sponsor a marketing survey. Just how did visitors feel about the town? One April day marketing analyst Ed Furia furnished the sad answer. Of 35,000 winter visitors, 9,000 went away angry, because they had been exploited. Among the charges: $50 for some rooms, $8 for a meal (worth $1.50 according to an Aspen reporter), $8 for a day's lift ticket, $30 for a private music lesson, and a stiff $900 for two weeks at an Aspen executive seminar. Yet *Better Homes & Gardens* recently crowed about "vacation luxury at a modest cost."

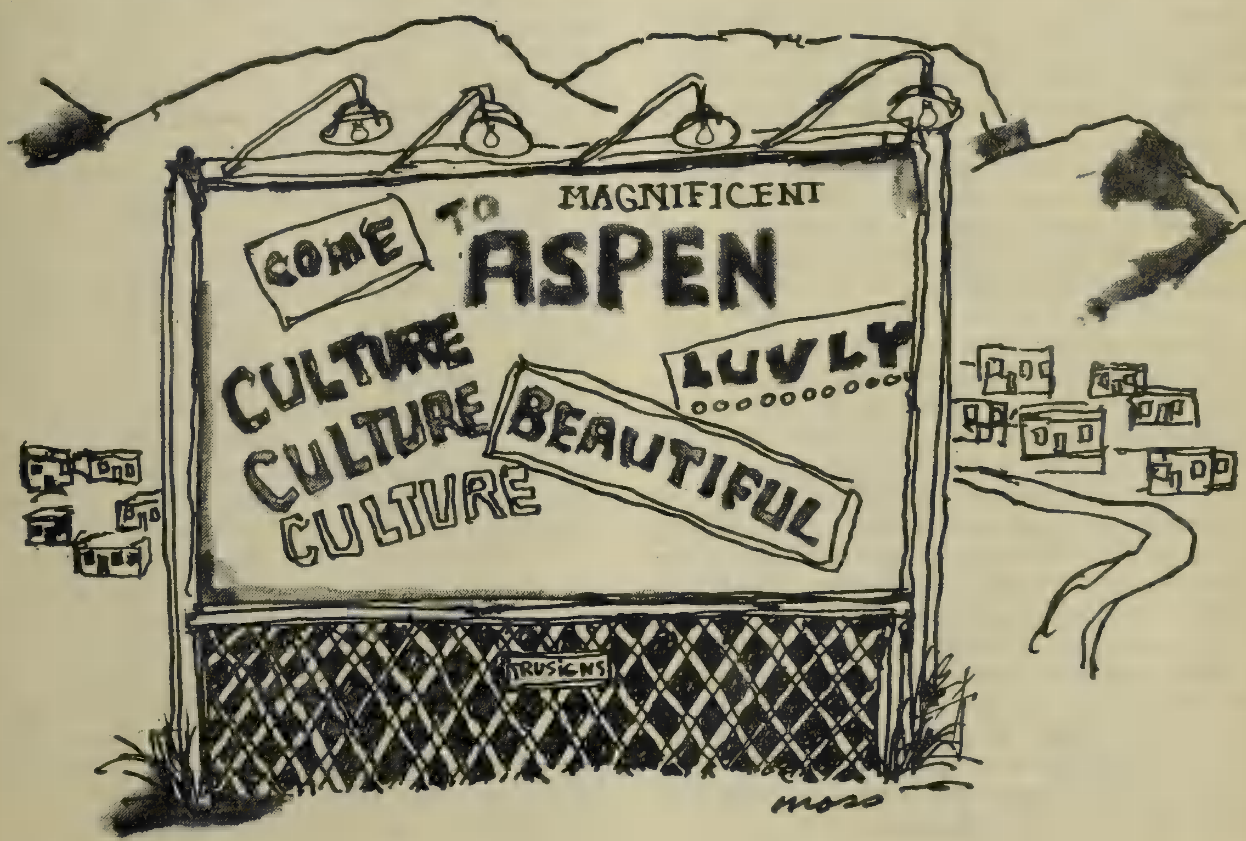
Actually, most of the financial victims are skiers. Every late fall, thousands of young people arrive from Illinois or New York or California to spend a few months in Aspen. It is true that no one has asked them to come. But they do not fare well. One young lady, a Pennsylvanian, did not choose Aspen for its many wild parties. She wanted only to ski on the exceptional mountains — three of them, all honeycombed with lifts. She just longed to be close to nature, to savor the silences of Mount Haydn, Pyramid Peak, Ashcroft. But she came without funds, and needed work. She took several jobs. In the end, she worked morning, afternoon and evening for a pittance. And she rarely got to ski. "Employers certainly pushed me around," she recalls.

Aspen's growing rudeness was also revealed in the Furia marketing survey. During a slack month, when ski instructors had trouble making ends meet, they snapped at and insulted their students. When a busy Denverite wrote to one of the better lodges, reserving a room for four days, he received the curt reply that only six-day reservations are accepted. On his next one-day trip, the Denverite challenged the lodge owner. "You were lucky we answered at all," the visitor was told. "We don't have time to write letters." At a highly recommended restaurant, the same man found a sign explaining that only cash or credit cards were acceptable. The Aspen Bank has a novel "ski-up" window, but a sign tells us: "*No* checks cashed here for non-customers."

There are a few charming shops in Aspen, including two superb *patisseries,* a fashion *boutique,* and at least one excellent restaurant, Guido's Swiss Inn. But in general, stores remind one of commercial resorts anywhere in the world. As you walk down a typical Aspen street you will see the customary German beer mugs (made in Japan), the Bells of Pakistan (made in Hong Kong), or cuckoo clocks manufactured in New Jersey. Meanwhile, there are not enough capable auto mechanics, and even residents have bitter words for men posing as electricians, carpenters or bricklayers. "They're in such a hurry to get rich they don't even clean up their mess," complains Mrs. Ann Ferris, a longtime resident of Aspen.

While underpaid waiters, bus boys, waitresses and room clerks project their discontent on the innocent guests, many "chefs" come to Aspen from the hamburger circuit. Guido Mayer, a former St. Moritz *maître de cuisine,* who still bakes his own bread, and who may spend half a day on the creation of a few *Schwarzwaelder Torten,* is incensed at the state of Aspen's cookery. "They just put on chefs' hats and think they're chefs. No training. No experience. They're not cooks but crooks," Mayer says.

Mayer is equally critical of his colleagues who not only toss empty cans into the alleys, but the fat as well. And as a neat Swiss—along with other Aspenites—Mayer is infuriated by the trash everywhere. Aspen's streets are allegedly cleaned only once a year. Businessmen are not exactly eager to shovel snow in winter. So the sidewalks are always caked with huge mounds of snow and ice, despite a city ordinance which demands shoveling twelve hours after a storm. Businessmen just can't be bothered; they're too busy making money. Come spring, Aspen is transformed into a large mud puddle, which has soiled many a pretty



lady's stretch pants. And in summer, the empty beer bottles are at last visible in Aspen streets and alleys.

Strangely enough, the people of Aspen are indifferent to the beautification of the city. Not long ago, some Aspen architects decided that the planting of more trees would be a good idea. But when they approached the store and restaurant owners, only a few agreed to spend $12.50 for a tree (the other $12.50 would have come from the city). This seems all the more shocking because retail sales amount to $9 million a year. Despite Aspen's riches and cultural aspirations, the county library has sufficient funds to keep open only a few hours a day. And there are still no funds for a professional librarian. The Aspen police is housed in the huge barn where it has been for seventy years. A smoking city dump still sits right in front of the town's major ski hill, often obscuring the slopes. And even more important, there is still no adequate water-purification plant.

As a consequence, Aspen has a water problem. Last April, State Health Director Dr. Roy Cleere received nineteen letters from individuals in ten states who had developed a diarrheal illness after a trip to Aspen. According to Dr. Cleere, these people had become infected by the *Giardia lamblia* parasite. Health inspectors immediately descended upon Aspen, where they found cross connections between ancient sewer lines and drinking water. In short, the sewage mingled happily with the water. The Health Department gave orders that all water had to be boiled, and authorities warned of a possible epidemic. No Aspen visitor has died, although the 1966 convention business is pretty sick.

BEST
BEER
Moss

Meanwhile, the building boom also poisoned the fine Aspen rivers. Hasty construction companies shoved sand, leftover cement, boxes, sacks, crates into the Roaring Fork River. And the Maroon Creek bears a melancholy U. S. Forest Service warning: "WATER NOT SAFE FOR DRINKING!" It seems that septic tanks are now leaking into this once pure creek. So far, most Aspenites have been too busy to worry about these—and other—serious problems. "There is really no community spirit here," says Benjamin Bianco, a well-known Aspen designer. Harold Pabst, one-time mayor, adds: "Aspenites wake up only when something concerns their pocketbooks," and Dunaway: "Too many people have taken everything out and put nothing in." Dunaway has been especially critical of the Aspen Ski Corporation. "They're fifty years behind the times," says Dunaway. "They tried to suppress a ski lift worker's union. But then, what do you expect from a lot of Republicans?"

To understand Aspen fully, we must go back to 1879, when silver was discovered here. Hundreds of fortune seekers soon flocked across the gleaming white saddle of Independence Pass into the valley. Every man was for himself; and the lawless crowd literally tore the Aspen mountain to pieces. There was so much ore for some men that it had to be stored in the streets. By 1892, 12,000 silver-hungry people lived in Aspen. Thirteen years later the bottom fell out of the silver market. The miners and their women went elsewhere, looking for gold. Some dismantled their houses for firewood; others let their homes rot.

Aspen lapsed into obscurity until shortly before World War II when American businessmen first became interested in the skiing industry. In 1948, skiing started in earnest. At this point, the late Walter Paepcke, a Chicagoan, sparked Aspen into its best years. Culture-conscious, widely traveled and a man of great taste, Paepcke also started to lay the groundwork for summer programs. He founded the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies (which brought the late Albert Schweitzer to Aspen for a few days in 1949). Paepcke created a health center, the music festival, the executive conferences. And he sought considerable sums to start the network of ski lifts. Tourism became salvation to the dead town, although old-timers were indifferent and often unfriendly. It was Paepcke's plan to restore the old architecture, and he succeeded with his own Victorian homes, and the ancient, still imposing Jerome Hotel. But when he offered paint and a decorator's counsel gratis to the natives, only one family took him up. Before long, internal Aspen politics shattered many of the Chicagoan's dreams, and frustration broke Paepcke's health.

He was still alive when speculators pounced upon the ski town. Arriving from everywhere, they bought up acres of land. Bulldozers once more ripped into the hills. Every summer since 1960, streets became clogged with enormous trucks. The sleepy valley echoed with dynamite blasts, and choked with dust. Unfortunately, design control was voted down, and Aspen grew into a mad architectural hodgepodge. Contractors put up an apartment house on stilts, fakes of fake Swiss chalets, a shop with Roman arches, gingerbread Bavarian villas, conventional lodges, motels resembling factories, homes papered with plastic imitation bricks. Someone built a French tourist castle that looked as unlikely in Aspen as a log cabin in Versailles; another man—no doubt the worst offender—slapped down a series of puny $20-a-night A-frames. The roofs leaked, so they were covered with a thick, silvery plastic goo, which looks like cake icing. Among all the writers who came to view the new Aspen, only one—Wolf von Eckhardt—saw the mess. "Chaotic litter of laissez-faire building . . . visual chaos . . . surrender to greed and vulgarity," Eckhardt observed.

A few architects, such as Aspen's Fred Benedict, also protested. But other colleagues wanted creative freedom. And the city wanted the taxes. This was not tradition-bound Stowe, Vt., where building restraint comes before revenue. "Aspen just grew too fast," says Bianco, the designer. "There were too many influences. And they ruined the town."

Meanwhile, Paepcke's restoration dream was all but forgotten. Scattered between the pompous lodges sat the old miners' weather-beaten shacks. Some of them were no longer inhabited. The windows had been boarded. The walls were sagging. Newcomers were not here to maintain the old. Even the nostalgic Wheeler Opera House (built in 1889), although still containing offices, has been left to its decay. Front windows are broken or patched with plywood. The once red stone is sooty. Aspen's many wandering dogs urinate against the threshold. In time, warns Bill Dunaway, Aspen may well become an "urban slum." Harold Pabst, a former mayor, thinks, on the other hand, that Aspen might turn into a "congested tourist trap." Already, some of the delicate aspen trees have given way to houses, and lodges sit so close to the ski lifts that you can look into the rooms from the upward-moving machinery. Aspen's tremendous growth also brought the flotsam of undesirable elements—drug addicts, adventurous young girls, motorcycle gangs. This resulted in a sudden rise of break-ins, hold-ups and rapes. When Pabst declared that he didn't want an additional invasion of a Coney Island "hot dog" set, citizens called him a snob, and didn't re-elect him. And Dunaway, of the Aspen *Times*, stirred up controversy when he demanded better zoning. Right now, Gerald Brown, a San Francisco city planner, is on the carpet for suggesting an Aspen "density control."

Only Paepcke's cultural ideals have survived. The music festival is still vigorous. And the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies still gets important speakers. The institute's purpose—the "relationship of man to others"—has not changed, although Paepcke's well-meant words now sound a little incongruous in this money-mad town. The institute is housed in a modern and rather strange-looking cinder-block building. Perhaps paradoxically, it is the site of a yearly international design conference. In the past years, the institute has started to give an award to an outstanding individual—an award which *Time* (in a weak moment) compared to the Nobel Prize.

The 1966 "Aspen Award in the Humanities" went to Dr. C. A. Doxiadis. He lives in Athens and specializes in the "Science of Human Settlements." Let's hope that the Greek city pioneer takes a close, close look at Aspen, Colo.

BIRCHISM AT THE GRASS ROOTS

ARNOLD FORSTER

Mr. Forster, general counsel to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, is a nationally known authority on human and constitutional rights. He is the author of A Measure of Freedom *(Doubleday),* Some of My Best Friends *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy),* Danger on the Right *(Random House) and, most recently,* The John Birch Society 1966 *(Random House).*

Dan O'Brien took a deep breath and blew his football coach's whistle directly into the telephone receiver. That would sting—but it would not stop—the man at the other end of the wire, one of many who had been calling late at night to shout "Communist!" at the former Marine officer and popular coach. Nor would it stop the notes marked with hammers and sickles which were left on his desk in the classroom where he taught social studies, or the signs taped to his automobile questioning his loyalty or his wife's character. All of these harassments had quickly followed Dan O'Brien's classroom defense of the United Nations against a local barrage of radical Right propaganda, some of it stuffed into teachers' mailboxes and passed out among students. The teacher's 7-year-old son had been sent a postcard reading: "Your daddy is a Commie"; it was typed, a postal investigation proved, on a typewriter in the teachers' lounge at school. On the same day, O'Brien himself had received a letter containing a live .22-caliber dumdum bullet.

Dan O'Brien stopped blowing the whistle and left town—but not until a year later, not until the school board had refused to grant him a contract which would have protected him against unjustified dismissal. He believed that the board had so acted because he had dared to stand up against the sneaky pressures of local extremists. And when he finally departed for a more secure position elsewhere, there were good-bys from his friends and a few expressions of regret, but nothing more. The "responsible" elements of the community had watched the whole long episode in silence, and even most of O'Brien's friends had refused to commit themselves. Few were willing to become personally involved.

Yet this small Ohio town was indeed very much involved in the expanding efforts of America's radical Right to gain influence or control at the local level and to organize disruptions and discord in so doing. An official of O'Brien's school district admitted that the activities of extremists were making his life miserable. Local ministers confided that they were constantly under similar pressures. One man said that a "pall of fear" had silenced support for the beleaguered football coach.

This is just one community among many. Scores of cities and villages across the country have felt the efforts of the extreme Right to infiltrate, to intimidate, to grab control of (or failing that, to harass) schools and PTAs, libraries, political clubs. The fear and suspicion thus generated can tear a town to pieces. It has happened from Santa Ana, Calif., where extremists infiltrated and could have destroyed the police department, to the New England island of Nantucket, where they captured control of the schools, intimidated teachers, produced an educational system later branded as "unfit" by the state's teachers association, and split the community itself into bitter factions.

It was six years ago that Robert Welch, leader of the John Birch Society, first advised his members to "join your local PTA at the beginning of the school year, get your conservative friends to do likewise, and go to work to take it over." The attempts of the Birchers and their friends to "take over" have been obvious and spectacular. The National Education Association has estimated that one school district in thirty throughout the nation had "experienced some sort of attack, opposition or attempt to infiltrate the schools by extremists and dissident critics."

All too often such local campaigns have taken place in

TEACHER IZ A COMMIE
RENFRO

the deafening silence that surrounded Dan O'Brien. Apathy or fear take hold. "What can we do against them?" the more concerned people ask, when a vocal and thoroughly organized minority gradually seizes the day.

What, indeed, can be done? The obvious answer is that like Dan O'Brien we must blow the whistle. But how?

First of all, we must face the dilemmas that resistance presents:

(*1*) The extremists cannot be arbitrarily denied their individual and collective rights. Nor can they be ignored, for often, through sensational words and deeds and through the professional use of publicity, they have made it impossible and even dangerous to ignore them. On the other hand, they cannot be gratuitously provided with the spotlight—unless it is a searching and uncomfortable one. But even then, speaking out against their wickedness inevitably provides them with the right to answer—on a platform they might not otherwise have had.

(*2*) Discourse and debate are frequently fruitless. Extremist argument has displayed an immunity to both fact and logic, and always the extremists will turn any attempted meeting of the minds into a recruiting session. Radio and television forums—their allotments of time severely limited—are perforce superficial, often providing more heat than light, and more entertainment than learning. Their educative value is questionable. On the other hand, unconscionable propaganda and tactics must somehow be challenged publicly, lest reason and decency lose by default.

(*3*) Fighting back is not a simple task. One must reject the opponents' weapons—the barrage of baseless propaganda that feeds emotional reaction and ignores truth. And yet this propaganda is the point where the fight begins.

When first faced with this set of dilemmas in the fall of 1964, the citizenry of Attleboro, Mass., improvised what may be a model solution. It began with the concern of two young obstetricians at the local hospital, who were aroused when staff doctors began receiving unsolicited mailings of right-wing propaganda from a secret but neighborhood source. It took organized form when others—professional men, clergymen, housewives—became equally disturbed and realized the need "to let the public know what's going on."

One of the young doctors, Joseph F. Kerrins, a Roman Catholic, had become further troubled at a meeting of his church's Christian Family Movement group, an organization dedicated to improving the quality of family life. Here, a physician new to the city had delivered a long address on former Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, John Birch Society stalwart and hero to the most radical of America's rightists. Dr. Kerrins, puzzled by the irrelevance of the topic to the church group's purpose, began to understand something of the mechanics of fanaticism.

With a colleague, Dr. L. Lynton Goulder, Kerrins invited Gordon Hall, a lecturer and writer on extremism whom Dr. Goulder had known in Boston, to address a special meeting at the high school in Attleboro. Almost immediately the "treatment," so often experienced elsewhere, began. The young doctors received hate literature aimed at discrediting their speaker—mailed locally and anonymously. On the day of Hall's appearance, they were told that the police had received a mysterious call from New Jersey warning that there would be a riot at the school if and when the speaker appeared.

The meeting was held and no riot occurred. But extremist partisans showed up in strength and heckled loudly. Hall, in

Factual data is urgently important if the impact of the divisive, disturbing far Right propaganda is to be neutralized. Primitive exhortation is useless. Americans simply will not refrain from joining a movement because someone says it's bad. But reasonable people can be persuaded with accurate facts if the trouble is taken to dig them out and present them intelligently. And, in an earnest effort to awaken interest, it is not unfair to publicize some of the more irresponsible radical Right distortions: "John F. Kennedy was assassinated by the Communists when they learned he planned to turn American." "Lyndon Johnson has betrayed his oath of office and is guilty of treason." "Where there is no poverty, there can be no freedom." "Defense Secretary Robert McNamara ordered the United States Army to rehearse President Kennedy's funeral one week before he was assassinated." The citing of such obviously ludicrous statements can sometimes lead to more careful scrutiny of what else the radical Right is saying and doing.

It is the rare individual who can sufficiently arm himself from his general reading to battle the ardent radical rightists who spend their every available moment obsessively absorbing extremist propaganda. Organized education is thus essential. For the part-time opponent of the radical Right a basic pamphlet is "How to Listen to a John Birch Society Speaker," written by the Anti-Defamation League's Harvey Schechter. It was prepared to help community leaders deal with the most common gambits and half truths employed by John Birch Society spokesmen.

his talk, revealed that the doctor who had extolled General Walker was an active Birch Society member. In the weeks that followed, the physician acknowledged his Birch ties and founded the Forum of the Attleboros, a typical Birch front-group operation, as a vehicle for bringing right-wing speakers before local audiences. With the announcement of the first of these speakers, an "anti-Communist" Baptist minister, Drs. Kerrins and Goulder took on an immediate educational job.

They knew that until very recently the minister had held a key position in the national headquarters of the Birch Society, a fact ignored in the advance publicity circulated by his local sponsors. Dr. Kerrins and his friends in the Christian Family Movement made certain that interested townsfolk received a more accurate "biography" of the speaker, and it was distributed on the evening of his appearance. An Attleboro Baptist minister also became concerned when the visiting preacher labeled some of America's Baptist clergy as "pro-Communist oriented." The local minister fought back from the pulpit and in letters to the newspapers. He also conferred with Dr. Goulder.

As a result, in January, 1965, Drs. Kerrins and Goulder called together a few professional men, clergymen and other interested persons to organize a forum from which they could retaliate collectively. It was to be an informal group, meeting periodically to keep abreast of the latest expert information on extremist activities, to sponsor informative talks when necessary and—most important—to rally the available human resources of the town into a united effort against those who would profit from the typically disorganized nature of the moderate majority.

The group has become known as the Birch Watchers. It has developed an active core of more than two dozen persons and has secured the enthusiastic cooperation of the Social Action Committee of the Attleboro Area Council of Churches, the Attleboro B'nai B'rith and members of the Christian Family Movement. Further, the Birch Watchers maintain direct contact with the Boston office of the Anti-Defamation League as a source of factual data on the extremists and their plans.

For its part, the right wingers' forum has continued to bring a parade of speakers to Attleboro, most if not all of them supplied by the Birch Society's speakers' bureau, and including Scott Stanley, Jr., managing editor of Robert Welch's magazine *American Opinion*. The Birch Watchers, however, have their own programs and speakers, such as Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, to help illuminate the issues in the struggle for a community. And Dr. Kerrins has recently traveled as far away as Chappaqua, N.Y., to tell others of Attleboro's experience and of its proposed solutions. At least a dozen communities in Massachusetts have now initiated "Birch Watching" programs, and the idea has spread recently to towns in several other states.

An editorial in the Providence *Journal* commented that the original Birch Watchers movement had "made of Attleboro an experimental laboratory in democracy where it is being demonstrated that a well-informed, intelligent citizenry can effectively combat Birchers who diminish faith in our government, clergy, educational system, military and fellow townspeople. . . ."

The necessity for such "counteraction" is growing. The organizations of the extreme Right, and the pressures they mount, have grown steadily in the past two years. Their efforts have grown more political, their assaults more brazen.

Last November, in Saratoga, Calif., highly organized Birchers elected their members or sympathizers to all eighteen positions on the advisory board of directors for an area center of the poverty program—a program they oppose. In Mount Prospect, Ill., a community effort to improve race relations was made a shambles by Birch infiltration and tactics. On orders from a local chapter leader of the society, members showed up in force at the organizational meeting for a human relations council, succeeded in getting their own people elected to office and appointed to draft the by-laws. The Birchers made it clear that they would propose a strong stand against racial "mongrelization" and that they favored watching out for "Communists," and perhaps even dissolving the organization itself.

And while the infiltration efforts and the activities of local "front groups" have been stepped up, harassment tactics by anonymous supporters of the far Right have not ceased. In North Attleboro, Mass., a part of the original

Birch Watching locale, a Catholic priest who advised his parishioners to stay away from a lecture by Father Francis Fenton, a member of the Birch Society's National Council, became the target of abusive telephone calls and underhanded pressures.

The "watchers" of extremism realize, of course, that such outbursts cannot be stopped. What can be stopped is the general apathy that makes intimidation possible, and infiltration by fanatical minorities profitable. The radical fringe is by temperament active, and readily marshaled for an organized propaganda drive or local take-over. More moderate citizens tend to be less firmly dedicated to specific points of view, less demonstrative, less easily drawn to organizations. That is to the good in good times, but we cannot afford the luxury of apathy when those of opposite inclinations tax it so heavily. The Birch Watchers have shown at least the beginnings of a community program to awaken people to some ugly facts of many a town's life.

What remains is to refine or extend the program. National organizations stand ready to help; some can provide literature and films dealing with the problem. But "counteraction" succeeds or fails in the willingness of the citizen to defend the integrity of his community—with at least half the determination shown by the local Bircher in his attempts to control or disrupt. Teachers, churchmen, civil organization members, union officers, businessmen—all divided by unconcern and more personal interests—can offer a great deal when awakened to the fact that the extremist is everyone's problem. And from a common meeting they can carry back to their groups, particularly those slated for infiltration or other "treatment," the appropriate facts and warnings.

The radical-Right thrust has largely failed on the national level. Now the extremist hopes to reverse the direction of American life and government at the grass roots. There, where a more concentrated political pressure can be organized, and where infiltration and propaganda drives are more easily effected, the small, monolithic coterie gains strength from apathy and ignorance.

The members of the Birch Society are now aiming, under openly published orders, "to control the political action" at the precinct level across the country. In the grab for PTA power, they are, according to the PTA's national president, "attempting to gain control of it to get at their real objective—the educational system." Samuel Blumenfeld, one of Robert Welch's editors, shares with the Birch leader a hatred of democracy, and promises that it will be replaced "when and if the John Birch Society becomes a dominant political force in America."

The challenge could not be expressed more plainly. Responsible people must act in their own defense, wisely and soon.

PORTENT FOR THE FUTURE

Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam

JOHN McDERMOTT

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Imperialism used to be thought the last stage of a decaying capitalism. Nowadays it appears to be the last epithet of a decaying political rhetoric. Both judgments are inadequate. Contemporary imperialism is neither decaying nor capitalist nor rhetorical. We are misled into thinking so only because we are still looking for a Cecil Rhodes through the eyes of Lenin.

America's Welfare Empire

All great powers, by definition, try to exercise a guiding influence over the diplomacy of other states. Some, however, go a step further. For them an influence over external policies is not enough; they find themselves constrained to exert a guiding influence over the internal policies of other countries as well. Those which succeed I call empires, and in this nonpolemical sense of the word America is truly an empire, the largest and most powerful in the present world.

United States imperialism is of a new kind. It is primarily political and ideological, finding its expression less in our overseas investments than in the system of alliances our government has created since 1945, and in the foreign aid programs which parallel those alliances and give them life. Equally novel, our empire is ostensibly committed to the value of national independence for others, as well as humane and orderly economic development and social reconstruction. The commitment to these values is not a negligible factor in the everyday business of empire but, as I shall try to show, these commendable objectives are profoundly contradictory.

The peculiar nature of the new American imperialism rests in the fact that Americans have overlearned the lesson of the welfare state. For three decades now Americans have used their federal bureaucracy as the primary tool for bringing about social progress, economic development and a host of other desirable changes. The philosophy of the welfare state has served them well because of two basic and competing factors. On the one side, the huge financial resources and impressive technical skill of the federal bureaucracy have been sufficient to master almost any problem to which it turned its hand. On the other side, counterpoised to this huge agglomerate of power, there has been the democratic electorate. Sometimes useful in its political interventions, sometimes not, it has in the long run served to keep in equilibrium the power of the federal bureaucracy, with the result that the system has by and large served the purposes of the electorate (i.e., the purposes it was intended to serve).

This has not at all been the case overseas. There too, through alliances and aid programs, we have tried to use our governmental bureaucracy as an instrument of social progress, trying to establish a welfare empire there as we have established a welfare state here. But the weakness of popular political institutions in the underdeveloped world is legendary; thus there has been little to counterpoise the massive American military and economic aid bureaucracy. The results of the imbalance are predictable. In the countries where we have succeeded in building our empire we can observe a loss of national independence, erratic and imbalanced economic development and growing social chaos. This process may be observed in many countries of the underdeveloped world, but nowhere is it as useful to observe as in South Vietnam.

The choice of South Vietnam as a prime example of the failure of American empire is natural. Both for Americans and for Vietnamese, the tragedy of that country's recent history owes more in the way of fruitful and preventive lessons than it has yet yielded. Vietnamese history also provides, and uniquely so, instructive comparisons between the older empire of the French and the newer American variety. These, however, are secondary reasons for our choice. Much more important is the fact that in South Vietnam we find the future blueprint for American policies in the underdeveloped areas. For there, more than in any other place, naval, commercial and diplomatic ties to the past—so strong elsewhere—were missing. The United States began afresh in South Vietnam in 1954. It began without any significant residue of an earlier Vietnamese policy and its personnel; until the 1960s no such ties developed. Contrary to some popular myths our policy in South Vietnam was not guided, for the most part, by men committed to the protection of this or that tradition-bound institutional interest. Instead, our policy there was directed by men of liberal outlook who were committed to Vietnamese independence, and who attempted to bring about the development of Vietnamese society guided by the same concepts of economic and social development which more and more guide our policies elsewhere. Thus, it is no exaggeration to say that an examination of the history of our Vietnamese policy will reveal far less a remnant of the past than a portent for the future.

French Pattern in Vietnam

One of the most striking things about the French presence in Vietnam was that it came about as the result of the efforts of a small segment of the French polity and continued in this narrow character, never gaining the full support of either the French people or their government. From early modern times the Church was concerned to protect the large Catholic minority from the continuing persecutions of the Vietnamese emperors. In the 1840s the navy, joining with the Church, began to seek Far Eastern coaling stations and naval bases. In the 1870s, following their terrible defeat at Bismarck's hands, French generals grew interested in Vietnam in the hope that native levies would strengthen the French army against its more numerous German foe. There were some investors, though not very many, since the Bank of Indo-China retained a near monopoly on investments in the area. Finally, there grew up a tiny class of *colons* who resided in Vietnam, serving in the civil apparatus, at the numerous military posts, or as supervisory personnel on the few plantations.

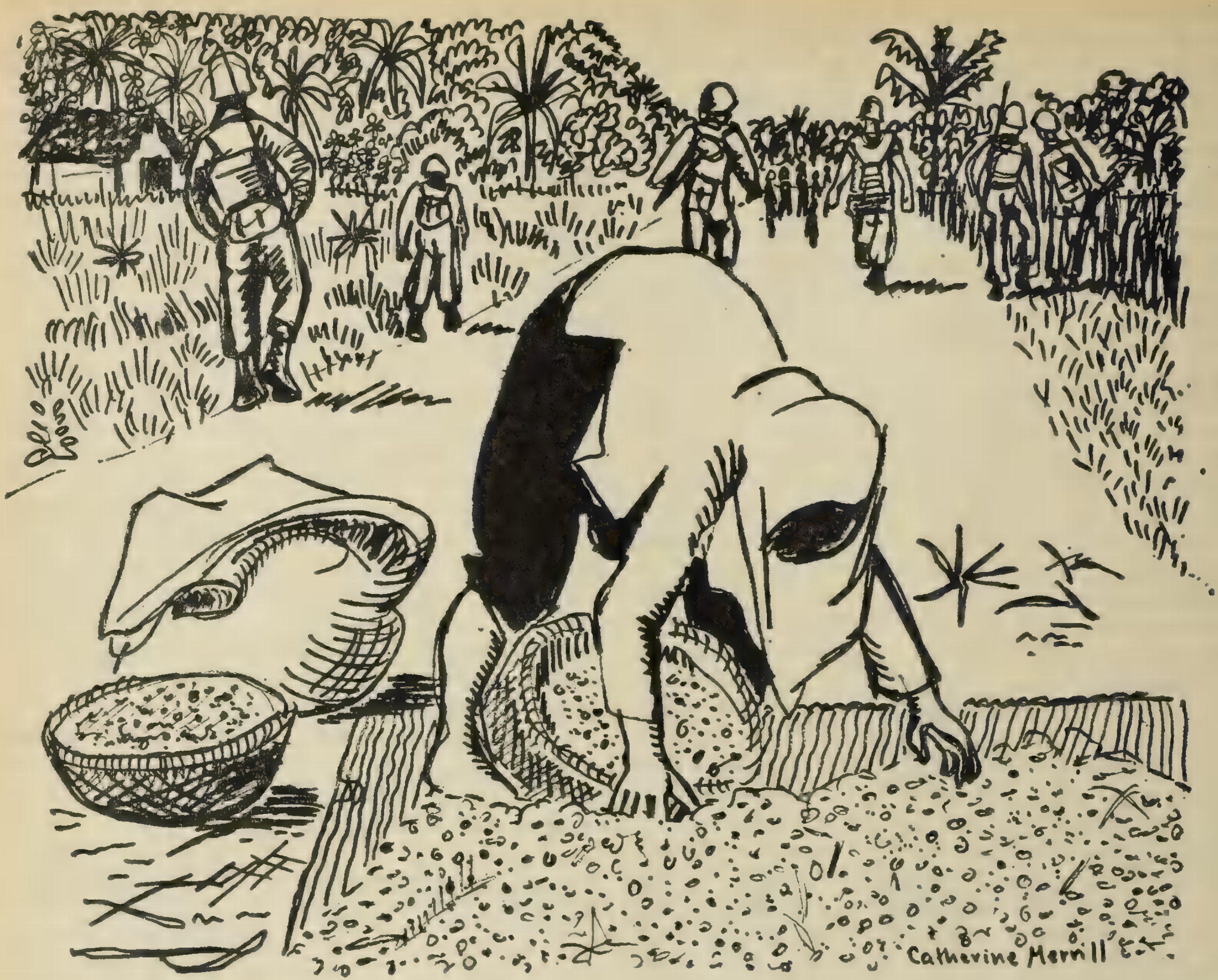
It was the sum of the special interests of these groups and theirs alone which constituted French policy throughout the Indo-China states, and when military defeat threatened their control, as finally it did in 1954, the government and people of France, with profound disinterest, washed their hands of the whole affair. This small group of interests had controlled Vietnam through the Colonial Office in Paris. Though differing in legal status, the colony of Cochin-China (southern Vietnam), the protectorates of Annam (central Vietnam) and Tonkin (northern Vietnam) were ruled in much the same manner. When the French "occupation" began in the middle '80s it disturbed the formal Vietnamese governmental apparatus very little. It simply paralleled it, reducing its role to empty ceremony: the Emperor and his Mandarin civil service continued, the province councils met, but decisions were made and executed by the French. Ultimately, French authority rested on the police which was French staffed, and on the Foreign Legion and army posts scattered along the main roads and in the larger towns.

Unlike North Africa, there were very few Frenchmen in Indo-China before World War II—only about 18,000 in 1939. Again unlike North Africa, few Frenchmen took up homesteads: what French agriculture there was was of the plantation type worked by native labor.

Consequently, after one has considered Franco-Vietnamese trade, investments and some aspects of military and naval policy, the position of the Catholic villages and the juridical status of temporary European residents, one has about exhausted the relevant information about France in Vietnam and, more important, the totality of its policy interests.

This is not to say that the French did not set in motion profound changes in Vietnamese society. The decline in the status of the Emperor, the withering away of the Mandarinate's vitality, the growth of Western ideas, and the creation of a small French-speaking urban class were to have great effect on Vietnam's future. Similarly, the decline in the real standard of living in the countryside, and the growing separation between developing cities and a stagnating countryside were to have enormous impact.

But these changes were related to French policy only inadvertently and were by no means the intended and foreseen result of that policy. French interests, because they were so limited and specialized, did not care about changes (or the lack of them) in village life. France hardly touched the dispersed rural settlement pattern. Peasant agricultural technology was left alone; village social and political institutions were, for the most part, ignored. Though the Europeans did disrupt an already existing Vietnamese school system, they did not try fully to replace it with a French system and, consequently, the literary continuity of the native culture was never seriously threatened, though the literacy rate fell sharply. The French accepted popular hostility; the rebellions which kept cropping up—no decade of the French occupation was free of them—were dealt with in the most savage manner and with no quarter given. For the colonialists did not care what the Vietnamese thought of them or how the Vietnamese lived. If a Vietnamese stayed out of



politics, avoided the Communists and other nationalist agitators, performed his labor service, paid his taxes, and went off once per generation for service against the Germans in Europe, colonial policy was finished with him and didn't care who he was, what he did or what he was to become.

'Progressive' and 'Colonialist' France

Much is now made of the civilizing mission of France in that part of the world but the dissemination of French culture was not originally a part of colonial policy, and very little civilizing was done in Vietnam where Church, army, navy, *colon* and the Bank of Indo-China held sway. Each of these groups—together the core of the French Right—acted resolutely within the colony to prevent the "natives" from becoming "civilized," for that meant acquiring the ideals of 1789. It was only when a Vietnamese left his own land and went to Europe, as many did, that the other France—Republican France, Socialist France, literary France—became a reality for him. (Even today most Vietnamese Communists still draw a systematic distinction between "progressive" France and "colonialist" France.) When in the aftermath of World War I some effort was made by enlightened Frenchmen to better the lot of the subject people and to provide more schools, particularly in higher education, it was from the standpoint of colonial policy only an afterthought and one which received, relatively speaking, very little attention.

It is a tribute to French culture that so many Vietnamese now consider themselves part of French civilization. However, the culture they share with their European brethren is understood to be a French culture, part of the unique historical experience of a specific historical people. What is shared is a heritage of the past, not a blueprint for the future. The ideals and achievements of French culture are understood as belonging to the past; for the present and for the future they provide only the basis of a limited community and withal, for the Vietnamese at least, a community only of feeling and regard, certainly not one that implies any concrete future political or economic relationship between France and Vietnam. Most important, even those Vietnamese who consider themselves part of a French civilization remain nonetheless Vietnamese. This was and is recognized on both sides and is perhaps best expressed in a remark quoted by Bernard Fall in *The Two Viet-Nams.* Replying to a proposal that native Vietnamese be permitted to become officers in the French Army, a *colon* is reported to have declared:

> Either they will be worthy of becoming French officers,

> in which case their highest ideal will be to liberate the soil of their fatherland and their most noble endeavor should be to throw us into the sea. Or those people will content themselves with getting their pay and wearing a beautiful uniform while preserving a servant's soul—and in that case, I don't want them as officers in the French Army.

The frank recognition of an ineradicable Vietnamese cultural identity is utterly alien to the American-Vietnamese relationship which was to develop after 1954.

Arrival of the Americans

In the late summer of 1954 a major American effort began in Vietnam, one calculated, it was hoped, to save the country from the until then victorious Communists of Ho Chi Minh. France appeared ready to abandon all political claims in the area and to U.S. policy makers this was perhaps the most hopeful sign of all, for the continued presence of the French had been undermining the efforts of anti-Communist Vietnamese nationalists to build a counterforce to the Communist-led Vietminh. The Vietnamese chief of state, former Emperor Bao Dai, was widely acknowledged to be a French puppet. He "ruled" through the French administration, and the French army protected him from the legions of Ho Chi Minh. Similarly, the Cao Dai and Hao Hoa religious sects and the squabbling politicians of Hanoi, Hué and Saigon were, according to the Americans, creatures of the French and tainted by collaboration with them: on the latter's departure they too would disappear from the scene and open the way for a genuine anti-colonialist and anti-Communist nationalism to assert itself.

Heretofore, the Americans believed, the Communists had been ceded the nationalist issue. Through the dreadful depression years of the thirties, marked by stark poverty, fitful insurrections and the ruthless hounding down of independent elements by the French police, the Communists had almost alone maintained an effective opposition to the occupation. When Japan took control of Vietnam during the Second World War, the Communists had formed a league of nationalist elements—the Vietminh—which then conducted a difficult and successful guerrilla resistance against the new invader. They had declared Vietnam's independence in 1945 and had successfully defended that independence in the eight-year war against the French which followed. The Americans recognized that to this general regard and esteem the Vietminh had added the loyalties of a considerable part of the peasant population. The Vietminh, openly dominated by the Communists, had re-established the autonomy of the village councils and had carried out a widespread and popular land reform; it had brought schools and medical services to the villages; it seemed to promise a prosperous and modernized rural economy for the future. Equally important, it alone among all of the Vietnamese political groups had long worked with the peasantry, recruited them into its cadres and shown them the way to independence. Like the Trung sisters and other national heroes out of the dim past who are so celebrated in the folk literature of rural Vietnam, the Vietminh had trained and led peasant troops against powerful foreign adversaries and had won epic victories over them. Columnist Joseph Alsop, who traveled through many of the former Vietminh districts in late 1954, confirmed the existence and importance of this bond between the peasant population and the Communist party. As he wrote:

> In the area I visited the Communists have scored a whole series of political, organizational, military, and one has to say it—moral triumphs. . . .
>
> The thing that impressed me most, in fact, was not the Communists' extraordinary feat of organizing, maintaining and expanding an independent state in southern Indochina without exterior support, and in the teeth of French power. What impressed me, alas, was the moral fervor they had inspired among the non-Communist Vietminh cadres and the stout support they had obtained from the peasantry.

Americans believed that with a peasantry so infected by Communists and communism, other Vietnamese nationalists seemed to have little chance of winning popular support, but that perhaps the massive power and appeal of the United States could tip the balance. The United States was new to the area; it had its own anti-colonialist traditions; it had shown its good faith by setting the Philippines free; it had unlimited resources, and it was desperate to stop what it believed was the southward march of China's conquest.

A Strong U. S. Commitment

By the terms of the Geneva Agreements the Vietminh had withdrawn its main forces and cadres north of the 17th Parallel in late 1954, and it was into the chaos south of that demarcation line that the new U.S. presence and the new U.S. policy had already begun to take effect. Two leading ideas characterized this policy. First, in place of France's discredited colonial solution to Vietnam's problems the United States would try a nationalist solution. Allying itself with the forces of anti-Communist nationalism, the U.S. would work to preserve the southern zone from the Vietminh. Second, since it was the poverty, misery and gullibility of the peasantry which seem to have enabled it to be duped by the utopian and millennial appeals of the Communists, it was decided that a strong American commitment to economic development would help lead the country to prosperity, that the peasantry could thereby be won away from the Vietminh. Accordingly, even before the fall of Dienbienphu in May, the United States had thrown its support to one of the numerous anti-French Vietnamese nationalists, Ngo Dinh Diem. Under American pressure, Diem was finally appointed Prime Minister in late June and, together with him, U.S. officials worked to remove the French from the scene. This was substantially achieved by early 1955. The first step in the American solution was complete; France was gone, South Vietnam was independent. There now remained the much more difficult task of counseling the new regime in the ways of building a firm political base and in bringing about the necessary economic development which promised the best long-run solution to South Vietnam's ills—internal and external. To this task fell not a narrow and limited segment of the American polity but the full force of the United States Government.

The French ruled Vietnam as a colony. Committed as it was to a nationalist solution and facing, moreover, an independent Vietnam jealous of its newly won prerogatives, the United States had a far more difficult task in bringing its influence to bear. Officials representing the interests of the U.S. Government had to compete with other interests, Vietnamese interests, to gain from the decision-making processes of the sovereign Vietnamese government policies Americans favored, laws they desired, administrative edicts they thought necessary. An analysis of this lobbying process reveals that the resources brought to bear by the American interest far outweighed those of any combination of its competitors, so much so that South Vietnam's political independence became in certain respects meaningless. More important, the aspect of Vietnamese life in which the government's political independence meant least was precisely that aspect which determined Vietnam's future: its internal economic development. This is just the reverse of the colonial experience where the modern power dictated day-to-day decisions but left future internal developments in the colony to work themselves out by chance, inadvertence and the incoherent impulses of the colony's domestic forces.

Influencing an Independent Nation

The task of gaining decisions for the American interest was made easier than might otherwise have been the case by the over-centralization and authoritarianism which were characteristic of the Saigon government (and of the governments of underdeveloped nations generally). That so many national activities rested in Saigon's hands meant that most frequently the competitors to the U.S. interest were one or more sections of the Vietnamese bureaucracy. Aside from other considerations this facilitated the mechanical task of locating where and how important decisions were to be made. In addition, because the regime was authoritarian, the power which various native social and economic interests could bring to bear on decisions and policies in their favor was very limited. The Chinese minority which dominated internal trade, the Buddhists, the landlords, the traditionalists who surrounded Bao Dai at Hué and Dalat had few means to pressure the Diem government. Although each of them did in fact pressure Saigon at one time or another in the period from 1954 to 1961 and, with the exception of the former Emperor's retainers, each had some success, the nature of their demands and the extent to which they could press them were limited by the fact that Diem could, if necessary, resort to his police to gain his will; they had no counter to arbitrary police power. Finally, Diem was an outsider. American officials liked him because "no taint" of Saigon's politics or French collaboration had touched him. Though this was an exaggeration, it was to a large extent true. It also meant that he was not the representative or prisoner of one or more domestic interests, that he ruled, in a sense, freely. His interest was the state apparatus and he controlled it absolutely for nine years.

Against this truncated social system American officials brought the immense prestige of the United States which no Chinese merchants' association and no landlords' cabal could rival. The magnitude of U.S. influence is suggested by the fact that in the "normal" period, 1954-61, direct U.S. aid accounted for about one-third of Saigon's budget and still another third came from taxes on American subsidized imports. In addition, in this period the U.S. Government, exclusive of the military, retained a skilled staff of almost 200 full-time lobbyists for its interests, the AID Mission.

U.S. influence was exerted at a remarkable diversity of points; no domestic competitor could match it. The Americans had influenced the choice of Diem in the first place. They gave technical and dollar support to a revamping of the entire Vietnamese educational system from elementary schools through the university and technical institute level. This included both teacher training and the rewriting of textbooks. They gave technical assistance in revising the banking and currency system and in framing general economic and monetary policy. The United States Operations Mission (USOM—the AID Mission) undertook planning and dollar support for the reconstruction and development of the entire Vietnamese transportation and communications network—railroads, canals, highways, civil aviation, coastal transport, radio and television, and the telephone system. They assisted in planning and executing the various agricultural programs, including crop diversification, land reclamation, land reform, agricultural extension and mass peasant regroupment (the Refugee Resettlement, Land Development, Agroville and later Strategic Hamlet Programs). Finally, they exerted extremely strong influence over the nation's two largest economic activities (exclusive of farming)—military operations and the import business.

Military Aid Threatens Inflation

The U.S. Government directly subsidized the swollen South Vietnamese army.

Because these large military expenditures in Vietnam threatened a dangerous inflation, the U.S. also subsidized a special import program designed to soak up excessive buying power from the Vietnamese public. Such an import program, which is the standard American complement to military aid programs, encourages imports by pricing them at artificially low levels. Vietnamese citizens who wished to import goods paid over the (low) cost of the goods directly to the Saigon government, which used the money for its own budget. The Americans then paid directly for the goods at regular prices. In this manner the problem of too much money chasing too few goods was solved. U.S. officials have since admitted in Congressional testimony that the program had other than anti-inflationary purposes. For the most part only urban civil servants and the officer corps were able to afford imported goods, even at the artificially low prices we maintained. By subsidizing the importation of large quantities of consumer articles USOM officials believed, accurately enough, that the U.S. was thereby creating a prosperous middle class which was dependent on the Diem regime, i.e., a domestic base of support for the Vietnamese government.

As always in lobbying, the locus of one's influence is important. In Vietnam, U.S. influence was invariably at the key planning level. There, where decisions on what was to be done were made, and with what priority, where a choice existed between competing values, the U.S. had exceptionally strong authority. In addition it had a special relationship to the three decisive Vietnamese bureaucracies:

the civil service, the military and the police, including the secret police. Within each of these bureaucracies U.S. officials shared explicit responsibilities for personnel selection, training, indoctrination and equipment. The Michigan State University Advisory Group (MSUG)—American professors under contract to the Vietnamese government—ran the National Institute of Administration (civil service academy) and the National Police Academy, and provided technical assistance at the operating level to both the civil police and the security police. The Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) duplicated these services for the Vietnamese military. In addition, Americans had unique access to the leader of the totalitarian state. Aside from U.S. ambassadors and traveling VIPs, Edward Lansdale of the CIA was an intimate adviser to Diem and Nhu. Wesley Fishel, head of MSUG, followed Lansdale as intimate adviser to the dictator, breakfasting with Diem thrice weekly.

Coordination of Power and Skill

There were no American companies to speak of in Vietnam, no clamoring that their divergent interests be served. Instead, the full power and skill of the U.S. Government was coordinated to bring about changes in Vietnamese life. True, the State Department and CIA, Pentagon generals and USOM economists often competed and often were played against one another by the wily family that ran the country. But on the overall objectives of U.S. policy—on bringing about the modernization of Vietnamese society, on building the nation's internal political structure, on supporting the incumbent government, on taking those steps necessary to keep the Communists out of power—there was a single policy, and it was carried out with few lapses. Against this coordinated effort there was posed chiefly a Vietnamese bureaucracy notorious for its clumsiness, dishonesty and inefficiency. And each of these three weaknesses of Diem's bureaucracy offered systematic opportunities for American officials to win their way.

U.S. intelligence services gave Americans information of a quantity and quality not likely to be rivaled except by the secret police of the regime—to which we had a special relation. Much more important, the U.S. had a near monopoly in the decisive area of technical information: military and agricultural technology, economic and industrial techniques, statistics, accounting, management and record keeping; it is the lack of these skills which defines what we mean by an "underdeveloped" society.

Last, the ability of the U.S. to reward its friends and punish its enemies was greater by far than any of its potential rivals. The U.S. could use bribes (as it did on some of the sect generals in 1955); it could hold back dollar support for programs it thought inadequate. (It is widely acknowledged that the paratroop coup of November, 1960, failed for lack of U.S. support. As David Halberstam has shown in *The Making of a Quagmire*, the successful coup of 1963 awaited indications that the U.S. would not oppose its result.) And for a Vietnamese to have friendly relations with the Americans might mean travel to the U.S., selection for a special training program, a good performance report, occasionally a word to the President. Later, even when Vietnam's internal crisis quickened and Diem tried to appear more anti-American than the Vietcong (in order to deny the Vietcong their highly successful propaganda theme that the dictator was our puppet), many Vietnamese believed that having an American friend was as good a way as any to avoid disappearing into one of the regime's prisons.

The American lobby was overwhelming. Possessing great prestige, spread throughout the Vietnamese government but

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clustered at the strategic points, well coordinated, with a near monopoly of technical information and armed with a significant stock of favors for its friends and threats for its foes, the U.S. interest in Vietnam was in a position to achieve almost any policy it desired. Provided it was determined enough, not even the dictator himself could withstand the U.S. choice.

Thus, it is understandable why and in what way the U.S. interest was more important for Vietnamese life than the French interest in the earlier period. The French controlled everyday affairs but directed that control to a relatively narrow range of Vietnamese events. Outside that range French influence was inadvertent and, therefore, blind. However disruptive their influence was on Vietnam's future the colonial French hardly controlled that future. The U.S. presence was far more important. The U.S. didn't care about everyday affairs. The U.S. was concerned about economic development, i.e., about the future of what are among the most decisive aspects of a culture: how a people work, what they work at, what they produce, the institutions which govern the distribution of that product, the principles which those institutions embody. In these areas the U.S. influence was focused and, I think it may fairly be said, the government of South Vietnam could not act independently. The policies it followed tended to be, in the final analysis, the policies of the U.S. government.

The Peasant Problem

From the beginning American officials foresaw conflict between U.S. policy and the likely direction in which the peasantry—constituting the major part of the population—would assert its interests. The peasantry was understood to be politically unsophisticated and, as a result, infected by Communist sympathies. Superstitious and credulous, rural Vietnam seemed an easy mark for the semi-religious appeals of the Communists who seemed to promise a paradise in a future period called roughly "after the national revolution." The Americans saw the Communists not as the champion of the peasantry, but rather as infiltrators into its ranks—manipulators of its discontent, ruthless exploiters of its misery and ignorance. There were Communists and there were peasants: there could be no Communist peasants. Nevertheless, implicit in the situation was peasant opposition to U.S. policies. The likelihood of this opposition was reinforced in American eyes by the belief that the peasantry, beneath its Communist appearance, was fundamentally traditionalist and thus opposed to change even if that change meant emancipation from the miseries of its great poverty.

Viewing the matter in this way it was natural that the Americans should assign to the interests of the peasantry a low priority in the economic development process they were committed to bring about. They were committed to modernization and this implied that urban interests had to take precedence. Briefly, the degree of the commitment to urban over rural development is indicated by the U.S. aid that was directed to the two sectors of Vietnamese life. Of the $1,544 million of economic assistance given Vietnam between 1954 and 1961, only $42 million (less than 3 per cent) was directed to programs involving the peasantry; and this is somewhat exaggerated because it represents the total of American project assistance to education, health and agriculture. Yet in education and in health the needs of the rural areas took second place to those of the cities; urban technicians and urban civil service were understood to have a positive and creative role in economic development, and the peasants did not. In addition, the Import Program served to provide a means of gaining the voluntary cooperation of urban Vietnamese, and no analogous device seemed available (or was deemed either necessary or desirable) for the countryside.

A ramification of this view was that the U.S. had to commit itself to a policy which would neutralize the political role of the peasantry. So long as we were committed to anti-communism and the development of a high-consumption urban economy, the peasantry could not play an important role. The best that could be done was to check their influence on events until such time as the benefits of economic development reached them and brought about the political sophistication which comes from being immersed in modern technology. Operating on this premise the Vietnamese government pursued a three-pronged attempt to neutralize the peasantry, and in each of these prongs it had important support from the American officials who gave planning advice, dollar aid and technical assistance.

The first part of the effort at peasant neutralization consisted in the development of a totalitarian control apparatus—copied from Communist models and not differing from them in any significant way. From the 15th century on, Vietnamese villages were governed by councils elected by all of the adult male villagers. But in October, 1956, the Saigon government abrogated this traditional autonomy and undertook to appoint village chiefs and council members. Hamlet chiefs were also appointed from Saigon and, in addition, the population was organized into five-family cells called *lien-gia*, each with an appointed chief. As in totalitarian countries everywhere, mutual spying was systematically encouraged; passes were needed for movement in and out of the village; the population was fingerprinted, and identification cards were issued. There were the usual rallies in support of the national leaders and something new—rallies to denounce communism (modeled on the Chinese rallies against class enemies and imperialists). Arrest and detention were made an administrative matter rather than a legal one, and those unfortunate enough to be arrested were sent to re-education camps (also copied from Communist models).

The Pacification Campaign

As this apparatus was introduced gradually into the countryside in early 1957, many villages resisted. Against this resistance a second prong, the pacification campaign, was directed. Full-scale military operations with infantry, armor, artillery and air power were used to subdue the rebels. After government control was introduced it was maintained somewhat in the manner of the French system. Garrisons of troops, usually the Civil Guard, were planted in forts along the main roads and in the larger towns, and periodically sent out on forays against the recurrent unrest in the villages. It should be mentioned, however, that U.S.

officials opposed this latter strategy, feeling that once a village was initially "pacified" authority there should be maintained by police techniques and not military measures. They correctly pointed out that the French had tried and failed with such pacification campaigns and that there was every likelihood that Diem would also. But by 1959 the security situation in the countryside had so deteriorated that it was not safe for police units to operate there. The Americans relented and dollar support for the Civil Guard, which had been held to a minimum, was increased to what Saigon thought was an adequate level.

The final prong in the campaign to neutralize Vietnam's peasantry involved mass population regroupment. In 1955-57, northern Catholic refugee villages were resettled in the countryside in such a way as to contribute to the control of the rest of the peasantry. Growing out of what appeared to be the success of this program, the Diem government, at American urging, undertook a series of regroupment programs aimed at improving rural security. The successive programs had different names and each was larger than that which preceded it. Called variously Land Development in 1957-58, the Agroville Program in 1959-61, and the Strategic Hamlet Program from 1962 to Diem's fall—the current name is New Life Program—they embodied refinements in carrying out basic objectives. These objectives involved grouping disloyal villagers in secure districts, loyal villagers in rebellious or strategically important districts, and changing the settlement pattern to bring the peasantry under closer control of the Civil Guard posts.

A South Vietnamese village is not a settlement—it is a political unit. Within the village the peasantry live in widely separated clusters of houses called hamlets. A typical village might have, say, five or six hamlets, each of several hundred people. By grouping the hamlets together the task of controlling the population was made easier. Eventually, under the Strategic Hamlet Program about 80 per cent of the rural population was so regrouped and, as in the earlier programs, almost always involuntarily.

In the short run this triple program was successful. The peasantry were successfully neutralized, if we understand by this term that they were prevented from competing in the decision-making processes of the South Vietnamese government. In this sense the U.S. interest had effectively muted its major competitor. Of course, in a larger framework the policy was a dismal failure, since such frustrated interests as there were among the peasantry found outlet in the form of open and large-scale insurrection.

U. S. Ignores Interests of Peasants

Americans believed, as apparently they still do, that they were acting as trustees for the "real" interests of a politically simple and credulous peasantry. Yet they paid little attention to the apparent and expressed interests of the peasants. The desire for schools was one of these. Recruitment to the precolonial mandarinate had been at least partially dependent on merit, as measured by periodic competitive examinations. As a result the French had found a fairly high literacy rate in the rural areas when they began their occupation. Although they abolished this school system and replaced it by a smaller French-administered one (to which relatively few Vietnamese were admitted), the peasantry continued to place a high value on education throughout the colonial period. In many regions the Vietminh had built schools in 1946-54, but the Diem government quickly suppressed them. In the MSUG studies of Vietnamese village life, investigators found that the development of adequate schools ranked high on the list of expressed peasant concerns. Despite this, and despite the fact that in 1956 only 1,000 of Vietnam's 6,000 villages had schools, the USOM was content with a leisurely fourteen-year program to bring at least one school to each village. In rural medicine there was a similar situation. The French had provided fairly good rural medical services but these had been disrupted by the first Indo-China war, though characteristically in this area too the Vietminh had improvised an effective program. Again U.S. policy makers showed little regard for expressed rural preferences. Although tuberculosis and malaria were constantly at epidemic levels, although a USOM survey indicated that perhaps 15 per cent of the rural population were blind as a result of trachoma, and although other tropical diseases were rampant, planning encompassed only the modest goal of bringing first-aid levels of medical services to the villages at the end of five years. In addition, the very crucial years 1957 and 1958 were characterized by poor harvests, falling rice prices and a general increase in the price of manufactured goods used by the peasantry. There was no response to these problems from Saigon and its American advisers.

Besides ignoring peasant interests, the United States ignored the effect of Saigon's (and our) policies on the countryside. A land-reform program enacted with great fanfare in 1956 (and not actually begun until early 1958) demanded payment for land which the peasantry believed it already owned: the Vietminh had accomplished its own land reform prior to 1954. Naturally there was intense, and often armed, opposition. The centralization of village administration carried out by the Diem government on American urging in 1956 had equally serious effects. Over 10 per cent of the rice land of South Vietnam was owned by the villages themselves and, by conservative estimate, these lands were the chief (and often the sole) support of at least one-fifth of the rural population. Traditionally, the village councils had charge of these lands, and it was customary to rent them out at very low rates, the resulting income being the chief source of village revenues. Similarly, small acreages were also rented out to support the village *bonze* (Buddhist priest) and the priests of other religions and cults. Since all adult male villagers participated in the election of the village council the system tended to be a reasonably effective and stable way of protecting the interests of the very poorest classes of Vietnamese rural society. When Diem's appointive village councils replaced the electoral system in October, 1956, this protection was lost. The Saigon government immediately ordered the new councils to rent the land out at the highest rates obtainable, thus, in a stroke, creating serious religious grievances and, more important, canceling the livelihood of a considerable part of the peasantry. Finally, U.S. policy ignored the very real and deep desire for reunification of the 2,000-year-old Vietnamese nation. Vietnamese nationalism is a folk tradition; it has, as Martin Nicolaus of *Viet-Report* has pointed out, "more heroes than the Catholic Church has saints." Diem's refusal to allow the elections of 1956 which (as provided by the Geneva Agreements) would have reunified the country was a sharp blow against clear peasant sentiment. And in this action Diem had strong and explicit support from the United States.

In short, the U.S. tended to ignore or, when necessary, frustrate the interests not only of the peasantry but of all those Vietnamese who did not fit into the plans we had for Vietnamese development. Sometimes this took the form of ascribing our own interests to the Vietnamese as their "real" interests. Then when they came into conflict with American interests their activity was judged illicit and steps were taken to curb them, usually by force. This attitude, still prevalent, was most concisely expressed last fall by Henry Cabot Lodge:

> The Ambassador said that he would know when the war was won in Vietnam . . . when one morning the young man who's been in the Vietcong wakes up and says, "I am not going back today and the reason I'm not going back is (a) I think I'll get killed, and (b) I look around me and I see the rice and fish and the ducks and the coconuts, the pineapples, American aid coming in and life looks pretty good right here."

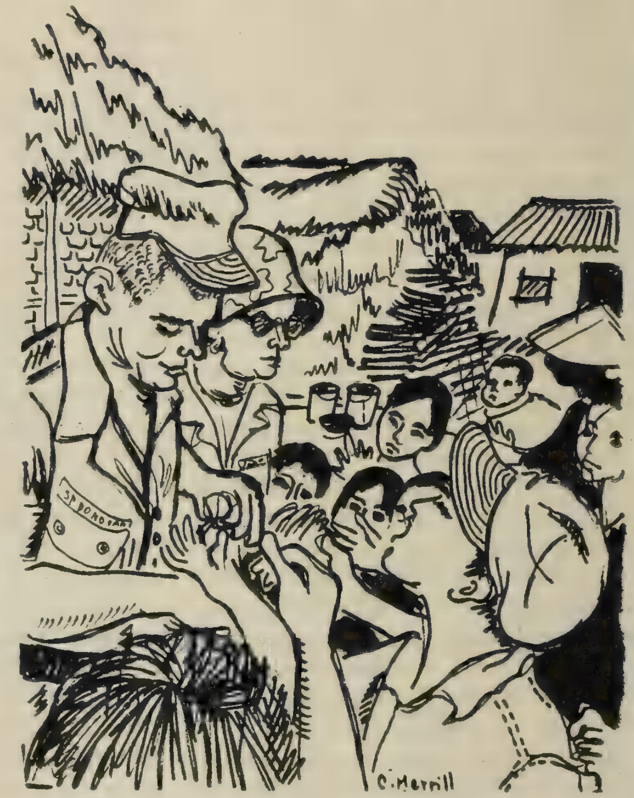
The French *colon* understood that good Vietnamese made bad French officers. Lodge, by arguing that even "bad" Vietnamese can be turned into "good" consumers, reveals a familiar tenet of contemporary American ideology. He suggests, too, that in exporting its goods and advice America exports itself as well.

The Nature of the Conflict

Anti-communism is only a stance; the commitment to economic development is a strategy, a program, an outline of actual policies. In this sense, the chief source of conflict between the mass of the Vietnamese peasantry and the policies of the United States Government was our commitment to a policy of rapid economic development. For Americans, economic development entailed a planned program to bring about a society of a definite kind—one that would set primary value on increasing productivity by means of the maximal exploitation of a given level of technical knowledge. The role of Americans and the influence of American attitudes were paramount here. The very meaning of economic development—with its emphasis on the production of consumer goods and a consumer class—reflects a desire on the part of most Americans to help developing nations follow the same course as American economic history.

But while most Americans think of economic development as something "scientific," out of the realm of politics, U.S. offiicals in Vietnam recognized that it was indeed a political matter. They understood that "modernization" required changes in Vietnam's institutions, and thus they were prepared to help design and execute the Agroville Program. They understood that it required profound social changes, for as the society and the economy changed and some classes and their functions became obsolete, new classes with new social roles had to arise. They recognized that outlooks and values would change inevitably under the impact of economic development, and so they concerned themselves with guiding those outlooks and values. They took a profound interest in the totality of the Vietnamese educational system, even to rewriting the textbooks; they undertook to establish and staff Vietnam's communications network in the early years and to advise it thereafter.

Our officials there understood that with change would come social and political disorder. As a Washington official put it to me recently: We understood that we had to "filter out anti-social behavior" and encourage what we believed to be creative and integrating behavior patterns. Thus the Import Program encouraged the consuming proclivities of the urban civil service, while MSUG's police advisers and later our Special Forces men tried to "filter out" peasant rebelliousness.



The conflict which developed in Vietnam did not arise out of a failure to carry out a policy. It was not the stupidity of senior American officials which was to blame. This popular explanation holds that our officials grew too committed to Diem and his entourage and, as a result, allowed themselves to grow distant from events in the countryside. This certainly happened; but officials were not ignorant of the fact that the peasants were hostile to the regime and engaged in resisting it. This they knew; it was the very thing they had planned against since 1954. Their ignorance merely concerned the extent to which American policies drove the rebellion on and the ineffectiveness of the new countermeasures which followed.

Similarly, the conflict is not traceable chiefly to an overreliance on military aid as against economic aid though this is also a popular notion. Until mid-1959 U.S. military aid had little to do with the peasants. Until then the army, which obtained most of it, was kept within its posts because its French-trained leadership was still mistrusted by Diem. Of far greater importance to the rebellion were the MSUG Police Program, the Land Reform Program and the economic contrasts between city and country—each attributable to the economic aid program. Nor is it traceable to an over-reliance on authoritarianism. That Diem's regime was authoritarian did make it easier for U.S. development programs to be lobbied through, but it is difficult not to believe that even a very democratic regime would have found its developmental independence severely curtailed by overwhelmingly strong American influence.

The nub of the Vietnamese problem was not, as Senator Fulbright would have it, that we were trying to be the world's policeman. It was instead that we were trying to be the world's social worker. Only when that failed did we turn the coin over and call in the police. Yet in a deeper sense the policy was a "success." As intended, our developmental program succeeded in setting off changes in Vietnamese society, in Vietnam's institutions, in Vietnamese values. As expected, it created social and political disorder. But this disorder developed with such rapidity and such magnitude that it nearly overwhelmed our efforts to "filter it out."

Modernization, American Style

The conflict in Vietnam was and is in the very broadest sense a cultural one. The United States succeeded in imposing a development pattern which was but a thinly disguised version of modernization, American style. It succeeded in imposing this pattern but at the expense of allowing various elements in Vietnamese society to work out an alternative modernization pattern, one which would reflect the national past of Vietnam and not of the United States, one which would reflect the interests of the Vietnamese people not merely the desires of American technicians. The United States succeeded by damming up those social groups, particularly the peasant majority, which a normal pattern would have encompassed as its dynamic force. The pattern we brought about was imported — what was needed was a native one; it was bureaucratic — what was needed was a political one.

The French had proposed that their culture was relevant to Vietnam as something which, while remaining French, had universal aspects which could be shared in the form of a common heritage. By dominating the developmental process and imposing on it an imported pattern, American cultural influence attempted to determine the course of Vietnamese national life for the next epoch. Is it any wonder that good Vietnamese reject our pretty uniforms and strive desperately to throw us into the sea?

U. S. Welfare Imperialism: the Future

United States developmental policy in Vietnam is, to a large degree, the same policy that our government presses in the rest of the underdeveloped world. As in Vietnam, we attempt elsewhere to influence in a decisive way the process of economic development, the process which will choose the institutions, the social classes, and the values which will constitute the new nation that is coming to be.

To the other countries where we have development programs, we make the same forceful offer of our own economic experience; we expect it to be universally relevant, able to guide nations which differ in a thousand important ways from one another and ourselves. This requires the same dismissal of native interests and impulses. And as in Vietnam, the United States has the same overwhelming means to lobby its interest into effect.

This is not to say that there are not differences, but I fear that the differences are relative to the past, while the similarities bear most heavily on the future. U.S. economic interests grow daily more intertwined with government policy and more committed to its objectives. In Venezuela, for example, the oil and steel firms which play so important a role there pursue policies which are to a large extent integrated with those of the aid program. And U.S. officials seem committed to the proposition that Venezuela shall be the archetype for the hemisphere. In addition, while there remain nations whose rulers are not yet committed to the necessity for modernization, our government's activities have, with some exception, tended to decrease their number. That, of course, is the explicit meaning of the Alliance for Progress and the programs we pursue in Asia and Africa. And almost everywhere the influence of the old colonial powers wanes while ours grows stronger. In Belgian Africa and British India the long-run prospect is that American influence will replace that of the former colonial powers.

America is building a curious empire, a kind which has never before been seen. It is committed not to the exploitation of the native peoples but to their welfare. One must not overlook this fact and think of our imperialism as a variant of the colonial imperialism of a past era. They are not analogous. Certainly venality, brutality, the urge to acquire illicit power are present in our executive bureaucracy no less than the bureaucracies of the French or Portuguese. Certainly we too have our share of seekers after martial glory—the Green Berets come to mind—and overseas profits. But most Americans, military and civilian, in government and in business, believe that to the best of our ability we are working to help the poorer nations—not merely to increase our own power.

We have been so blinded, however, by our commitment to the ideology of modernization that we fail to see the political imbalance we thereby create. There has been no effective democratic counterpoise to our welfare empire overseas. Not only has this counterpoise been missing but the central thrust of our development policy has been to prevent its inception—neutralize it, filter it out—until the developing nation has achieved "stability." Whether the politics of such imbalanced development will ever permit stable societies to come about is doubtful. But the question is now academic. For the present we may expect to see the bureaucratic power of the U.S. Government more and more opposed by armed resistance as native peoples seek to control their own future.

America's welfare imperialism promises to disrupt the life of other nations far more than did the older colonial imperialism of the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese. Each of these empires was exploitative in the sense of seeking monetary profit, prestige and military or naval standing. But the United States seeks more from the underdeveloped world; it is vitally concerned with the central processes of social and economic development. Colonial imperialism dealt mainly with questions of boundaries, ports and commodities. But U.S. imperialism extends into the lives of ordinary people and tries to control them, now and for the future.

U. S. Policy vs. Communism

It follows, too, that our developmental influence is in some ways more of a danger to the stability of these conflict-torn areas than is communism, whether of the Soviet, Chinese or national variety. Our policy shows many similarities to that of communism, which, ironically, in some measure determined it. Our policy also proposes a universally relevant social blueprint, and surely this blueprint is no less "revolutionary" than the one proposed by the Communists themselves.

However, the revolt of the Hungarians against the Russian occupation in 1956 seems to have left within the Soviet Union specifically, and within Communist parties generally, an understanding of and commitment to the reality of independent national development. While the U.S. has also publicly agreed to the rightness and desirability of independent development, its agreement is merely rhetorical. In addition, American policy has at its disposal economic resources far greater than the Soviet Union or China. In the 20th century it is economic resources and technical skills, not masses of people, which are decisive in acquiring and maintaining influence over others. Those Americans who quail at the specter of an isolationist China which controls a quarter of the world's people might well consider the standpoint of Vietnamese, Peruvians and Nigerians who see instead the specter of an America which alone controls over half the world's economic resources and technical skills and is, as well, fully committed to an ideology of social and political interventionism.

We are mixing together the two great explosive forces of the 20th century. Our overwhelming resources and influence constitute, for most of the people of the underdeveloped world, what they believed was a thing of the past: the compromise of their national independence at the hands of an advanced power. And to this already potent source of violence we add all the turmoil inherent in the difficult process of transition, from traditional society to the modern technological age—from the familiar to the alien. The magnitude and tenacity of popular resistance in Vietnam are indeed stark warnings that this mixture is calculated to create Vietnams everywhere.

Some Proposals

There is a need and demand everywhere for the resources that bring about improvements in people's lives. Education and health programs, increases in agricultural productivity, a greater supply of useful manufactured items are all strongly desired by the peoples of the world. The United States, which alone is able to supply these resources in quantities equal to the actual and potential demand, has aided nations, as I have tried to indicate, in ways which seriously threaten their independence, distort their internal political life, and encourage the forces of chaos and disorder.

A way to get around this dilemma—which seems increasingly to be the policy of our government—would be to increase the counterinsurgency capacity of our armed forces: train ever greater numbers of internal security policemen from the developing nations; accept (as the Johnson Administration has already done in the Alliance for Progress) an inadequate rate of economic development in exchange for the decreased likelihood of social disturbance; practice pre-emptive pacification as we are now practicing it in Thailand, and attempt to gain from the Soviets and the Chinese the frank recognition that beyond certain real and imaginary international lines they will not interfere with the processes of our imperialism.

This, fundamentally, is the way of force. It is the way proposed by those who should rightfully be labeled radical nationalists, for they propose that the smaller nations of the world are to find the pattern of their future development already anticipated for them by the collective experience of the American people. They fail to see that the "revolution of rising expectations," as it is understood in this country, is a fiction—an eloquent phrase which projects the folk mythology of New Deal man over some two billions of unwilling Asians, Africans and Latin Americans. As successful Asian nationalists have shown in India and Ceylon, North Vietnam and China, Cambodia and Burma, the peoples of that part of the world will willingly make great economic sacrifices, supporting large military forces or enduring slower economic growth, if they are secure in their belief that the nation itself is free of foreign domination and that the great mass of the people are working together and with a sense of equality to build the national community. There is convincing evidence from Africa and Latin America that the same is true there, that national independence and social reconciliation come before rapid economic growth as meaningful objectives of government policy.

The object of a new and humane internationalism ought to be to support the great mass of the people of the world in governing their own lives as they see fit while offering such resources as we can afford and they can control. The following proposals are put forward in that spirit:

¶ Foreign aid programs must be removed as far as is possible from the cold war and its conflicts. The most likely way to accomplish this is by ending their bilateral character and placing them under the policy supervision and administration of an international body. Heretofore United States officials have seen such efforts at internationalizing aid as ways either of bringing our allies into support of our welfare empire or of sharing its costs. The object of this proposal is vastly different. To borrow a phrase from the counterinsurgency lexicon, the object of the proposal is to "filter out" overwhelming U.S. influence, to interpose an international agency between the donor nation and the recipient. Such filtering can never be wholly successful given the fact that the U.S. would most likely be the major contributor to the effort. But by bringing other powers into the administration of aid, differing national styles and objectives should serve to check any tendency toward American domination and provide more opportunity for the recipient nations to control the development process within their own borders.

¶ There should be a far greater reliance on the project approach to foreign aid and correspondingly less on the developmental approach. In the developmental approach, the system of American advisers attached to the recipient nation tends to become a shadow government: the structure of the host government is paralleled by a foreign aid mission whose capacity to coordinate information and influence is greater than its own. These parallel hierarchies, which any Communist organizer must envy, seem to be the chief means by which the host nation loses its sovereignty. In the project approach, of which the World Bank is a notably successful practitioner, projects are initiated by the host government, though *ad hoc* international assistance in planning is available if desired. The team of foreign technicians is brought in on a commercial basis to work on the specific project, leaving when it is finished. This approach has four advantages. First, no parallel hierarchy is established. Second, the essential planning initiative is in the hands of the recipient nation and not those of the donor. Third, foreign technicians have a commercial contract status and are not present in the host country as agents of the donor nation and lobbyists for its interests. Fourth, projects are customarily supported, (as by the World Bank, for example) primarily on the basis of their economic usefulness to the country and its capacity to encompass the resulting economic infusion without distress. Cold-war political and military considerations, in principle at least, have no bearing on the matter.

¶ We must devise aid projects and other foreign assistance which will go directly to localities, semi-public groups, etc. One of the more objectionable features of our current foreign assistance in the underdeveloped world is that it inordinately strengthens the central government over the localities, the city over the country, and the meritocracy (usually the army and the civil bureaucracy) over the rest of the population. In an age where centralizing ideologies are so popular and influential, this has served to reinforce tendencies toward authoritarianism in those countries. Aside from our own anti-authoritarian political commitments, there are other important objections to this process. To the exact extent that a government can rely on U.S. aid it becomes independent of its own people; then it need not and probably will not govern well. Direct aid to cities, villages and other localities, to trade and cooperative associations, to organizations of peasants and farm workers should serve to correct this political imbalance.

¶ The U.S. should get out of the nation-building business and return to a classical style of diplomacy. Nation building is per se imperialist. The underlying assumption of a classical diplomacy is that the internal policies of a government may tend to orient another's diplomacy, but are not decisive for it. Here again the Yugoslavs provide a most cogent example. It was that nation—led by a band of ideologically intractable and recently victorious guerrillas —which first broke the bloc system of the cold war. Classical diplomacy clearly has grave limitations, but the degree to which it effects change by mutual consent rather than by unilateral coercion recommends it to the present world.

¶ To the extent that the United States, however unwillingly, is drawn into the internal affairs of other countries, its primary objective should be to encourage the growth of representative institutions. It has been axiomatic in foreign aid discussions that the only thing we cannot export is our political principles. Sometimes this view rests on a commendable desire not to bend others' institutions to our ways. But if the view rests on the belief that representative institutions are viable only in Western nations or in countries with large and literate middle classes, it seems very misguided. Parliamentary democracy is indigenous to the West, but the concept of representative government is not. Elected village councils in Vietnam, which played a useful and humane role, had a history going back several centuries. We have been destroying institutions like this when we ought, instead, to have been encouraging them.

¶ Private citizens and groups must play a more direct role in the conduct of our foreign affairs. Foreign policy is now too extensive and important an item to be left to the Executive bureaucracy. I therefore propose a division of labor. Let only the government itself make and break treaties and do all those things it did before the advent of welfare empire. Americans, individually and by groups, ought continually to enter into the conduct of foreign affairs, querying foreign governments' intentions on this or that question, visiting areas heretofore closed to private visits, exposing clandestine operations hidden only from our own public, communicating to the appropriate governments their reservations on this or that aspect of Washington's policy —in short, making the orderly conduct of our foreign relations as difficult as it can for the United States Government, just as we make the conduct of our domestic affairs as difficult as we can for the same government. Only a broad front of contact between private Americans and foreign governments and nationals is capable of providing sufficient information and a net of relationships to counter the extraordinary power which the development of military and communications technology has placed in the hands of our foreign-policy officialdom.

The usefulness of the proposal rests in the fact that the peculiar genius of our people cannot be transmitted through a government agency—not even the Peace Corps. Our fundamental egalitarianism, anti-militarism and sense of social justice cannot be thus transmitted, nor can our remarkable skill at bending government and its officials to our will. These qualities can best be transmitted through the participation and cooperation of private Americans in the popular movements of the Third World.

The Issue Is Freedom

The commitment to freedom, to its preservation and its extension, is at the base of America's moral rationale for its role in the world. This commitment implies our opposition to Soviet or Chinese domination of other societies, and it implies that within those societies we are committed to opposing home-grown tyranny. Our record is spotty on this last matter; on occasion, as in Vietnam, it has even been shameful. I believe, nonetheless, that this commitment to freedom is widespread both in our society and among our government officials. And our commitment to economic development, in the way it has been understood heretofore, is in fundamental conflict with it. Our understanding of the modernization process has entailed our control of it—indirectly, of course—by means of lobby and persuasion. Thus we arrogate to ourselves the choice of the future, the only dimension in which freedom is relevant to the underdeveloped world. The real issue is not whether Americans are determined to help other people. I believe that that is our aim. The real issue is whether our commitment to freedom is one that will, in the last analysis, create conditions under which people can be free.

WHITHER WEST GERMANY?

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. His latest book, on German Catholicism, will soon be available here. As a member of Gruppe 47, Mr. Amery reported on their meeting this year at Princeton (The Nation, *May 16*).

Munich

In recent elections, the National Democratic Party (NDP) managed to create quite a stir in West German politics. Neo-Nazi groups have tried their hand before, and many such postwar groups have certainly gained greater popular support. But there are two features about NDP which give particular reason for concern: it has successfully integrated most extremist right wingers and has also proved particularly attractive to people between 18 and 21 years old.

NDP's success has led to a considerable amount of soul searching among the ranks of the political establishment. Cologne University, along with the EMNID poll institute, was asked to make a study of the motivations and possible future drives of West German right-wing extremism. The findings, published by Dr. Erwin K. Scheuch, have proved interesting.

Scheuch pointed out that it is still impossible to ask people outright whether they are Nazis or not. For purposes of his investigation, then, he attributed the following characteristics to his model "extremist":

¶ A strong preference for "leadership" over "liberty."

¶ A puritan approach to the question of public morals.

¶ A belief that the community is more important than the individual.

¶ An aversion to the present Western alliance policy (called "giving in to the victors").

Scheuch emphasizes that these characteristics do not necessarily define a "Nazi" but they can be safely used as an index of authoritarian, anti-parliamentarian attitudes. The researchers found that there is a core of voters in West Germany who think in these terms—about 10 to 15 per cent of the population (cutting across class and educational lines). Scheuch thinks that this percentage was—and is—rather constant. He cites a "Strategic Bombing Survey" of World War II which estimated that at the height of his power Hitler could count on 15 per cent of the population as "ideologically fortified Nazis." That the percentage of Nazis (or "Nazi types") has remained constant is a depressing fact, and speaks poorly for all the re-education efforts since the war; but it also indicates that short of a national disaster, right-wing extremism is not likely to develop into a threat to the parliamentary system.

Two particular results of the poll, however, deserve closer scrutiny. Scheuch found that a surprisingly large percentage of right-wing extremists favors a German-Russian entente; they would have the U.S. and Russia combat "economic liberalism" together. Scheuch also found that more than half of all German citizens questioned consider the "common welfare" more important than "personal happiness."

With this in mind, let us examine another aspect of domestic policy in West Germany: the drive for passing a set of emergency laws. Seven of these laws, deemed in accordance with the principles of our constitution, have already been passed. They provide means for the government to maintain stability in times of national crisis; it is able to take over production, distribution and personal services. But there is nothing in the laws about a time limit for these emergency powers—it is simply stipulated that a majority of both houses of parliament would be required to recall such measures. And there is no clear definition of "emergency," leaving the determination of this to the discretion of the government. Finally, the laws give no safeguards to freedom of the press, of assembly and of the right to strike.

Rudolf Augstein, in an article in *Spiegel*, argues that at least four of the seven laws are intrinsically unconstitutional. It seems, however, that the opposition party—the Social Democrats—have decided to play along. This year a constitutional amendment is planned in order to give a "legal" framework to these measures.

What is the effect of the laws? Do they really prepare the nation for any eventuality? Not really, says Augstein. He points out that the measures envisaged (mobilization of the Civil Defense Corps, shift to wartime economy) would have pushed situations like the Cuba and Berlin crises of 1961 and 1962 beyond the brink of war.

Do these laws—as their parliamentary supporters claim—constitute a necessary last stone in the edifice of German sovereignty? It is argued that with these new laws would end the last allied prerogatives in the Federal Republic. Close analysis has shown that the allied "prerogatives" are either a myth, skillfully played up by the government, or *ipso facto* results of the fact that Western troops are stationed in Germany. No American commander, surely, would hesitate to ignore a German emergency law, if there were a war and his superiors ordered him to do so.

What, then, is the meaning of the drive to pass these laws? Does the present government or its supporters want a dictatorship? This does not seem to be the case. At present there is no dictator on the horizon. The only possible candidate for the job, Franz Josef Strauss, is out of favor: his maneuverings have become more awkward, his policy aims more befogged than ever.

What else does the government want—war? This might happen, but it is certainly not the government's intention. And it would be more than unjust to accuse the upright Social Democrats of warmongering. They must have other reasons. Since these are not discussed we can make our own guesses.

Herr von Hassel—the Minister of Defense whose attitudes can only be called 19th century—has demanded a speedy passage of the emergency amendment. His argument is most revealing: "The *Bundeswehr* (Federal Force) must know that it can feel at home in the common will for defense." The argument shows Herr von Hassel as a mental dwarf; but the imagery is significant. The army, and with it Herr von Hassel, has a need to feel "at home" "*geborgen*" (which means, literally, in a safe haven, embraced by motherly arms).

Our leaders are faced with problems worthy of giants, and they do not really want to face them. For almost twenty years, Herr von Hassel, the right-wing citizenry, and certainly the NDP voters have had to endure democracy: the bureaucracy has had to give at least lip service to the principle of public control; the leaders have had to direct a changing and confused nation. Now the government wants to curl up into a nice safe routine, even if such routine, in the face of reality, is mere escapism.

It is interesting to study the seven emergency laws that were passed: they are an orgy of administrative detail, a ritual chant in German officialese. The recipe for answer-

ing any crisis is administrative ordinance—nothing else.

What about the Social Democrats' avowed aim to secure a minimum of democratic safeguards within the emergency framework? The sad fact is that they seem to be caught in their old fear—that of being thought "unrespectable" or "irresponsible." They would rather risk their traditional close ties to the trade unions than their new hard-won image of a national party "ready for executive responsibility." Their leaders have spent twenty years pressing their noses against the fence of power—pressing so hard that (to paraphrase Churchill) the rust has gotten into their souls. They fear now that unfurling the banner of liberty will only inflame anxieties deep within the German breast.

In a recent booklet entitled "Wohin treibt die Bundesrepublik" ("Whither the Republic?"), Karl Jaspers has analyzed these anxieties. He traces all present dilemmas to one root: the refusal of the majority, particularly the responsible group, to acknowledge its own part in the crimes of Nazi Germany. Jaspers, apparently, has too heavily favored the moral over political questions; but on the whole no thinking German can refuse to heed his arguments. His predictions are depressing. He foresees the rise of a faceless dictatorship—an oligarchy of party heads committed to implementing a policy that will lead first to loss of liberty, then to war.

There exists a curious agreement between Augstein's analysis of the emergency amendment question and Jaspers' broader view. They both conclude that a new war will not be the result of a reckless policy of revenge but rather the result of foolish and arrogant little steps in the wrong direction—of an atmosphere of repression—of a leadership that refuses to learn what the term really means.

What, the American reader will ask, can the United States do to help Germany on the road to a healthy democracy? First the U.S. must dismiss the principle of noninterference in the domestic affairs of an ally. "Noninterference" does not exist. The presence of U.S. troops in West Germany is interference; any Russian-American discussion over the future of West Germany is interference.

Certainly the United States cannot force the German people to embrace democracy; even if it could, a democracy that is "forced" is not a democracy. But the U.S. can make one thing clear to those in power in West Germany: that the two largest and most powerful nations in the world want peace; that increased military preparedness in Germany will not be tolerated. The Germans are very eager that the U.S. fulfill its European commitments—that it keep its troops in Europe. The U.S. can use this as a bargaining point. It can make it clear to the Germans that America's commitment in Europe will be treated with the same respect (or lack of it) that West Germans give to their commitment to help maintain peace in the world.

The question of freedom within West Germany is not primarily an American concern. However, it would hardly be in the interests of the U.S. to underwrite the yearnings of a few German souls for a closed society—a society that might answer certain emotional needs but would prevent any reasonable settlement for decades to come.

LETTERS

(continued from page 66)

Mr. Meredith equates nonviolence with begging and pleading. *The Nation* editorial accepts this false assumption. Truly to practice nonviolence takes far more guts than to be a soldier, as you imply in your observation about it being a burden to the Negro people. But to accept Mr. Meredith's misconception as you do is as much as to say that the American Negro people who supported the nonviolent movement have accomplished nothing through it.

But what is more disturbing about the editorial is its suggestion that violence in this situation will accomplish for the Negro anything other than more violence and his possible ultimate destruction.

If *The Nation* has no better alternative to nonviolence than violence it has learned no lessons from history. Self-defense *can* be accomplished by nonviolence. There will be losses, even of life, whichever method is used, but the method of violence leads only to more disruption, hate and brutality. . .

Such an editorial as the one I am criticizing is to be expected from the shortsighted *National Review* but not *The Nation*.

Roland Wolseley

Mr. Wolseley has misread our editorial. We did not advocate violence—we merely said that the American tradition was one of violence, not of nonviolence.

Editors

unanswered question

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Several years ago, someone asked me if I knew that *Encounter* was subsidized by the CIA. "No," I said, and added that I thought it most unlikely. Then came *The New York Times*'s reports of this spring. I phoned the Someone. "My God, you were right!" I said. "Oh, no," was the reply, "haven't you seen the letters *Encounter* has sent to the *Times*? The *Encounter* people deny it completely, and the *Times* has printed a retraction." That, then, was that.

But eventually I did read what the editors of *Encounter* had written. First I read it as one reads things in a newspaper—hurriedly, selectively, finding what one is intended to find. So *Encounter* did not get money from the CIA. Yes, that *was* that. But, wait a minute, had they said so? I reread. Oddly enough they had not said so. They had said their contributors were fine fellows. They had said their independence of spirit was conceded on all sides. *And yet the main question had not been answered.*

May I put it to them in the time-honored manner: Are you now receiving, or have you ever received, money—through whatever intermediate channel—from the CIA? People who pride themselves on their openness of nature can surely be open about so crass a thing as this. People who pride themselves on knowing what goes on surely know what goes on in their own cash register.

Eric Bentley

correction

In Raymond Williams' "Letter from Britain" [*The Nation*, July 4] the sentence beginning "If the sailors get their raise" should have continued "then bankers abroad will decide that the Labour government's incomes policy has failed, and will no longer be prepared to support the pound."

Editors

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Spain's Agony: A Period of Exposure

THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES. *By Vincent Brome. William Morrow & Co. 317 pp. $6.*

JOSEPHINE HERBST

One of the few women correspondents allowed at the front lines during the Spanish Civil War, Miss Herbst reported from the Jarama front (on the International Brigades); from Barcelona in May of 1937; and from front-line villages in Spain. She is presently completing an autobiographical work dealing with her experiences in Germany, Mexico, Cuba and Spain during the thirties. The following came as a letter to the literary editor explaining why Miss Herbst felt she couldn't properly review the book.

July 18, 1966 marks the thirtieth anniversary of the Generals' revolt precipitating the Spanish Civil War, an event involving the passionate commitment of intellectuals in Spain and other countries to a degree unparalleled in contemporary history. Under the leadership of Freda Kirchwey, The Nation *was a distinguished voice during the years of the struggle to avert what was to result in a major tragedy of Western democracy.*—Editor

So much has happened in the world since the Spanish Civil War that in the space of a review of Vincent Brome's *The International Brigades* what should be explicated for people who don't know the background has to emerge in statements. And I don't want to sound pompous about Spain. Nor is it possible for me to be completely dispassionate. I was and am a partisan. I don't like Brome's book. But it is a work of solid research and parts of it are of genuine value. It should be read in conjunction with other works; particularly Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War* and Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia.* Orwell's book is partisan, and for that very reason brings insight to the Spanish character. Orwell did not fight with the International Brigade but with the Trotskyist POUM, and he was not in Madrid but on the Aragon front. Orwell's views are firm; he knew what he thought.

But Orwell was also misread once his book reached the States and the cold war was on. His book was taken as a blanket indictment of the Communists who were finally accused by our literary interpreters as the *cause* of the Loyalists' defeat. The story of Spain as told by Orwell and Koestler, and then vulgarized into a myth, has helped to cripple the political imagination of a generation. The Spanish Republic and its foreign sympathizers have been painted as dupes of the Comintern. The Communists have been painted as cynical conspirators, trading on the idealism of others. Thus, the story of the last of the great revolutions of Western Europe has been anachronistically distorted to fit the logic of the cold war.

The truth is a great deal more complicated. Not that Orwell and Koestler were telling lies; they weren't. But the actual historical picture bulges out all around their accounts. It is true, of course, that the Comintern used Spain, and the Spanish Communist Party, for its own ends. Stalin's tactics were dictated by considerations of power politics. But without arms from Russia the Loyalists would have been helpless against Franco's aggression. A war demands firepower and at no point was Russia able to equal the materiel Franco got from Hitler and Mussolini. The governments of Britain and the United States apparently preferred to see Spanish Republicanism strangled rather than fight in support of a popular revolution. After Munich, the Russians gradually stopped sending arms altogether. In the same way, the Spanish Communists used the opportunity of the war to liquidate their rivals on the Left—the generous and passionate anarchists and Trotskyists.

I don't think it is possible to bring the Spanish Civil War to life without a confrontation of the anarchists and Socialists. Brome not merely skimps the anarchists—he sweeps them into the dustbin. He has nothing to say about the uprising in Barcelona in May, 1937, which pinpoints the decline of the revolutionary fighting spirit. He denigrates Durruti, the leader of the Catalan anarchists. It's true that the anarchists began to seem like a debating society. Centralization, even centralization for the war effort, had to be resisted. Governments, all governments, were evil. They said: "We want to be militiamen of liberty. To the front certainly. But to the barracks as soldiers not subject to the Popular forces, certainly not." They recalled that the people in the French Revolution defied the world; but Napoleon's uniformed army led to Waterloo. And nowhere in Brome's account is there the story of the early resistance to Franco which was led by the organizations of the Socialists and anarchists.

To impress foreign opinion, the government was composed of Liberal Republicans; it lost all authority when it proved inept in stopping Franco's advance. Through their party and trade union organizations the Socialist and anarchist workers became the real rulers of the country and the organizers of the war. Like the juntas in the Napoleonic war they were the effective organs of resistance. They armed the militia and carried the war against the enemy. By terrorism they destroyed or intimidated the enemies in their midst. They took over factories and estates, abandoned by their owners, and in one way or the other ran them. Where the anarchists took over, there was a definite policy of collectivization, intended as a step for a thoroughgoing revolution. The ruthless acts of the militia on the way to war cleared the way for the revolution and made certain there could be no surrender by the government and no fifth column rising behind their backs. It was this spirit which inspired the volunteers who became the International Brigade. I agree with Orwell that the men who went to Spain weren't going to help perpetuate some tepid notion of "democracy" but to help effect profound social and economic change. The slogan for democracy came later, and ironically enough with the Communists who appeared as unwilling as the existing outside governments for a genuine revolution in Spain.

Brome begins his book with a question: "How did it come about that in the year 1936 there gathered a modern crusade of men from America, England, Germany, France, Italy and Poland and half of Europe to submit voluntarily to a life of danger, hardship and death, in a mixed-up, brutal, and sometimes romantic war, which did not directly concern their own countries?" Who is to account for the possible secret motivations of 40,000 men? Why did people go to Selma? Or risk death and even die in Mississippi? Certainly what governments did or did not was the least of it. The democratic governments of the thirties were hardly models. For the youths the British dole or the handout WPA job was hardly an

The plight of twelve veterans of the Lincoln Brigade now being held at Ellis Island is another evidence of the inconsistency of our Administration's liberalism. Most of them are in danger of deportation to fascist countries where death or concentration camp awaits them. Though aliens, all had lived in the United States for many years before going to Spain. . . . "We have no home but the United States," they write in an appeal sent from Ellis Island. . . . "Some of us are married here. Not one of us has a criminal record, but all earned their living here honestly. Now we are detained on Ellis Island for trying to enter the United States illegally. Right at our door stands the Statue of Liberty. But she does not seem to like us. What awaits us in France? A jail sentence and possible deportation to fascist countries where we were born."

—*Editorial,* The Nation, *October 29, 1938*

answer to life expectations. As late as December, 1936, the big auto sit-down strikers were fighting for union recognition. The decade of the thirties was electrically charged, and the lagging economy, which never picked up until the later war economy moved in, was not all of it; the *more* that was hoped for included visions as well as bread. Few of the men who volunteered for Spain knew the language. What did they know of Spanish history? But the Civil War was all of that history, rolled up into a knot as hard as a bullet. The violence in Spain sprang from the intolerable oppressions of the past; the Communists in their final cynical maneuvers merely topped a violence already vibrant. What the volunteers responded to was something in themselves—some need, some hope. That they miscalculated is not really the point. Who cared in 1936 if the Comintern was manning the induction centers? What does it matter if some of the Internationals were Communists and some not? Underneath, below the slogans, there are connective links which have meaning for us today. The war in Spain was not only 1789 and 1848 rolled into one. It was also one of the great social revolutions which have swept through the world and among which we live. Without some sense of the economic and social background, there is no way to communicate the blind, spasmodic heaving of a society in agony—and *that* was the Civil War.

Brome is not pretending to write a full history. But I believe his photographic studies are not sufficient at this date. He doesn't seem able to make up his mind about the fighting Internationals; at one moment they are heroic, then again, they appear more like the tattered crew of Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera.* This is particularly true when he relates scenes around the induction centers in Paris. For this he takes as guides Mrs. Charlotte Haldane and W. G. Krivitsky, a Stalin agent who later defected. Their facts don't need to be disputed, but I do dispute the coloration.

Mrs. Haldane became a worker in a Comintern induction center in Paris after her son volunteered for Spain; subsequently she was disillusioned about more than the Spanish War. Her ex-husband, J.B.S. Haldane, was in Madrid during the spring of 1937 studying the situation for possible gas attacks and eating moldy rice and stale bread with the journalists in the basement restaurant on the Gran Via. I imagine his coloration of the same facts would be quite different from those of his former wife. As for Krivitsky, even Brome admits that he "probably exaggerates." Between these two witnesses, the induction centers emerge as conspiratorial scenes; much whispering, dark glasses, sinister figures gliding in and out. Of course the induction centers had a conspiratorial, secret air. To cross the border to Spain had been made illegal by the notorious non-intervention pact. Hitler and Mussolini were getting their well-equipped troops in without any trouble. But the volunteers for the Loyalists had to make it over snowy mountain passes or by leaky fishing boats. None of this really matters.

As for the party affiliation of the men, I believe too much has been made of it. What *was* the Communist Party, so far as the volunteers knew it, in 1936? If you take the Americans alone, their attitudes were diversified, even among party members. In some ways they seemed more akin to the old Wobblies than to Bolsheviks. But again, it is presumptuous to deal en masse with these men. They were only in the mass as war material, and as war material they did what they could. Maybe they should never have come. But that's an entirely different question.

They came—and they offered their lives—at a time when the Communists seemed the only force willing or able to oppose the Fascist forces. Even this statement needs more background and qualifications. Trotsky's analysis of the Communist role in the Weimar Republic is devastating and stands up. But in 1936, what was remembered more was that the Weimar Republic had proved inept. How much was known actually about the Soviet Union in 1936? It was too late for men to become students of history. They had to take what was afloat as the war wouldn't wait. The Bolsheviks had been so thoroughly slandered for years that the climate created doubt about accusing rumors. The purges had not yet come to light. And in a decade when all the victories had been won, step by step, by the Fascist forces, the Communists were the one lone bet.

There aren't any easy answers about Spain. But Brome poses the wrong questions. Before the war Spanish Communists were a handful; 3,000 to 1.5 million anarchists. A year after the outbreak of the war the Communists numbered 300,000. By the end, they almost dominated the Republic. But they owed this spectacular advance to the timidity of the Western democracies. Without Russian intervention the Communists would not have achieved their position in Spain. The power to distribute arms arriving from Russia put the anarchists in their hands. The prestige of the Interna-

SONG OF THE LITTLE DEATH

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

Mortal lunar meadow
And blood under the ground.
Ancient bloody meadow.

Yesterday, tomorrow.
Mortal grassy heaven.
Light and sandy darkness.

There I met with Death.
Mortal earthy meadow.
Tiny little Death.

The dog on the roof top.
And my lonely left hand
Crossing endless forests
Where the flowers wither.

Cathedral of the ashes.
Light and sandy darkness.
Tiny little Death.

Death and I, a man.
A man alone with her,
Tiny little Death.

Mortal lunar meadow.
The snow heaped high and sifted
Across the very doorway.

A man, and what? I told you,
A man alone with her.
Love, light, and sand, and meadow.

Translated by ROLFE HUMPHRIES
(Reprinted from *The Nation,*
November 28, 1936)

tional Brigade that saved Madrid at a critical moment was another factor. But besides holding control of arms, the Communists had a dynamism no party in Spain possessed; they had discipline, organizing capacity, drive, understanding of modern machinery, political technique; something new in Spanish history. Their missionary fervor appealed to many youths.

The series of formidable reforms the parliamentary Republicans put into effect (particularly in the realm of education) after King Alfonso abdicated in 1931 merely alienated the old order without satisfying the masses. All great revolutions promise liberty and bread. By failing to give the second before they had given the first, the Republicans insured that Spain would get neither.

Brome has a rich source of material to draw on. Probably no other modern war has been written about by its contemporaries with so much passion or with so great a sense of loss. He is conscientious in his use of quotations, but taken from their shells they do not always ring true. Brome senses his difficulties and hence focuses on battle scenes. They are all excellent. But battles are the same in every war: fear, bravery, blood, death. He aims at objectivity and therefore often relates several versions of the same episode. But the episodes are not that important. This is a war where the cool look will not illuminate much. He gives sketches of the volunteers and is especially good at handling the more exaggerated types. But I could do with less about the nephew of Winston Churchill and more about the civilian population who took the brunt of the hardships and who also suffered daily casualties.

A connection between the Internationals and the Spaniards is important; the Spaniards became the test of the war and demanded fresh appraisals as their fate dangled in the balance. The war changed, and men changed if they didn't die. Some hardened to the required cast-iron state; some stuck by their views, right or wrong. I doubt if Brome's narrative form—chronological, precise as to detail, pedestrian—is capable of sustaining the wealth of the diversified material. In a certain sense, the movie *To Die in Madrid*, which has been running for months in New York, communicates more of the reality.

Orwell and others who went to Spain believed in the necessity of a genuine revolution. But how to get it? Not all Spaniards wanted it; it was a war intended for fundamentals, for the unlanded peasants, the many poor; and it was intended to lift the country from its rack of feudalism, to free it from its medieval Church. Hugh Thomas says the war was

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lost in London, Washington and Paris. But what prevailing governments would have tolerated the original revolutionary vision? Even the Communists damped down the revolution while fighting the war. For the kind of war it was to become—with the new force of Hitler and Mussolini—the Communists were the only group in Spain capable of promoting it.

Brome's last section dealing with the fate of the Internationals is his best, for he brings new material to light. The Russians in Spain were liquidated on their return to Moscow. The Americans and British were put in sealed trains and taken to points of embarkation for America and England. Brome doesn't know what happened to most of them. The Poles, Hungarians, Yugoslavs? Some became partisans in the Second World War. The Germans? They had no country with Hitler in power. Some got into the Second World War; others migrated to Mexico, the Argentine. The veterans weren't wanted in the United States. Americans and British, in some instances, fought with their nationals in World War II. In Europe, many joined with the Resistance. But they became an anonymous horde, modest, on the move; or passed silently into oblivion. Mostly, the returned internationals were an embarrassment to their countries of origin. Only Germany and Italy welcomed home their fighters for Franco in Spain with great thunderous celebrations. In the United States, the veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion fell finally into the blind alley of McCarthyism and were exiled from some of their legitimate hopes by the fateful designation "subversive."

The Spanish Civil War was a profound personal experience for me and I am hopelessly biased. It was also a period of exposure. Exposure can be merciless and when it is we can gain the most valuable sort of understanding there is to be had. Then we are forced to examine what we believe about ourselves and our experience, our justifications of our institutions, our practices and conduct.

Dear Sirs: A recent dispatch in the New York *Times* announces that General Franco is making arrangements for the reception of the tourist trade in Spain this summer, and I am writing to inquire if someone could inform me if there are going to be any personally conducted tours.

According to the account in the *Times,* no expense has been spared to make Spain an agreeable resort this summer. General Franco, for example, has ordered forty new and brightly painted char-à-bancs, which will swiftly transport the tourists from one end of his beautiful country to the other. In addition, it is understood that he has not only taken considerable pains in the work of restoring and preserving the most notable of the ancient ruins, but he has also shown extraordinary ingenuity in the creation of new ones. For my part, although I by no means share the too general lack of veneration for the monuments of antiquity, I must confess that on the whole the evidences of the modern spirit are more exciting to me. If I had to choose between two sets of ruins, I should be inclined to visit the new ones rather than the old.

To mention but a few that have already suggested themselves to my awakened curiosity—I should like to visit the various craters and ruined masonries throughout the town of Barcelona, paying particular attention to the subway entrance where a bomb exploded and killed 126 men, women, and children. I should like to visit the ruins of Madrid, the ruined villages around Teruel; and being of a religious turn of mind, I should like to pay a visit of devotion to the chapel, a photograph of which was recently reproduced in the press, where General Franco's wife and daughter go to offer prayers for the success of the Defender of the Faith.

—Letter, *Thomas Wolfe,*
The Nation, *May 21, 1938*

I Become 'La Pasionaria'

DOLORES IBARRURI

Known as La Pasionaria, Dolores Ibarruri was one of the founders of the Spanish Communist Party and an elected member of the Cortes under the popular front government. In the first days of the Spanish Civil War she gave eloquent voice to the resistance against fascism with the slogan: "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees. No Pasaron!" They Shall Not Pass *is also the name given to her autobiography to be published in September by International Publishers. Primarily an orthodox Communist view of the war, it provides other intimate insights into the life of that period. The following excerpts deal with La Pasionaria's childhood and her development into a political radical.*

. . . I was born in Gallarta on a December day in 1895. I was the eighth of the eleven children of Antonio the Gunner, as my father was called because of his job in the mines.

All of my relatives, Castilians and Basques, were miners. My paternal grandfather died in a mine, crushed by a block of ore. My mother worked in the mines until she was married, and my father was a miner from the time he left the Carlist army at 18 until he died at the age of 67. My brothers were miners and my husband a miner.

I come, then, from mining stock, the granddaughter, daughter, wife and sister of miners. Nothing in the life of mining people is strange to me, neither their sorrows nor their desires nor their language nor their roughness. . . .

I've not forgotten anything. Among the painful memories of a sad childhood and an adolescence without hope, I see my father, an old man, cleaning up the wastes washed down the embankments by the rain or by the water from the ore tanks.

He worked with a small group of old miners like himself, who stood in a sea of mud with their pants rolled up above their knees, shoveling the mire, which contained small pieces of ore, onto screens.

When they came out of the water they could hardly put their shoes on. They were livid, trembling with cold, exhausted. But they couldn't give up that painful job. As old men they had no alternative. It was either that inhuman, killing labor, or begging; and begging was even more horrible, humiliating, dehumanizing. It meant picking up a piece of bread thrown to them as if they were dogs, or a couple of pennies, or just a "God help you." It meant becoming a heavy burden to one's children and entering a new social category, pauperism. It was better to die than do that. Better to meet death with dignity, working until the end. . . .

During my adolescence I was filled with a bitter, instinctive resentment which made me lash out against everything and everybody (at home I was considered incorrigible), a feeling of rebellion which later became a conscious indignation. . . .

As soon as we knew how to talk and walk we were taken to the kindergarten through which several generations of miners' children had passed.

In that school, and for the modest sum of one peseta a day, the teacher freed our mothers from the need to care for their small children during the greater part of the day.

The school, which was located in a large old house, was dark, cold and damp, with virtually nothing attractive about it. Our first school had the following educational materials: Two ancient posters showing the alphabet in small and capital letters, riddled with holes from years of being poked at with pointers; a blackboard, and a map of Spain, which was never taken down to show us the towns and cities of our native land.

The "kennel" or town jail was located on the floor under our school, thus giving it a macabre touch. We could look through the holes in the old, rotten wood and see the men whom the law considered dangerous but who were almost always rebellious miners jailed on orders from their bosses, or men who had been caught in Sunday brawls, or beggars.

That incongruous relationship between the jail and the school, which was our first step in the acquisition of a social consciousness, made us cruel and tended to distort our natural feelings. Anyone who acted contrary to the established order of things was a criminal who had to be punished—that was how our teacher explained the arrests of the prisoners we saw. This impelled us to do our bit to help the forces of justice.

When the teacher was not paying attention, the older boys urinated through the cracks in the floor or poured water through the holes from the water jug. The infuriated prisoners below shouted and sometimes threw their shoes against the ceiling to the immense pleasure of the children who knew then that they had hit their target.

When the children were 7 years old, they were supposed to enter the elementary school, although sometimes they stayed in kindergarten until they were 8 or 9, because there were no places vacant.

At school we learned to read and write, but our real university was the streets. When we left school in the afternoon, it was there that we settled our childish arguments and quarrels and discussed local events, which often had to do with the tragic accidents that occurred in the mines almost every day. . . .

An average of 120 girls attended the elementary school for girls, and as many boys went to their own school. Class lasted from 8:30 A.M. to noon, and from 1:30 to 5 P.M. As for our teachers, they had to have truly encyclopedic knowledge for their task, and the truth is that some of them did. To their credit it must be said that they endeavored with apostolic zeal—between slaps and pinches—to combat our ignorance and polish up our intelligence.

Even though the children loved their teachers (I remember my teacher with real devotion, Doña Antonia Izar de la Fuente, who, old and retired, was killed in the bombing of Guernica), and even though the school was not ugly, with its large windows and its walls decorated with colored plates representing religious scenes from the Fall down to the Crucifixion, it did not appeal to us.

This was because of the routine teaching, the monotony of the classes and the application by our teachers of the Latin maxim, "Letters enter with blood." Many times we felt their pointers descend on our shoulders when we didn't know the lesson. . . .

At school we studied, sang and prayed. But we were the children of those miners who shook Viscaya with their strikes and protests, and although they forced us to sing at school of our love of God, in the streets we sang the songs from the union hall. These appealed to us even more because they were forbidden at school, so we sang:

Emperors and popes, kings and
bishops,
And all reactionary ministers,
Say they are poor while they swim
in wealth—
May their heads roll in the Revolution!

At school we sang:

The mountains of Vizcaya
Are pure iron and nothing more . . .
And her sons mine the ore
In utter joy and contentment.

But in the street we sang a stanza from the song which was considered the most revolutionary of all:

Come, workers, let us abandon
Fields, factories and mines,
Abandon the labors that enrich the
idle
And get on with the Revolution.

When we were admitted to elementary school we really came into contact with science. "Who made the world? How many days did the creation take the maker? What did he make on the first day and the second and the third, up to the sixth, because, on the seventh, he couldn't do any more and rested?" This gigantic task of creating suns and constellations, millions of stars, larger and smaller than our planet, and every kind of plant and animal, from man and woman down to insects, Batrachia, microbes and viruses, was disposed of in a few brief questions and answers, repeated over a period of several years until they became an inseparable part of us.

The short and simple summing up of the most complicated problems of astronomy, natural science and world history which I assimilated during my school years from 1900 to 1910 was to be repeated to me twenty years later, in the sacramental words of the same text, when my daughter Amaya returned from her first day in school.

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In the church in my town, the "grave" where we prayed to the dead of my family was near the altar of the Passion, and on the altar there was a glass box in a niche with a bony Christ lying inside, the terrifying sight softened with a tulle and lace veil. Above the mortuary niche Saint John and the sorrowful Virgin watched from their respective recesses over the eternal sleep of Christ, while their pain was depicted with more or less artistry in their sad, pale faces.

My faith was concentrated on that altar. The sorrowful mother and her dead son moved me to tears. In that simple figure I worshiped the living image of the Virgin Mother, whose heart, pierced with seven daggers, shone on the black velvet dress. At times, when the reflection of the candle flames danced in the glass tears encrusted in the Virgin's face, it seemed to me that she was really crying. This made a profound impression on me.

I never stopped to think about what that image was made of, or for what purpose it had been made. I was used to seeing it just as it appeared on the altar, and if anyone had asked me, I wouldn't have hesitated to reply that it was made of rare substance and animated with the divine breath. . . .

Until one day, when my faith suffered

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a deep shock. The teacher in my school was curator of the sisterhood of the Heart of Jesus, and it was her responsibility to arrange the altar every week. She usually took the older girls along with her to the church to help her, and I went with her several days without anything out of the ordinary happening. But one day, following her instructions, I climbed onto the altar table to dust one of the niches. When I got down—without turning my back on the images, which was considered a sinful breach of reverence—I looked over my shoulder to keep from stepping on the altar slab and saw a sight that froze me in my tracks. Two Sisters of Charity were handling a kind of manikin without the slightest ceremony. Where there should have been legs there were two triangles made of strips of wood. The dummy stood on the bases of the triangles. Big wires ending in very white hands came out of the sides of the sack of sawdust, and on top—merciful heavens!—on top was the Virgin's head. Her hair with its blond curls undone fell over her face and shoulders as though she had just gotten out of bed.

My Virgin was like one of those scarecrows the peasants put in the wheat fields to frighten off the sparrows!

I watched them dress the manikin as though I were hypnotized. First a batiste chemise, then her petticoats and her dress, then they curled her hair and finally they put on her black robe with silver embroidery, her crown of stars and her heart with the seven daggers.

I shivered and my teacher asked if I felt ill. I stammered out an excuse. We finished arranging the altar and left. I didn't look at the Virgin. . . .

At 15 I finished school. I was in poor health and not able to go to work. This meant an added burden for my family, which I was reluctant to impose on them. Since my good grades qualified me for further academic training, I decided to take the one-year preparatory course for the Teachers' Normal School and then the two-year teacher-training course. After completing the first two years, my adolescent dreams faded in the face of hard economic realities; books, food, clothes were all expenses my parents simply could not continue to meet. So I transferred to a dressmaking academy for two years. After this apprenticeship, I worked as a domestic for three years in the homes of local businessmen. At 20, seeking liberation from drudgery in other people's homes, I married a miner whom I had met during my first job as a domestic.

My mission in life was "fulfilled." I could not, ought not, aspire to more. Woman's goal, her only aspiration, had to be matrimony and the continuation of the joyless, dismal, pain-ridden thralldom that was our mothers' lot; we were supposed to dedicate ourselves wholly to giving birth, to raising our children and to serving our husbands who, for the most part, treated us with complete disregard.

My mother used to say: "She who hits the bull's-eye in her choice of a husband cannot err in anything." To hit the bull's-eye was as difficult as finding a pea that weighed a pound. I did not find such a pea. May the happy wives forgive me; but each of us judges the market by the good values we find there.

Although I had no tendency to be nostalgic about the past, I used to long for the time when women worked in the mines. However brutish the work, it offered an outlet no longer available to women in the mining valley; in addition to wages it had added a social dimension to women.

When the demand for ore fell off and there was an excess of manpower, women workers were no longer hired. This discriminatory act was carried out under the hypocritical cloak of solicitude for the mother, the woman, the family and the home. Women were freed from brutalizing mine work only to be converted into domestic slaves, deprived of all rights. In the mine, the woman was a worker and, as such, she could protest exploitation together with other workers. In the home, she was stripped of her social identity; she was committed to sacrifice, to privation, to all manner of service by which her husband's and her children's lives were made more bearable. Thus her own needs were negligible; her own personality was nullified; in time she became "the old lady" who "doesn't understand," who was in the way, whose role eventually became that of a servant to her household and a nursemaid to her grandchildren. This was the tradition of generations.

When my first child (a girl) was born, I had already suffered a year of such bitterness that only love for my baby kept me alive. I was terrified not only

> The Falangists and the traditionalists took communion in the morning, and before beginning their political work for the day used to go round to the jail and accompany ten or twelve to the cemetery. For half an hour they had target practice on them, and could then go back to their houses, kiss their children, and talk to them about morality, the family, and the country.
>
> —*Ramon Sender,* The Nation, *October 30, 1937*

by the odious present but also by the dismal, pain-filled future that loomed before me, as day by day I observed the lives of the miners' wives. Nevertheless, like other young people, I built castles in the air. And, full of illusions, I closed my eyes to my surroundings and built my dream house on the shifting sand of "*contigo pan y cebolla*" ("with you, bread and an onion"), believing that mutual attraction and fondness would compensate for and surmount the difficulties of privation. I forgot that where bread is lacking, mutual recrimination is more likely to enter; and sometimes, even *with* bread, it still creeps in.

Raw, stark reality struck at me, as at other women, with merciless fists. A few fleeting days of illusion and then. . . . Afterwards, the icy, wounding, pitiless prose of existence. Out of my own experience I learned the hard truth of the popular saying: "*Madre, ¿qué cosa es casar? Hija, hilar, parir y llorar.*" ("Mother, what is marriage? Daughter, marriage is weaving, giving birth, weeping.") Weeping, weeping over our hurts and our impotence; weeping for our innocent children, to whom we could offer nothing but tear-stained caresses; weeping for our dismal lives, without horizons, without hope; bitter weeping, with a curse in our hearts and on our lips. A woman's curse? A mother's curse? What is so surprising about that, since our lives were worse than that of the most accursed?

Was life worth living? My companions in misery and I asked the question as we discussed our situation, our wretchedness. They spoke with resignation; after all what could we women do? I rebelled against the idea of the inevitability of such lives as ours; I rebelled against the idea that we were condemned to drag the shackles of poverty and submission through the centuries like beasts of burden—slapped, beaten, ground down by the men we had chosen to be our life companions.

I was then 21 and my daughter Esther was still an infant. When my husband's wretched wages were not enough to pay the rent; when instead of meat we ate a few potatoes cooked with red peppers to give them color; when we had to mend our *alpargatas* (rope-soled canvas shoes) with wire; when I had to patch the patches on my husband's work clothes; when, for lack of food, I hadn't enough milk to nurse my baby, I confronted my husband with a desperate question: "Do you think we can go on living like this?"

The answer was disheartening: "How do you think the others live?"

"The same as we. But I can't resign myself to living worse than animals. Let's go away; let's go somewhere else where

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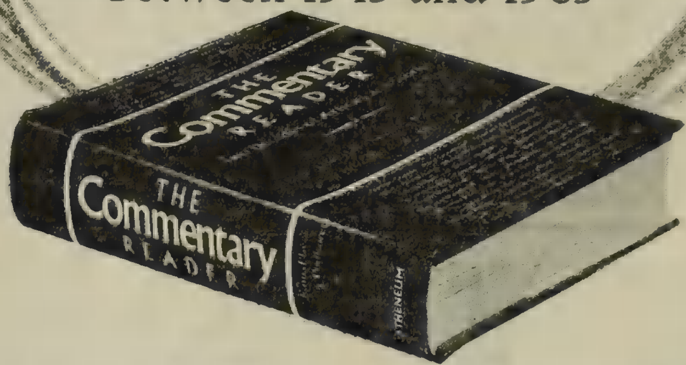

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life isn't so hard, where we can at least feed our children."

"Somewhere else? Wherever the ox goes he will be harnessed to the plow."

The intimate daily contact with harsh reality began to fray the fabric of my religious convictions. And every day I moved a little further from religious superstitions, prejudices and traditional fears of the supernatural. I was beginning to learn that our poverty—the lack of the most basic human necessities—was not caused or altered by the will of any deity. The source of our misery was not in heaven but on earth. It arose from institutions established by men which could be altered or destroyed by other men.

I began to read Marxist literature and for me it was a window opening on life. My ideas and sentiments began to change and take concrete form, although there was much I did not yet understand. My former Catholic beliefs began to dwindle, although not without resistance, as if they were determined to leave a shadow, a fear, a doubt in the depths of my consciousness. The struggle for a Socialist society—even though it was clearly not imminent—began to give content and substance to my life; it was the force that sustained me under the oppressive conditions of our pariah-like existence. The more I learned about socialism, the more reconciled I was to life, which I no longer saw as a swamp but as a battlefield on which an immense army of workers was gaining daily victories, advancing even through its defeats.

My new faith was more reasonable and more solid than my religious faith had been. Now I expected nothing from the mercy of an unknown and unknowable god; my expectations were anchored in the strength of mankind—our own strength, our own struggle. I was not willing to leave the world as we had inherited it. I would struggle to change it, to make it a better world, to open a path for our children that would lead to a society without oppression and poverty.

In my eagerness to learn, I read every book in the library of the Somorrostro Casa del Pueblo. And I must acknowledge that, accustomed as I was to Catholic literature of the *Quo Vadis* type, I found Socialist prose as rough as sandpaper. Out of sheer boredom I would let the "labor press" fall from my hands. (This still sometimes happens now.)

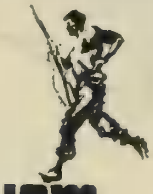
I read Marx and Engels, who more than compensated for the mediocre Socialist literature I had been reading. After virtually memorizing the *Communist Manifesto,* I boldly plunged into an abridged edition of *Capital;* although the selections were perhaps not the best, they helped me understand, if only on the simplest level, the cause of our poverty and the origin of our exploiters' wealth.

> Anarchists? When I hear people decrying the Loyalist government of Spain because they say it is composed in part of Anarchists and Communists, I do not know whether to laugh or cry. Good Lord! Could there be greater anarchists under the sun than the war lords of today?
>
> —*Oswald Garrison Villard,* The Nation, *September 25, 1937*

However, the study of Marxism was difficult for me, since there was no one to help or advise me; at that time there were no courses, no political schools in the vicinity. The study and understanding of Marxism was difficult for others as well. The secretary of the Miners' Union, a well-known Socialist, asked me one day, after I had begun to work on the publication *El Minero Vizcaíno* (*The Biscayan Miner*), how much I knew about socialism; he asked me what works I had read. I told him, and also mentioned that I was studying *Capital*; he looked at me pityingly and asked, not without sarcasm: "And have you understood any of it?"

"Not much," I answered, "but enough to learn the origin of our capitalists' fortunes. I've learned how surplus value is created. This helps me understand many things which, until recently, I thought had a divine origin; today I see them in a different light."

He smiled ironically: "How are you going to understand these concepts if I, who have studied them for ten years, don't understand them too well?"



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The Olive Fields Endure

THE OLIVE FIELD. *By Ralph Bates. Washington Square Press. 438 pp. $6.95.*

GABRIEL JACKSON

Mr. Jackson, author of The Spanish Republic and the Civil War *(Princeton University Press), teaches history and humanities at the University of California, La Jolla.*

Originally published in 1936, *The Olive Field* gave to thousands of readers their first understanding of the issues underlying the Spanish Civil War. It has now been reissued, and it must be said immediately that Bates's analysis of Spanish political emotions in the 1930s stands up very well to the test of historical perspective. *The Olive Field* is a novel about a community rather than an individual—the village of Los Olivares in northern Andalusia.

The political and economic life of the village had been dominated for several generations by the family of the Marquis Don Fadrique Guevara. But the Republican revolution of 1931 had created new currents of uncertainty, tension and hope. In early 1932, when the story opens, the villagers are working the olive fields in the same manner, and under the same direction, as for many years past. But they are also anticipating change, particularly in Church-state relations and in control of the land. Anarchists, Republicans, Socialists and Communists are all preaching to the rural workers and tenant farmers. The landlord, the priests, and the Civil Guard—the traditional holders of authority in the village—stand nervously on the defensive. During Holy Week a faction of the anarchists break up a religious procession and burn many of the images. The anti-clerical government, wishing particularly to avoid a confrontation with the radical workers, blames the local priests for "provoking" the outbreak. During the summer, a bitter drought tempts the workers to dynamite the dam which gives Don Fadrique control of the only dependable water supply for the village fields. But at the last moment the would-be dynamiters decide against an act of senseless destruction.

During the summer the workers also debate the meaning of the proposed land-reform law, but the passage of that law in September, 1932, makes no real difference in their lives. Meanwhile the drought has led to lowered wages, to the firing of many workers and to a poor harvest. The resulting poverty drives some of the workers to migrate to Asturias in search of jobs as miners. The scene shifts to Oviedo in October, 1934. Here a number of the main characters are reassembled to participate in the brief Asturian rising, during which the workers' militias held the city of Oviedo for about a week before the Foreign Legion and the Moors recaptured it under General López Ochoa.

I read *The Olive Field* during a week when I was also reading a number of anthropological works. Ralph Bates must have studied Los Olivares with all the care of a scientific field worker. He knows in detail the basis of the village economy. He knows its social hierarchy, its family structure, its religious and political life. He knows the standard of living, the manners, the style of speech, the hopes and fears which characterize every group in the village: the aristocratic landlord; the old priest, and his younger, more politically oriented assistant; the lawyers and civil servants; the tenant farmers and the landless workers; the peasant women, still deeply attached to the Church; the men, divided roughly among clients of the old regime, anarchists, and a minority who are evolving toward Socialist or Communist affiliations.

The story develops primarily around the personalities of the anarchist worker and guitarist, Mudarra; the olive worker and tenant farmer, Joaquín Caro; and the girl, Lucía Robledo, whom both men love in a different fashion. Mudarra is a man of great aesthetic feeling, but also of uncontrolled and destructive passions. He is recognized as a great musician by both the highly educated and fastidious Don Fadrique and by the popular audiences in the cafés of many Andalusian towns. He seduces Lucía Robledo, in full knowledge that his friend Caro is awaiting her answer to a marriage proposal. Mudarra is one of the leading rioters at the breakup of the Holy Week procession, and it is he who planned the abortive attempt to dynamite the dam.

Joaquín Caro is an intimate friend of Mudarra, but a cautious, less expressive individual. In politics he moves from an anarchist to a Communist outlook. In love, he is too inhibited, too uncertain of himself to win Lucía directly. After her seduction by Mudarra, Joaquín rejects both friend and sweetheart. One of the more dramatic, but not entirely convincing, scenes in the novel is a knife fight between the two men, both of whom seem to feel that they must settle accounts by battle. At heart, neither really wishes to kill the other. Joaquín injures Mudarra; the estrangement lasts, but their impulses to violence against each other have been satisfied. Both rescue Lucía when she tries unsuccessfully to induce a miscarriage. After her baby is born, and after Mudarra has been jailed, Joaquín marries her, but the memory of Mudarra prevents them from uniting their souls completely. During the Asturian revolution the friends meet again. In this case, true to the fundamental difference of their temperaments, Mudarra fights to the death as an anarchist, leading one of the desperate,

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Spanish Civil War Booklist

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER: Julian Bell and John Cornford, Their Lives and the 1930's. *By William Abrahams and Peter Stansky. Constable (London), 1966. 430 pp. 50s. To be published in September by Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.50.*

Reviewed in this issue.

THE OLIVE FIELD. *By Ralph Bates. Washington Square Press, 1966. 438 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed in this issue.

THE GRAND CAMOUFLAGE: The Communist Conspiracy in the Spanish Civil War. *By Burnett Bolloten. Hollis & Carter (London), 1961. 350 pp. Out of print.*

Markedly anti-Communist in tone, a well-documented and persuasive account of the events that led to the ouster of Premier Francisco Largo Caballero in May, 1937.

THE SPANISH COCKPIT. *By Franz Borkenau. University of Michigan Press, 1963. 303 pp. $4.40. Paper $2.25.*

Reissue of a book published in 1937. A vivid, sensitive, informed interpretation, based on knowledge of radical politics and on two visits to war-time Spain.

THE SPANISH LABYRINTH. *By Gerald Brenan. Cambridge University Press, 1960. 384 pp. $1.95 paper.*

Originally published in this country by Macmillan in 1943 and revised in 1950, it is still the best survey of social, economic and political factors in the period from the overthrow of the first Republic (1874) to the establishment of the second (1931).

LA REVOLUTION ET LA GUERRE D'ESPAGNE. *By Pierre Broue and Emile Témime. Editions de Minuit (Paris), 1961. 542 pp. 30 fr.*

History and interpretation written from a Socialist position. Not translated into English.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MADRID: The Central Epic of the Spanish Conflict, 1936-1937. *By Robert G. Colodny. Paine-Whitman, 1958. 256 pp. $6.*

An excellent military history by an American who fought in the Lincoln Battalion.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. *By J. Alvarez del Vayo. Alfred A. Knopf, 1940. 381 pp. $4.50.*

Story of the Franco rebellion and the Civil War from 1936 to the end.

THE WOUND IN THE HEART: America and the Spanish Civil War. *By Allen Guttmann. The Free Press, 1962. 292 pp. $5.95.*

A comprehensive analysis of American responses and interpretations and a sympathetic account of why Americans reacted as passionately as they did.

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD: The Franco Regime in Spain. *By Thomas J. Hamilton. Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. 327 pp. Out of print.*

A good overlook of Spain before, during and after the war, with information on the roles played by Germany, Italy, England, the United States and Russia. Hamilton reported from Spain for *The New York Times* 1937-39.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC AND THE CIVIL WAR: 1931-1939. *By Gabriel Jackson. Princeton University Press, 1965. 578 pp. $12.50.*

Balanced in assessments, this is the most trustworthy of comprehensive accounts in English on the Republic and on the war as it took place inside Spain. (Reviewed by Jose Yglesias, *The Nation*, November 29, 1965.)

MAN'S HOPE. *By André Malraux. Random House, 1938. 511 pp. Out of print in English.*

Less well known than Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, for which less historical background is necessary, this novel is the best of those written about the war.

THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS. *By Herbert L. Matthews. George Braziller, 1961. 258 pp. $4.*

A first-rate reporter's account of the Civil War first published in 1957 and revised in October, 1960, after Matthews' fourth visit. (Reviewed by Joseph Silverman, *The Nation*, September 7, 1957.)

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. *By George Orwell. Beacon Press, 1955. 232 pp. $1.75.*

Paperback edition of the novelist's famous work. An honest, personal account of his experiences with the POUM militia and in the street fighting in Barcelona in May, 1937. (Original edition, published by Harcourt, Brace, was reviewed by Herbert Matthews, *The Nation*, December 27, 1952.)

FALANGE: A History of Spanish Fascism. *By Stanley G. Payne. Stanford University Press, 1961. 316 pp. $6.*

The first reliable study of the origins and the present role of the movement.

SPAIN AND THE GREAT POWERS: 1936-1941. *By Dante A. Puzzo. Columbia University Press, 1962. 296 pp. $7.50.*

A survey of the international complications of the war.

THE LINCOLN BATTALION. *By Edwin Rolfe. Available through Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. 321 pp. $2.*

A first-hand account by a poet who fought in the battalion and edited *Volunteer for Liberty*, the newspaper of the English-speaking battalions. (Reviewed by Samuel Romer, *The Nation*, November 18, 1939.)

THE UNITED STATES AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: 1936-1939. *By F. Jay Taylor. Bookman Associates, 1956. 288 pp. Out of print.*

Outdated in some respects but still a good study of American diplomacy, with some attention given to the domestic sources of foreign policy.

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. *By Hugh Thomas. Harper & Row, 1961. 720 pp. $8.50. Paper $2.95.*

Lively, and good in analysis of military aspects of the war, but not always reliably documented and sometimes erratic in judgment. (Reviewed by Ramon Sender, *The Nation*, September 30, 1961.)

BRITAIN DIVIDED. *By K. W. Watkins. Thomas Nelson (London), 1963. 270 pp. 30s.*

Traces the political response with emphasis on the formation of policy toward Spain by the Conservative Party.

> If I search through the privacy of my own mind, using every scruple to reject all that comes from prejudice and instinctive passion, I can still only give one answer. The true Spanish creation, the creative tradition, is in the keeping of those men who have gone out to battle, ill-armed, often literally unarmed, against the destructive machines of international fascism.
>
> —*Ralph Bates*, The Nation, *January 23, 1937*

suicidal groups that tried to resist the entry of government troops. Caro, now a Communist, favors calling off the struggle after it has become clear that all rational hope of a successful Asturian revolution has been lost, and that the army and the Moors are about to enter the city in overwhelming force. At the end of the novel Joaquín and Lucía, having escaped over the mountains from Asturias, decide to return to Los Olivares.

There are many other vivid portraits, such as Argote, the *mayordomo* of the Guevara estate, a master olive farmer, work director and political boss. There is Justo Robledo, the intelligent town secretary, with a weakness for tomcatting, and an understanding attitude toward his sister Lucía and her rival lovers. There is the aristocratic Don Fadrique, lover of fine books and guitars, devoted neurotically to the memory of his deceased wife, and most parsimonious in his contributions to the local priests and Holy Week brotherhoods. There is the cowardly, but intelligent and ambitious young curate Soriano. There is the coldly efficient Civil Guard captain, Montaña, well informed on local politics, and as ready to shoot demonstrating workmen under the Republic as under the Monarchy.

> I well know that war is violence. I know too that a government bomb might by accident miss its military objective, and fall into a city and wound civilians. . . . We destroyed the airdrome of Seville but we did not bombard Seville. We destroyed the airdrome of Salamanca, but we did not bombard Salamanca. I destroyed the airdrome of Avila at Olmedo, but I did not bombard Avila. For many months now the Fascists have been bombarding the streets of Madrid.
>
> —*André Malraux*, The Nation, *March 20, 1937*
>
> Have we then no hearts? No understanding? Shall we let ourselves be unresistingly deprived of our last remnant of free human judgment by interest, which unfailingly appeals to the worst instincts, though it clothe itself in lying names such as order, culture, God, and native land?
>
> —*Thomas Mann, "I Stand with the Spanish People,"* The Nation, *April 17, 1937*

Bates's great strength lies in his authentic characterization of the villagers and their way of life. He respects and understands the viewpoints of all his characters; few novelists have known peasants and workmen as intimately as he. Some weaknesses would seem to be inevitable in a work which attempts to be historically accurate and, at the same time, to portray the inner lives of people whose language is not that of the author. "Wounds, man," and "God's teeth" are the accurate equivalents of colloquial phrases used by Andalusian peasants, but they cannot be made to sound equally natural and colloquial in English. Similarly, since he cannot assume the reader's knowledge of Spanish life, Bates must explain that "chewing iron" means to court a girl at her window. Many a political dialogue is also more self-consciously elementary than would have been necessary if the author were writing about a country and people well known to his readers. An editor of classics in translation, or the author of a nonfictional narrative, can gracefully supply the necessary background explanations, but a novelist is greatly hampered if he must constantly explain political and cultural traits, and if his dialogue must depend on untranslatable colloquialisms.

The Asturian episode comprising the last 80 pages of the novel fails to establish the intimate, lived-through quality of the major portion which depicts events in Los Olivares. And the end of the novel is puzzling. Joaquín and Lucía—having escaped from Asturias after the collapse of the revolution—help an old peasant repair a water course. They enjoy his gratitude and his hospitality, and Joaquín dreams happily of the town and the olive groves to which they are returning. Since the earlier events of the novel clearly have symbolic meanings, the reader assumes that the same is true for this final incident. The chapter suggests an end to strife, and a more satisfactory relation between husband and wife. But has anything changed in Los Olivares? Have the political struggles and the Asturian fighting been meaningful? What have Joaquín, Lucía and others learned from their atrocious sufferings? Is the desire for a peaceful farm life the only sentiment with which they face the future? This ambiguity perhaps reflects the author's honest uncertainty as to the ultimate meaning for the survivors of the events preceding the Spanish Civil War which he has so powerfully described.

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The Meaning of the Journey

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER: Julian Bell and John Cornford, Their Lives and the 1930's. *By William Abrahams and Peter Stansky. Constable (London). 430 pp. 50s.*

PETER HATCH

Mr. Hatch is a recent graduate of Princeton University. He has just completed a novel and will be attending graduate school at the University of Toronto next year.

The Spanish Civil War is often said to have been the decisive event for young English intellectuals of the 1930s. Peter Stansky and William Abrahams say it again and have tried to write a history of certain aspects of the English thirties through the biographies of two young Englishmen who died in Spain.

Julian Bell was the son of Vanessa and Clive Bell and the nephew of Virginia Woolf. He was brought up in the midst of the flourishing Bloomsbury circles, went to a Quaker public school and to King's College, Cambridge. He spent a year and a half teaching in a Chinese university and then went to Spain where he was killed driving an ambulance when he was 29.

John Cornford came from an equally distinguished family. His father was the famous classicist, F. M. Cornford, and his mother, Frances Cornford, was a widely published poet. His great-grandfather was Charles Darwin. He went to a preparatory school and a public school, and at the age of 17, to Cambridge. Before going to Cambridge, he worked for part of a year in various London left-wing organizations; and at the university, he became one of the chief Communist leaders. He was an outstanding student and could have stayed on at Cambridge after his undergraduate years, but instead he went to Spain to see a people's war and stayed to fight. He was killed in 1936, either on, or the day after, his 21st birthday.

There have been many memoirs of the war in Spain and there are an increasing number of histories. Ideally, this book would fall somewhere between the two categories. It would have much of the immediacy and enthusiasm of a memoir but would place the lives of these two young men in a wide historical setting of the events leading up to the war and the war itself. But unfortunately, there is never very much interest generated either in the war or in the importance one would expect it to have had for Bell and Cornford. The authors say that they have pursued the question: "Why, and how, had John Cornford and Julian Bell gone out to Spain?" In order to do so they have had to "go back into the early 1930's, and the 1920's, and the years of the First World War, and the plush Edwardian era, and even the final decades of the nineteenth century." The problem is that they have gone back to what is irrelevant to the lives of John Cornford and Julian Bell.

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One result is that the biographies themselves are often too sketchy to give any real sense of what these two men were like. For example, it is said that there is some significance in the war games which Julian played as a child, but the authors never give any clear idea of how they are significant or how they differ from the war games of every other young boy. It is the particular details which would make Julian understandable that are missing. Again, the love affairs of the two young men are obviously important; but too often only the barest facts are given, making it difficult to tell what their motivations are in crucial situations. While John was at Cambridge, he lived quite openly with a girl he is said to have loved very much: "They were deeply fond of each other, and so, when Ray became pregnant, that did not disturb them; in fact, they rather enjoyed shocking the more 'respectable' of their friends." But only a few sentences later it is said that "the arrival of the child simply hurried the process of separation, which had actually begun some months before," and that is all that is to be said about John Cornford's relationship to his first mistress and his only child.

The problem is similar in the descriptions of Julian's love affairs, but it is aggravated by having his women lettered "A" through "M." If it is important that all of his women remain anonymous it would be better to give them fictitious names. As it is, it suggests a callousness toward them which is probably unfair to him.

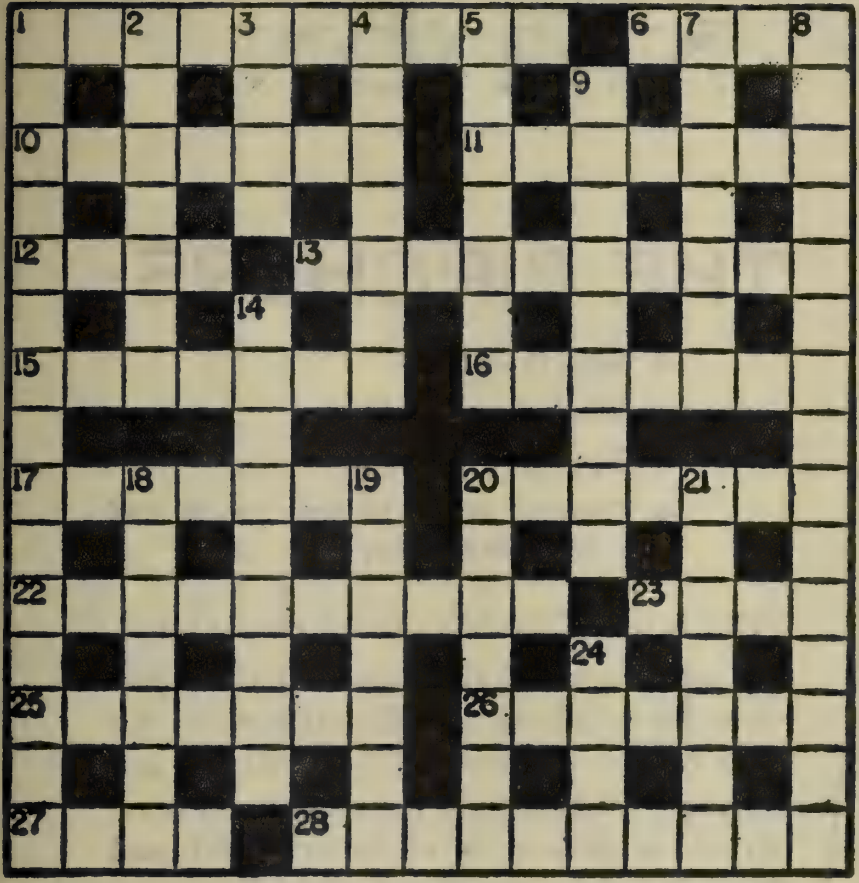
It is in only one section of the book, "Julian Bell in China," that the authors begin to get close to either of the people they are writing about. Since his trip to China is entirely irrelevant to the historical aspects of the book dealing with the thirties in England, they are forced to concentrate on the details of his life as a teacher and on his affair with "K," the wife of one of his Chinese colleagues. In this section, they show—rather than merely tell about—his inability to come to decisions, his defensiveness toward strong emotional attachments, and his peculiarly strong relationship with his mother (he writes her detailed letters about the affair). There is often the feeling that the authors are holding back all the most important biographical material and only stating that it exists.

Because the authors manage not to get very close to Cornford or Bell, the decision of each of them to go to Spain does not seem as interesting or as important as it should. Moreover, the history of the broader English interest in the war, of the enthusiasm which certainly was growing, is entirely missing from their account. They give quite a good picture of the rapid surge of left-wing activity in Cambridge from 1930 to 1936, but they break off early in the war because Cornford died very soon after it began, and Bell was in China during most of the period when interest in the war was building in England. Still, since the book goes up to July, 1937, there should have been some way to include what would seem essential material. There are interesting comparisons which could be made between the attitude of the Left in the thirties toward the Spanish Civil War and the attitude of the American Left in the sixties toward the war in Vietnam. The contrasts are perhaps more striking than the similarities. The English Government was not the chief villain with respect to the war in Spain; but in both instances, a great many people, who were not otherwise strongly committed to the Left, joined a particular cause. It is unfortunate that the book does not provide a basis for such comparisons.

Of the quarter of the book which actually deals with the Spanish Civil War, much is based on the best-known memoirs and histories (particularly on Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War*). There are a few interesting details of the parts played by Cornford and Bell, but too often the history of the war which the authors give seems familiar and secondhand. "During the day the advance continued without the loss of any territory," is probably the most widely quoted sentence to come out of the war; it is unfortunately too characteristic of the authors' selection of historical material that they have included it.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1162

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Butterfly time, good eventually! (3, 4, 3)
6 Sultanate practically equivalent to the head of 8. (4)
10 A logical place to see the surrounding country. (7)
11 Might be thrown by one not in perfect balance. (7)
12 They might raise hob when a British politician is around. (4)
13 Formerly Edinburgh that Scott gave a heart to. (10)
15 Certain aspects of a number of wise men? (7)
16 Are they likely to skip on the way to school? (7)
17 Are they typified by Goldilocks when it comes to soup, or parts of beds? (7)
20 Such language at a family gathering around! (7)
22 One isn't on shaky ground here. (5, 5)
23 Is this a book a body returns? (4)
25 His name sounds right for a birdman!
26 Put two and two together to finish a number of things in addition. (7)
27 Unique fish found on the bottom? (4)
28 Did reputedly what it pays to do. (10)

DOWN:

1 "Come in!" "Entrez!" "Kommen Sie!" (4, 11)
2 Slips away and somehow sees about a little percussion job! (7)
3 One was considered great, and one terrible. (4)
4 Those who are not my friends see mine in a different light. (7)
5 Like to chance this? (Elaine's home!)
7 I follow a branch of learning in place of 8, but one would probably appear strange here. (7)
8 Donne's answer to the question "Is a tailless cat's home part of the continent?" (2, 3, 2, 2, 6)
9 Equivalent to escheat, which is wrong? (9)
14 The sort of girls the Lord Chancellor gave away in Iolanthe? (9)
18 Confess to pound, contract and wrinkle? (7)
19 Compensation, point by point. (7)
20 Study relative worth, and arrive at about an acceptable standard. (7)
21 What Jeremiah does for people in last straits. (7)
24 A straightforward entrance of mine might get an E in Communication. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1161

ACROSS: 1 Undermine; 6, 30 and 11 Forget oneself; 10 Rolling; 12 Rubber; 13 Wish; 15 Silencer; 16 Rang up; 18 Esther; 20 Defrayed; 23 More; 24 Strewn; 25 Nod; 28 Oviform; 29 Rompers; 31 Solecisms. DOWN: 1 Uncle; 2 Dutiful; 3 Road runner; 4 Indebted; 5 Earned; 6 File; 7, 9 and 27 Raining cats and dogs; 8 Egg-shaped; 14 Patronymic; 15 Steamboat; 17 Referral; 19 Torsion; 21 Yankees; 22 Stumps; 26 Disks.

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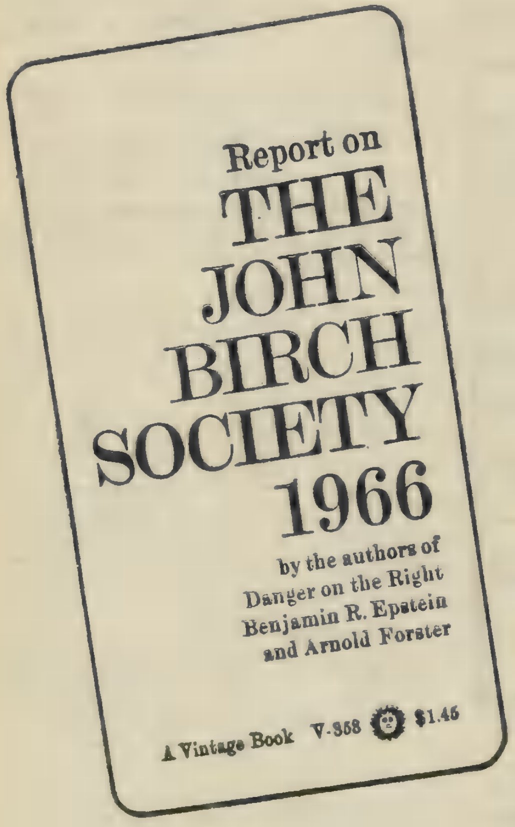

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Pandora's Ammunition Box

JOE ALEX MORRIS, JR.

'FOOD FOR FREEDOM'

Paradox of Foreign Aid

BRUCE J. OUDES

LETTERS

TV whistle stops

Rego Park, N.Y.
DEAR SIRS: Commenting on the relationship between TV and politics in his article ["TV and Youth: a New Style for Politics," *The Nation*, June 6] Harold Mendelsohn predicts that with the development of low-cost "local TV outlets . . . the strangle holds that local courthouse gangs have had on our city halls and state houses will be ultimately broken." One aspect of Reform Democrat Ted Weiss' attempt to unseat the party regular, Rep. Leonard Farbstein, in New York's 19th Congressional District involved a dramatic advance in exactly this direction.

A principal campaign technique was the candidate's attendance at "coffee klatches" held in the apartments of sympathizers around the district. Although as many as fifty people would attend these, it was felt that wider dissemination was desirable. Remarkably, Weiss was able to use TV to achieve this without the purchase of a minute of air time. Through the efforts of Morty Schiff, a Yeshiva University research physicist . . . a meeting in one living room was broadcast over a closed circuit on an unused channel to anyone in the same apartment building who wanted to tune it in.

This technique can be important . . . wherever large housing projects are found. *Oscar G. Chase*

amplification

Last week Mr. Bainbridge of the Aspen Skiing Corporation phoned long distance to suggest that P. G. Ernst may have been a bit harsh on the amenities of Aspen ["Will Success Spoil Aspen," *The Nation*, July 25]. Another survey than that referred to by Mr. Ernst indicates that 70 per cent of a sample of skiers prefer Aspen to other ski resorts. Moreover, the Alpine town of Garmisch has made Aspen its sister ski city and will rename one of its streets "Aspen"; Aspen is reciprocating by naming its main street "Garmisch." A delegation from Garmisch is visiting Aspen and will bring with it 500 gallons of beer. *Editors*

food bribe

Santa Monica, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: I find Frederick Kuh's proposal [editorial, "Is Peace Naive?" *The Nation*, July 25] to offer China "a certain amount of food for a specified number of years as an inducement to contribute to peace in Vietnam" . . . repugnant. . . . In this context it strikes me as a bribe to restrain China from "torpedoing" peace efforts. . . . Mr. Kuh does not offer mainland China a part in negotiating a settlement in Vietnam although he does generously suggest adding Chinese Communist observers to watch elections in South Vietnam. Yet he envisages a collaboration between the United States and the USSR . . . despite the fact that Russia has no part in the present conflict. . . . In view of China's direct interest in Southeast Asia, a lasting settlement in Vietnam can hardly be negotiated without its participation. *Irmgard Lenel*

funds for justice

Oakland, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: Contributions are sought to assist those now being jailed and fined for their participation in the San Francisco hotel and auto row sit-downs of March, 1964 (see editorial). Checks should be drawn to Funds for Justice and sent to Edward Stern, 690 Market Street, San Francisco. *Jessica Mitford*

EDITORIALS

Mr. Johnson's Labor Problem

Generally, in a prolonged and disruptive labor dispute more is at stake than the immediate issues on the surface. This is particularly true of the air-line strike, which has tied up some 60 per cent of domestic passenger traffic and completely cut off seventy cities from air-mail service. Nor are the carriers, the machinists' union, the traveling public and the postal service the only interests affected. This strike contains the makings of a political crisis between President Johnson and organized labor, and Mr. Johnson's reluctance to take a direct hand in it shows that he is well aware of the fact.

A factor not generally recognized is that the prestige and future authority of the Council of Economic Advisors and the wage guidelines formulated by the Johnson Administration are teetering in the balance. The principle underlying the guidelines is that wage increases should not exceed rises in productivity, thus providing a rule-of-thumb limitation on union demands. The union movement in general detests both the council and the guidelines. Moreover, the members of the International Association of Machinists who are employed by the air lines—some 35,000 mechanics and other ground service workers—know well enough that other unions, the United Auto Workers for instance, have broken through the guideline barriers in the past and gotten away with it. They wish to do the same.

The carriers would be amenable to a settlement in conformity with the guidelines. They are in the advantageous public relations position of patriotically supporting the President and being able to blame the inconvenience to the public on the rapacious unionists. Economically, they could meet the union demand of 53 cents an hour over the $3.52 an hour top rate for mechanics, spread over thirty-six months, and the vacation, health and welfare benefits superimposed on the wage demands. But it is only in the last two years that their jet transports have proved to be a bonanza; before that some of the lines were in real trouble and the industry as a whole was more or less depressed. Management has not forgotten these recent hard times, and it is apprehensive of a recurrence. When the time comes for the industry to invest in supersonic jets—and when one major carrier buys the others must follow suit—there will be financial problems which may make those of the subsonic age look almost trivial. The carriers want to pay dividends and accumulate reserves during the present comparatively lush times, and their managements would like stock options and bonuses. The guidelines and a patriotic stance are a convenient front.

From the union's standpoint again, the leadership must secure substantial benefits for the rank and file or Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters may move in on their domain. The longer the strike lasts, the more insistent the members will be on a total victory, since they are out of work in the meantime. Neither side will succumb readily to attrition. The union has something like 900,000 members and less than 5 per cent are on strike. The domestic air lines operate under an agreement whereby any extra profit accruing to the operating lines because of a strike is distributed among

MAY 14

the struck lines. Thus both sides are well cushioned against destitution.

The situation is not one in which Mr. Johnson can knock heads together. By all indications, only political intervention can get the grounded aircraft flying again. The President will have to declare a national emergency before the Congress can act. Such a declaration will be stretching a point, but there is enough confusion to support it. Inconvenience, says George Meany, is a small price to pay for freedom. But as inconvenience is prolonged, the public will treasure freedom, in Mr. Meany's sense, less and less. The freedom an influential sector wants at present is freedom to fly.

Legislation halting the strike for 150 or 180 days and, if no settlement is reached, empowering the President to settle the dispute "in the public interest," will be passed if the President requests it. That way lies compulsory arbitration, and labor's affection for Mr. Johnson, less than ardent even now, will be further attenuated. The 150-day return to work will get him past the November elections, but what of 1968?

South Africa's Victory

Few Americans have any interest in the International Court of Justice; many are not even aware that it is the principal judicial organ of the United Nations. The emergent African states, in contrast, are very much concerned over the Court's deliberations, and their leaders and their people alike are bitterly disappointed in the outcome of the complaint of Ethiopia and Liberia against South Africa's imposition of apartheid on the mandated territory of South West Africa. The decision could hardly have come in a worse form: it is almost as if it had been calculated to weaken further the UN's authority and prestige. The Court did not rule on the merits; it neither upheld racism nor condemned it. The ruling was on the technical ground that the complainants did not have any legal right or interest in the subject matter of their claims. On this procedural issue the Court was divided 7 to 7 and the President, Sir Percy Spender of Australia, cast the deciding vote. It is a lugubrious end to nearly six years of litigation, sixteen printed volumes of written pleadings and nearly 6,000 pages of oral argument. It leaves South Africa free to extend its brand of racism with no legal impediment, while the African nations must resort to other means to gain their ends.

Justice Philip C. Jessup of the United States voted with the minority and registered a long, vehement dissent. He described the case as "a procedure of utter futility," a conclusion with which not only most laymen but a majority of international lawyers will agree. Mr. Jessup held that in accepting the case in 1962, the Court had precluded the finding that the complainants had no standing. Another inconsistency to which he called attention was the advisory opinion of 1950, to the effect that the UN retained supervisory authority in South West Africa. In the tie vote, the

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

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Court neither confirmed nor reversed this ruling, but evaded it and all the other ethical issues. A statement by the United States Mission to the United Nations, which in marked contrast to Mr. Jessup's almost scornful dissent seemed to heave a sigh of relief that a confrontation with Cape Town had been avoided, emphasized the purely legalistic nature of the Court's decision. It read as though the State Department found virtue in this anticlimactic end to years of deliberation.

One reason for the change in the Court's views was a change in the composition of the tribunal, particularly the death of Badawi Pasha in 1965. The judges are selected by vote of the General Assembly, where Afro-Asians and the Socialist countries have a clear majority. These factions should mobilize their forces to block the appointment of justices who either have a reactionary bias or are indifferent to the human issues involved in cases of this type.

Another proposal that has been discussed in the UN delegates' lounge is for the Afro-Asian countries to acquire a better bargaining position, so that they can twist arms when necessary, as the United States has never hesitated to do in the issue of admission of Communist China to the UN, and other controversies in which it had a special interest. Although Justice Jessup voted against South Africa and castigated the majority, the United States has given a minimum of support to the Afro-Asian countries' stand against racism. American investments in South Africa speak louder than American words deploring apartheid. The Africans could introduce a draft resolution to refer the legality of U.S. military intervention in Vietnam to the International Court of Justice for an advisory opinion. The Court would presumably be in no hurry to pick up this hot potato, but the request would go some distance toward providing a base of bargaining power for anti-colonialist and anti-racist objectives.

An Instructive Episode

The furor over the threatened trial of the American flyers held by the North Vietnamese provides rich material for study in that realm where war, diplomacy, psychopathology and public relations overlap. When it appeared that Hanoi might try the prisoners, Sen. Frank Church, speaking for a group of "doves," issued a calm and measured appeal to Ho Chi Minh to refrain. Dr. Spock, Norman Thomas, U Thant and Pope Paul were among others who set an example of civilized good sense; but a far more numerous group of Americans in high position plunged headlong into hysteria, whether genuine or contrived. Some of the prisoners had been paraded through the streets of Hanoi—a standard technique of governments which are impotent to protect their people from air attacks—and on this premise Congressmen, editors and others behaved as if the prisoners had already been condemned and were on the scaffold with the noose around their necks. It was almost as if they *wanted* the men to be put to death, so that their hawkish passions would be justified by the event.

If the flyers themselves were not war criminals, it became perfectly obvious that genocide did not repel numerous U.S. politicians and publicists. Few were willing to advocate it forthrightly—the gimmick was that the American people would unite in an irresistible demand for the nuclear destruction of North Vietnam if the flyers were harmed. It was not until after several weeks of this uproar that Ambassador Harriman said what the President should have said immediately: "The United States Government is not going to be a barbarian because the North Vietnamese act in a barbaric way." Undoubtedly there was—there still is—a possibility that selected prisoners might be tried, but that their lives were endangered was a possibility so remote that the only sensible attitude would have been to wait and see.

A particularly disgraceful feature of the affair was that, ever since President Johnson made this a predominantly American war, we have been turning over captured Vietcong and North Vietnamese to the South Vietnamese forces, who have tortured and killed hundreds or thousands, throwing them from aircraft, drowning them if the water torture did not elicit the desired information, and in every possible way violating the elementary rules of humanity and the Geneva Convention. Photographs of the torture of prisoners by the forces of the Vietnamese government have been shown on U.S. television and published in the newspapers. With few exceptions, from the Administration down to the man in the street, Americans viewed these atrocities with indifference. Nothing could be more revealing of the character of the Johnson Administration and the people who support it.

The prisoner episode also had its ludicrous side. We are constantly given hints of the mysterious channels through which the Administration ferrets out the enemy's intentions. As far as the prisoners were concerned, the Administration feared the worst, although, as usual, all was confusion. Then Robert Little, foreign assignment manager for the Columbia Broadcasting System, had a brilliant if obvious idea. He cabled Ho Chi Minh asking him kindly to advise whether he intended to put the captive airmen on trial. "No trial in view," Ho replied laconically and, at greater length, reiterated his conditions for peace. The White House then disclosed that it had learned two days earlier that the trials were to be "postponed." There was no sign that it proposed to take advantage of the opportunity for further discussion with Ho, whose image as an Asian devil had been somewhat impaired, if only for the moment. By all indications the Administration will continue to rely on escalation, with no end in sight.

Cranston on Birch

Few politicians are willing to stick their necks out in a good cause; Alan Cranston is one of the few. He has just released a 26-page blast at the John Birch Society. This is the more remarkable in that California is a hotbed of the society, and Cranston is comptroller of California.

This is not the first time that Cranston has given fanatical rightists a going-over. Returning from Germany in 1938 as a foreign correspondent for INS, he revealed that the *Mein Kampf* on public sale in America was "a fraudulent, cleaned-up version." Analogously, the current edition of Robert Welch's *magnum opus* omits a charge made in the original —that Dwight D. Eisenhower was "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

Cranston's principal service in "The John Birch Society: A Soiled Slip Is Showing," is a conclusive demonstration that the Birchites, as a group, are inherently racist, and are pursuing the same line as the old-line bigots who preceded them. Gerald L. K. Smith, who started in business with the pro-Nazi Silver Shirt movement in the 1930s and is today selling the same bill of goods, wrote in the August, 1963, issue of his magazine, *The Cross and the Flag*, that he was "highly pleased" with the work of the John Birch Society and that as its members "matured," they would surely delve into the "Jewish question." Since both Smith's Christian Nationalist Crusade and Welch's John Birch Society keep their membership secret, there is no way of determining the overlap of membership, but Cranston believes it to be substantial.

The present membership of the John Birch Society is estimated at 100,000 and it is increasing rapidly. Among 100,000 people there must be many with decent instincts. They owe it to themselves to read Cranston's dossier on the society and to decide whether it is a fit place for patriotic Americans.

Delayed Injustice

The California atmosphere in which the Birch Society thrives may be sensed in San Francisco's current action against a group of men and women who in March, 1964, took part in civil rights demonstrations against the hotels and auto dealers of that city. The sit-ins, which were staged to protest against the inadequate employment of Negroes in the two industries, were remarkably successful: both the hotels and the dealers agreed to correct their employment practices and have, at least in part, done so. The Human Rights Commission, established by the mayor shortly after the sit-ins, has acknowledged that the pioneering demonstrations facilitated its work. If anything, the demonstrations deserved the city's vote of thanks.

But in California, where the rapidly rising population seems to be as rapidly moving to the right, there has been a public clamor to make such dramatic appeals to justice impossible in the future. Accordingly, several hundred individuals have been brought to trial for the offense of trespassing, which for first offenders, as the bulk of these were, normally brings a suspended sentence and perhaps a small fine. The result in these cases has been jail sentences totaling 4,940 days and fines totaling $13,289. The pressure on San Francisco's courts was so great that judges were brought in from the outlying areas, including Judge David D. French of Orange County, who describes himself as "a country boy" and who sentenced Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, professor of pharmacology at the University of California Medical School and former chairman of the NAACP, to nine months in jail for sitting-in at an auto agency. Orange County is one of the state's citadels of conservatism.

The men and women who in 1964 forced two groups of San Francisco businessmen to adopt policies which even one of their own spokesmen called "a milestone in community relations," are now being vindictively punished for their good citizenship. The tragedy of Watts fell between the demonstrations and the jailings; clearly it has taught the white fathers of San Francisco nothing about the springs of human action.

PANDORA'S AMMUNITION BOX

JOE ALEX MORRIS, JR.

Mr. Morris is Middle East correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. *He has been reporting from the Arab world over the past fifteen years.*

Beirut

It is not always easy to explain the logic whereby America sells to supposedly friendly countries arms which will in all likelihood be used against other countries with whom we are on equally good terms. Yet this practice has been established U.S. policy for a number of years. We sell or give tanks and aircraft to Jordan, which rattles them in the face of Israel; and we provide similar equipment to Israel for use against the Arabs. The billions of dollars worth of military hardware that went to Pakistan and India was offered in the cause of defending the free world against communism; but it was used in the Kashmir war. Greece and Turkey, two other recipients of American military largess, came very close to blows over Cyprus two summers ago, and may yet find themselves dodging each other's Yankee bullets.

It does not follow from this that we deliberately fan conflagrations among our friends and allies, and indeed we take some precautions to avoid that result. But the supposed safeguards written into arms deals have proved of little or no force when traditional enemies are determined to have another go at conflicts that sometimes date back for centuries. Furthermore, the image of Uncle Sam, the impartial arms merchant, evokes little gratitude and even less admiration in the recipient countries—outside the military caste. Israel complains bitterly over guns delivered to its Arab neighbors, and the Arabs raise the propaganda roof when some forty obsolescent Skyhawk jet bombers are sold to Israel.

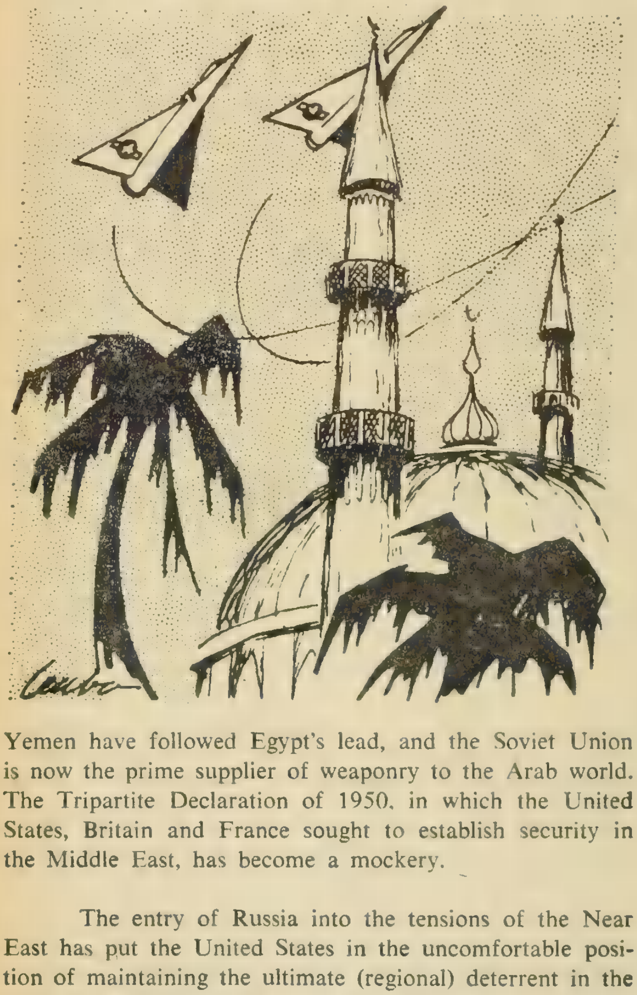
We are not safe from criticism even in a country like Iran which, aside from the Soviet Big Brother to the north, is not seriously threatened by any of its neighbors. Our military handouts over the years have led to a crisis of sorts because we are reluctant to supply the Shah with a navy. His Imperial Majesty wants a Persian Gulf flotilla because he suspects that his brother Arabs to the south may one day try to seal off the Gulf and prevent his oil from getting out to—among other places—Israel. In a moment of pique, he asked the docile National Assembly to appropriate $200 million for the purchase of a navy anywhere he sees fit. He hasn't spent the money yet, and no doubt figures that the United States will eventually sell him what he wants. He may be right, but the animosity has been engendered.

It is the Arab-Israeli confrontation, however, that makes

American arms policies seem truly the product of a demented computer. This is so, primarily, because the arms race in this tense region has broken out of control, and there is precious little the United States can do about it. Prior to 1955, America, Britain and France, acting in consort, were able to maintain something like a military balance between Israel and its Arab neighbors. But at that time Russia had not entered the picture; today it occupies the center of the stage.

The 1948 debacle of the Palestine war laid the groundwork for a break in traditional Arab ties to the West, but the rupture was surprisingly slow in coming. As late as 1955, Gamal Abdel Nasser was willing to buy arms in the West. What he was no longer prepared to do was accept secondhand equipment, the use of which was to be carefully restricted by conditions attached to the sale.

John Foster Dulles was unwilling, or unable, to understand this change of attitude and Nasser turned to the Soviet bloc for weapons. Since then, Syria, Iraq, Algeria and Yemen have followed Egypt's lead, and the Soviet Union is now the prime supplier of weaponry to the Arab world. The Tripartite Declaration of 1950, in which the United States, Britain and France sought to establish security in the Middle East, has become a mockery.



The entry of Russia into the tensions of the Near East has put the United States in the uncomfortable position of maintaining the ultimate (regional) deterrent in the Sixth Fleet, while at the same time having to watch helplessly while the Arabs arm to the teeth. Rather than abandon these nations as a lost cause, the State Department has adopted what it calls a policy of "selective sales . . . based on careful case-by-case examinations and a determination that such a sale would not be a de-stabilizing factor."

In effect, this means that it's okay to provide Jordan with arms (whatever their eventual use), if the transaction keeps the Russians out of what remains of a dwindling Arab market. Politically, it makes sense: Jordan would probably be forced by Arab political pressures to take Soviet arms if it could not get them from the West. And without question, the West has been losing political influence over Arab governments as they have freed themselves from dependency on Western armaments.

There is an interesting corollary to U.S. policy in this respect. We will also sell arms to countries that have gone all-out for Sovietization of their military equipment when we see a chance to break the Communist dominance of a particular Arab market. Thus in recent years we have sold Iraq some 200 armored personnel carriers, and American "Diamond T" heavy duty power units for tank transporters have gone to Syria to replace Soviet equivalents that did not stand up to the grueling desert conditions.

American arms policy in the Arab-Israel conflict would thus appear to make some kind of sense, but in practice and even within the present limited terms of reference, our arms sales in the Middle East often seem to do more harm than good. We expect kicks from the other side when we sell arms to the Arabs or the Jews. Now we are being criticized by Arabs for selling weapons to other Arabs.

Following the recent sale of Skyhawks to Israel, Nasser, who has now shed his halfhearted efforts to get along with his more conservative brothers, accused both King Faisal of Saudi Arabia and King Hussein of Jordan of conspiring with the United States to help Israel. The reasoning is that Washington would never have dared to sell Israel offensive weapons had not the Western powers, led by the United States, paved the way with big arms sales to the Arab states.

Nasser's public chastisement of the two monarchs came after both had reached agreement with Western powers on new arms, following protracted and, to them, highly irritating negotiations which contrasted poorly with the standard Soviet policy of cheap prices, quick delivery and easy payment at very low interest rates. King Hussein, under pressure from the United Arab Command to equip his air force with supersonic fighters comparable to those of Israel, shopped around anxiously in the United States, Britain and France. All three Western nations were willing to sell, but none would give Hussein credit and repayment terms which his poverty-line fiefdom could afford. Furthermore, the best price Hussein could get for new aircraft was something like three times that asked for a comparable Soviet MIG-21, which the Russians offer on the Arab market at the uneconomic and obviously political price of around $400,000.

Hussein wanted no part of a Soviet deal, and with the help of other pro-Western Arab states successfully resisted Nasser's pressure to standardize all Arab armies with Soviet equipment. Nasser gave way on this point with understandable reluctance—any military expert would agree that coordination of Arab armies against Israel would be vastly simplified if all used the same equipment. At the same time, certain of the more affluent Arab states, among them Kuwait, agreed to help Jordan (which has the longest frontier with Israel of any Arab state) by subsidizing certain arms purchases up to the rock-bottom price on the current world market. This was an open encouragement to Hussein to buy Soviet, and for a while it seemed that he might have to. Eventually, a deal was worked out whereby Formosa sold him some thirty-six early model F-104As.

Faisal had a different problem. He was willing to spend $500 million and perhaps more on an air defense network, and he had the oil revenues to pay for it. Yet he too was shabbily treated. Faisal wanted American F-104s, but eventually the Saudis were persuaded to accept an Anglo-American package in which short-range British Lightning interceptors replaced the 104s. To the dismay of Lockheed and other American firms, the United States backed this British proposal. It turned out later that Washington and London had agreed privately that the British jets should go to Saudi Arabia as part of a complicated offset costs arrangement which will enable Britain to buy American F-111 jets and other advanced equipment without an unduly burdensome outlay of dollars. This made everyone happy except the Saudis, who could truly look upon themselves as the victimized third party in a neat little arrangement.

One place in the Middle East where the United States has been following its official policy "to refrain from becoming a major supplier of arms in this area" is Israel. This worked out well enough as long as the West Germans were prepared to supply Israel with arms under the reparations agreement and France was willing to sell it weapons. But West Germany, eager to restore ruptured relations with the Arabs, has now stopped selling arms to Israel. Last year, the United States had to complete a shipment of Patton tanks under a deal originally made through the Germans.

France too would like to re-establish what it sees as its rightful place in the Arab world—a place that dates back to Napoleon's military conquest and cultural romance with Egypt. The Arabs, who tend to view de Gaulle as a Tito-like maverick in the Western camp, have responded with enthusiasm to French overtures. This could make France reluctant to continue as a traditional supplier of military equipment to Israel, and the French are showing themselves extraordinarily sensitive on the subject. There was a practically instant denial from Paris of a story leaked to *The New York Times* in Washington that French intermediate range missiles were being sold to Israel. With the German source gone and the French position dubious, the big question is whether the United States will now become Israel's prime source of arms. The years of carefully avoiding this commitment may soon be over.

Under what circumstances are America's "occasional selective sales" not a "de-stabilizing factor" in the Near East? The answer, as far as can be determined, rests on three fundamental points.

First, Israel insists on maintaining a credible capacity to conduct reprisal raids against its hostile neighbors. Correctly, it does not count on outside intervention, either through the UN or by friendly big powers, to stop Arab terrorism. Israel's determination to maintain its own military capability does not stop there, of course; but it is certain to gain Western acquiescence at least to that extent.

The second major factor is the conservative Arab states, who demand help in creating a military potential impressive enough to discourage the aspirations of their revolutionary brethren. The most pressing current example is Egypt's threat to invade Saudi Arabia if that country resumes military aid to the Yemeni Royalists. This poses no policy problems for Washington, and the competition for the multimillion-dollar Saudi defense contract was waged vigorously by American, British and French manufacturers.

The third—and by far the dominant—element is the famed Arab-Israeli confrontation. For years, the State Department and other Western governments have taken it for granted that the Arabs could wipe out Israel, if they could ever organize themselves and if there were no outside military deterrents. A senior American diplomat now in Bagdad is convinced that they would attack Israel tomorrow if they thought they could get away with it.

However, most responsible Arab leaders, including Nasser, are very much aware of the outside deterrents. The biggest of these is the Sixth Fleet, stationed in the Mediterranean. Others include the British bases on Cyprus, and probably the NATO bases in Turkey.

Neither side, however, is taking anything for granted, including the awesome presence of the Sixth Fleet. No amount of arming of Israel's 2 million citizens will give that country anything approaching quantitative equality in military strength with 85 million Arabs, or even with the 40 million living on its doorstep. At least not since the Soviet Union began flooding the Arab market with weaponry. And how effective can any qualitative superiority be under these circumstances? Egyptian Field Marshal and Vice President Abdel Hakim Amer put it this way: "No matter what quantity of arms Israel may get, she will have to reach the point of saturation over which she cannot go."

Despite their own bitter divisions and differences, the Arabs are expanding their armies and improving their equipment. Timetables and deadlines have been set, funds are being made available by the Arab oil states, and in some countries, notably Jordan, the results have been impressive. The United Arab Command has been established but is a long way from effective operation. Both Jordan and Lebanon have declined to afford full transit facilities in peacetime to other Arab armies, and neither of these two nor Syria has agreed to allow Egyptian troops to be based on their territory.

All this could change, but meanwhile Israel profits from the lack of confidence and affection the Arabs exhibit toward one another. Probably 50,000 Egyptian troops are still stuck in the Yemen, far from Egypt's Sinai desert border with Israel, and virtually all of Iraq's combat units are in the north of that country fighting Kurdish rebels. Two of the four Arab states bordering on Israel have actually profited from its creation. Beirut has become a boom port since Haifa was cut off from the Arab hinterland. Tourism is Jordan's biggest foreign exchange earner, and this would rapidly dry up should Jerusalem become the capital of an Arab Palestine.

Such factors may make the Arab plans less alarming than they appear on paper, but no one underestimates the danger

The Other Continent

In the coming weeks, *The Nation* will publish a series of related articles on the political and social condition of the major countries of Latin America. The first of these, "Peasants and Guerrillas" by Norman Gall, will appear in the issue of August 22.

that a chance incident might spark a conflagration in the Middle East, and the chances of that happening increase with every step toward military preparedness taken by the Arab states. Furthermore, the recent revival of organized Arab terrorist raids across the Israel frontier has provoked more frequent Israeli retaliations, and any one of these brushes could lead to a major commitment of forces on both sides. The United Arab Command has exerted some pressure on the Arab states to control terrorists, since it wants to be fully prepared when the day of confrontation comes; but even should it be dragged into a full-scale war with Israel by the hit-and-run route, its armies would be much better prepared than they were two years ago.

Although U.S. explanations of its so-called policy in selling arms to the Middle East seem remarkably offhand, it is difficult at this point to imagine an attitude that would improve the situation. King Hussein would almost certainly feel obliged to accept Soviet arms if his Western sources were cut off. The Lebanese might not, but their 10,000-man army is relatively insignificant in the large picture. As for the other key nations—Egypt, Syria and Iraq—the West no longer controls their ordnance supplies.

The United States will no doubt continue, however reluctantly, to sell tanks and airplanes to both Arab and Jew—meanwhile hoping anxiously that they will be used for bluffs that never quite come to blows.

A WHITE LOOK AT BLACK POWER

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting events from the South.

In the middle of June, the words "Black Power" were shouted by a handful of Negroes marching along a Mississippi highway. The national reaction to this small verbal stimulus was extreme; it was as though someone had cried "fire!" in an excelsior factory. Before the echo had died, the civil rights movement was in disarray. The White House, many white liberals and most white men in the street were aghast, angry, or both. Not a few black men were upset. Why should these two words have produced such exorbitant reaction? The answer involves many racial facts and fictions current in American life.

Among the most violent reactors was Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, who exercised his prerogative as a veteran Negro leader to denounce Black Power. "It is the reverse of Mississippi," he told the NAACP convention in Los Angeles. "A reverse Hitler, a reverse Ku Klux Klan."

Dr. Martin Luther King sagaciously concentrated on trying to interpret what the words really meant, but he also dissociated himself from them; there was obviously some awful taboo about using the word "power" in conjunction with the word "black." President Johnson made that clear. "We are not interested in black power," the President declared. "And we are not interested in white power. But we are interested in American democratic power with a small 'd.' "

This was heartwarmingly biracial and bipartisan. But like so many of Mr. Johnson's statements, it did not come to grips with the issue. Because whether or not "we" are interested in white power, it is a fact of national life that virtually all power in America is white. There is black poverty, white power; black aspiration, white power; black pressure, white power.

Manifestations of white power have been sometimes gross, sometimes subtle. While the controversy over Black Power raged on front pages, the social, economic and political proofs of white power were scattered over the inside pages. One story told about an amusement park in Lawson, Okla., that barred Negroes. Another reported that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was being forced by court order to eliminate a constitutional provision denying membership to anyone "unless he is a white man." The union, representing 40,000 jobs, has for half a century made sure that all the trains thundering across the continent would have white hands on the throttle while black hands made up the Pullman berths.

Up in the air, Vice President Humphrey and the chief of the Justice Department's antitrust division had flown to the All Star game in a plane owned by the Anheuser-Busch Company. Company executives had recently donated $10,000 to the Democratic Party. A Justice Department antitrust suit had recently been dropped against the company. Surely these facts were related only by coincidence; yet a Negro, reading the story and remembering the national uproar a few years back when a colored FBI driver gave Dr. King a five-minute lift, might ponder how white folks just had a way of flying high together—to get some place.

Such stories—and thousands more they could tell—spelled out to Negroes the frustrating phenomenon of white power which the majority of whites were taking for granted. Understandably. Power of any color corrupts, and white America's power had had a disabling influence on its ability even to recognize the powerless position in which the American Negro found himself. All these factors of power, and the lack of it, combined on the Mississippi march to produce the new Negro rallying cry at a historic moment of change in the civil rights movement. An attempt to understand Black Power may begin with the march.

By June 15, the marchers had been trudging for nine dissension-ridden days through Mississippi, the heartland of white power in action and of Negro powerlessness. James Meredith was back in New York, wrapped in his personal mystique, nursing his wounds and suspicions about what civil rights leaders were doing to his original march concept. Dr. King, Floyd McKissick of CORE and Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, were running the march with help from the Medical

Committee on Human Rights, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and the Delta Ministry. Charles Evers and the NAACP were giving on-again, off-again support. CORE and SNCC sneered at NAACP as representing the black bourgeoisie; NAACP huffed that it made racial progress while the others agitated.

Compounding the organizational stresses was the fact that McKissick and Carmichael were stepping into the national spotlight for the first time since being elected leaders and were eager to establish reputations. Dr. King's presence assured widespread publicity. But SNCC, in particular, had long been at odds with Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the patchwork unity of the past was badly frayed. March leaders were divided over objectives although McKissick saw strategic value in this.

"We're not getting sucked into one objective," he said. "So they can say, Well you got your civil rights bill. What else do you want? Get off the streets!"

For many miles, the spirit of going-on-ness, the spiritual lift of seeing Negroes leave their woebegone shacks to join the big parade had swept dissensions and tactics underfoot. And there was full agreement on one thing: the reality of life along Highway 51 (Meredith's original route to Jackson) and then along Highway 49 as the column swung west into the Delta. It was a reality that the lazy national eye slid over. Civil rights workers hadn't been killed lately and Congress had passed a whole bunch of civil rights laws and why the hell get out on a highway just to demonstrate? Particularly when the nation had enough trouble in Vietnam.

But quantities of federal law were being broken along both highways, and white men in control in Washington were doing nothing about it. The marchers passed no integrated schools, although the Supreme Court had ruled twelve years before that school segregation must end. Restaurants, courthouses, theatres and many hospitals were as segregated as they had been at the turn of the century, despite the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and other legislation. The job-rights section of the same act had produced little or no change in the scattered factories—most of them Northern-owned—along the route.

Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson was talking so moderately you could hardly believe he was the same man who once said NAACP stood for "niggers, alligators, apes, coon and possum." Yet there wasn't a single Negro in the Mississippi executive, judiciary or legislature. Thousands of Mississippi Negroes were being drafted to fight in Vietnam but there wasn't one Negro on a Mississippi draft board. The Poverty Program, fought by white Mississippians as if it were a Vietcong plot, the vaunted Poverty Program had done almost nothing to relieve poverty in a state where the median Negro income is around $600 a year. It had only created a few hundred jobs *inside* OEO agencies like Head Start and a job training program called STAR that somehow wound up being run by the Catholic Church.

Hoehands in the cotton fields shimmering in June heat were getting $3 for a ten-hour day, with no minimum wage *or* age safeguards. A multibillion-dollar cotton support bill financed by U.S. taxpayers was forcing drastic acreage cutbacks, but it contained not a word or a dollar to aid Negroes forced off white land without jobs, training or hope. The only federal law that had produced measurable results was the Voting Rights Act. About 100,000 Negroes had registered since its enactment in August, 1965. This made a total of 130,000 on the books with more than 300,000 still unregistered against 545,000 white voters. Atrophied Negro political instincts and limited federal involvement, along with white power employing all the intimidating tricks the Deep South knew so well, had reduced registration to a trickle as the march came through.

All this reality of national failure to insure a democratic society of equal opportunity had been on display when the marchers reached the segregated city of Grenada on June 14. How much got across to the American public at large is debatable. Television newsmen were busy asking alarmed questions about campsite debates over nonviolence. UPI sent out a story calling the march "part movement, part circus." It stressed that many marchers wore T-shirts and denims, reported that one youth told a newsman that the coming sexual revolution would center around homosexuality, and concluded that most newsmen agreed with a highway patrolman who declared: "This is a great assembly of kooks."

Segregated Grenada smiled a crocodile smile, let Negroes use white courthouse bathrooms that had been numbered One and Two, not scatalogically but racially, and hired temporary Negro registrars. It even swallowed its indignation when a black speaker slapped a bust of Jeff Davis and called him a "joker." "They're really trying the patience of this town," said a reporter whose journalistic myopia enabled him to overlook the Negro patience that had been tried for a century.

But Grenada didn't need sympathy. It planned to redeem its Deep South reputation with firings and jailings after the march moved on. The country didn't seem to be paying too much attention anyway. The Negro leadership was painfully aware that the town's analysis was correct, that something was needed to awaken America's comatose conscience. SNCC's Carmichael decided that his own moment of truth had arrived.

Stokely—as friend and foe alike call him—is 24, Harlem-bred and one of the young "old Mississippi veterans." He has been jailed twenty-seven times, survived the horrendous summer of 1964 in charge of the Greenwood COFO Freedom House that came under firebomb attack, and is an articulate spokesman for the ultra-militant wing of SNCC. That wing, under the philosophical spell of Bob Parish, *né* Moses, had carried the SNCC convention in May and Stokely was elected, replacing John Lewis. *Reporter* magazine reported that Lewis had been "dumped." The truth was that Lewis, a dedicated militant himself but spiritually committed to nonviolence without modifiers, had become a minority member in his own organization. SNCC, with Northern membership dominating its once-Southern character, had swung from nonviolent activism to a new, harder look which Stokely epitomized.

Tall and energetic, theorist and activist, Carmichael was outspoken if not always precise. He was orienting SNCC to all-black direction and limiting those whites who remained to work only in white communities. The white press, always eager to sit in judgment on the content and tone of the movement, had viewed him with an alarm it did not

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exhibit at continued Southern defiance of federal law. This has been standard procedure whenever the Negro has begun to make assertive gestures, but Stokely reacted with a contempt that blocked free exchange with even the few perceptive reporters who covered the march—those from the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times*, for example.

"There's no point explaining ourselves to the white press anymore," Stokely told me. "All they want to do is put us on the defensive. It isn't my job to make black people love everybody *or* to pick up guns—but to help black people get the things they deserve. We have to address ourselves to the black people, not to the press or the black bourgeoisie. Integration is an insidious subterfuge when initiated by blacks alone." It's his style to repeat dogma and he did.

"Integration is an insidious subterfuge when initiated by blacks alone. So we've got to move to control neighborhoods, sections and counties politically and economically just like every other American minority has done."

The next day, June 16, as the march entered Greenwood, he gave the word to SNCC supporters in the column to send the cry "Black Power" booming over the Delta. Carmichael himself was arrested that day for trying to put up the marchers' tents against police orders. A graphic example of what white power means to black men can be seen in two photographs—one, of his arrest appearing on the front page of the *Times*, June 17, the other, the arrest of Aubrey James Norvell after he allegedly shot James Meredith, which was on page 29 of the June 7 issue. An AP photo shows Stokely, grimacing in pain, as white policemen twist his arms behind his back to handcuff him. He had not resisted arrest. The UPI picture of Norvell shows him with both hands free, puffing calmly on a pipe as he enters a police car with no official hand on him minutes after firing a shotgun three times at Meredith.

Stokely was bailed out—apparently with NAACP money—and came to a night meeting at the campsite with fire in his eye to tell the crowd:

"We're asking Negroes not to go to Vietnam but to stay in Greenwood and fight. We need Black Power. What do we want?"

"Black Power!" roared the crowd, and the question and answer was tossed back and forth in the night.

"If they put one more of us in jail," Stokely shouted, "we're not going to pay a bond to get out. . . . We're going up there and get him out ourselves. Black Power!"

"Black Power! Black Power!"

"You can't depend on the march here in Greenwood," he went on. "You must build a power base . . . the power base has to get you a black sheriff. . . . White people aren't going to do it for you . . . you have to stop being ashamed of being black and don't try to be white. . . . Now that doesn't mean to be anti-white . . . but get the nappiest-headed black man with the broadest nose and the thickest lips and make him sheriff!"

The crowd exulted. It seemed that a long-mute chord had been struck. But what did it all mean exactly? Storm courthouses? Run over whites? After the shouting died, Carmichael and I talked quietly together.

"When I talk about going to the courthouse," he said, "it's an allusion. Negroes understand me. But whites get nervous when we don't keep talking about brotherly love. They need reassurance. But we're not about to divert our energies to give it to them."

Nationwide, Negroes are a minority of 22 million out of a total population of 190 million, as President Johnson on July 20 pointedly reminded them. In Mississippi they could potentially out-register whites in 40 per cent of the counties, with black majorities possible in another dozen counties across the line in Alabama. But how could a minority on its own ever take significant national power?

"You can't everywhere," Carmichael said. "You take it anywhere you can out in the country, and in the cities you use bloc pressure like the Irish, Italians and everybody else. But you do it on your own terms, not on what the white man thinks you should do. This nation has only responded to demands in civil rights legislation. Whites never give anything. Even today Johnson won't send in federal registrars unless we speak to it. And as far as making coalitions in a place like Mississippi, who you gonna coalesce with? You can only talk to them on the basis of political power and you have to become more militant—in Mississippi and all over—because whites get more militant as we thrust into areas of real control they don't like to think about."

Yet there were immediate ambiguities. Other minorities had worked inside existing political parties to exert power, but Stokely sometimes seemed to be saying that Negroes should create their own independent parties. Except on a limited local basis, it sounded politically suicidal. Black Power was not intended as a call for black violence, but a few marchers talked of spilling white blood, their words stridently publicized by the press and given the ring of policy. The concept of nonviolence was a black gift to white America, but white America had developed a proprietary feeling toward it and now was insisting that even though violence was a one-way street against Negroes, they would have to continue to buck the traffic and be run down. White fear of Negro riot was universal, and riot itself the ultimate weapon of desperation, self-annihilating to the rioter submerged in a mob and a confession of his own failure to challenge politically a society that had failed him. Already, riot was lacing the air with a whiff of brimstone.

Was Black Power a call for retaliatory combat and riot? It sometimes depended whether a Black Nationalist or a black voter registration worker was interpreting it. The day after Greenwood, Dr. King's right-hand man, Rev. Andrew Young, was trying to come to grips with Black Power as he marched past Negro shacks, surrounded by rows of cotton whose owner would share in billion-dollar-a-year federal supports.

"Even Gandhi preached that he would rather a man be violent than be a coward," Reverend Young said. "Dr. King has never said a man didn't have the duty to defend his person or home against attack. But we insist on nonviolence in demonstrations because it works. The thing that worries me now is that nondiscipline is spreading. Black Power means one thing to one man and something else to another.

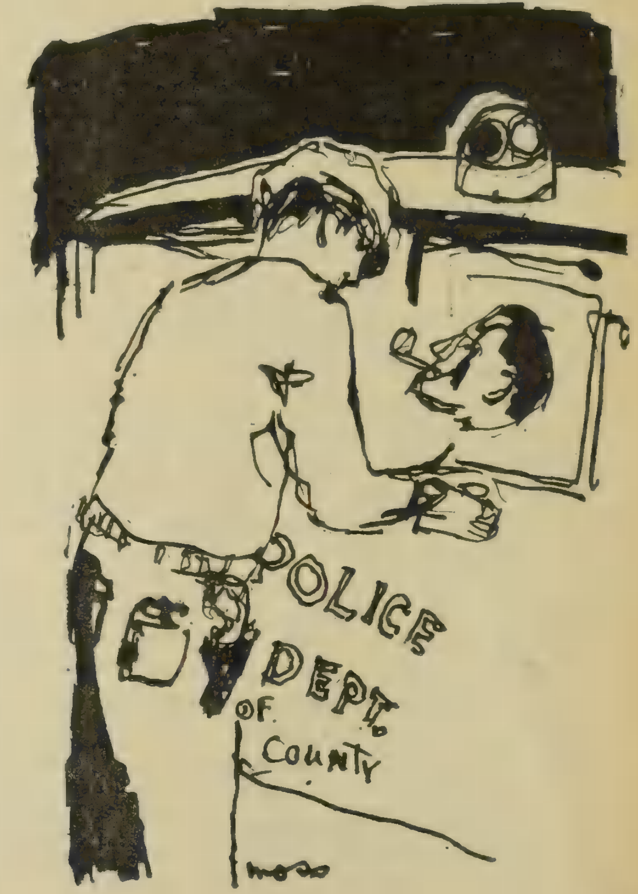
"Now what I think Stokely is doing is trying to fill the gap left by Malcolm. He's trying to project a militant image, push Negro protest as far as he can, carrying white liberals along with him as far as they will go. Then he may edge back a little. Actually, SNCC's position on Black Power isn't too far from ours except in style and semantics."

This was partially true. In the May Alabama primaries, Dr. King had urged Negroes to bloc vote for certain candidates, almost all black. SNCC, meanwhile, boycotted the primary, partly from principle and partly to conform with state "third party" laws as it prepared to run all-Negro independent slates in the fall. King backed State Attorney General Richmond Flowers in the gubernatorial primary and, as expected, he was trounced by Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace. The *Times*'s Arthur Krock promptly lectured about the "counter polarization of white voters that Dr. King's counsel inevitably stimulated." It required a special brand of Krockian obtuseness not to see that Negro bloc voting was a countermeasure against already existing white Alabama polarization. But nowhere was the gulf between white and black, and the tensions and tactical differences among Negroes so obvious as in Mississippi.

In 1963, the NAACP's Medgar Evers paid with his life for trying to bring power to the black people of Mississippi within the existing system. His brother Charles succeeded him and was immediately involved in a power struggle against both the whites and SNCC, which was starting to practice the concept of Black Power without preaching it. SNCC entered Mississippi determined to leapfrog over any transitional accommodations with white power to a position of self-created strength to which whites would have to respond. Since more than 95 per cent of the state's Negroes were poor, politically impotent and educationally impoverished, it determined to work with them in a basically class struggle against the Mississippi bourgeoisie, white or black. (It may be noted here that on a national scale 95 per cent of Negroes are ghettoized and represent a similar latent power source. The majority do not belong to SNCC, NAACP or CORE, and scarcely seem to belong to America. In Harlem, most belong simply to Adam Clayton Powell.)

Mississippi SNCC callously used the black bourgeoisie assembled under the NAACP aegis while trying in every way to undermine the organization and promote an egalitarian vision of a society that would be revolutionary but which otherwise was never clearly defined. Evers, continuing his brother's unrevolutionary approach and shrewd in the art of political survival, caught on early in the game. As far back as 1964 he boycotted the first convention of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, the political action arm set up by SNCC and CORE.

If SNCC was using NAACP's painfully established foothold in the state for its own ends, NAACP benefited from SNCC's headlong courage in openly challenging white authority and making the Negro aware that he should control his own destiny. Through a season of violence, SNCC —with CORE—forced the federal government to make the presence of the FBI and Justice Department more strongly felt, and that eased the organizing problems of all Negro groups. Salvos of bad publicity from the killings and bombings also jarred the white power structure to a legitimate fear that the state would be ruined economically if at least a façade of law and order were not erected. A memor-



able example of what could happen occurred in McComb, where SNCC workers and sympathizers were the principal targets of eighteen church burnings and Freedom House bombings in the '64 summer. This violence convinced three northern firms to abandon factory relocation there. White McComb leadership quickly worked through the NAACP for a well-publicized and successful test of public accommodations, while quietly and completely throttling SNCC efforts to rouse black citizens to independent political action.

The results of this internecine power struggle were still inconclusive as SNCC workers proclaimed Black Power on the march. The Freedom Party had made a moderately good showing in the June 7 state primary although all candidates—as expected—were steam-rollered by white opposition. SNCC influence still was strong in its council, but not absolute; the party ran one white Congressional candidate, thus nominally remaining open to whites.

Evers meanwhile was doing pretty well with his own voter organization, particularly in two counties (Jefferson and Claiborne) which had overwhelmingly Negro population majorities. It was not Black Power but it was black power. He had taken the NAACP into alliance with a new biracial group called the Mississippi Young Democrats which is put forward as a coalition of Negroes and white Mississippi liberals. The total number of publicly declared white liberals in Mississippi could ride with comfort in a Volkswagen. Hodding Carter III, editor of the Pulitzer Prize-winning Greenville *Delta Democrat,* is the Young Democrats' co-chairman, along with a University of Mississippi Negro student, Cleveland Donald.

Carter is a liberal within narrowly defined Mississippi terms. For example, when striking Negro cotton workers were shamefully handled by Greenville authorities last year, his paper looked the other way. But there are already signs that the Johnson Administration is giving tacit support to the Young Democrats to get the albatross of the regular white Mississippi Democratic Party off its neck. The President also has never forgiven the Freedom Party for rejecting his compromise over the seating of the white Mississippi delegation at the 1964 Democratic Convention. Charles Evers may someday be invited to dinner at the LBJ ranch, but Stokely Carmichael never will. It seems as obvious as it is dangerous that this alienation will draw the Administration even further than it has presently drifted from responsiveness to Negro realities. It also helps buttress Stokely's contention that in order to get into the game with the powers that be, Negroes must let the whites call the rules.

This controversy physically and ideologically dominated the Mississippi march and made it vulnerable to sniping from within and without. Dr. King was in the most exposed position. He did not want to disavow SNCC, which he had supported even when SNCC elements were freely taking pot shots at his "bourgeois" belief in coalition with the whites to create nonviolently the "beloved community." At the same time, Black Power was being equated with Negro violence, and violence remained anathema to Dr. King, and to his white moral and financial supporters.

"I prefer not to use the phrase Black Power," he said. "Not that I don't sympathize with aspects of it. But it seems to say, black supremacy, and this would be as evil as white supremacy. I do know the Negro must have power if we're going to gain freedom and human dignity."

Dr. King's interpretation was challenged in New York by Lincoln Lynch, CORE's second in command, who gave a most persuasive explanation of the Black Power rationale. As quoted in *The New York Times,* he said:

> This power, economic, political and psychological has been denied the black man for too long and must be realized. We need black people standing on their own two feet and all the shouts of "Freedom now" are meaningless and empty phrases until we accomplish this.
>
> The white man will not respect you until you can stand toe to toe with him and eyeball to eyeball. History has shown that if you're really depending on the vast majority of whites to help you're really leaning on a very broken reed. . . . As time goes by the militants will appear more militant and the moderates more moderate. But what we must remember is that no man can be "moderately" free.

On June 21, Dr. King led a side march in Philadelphia, Miss., along with local Negro leadership. Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, named in the killing of Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney, controlled the lawmen there who permitted and encouraged white townspeople to attack the marchers in one of the most terrifying outbreaks I have seen in the South during three years that include St. Augustine and Selma. Dr. King cabled the President for immediate federal intervention. The President instructed his assistant press secretary, Robert Fleming, to reply. Fleming said the President had been assured by Governor Johnson that state highway patrolmen would furnish adequate future protection.

"The President," said Fleming, "knows it is going to take a lot of effort to produce understanding down there."

Two days later, I stood with the marchers in a field behind a segregated Negro school in Canton while highway patrolmen fired tear-gas canisters directly at them, then kicked and beat with gun stocks those who were too sick or blinded to run. One patrolman, kicking a woman into semi-consciousness, said: "Nigger, you want your freedom? Well, here it is." Dr. King sent another cable and this time Attorney General Katzenbach was delegated to express the President's concern. He said that the violence, while deplorable, had resulted because Negroes refused to accept a white choice of campsites and had illegally gone to the school. It took a good deal of effort to understand why the Administration was responding with a legalism instead of indignation to the raw display of old-time white brutality. Lynch's "broken reed" dangled.

Washington indifference had another important and probably far-reaching effect. It undermined Dr. King at a time when his strength within the movement was being tested. In the past, at Selma for instance, he had been able to marshal strong Washington pressure when he called. Now, he was just another dismissed Negro voice. If the President had wanted to boost Black Power, he could not have chosen a better way.

By the time the march reached Jackson, Dr. King received another setback. SNCC, CORE and the Freedom Party outvoted his effort to have Charles Evers appear at the Capitol rally for the sake of unity. The militants would not forgive Evers for his vacillating and sometimes critical attitude toward the march leadership (that this has worked in Evers' favor among white Mississippians is ironic, but indicates how the scorching mantle of "good nigger" will increasingly be bestowed by whites on Negro civil rights leaders who oppose Black Power).

Dr. King felt he could no longer cooperate with SNCC. Privately, he blamed SNCC's "meanness of spirit . . . too much infighting that wastes energies." Publicly, it was announced that SCLC henceforth would work alone in Mississippi. Black Power had forced the movement to drop its mask of solidarity, cracked and peeling anyway, and confront America with the varied faces of Negro demand.

Whites looked and were not pleased. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy decided "there is a militant group of Negroes who are not anxious to work with the white community to find answers to these problems." Author Lillian Smith, who had lent her personal courage and beautiful words to CORE for many years, was anguished when its convention endorsed Black Power. She resigned her membership, declaring that CORE had been infiltrated by "nihilists, black nationalists and plain old-fashioned haters . . . the new killers of the dream."

But many Negroes felt that white power, which had led whites to prosperity, was leading to slow death for Negroes. They believed that Miss Smith's dream and the stirring one that Dr. King had recounted on the Washington march had turned to rude awakening, the alarm bell of reality ringing in Watts and in Canton and in every community where white promises to Negroes were not being redeemed. Senator Kennedy notwithstanding, white communities like the one in Los Angeles that defeated a hospital bond issue for Watts did not seem anxious to work for the common good. Negroes saw Mayor Daley in Chicago boasting that he was getting rid of the rats in the ghetto while the ghetto remained. They saw sprinklers on fire hydrants and ten portable swimming pools as the white largess bestowed to end riots there. Would the next white inspiration be to bus colored children to white hydrants?

"We are trying," President Johnson said, "to meet the poverty situation as we find it with the limited resources at our command."

Were resources in the world's richest country limited by commitments in Vietnam? The President called in Congressional leaders and told them to cut domestic spending because of possible defense increases. But months ago he had promised that the war would not affect domestic programs. Washington had enough money to build—unannounced—in Thailand one of the largest airfields in Southeast Asia. Still it could not rebuild a ghetto at home.

It is not yet possible to say how Black Power will respond to the continuation of current white policies at home and abroad. It remains primarily a shibboleth, but it certainly will be harnessed politically. If white liberals unselectively lump it with the extreme elements in black nationalism, they will be making the same kind of mistake that Republicans —and Democrats—made when they dismissed the ADA as a bunch of pinkos. Worse. Administration inaction after Canton has raised Southern hopes that stronger defiance of Negro demands and federal law may be possible. The riot-frazzled white Northern mood is increasingly hostile to pending civil rights legislation with its open housing provision. Buried nerves of basic racial prejudice are being exposed; it is gloomy to speculate what the nationwide effect might have been had the murderer of those eight Chicago nurses turned out to be a Negro. All these things will make it increasingly difficult for the responsible proponents of Black Power to work out its destiny in a way compatible with the history of American political minorities and in the process to evolve a definition which, if not noble, is at least "democratic with a small 'd.'"

Black Power is white power, only darker.

SALVAGE ARCHAEOLOGY

Saving the Past from the Present

J. O. BREW

Mr. Brew, director of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, is chairman of the United States Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains and president of the UNESCO International Committee on Monuments, Historical and Artistic Sites and Archaeological Excavations.

After a trip up the Nile, Lord Dunsany wrote: "But what I remember most clearly from that journey was a figure carved from green stone in the temple of Luxor, buried nearly up to the waist in the dust of ages; and, as I looked at it seated there, a woman came from a cottage at the back of the temple and threw into the temple over a low wall a basketful of small rubbish, so that I actually saw what it was that buries cities."

That was fifty or sixty years ago. Since then, with modern technology we have improved our methods, immeasurably. We no longer only bury cities; we rip them up, push them aside and knock them down. And we do these things not only in war but in our peaceful pursuits of urban renewal, multi-purpose reservoirs, autobahns and transcontinental highways, pipe lines, land-levelings for efficient farming, airports, missile ranges, factories, strip mining and an ever increasing number of other good causes. For such purposes the surface of the earth upon which our forebears have lived for hundreds of thousands of years is being constantly revised.

Much of this, though not all, is desirable. We gain by it. The purpose of this article is to draw attention to the things we lose, and to suggest ways by which the losses can be avoided or, at least, minimized.

Man has always speculated about his origins; some part of his thoughts has ever turned toward his creation and the reasons for his being. Even those societies which officially deny religion honor "folklore" and "cultural orientation" and spend much money and effort to trace their history. The number of people conducting research in archaeology, ethnology and social anthropology in the more advanced Soviet republics is a constant surprise to visitors from the West. The scientific papers coming out of China indicate that the same process goes on there.

So, on whatever side of whatever "curtain" you happen to be, modern life and thought seem to demand a growing knowledge of what man did and built and considered important in the past. Yet our bulldozers and blasting powder continue to rip the very guts out of the past.

What, then, is being done about it? Actually, quite a lot is being done, in the United States and elsewhere. The trouble is that the effort, though extraordinary by comparison with attitudes toward such matters of only a few years ago, is not enough. Recent developments in salvage archaeology and historical conservation are so impressive that to list them invites the danger of lulling the reader into complacency. The next few paragraphs should be read bearing in mind the speed at which both urban and rural landscapes are being reshaped.

Salvage archaeology was probably born early in the century in Egypt when Prof. George Reisner of Harvard University excavated temples and pre-dynastic sites along the Nile in the area to be flooded by the first dam at Aswan. It passed through its adolescence, quite successfully, in the 1920s when Prof. Walter B. Emery, now of London University but then working for the Egyptian Antiquities Service, excavated the sites to be flooded by the second raising of the height of that dam. It came to maturity after the end of the Second World War when engineers freed from combat duties began building dams at home, primarily in the United States and the USSR. The story of the development of salvage archaeology in connection with our Federal River Basin program is worth telling, for it was the first major coordination of archaeologists and historians with construction engineers.

When archaeologists first became aware of the problem, in 1946, the program was well under way. In the Missouri Basin, which occupies one-third of the continental United States, 108 dams had already been authorized and many of them were under construction. Since then, many more have been added. The main stem of the Missouri, in its northern reaches, was to become a series of lakes, and reservoirs were to be scattered wholesale throughout the tributaries. At that time it was estimated that more than 80 per cent of the prehistoric and early historic living areas in the entire basin lay along the river banks and their adjacent bluffs. Every known site of five of the prehistoric northern plains cultures in North and South Dakota was to be flooded by the reservoirs. The largest of these lakes, the one behind the Oahe dam, would at high water be 308 miles long. Some 30 miles downstream was the northern end of the second largest lake, Fort Randall. A smaller check dam, authorized within the year, would flood most of the intervening valley. Other dams had been authorized on major and minor streams, from the Columbia to the Susquehanna. So our river valleys were to become a series of lakes and many thousands of sites would be inundated.

Roads, railroads, cemeteries and towns were to be moved; farmers were compensated for their loss of bottom lands. But no provision had been made for the ancient sites which would be lost. To remedy this oversight in the planning, the Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains was formed, with full cooperation from the National Park Service and the Smithsonian Institution, and much needed financial support from the American Council of Learned Societies. In conjunction with the construction agencies, the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, a scheme was designed and financed by which archaeologists and historians made surveys of the dam sites, the pool areas, the sites of the sometimes very large construction towns, and the borrow pits which are usually extensive since most of the dams are built primarily of earth. Thus the Federal Inter-Agency Archaeological Salvage program in the river basins came into being.

During the last twenty years more than 500 reservoir areas in every section of the country and Alaska have been surveyed and more than 15,000 sites located. Unique and important sites have been excavated and historic buildings recorded by means of photographs and scale drawings. Buildings of great historical value have been moved. The Park Service and the Smithsonian have been the leaders in this program, but they have received extraordinary cooperation from some hundred state and private institutions, working under contracts with the Park Service or on their own. These include universities, museums, state and local archaeological and historical societies. In addition, other federal agencies are participating more and more.

Destruction in the river basins is only part of the picture. Since 1946, an incredible part of our land surface has been worked over and this tendency increases in a geometrical progression. A major highway through a canyon bottom in New Mexico can obliterate six or eight archaeological sites per mile. A pipe line in the same region knocks off one site after another as it cuts through the countryside for hundreds of miles. Atomic energy plants, missile ranges and NASA installations have a positive affinity for areas of concentrated archaeological occupation in the West and the South.

Nor is only the countryside threatened. Peoples of all races in all ages have tended to pick the same kinds of sites for their cities. A big city often stands on an earlier small city, which in turn may be located on top of an archaeological site. The thoroughness with which urban renewal attacks its projects surpasses even that of imperial Rome, and historic buildings go down like thunder. Despite the success of the River Basin program (and losses still occur even there); despite the success in a few states of our highway salvage program; despite the fact that an El Paso Gas Company pipe-line crew now normally includes two archaeologists, monuments of incalculable archaeological and historic interest are being destroyed practically every day in the United States.

Before suggesting what should be done about all this, however, one more example of positive accomplishment should be presented. The past, laid low by progress, is a process by no means restricted to the United States. Even remote areas in Africa and Asia are feeling its effects and will do so on a rapidly increasing scale for the rest of the century. A case in point is the valley of the Nile. The new high dam, Sadd-el-Aali, south of Aswan, will create a lake more than 300 miles long. It will increase the cultivable land in Egypt by one-third and produce a great quantity of needed electricity. It will also inundate entirely all of the places along the Nile where the people of Nubia have lived for millennia. In this completely desert country, life is possible only along the banks of the river. The human record of at least half a million years was threatened with oblivion under the waters of the new lake.

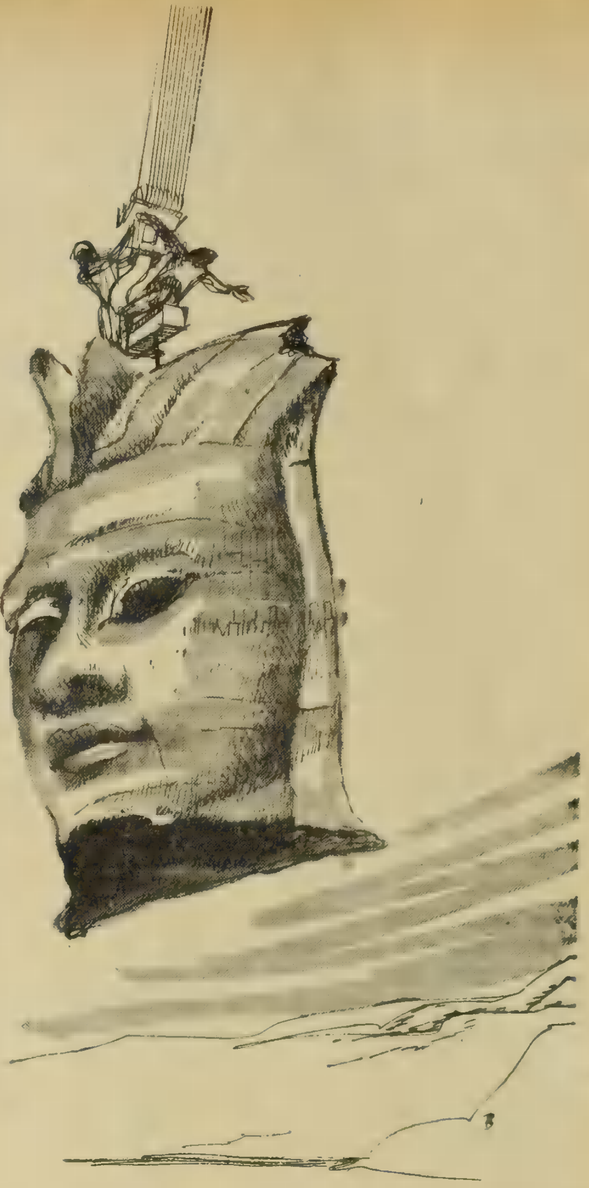
When it became certain that the high dam was to be built, Mme. Christianne Desroches-Noblecourt, now Curator of Egyptology at the Louvre, in conjunction with the Egyptian Government, brought the crisis to the attention of the International Monuments Committee of UNESCO. Thus began what has turned out to be archaeology's largest single salvage program, and at the same time the world's most extensive example of international cooperation for a cultural (or perhaps any other) project.

Twenty-six countries were involved in the archaeological field work. The activities ranged from intensive reconnaissance to large-scale excavations and included architectural, epigraphic, ecological and photogrammetric studies. The history covered was from the early Stone Age to the modern peoples who have been displaced. Some of the larger countries sent many expeditions and some of these worked for as many as seven years. Eight American universities participated, many of them with more than one expedition at a time, and many working in both Egypt and the Sudan. The American Research Center in Cairo also played an important part.

In addition to the surveys and excavations, a surprising number of the more important Pharaonic temples have been moved to new locations. The most difficult task, and the one that has caught the attention of the entire world, was the raising of the two great rock-cut temples at Abu Simbel. Aside from its significance in historical conservation, the rescue of the two temples, the larger one consisting of eleven chambers and cut 200 feet into solid rock, is an engineering triumph comparable to the building of the pyramids.

In all, twenty-four temples have been scheduled for moving, and much of the work is already done. Four temples have been moved in the Sudan alone. The outstanding achievement in this part of the program in Egypt, aside from Abu Simbel, is the rescue and reassembling of the temple of Kalabsha by the government of West Germany. The ground plan of this beautiful Greco-Roman temple is about the size of Notre Dame. Leslie Greener, an artist on the staff of the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, says of the reconstruction: "The work has been so beautifully done . . . that the very air of antiquity seems to have moved with the stones."

Many countries which could not send scholars or engineers to aid in the work gave financial support. The fact that both Kuwait and Cambodia made cash contributions indicates how widely the idea is spreading that archaeological and historical remains are important to all the world, not only to the country where they may happen to be. The United States can be proud of the part it has played in this extraordinary international effort. Generous donations have been made by the federal government from its Public Law 480 funds in Cairo. These are the so-called counterpart funds—Egyptian pounds which have accumulated from the sale of surplus American products, mainly agricultural, which must be spent in the country of origin. They have been applied to both archaeological excavations and the moving of temples.



With respect to the great emergency situation in the United States, it is encouraging to be able to report that interest is rapidly increasing. In particular the federal agencies show a growing responsibility for the archaeological and historical sites which they inevitably encounter in the course of their work. At the annual meeting of the Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains last February in Washington the following agencies were represented by responsible officials: National Park Service, Smithsonian Institution, Geological Survey, Bureau of Reclamation, Corps of Engineers, Atomic Energy Commission, Federal Power Commission, Forest Service, Fish and Wildlife Service, Bureau of Public Roads, Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Resources Program Staff and the Office of Management Operations for the Secretary of the Interior, National Science Foundation, National Aeronautics and Space Agency, Bureau of Land Management, Soil Conservation Service, Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, Department of Housing and Urban Development, Bureau of Mines, Tennessee Valley Authority, and the Science Adviser to the Secretary of the Interior. One private agency was represented: the American Council of Learned Societies. The members of the Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains themselves represent the last-named council and the American Anthropological Association and the Society for American Archaeology.

This is a far cry from the situation twenty years ago, when a plea for historic preservation was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness of constructive destruction. The federal agencies and many of the states have become aware of their obligations in this direction and are, one by one, accepting these obligations. They are not, however, receiving the support they need from state and local agencies nor, in many instances, from Congress.

One of the difficulties arises from the ways in which the money for the various federal agencies and projects is appropriated and spent. The major construction projects of the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation in the river basins lie within their own control and, as we have seen above, these are our most successful salvage operations. The licensing regulations of the Federal Power Commission have also been used effectively. Our largest landowning body, the Bureau of Land Management, is also increasingly doing its part and has instituted a campaign of employing archaeologists in its regional offices. The Atomic Energy Commission has recently assumed responsibility for the survey and salvage of the numerous archaeological and historic sites which lie in the path of its projects.

But that is only part of the picture. In an alarming number of instances, the saving of important cultural sites does not lie within the power of the federal government. The Bureau of Public Roads permits the states to use federal road funds for cultural survey and salvage. However, it is necessary for the individual state highway departments, which spend the money, to give their approval. The Small Watershed program, which has thousands of construction projects in being or in the planning stage, although based on Congressional appropriations to the Department of Agriculture, is actually operated, and the money spent, by county and local bodies. That is also the case with Urban Renewal. The situation in the Land Leveling program is even worse. Although the planning is done by the Soil Conservation Service in the Department of Agriculture, the actual work and expenditure of funds are carried out by private landowners.

Obviously everything of the past cannot be kept, nor should it be. The most important examples of our origins, development and past glories must, however, be preserved, either by retaining the physical sites or by recording them fully before destruction. This can be achieved in many instances only by public clamor. During recent years, victories have been won when people were aroused to protect their local treasures. We must have more of this, but the chances of success will be better if the campaigns are well organized. Surveys for historical values should be made far in advance of construction. Excavations, scale drawings, or the moving of buildings should be scheduled early enough so that construction is not seriously impeded. In many cases—with roads for example—plans can be changed to avoid the historic sites. Historical or archaeological parks can be created, as was done with Pictograph Cave in Billings, Mont., so that the features we wish to save can be made an integral and useful part of the modern development. All this takes thought, planning and vigorous vigilance. It is well worth it, for the records of history are irreplaceable.

"FOOD FOR FREEDOM"

THE PARADOX OF FOREIGN AID

BRUCE J. OUDES

Mr. Oudes became interested in Public Law 480 and its impact while in Africa for three years as U. S. press officer in Dakar, Senegal and Elisabethville, Lubumbashi, Congo.

Only someone with the audacity of Lyndon Johnson could have publicly ignored the fact that the United States, in the past twelve years, has given away or sold cheaply food costing the taxpayer nearly $25 billion. "I propose," he said in a message to Congress earlier this year, "that the United States lead the world in a war against hunger."

The legislation, originally known as the "Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act" Public Law 480 of 1954 (note: trade first, assistance second), has been rechristened "Food for Freedom." President Kennedy had a program called "Food for Peace," but President Johnson, eager to put his own LBJ stamp on it, thought the name worth changing.

The President and many members of Congress claim that the bill will help make developing countries self-sufficient in food production. The paradox is that while encouraging agricultural growth on the part of the developing nations, we plan to increase our own shipments of food; increased agricultural aid can only mean increased agricultural dependency.

President Johnson proposes to lead the war on hunger by making the poor countries pay the United States more than they had before for the food they desperately need.

And the rate at which he would have them pay would bankrupt many countries before the Malthusian forecast comes to pass (which his food and population experts estimate will be around 1980).

Mr. Johnson has further suggested that to qualify for the right to buy the higher-priced food, these nations should achieve more "self-help"—which seemingly implies that they really haven't made the effort up to now. If they fail to move fast enough, they will be removed from the list of eligible food purchasers.

The bill as eventually applied probably will be somewhat more generous; still, it is enough to make one believe that Congress should consider a second "truth in packaging" law—this one dealing with truth in legislative packaging. The bill ingeniously makes allies of the Congressional supporters of foreign aid and the supporters of farm subsidies —strange bedfellows indeed. Appearing to have the economic development of the poorer nations as its purpose, the hybrid bill equally benefits the U.S. farmer.

At the beginning of this year the Administration was faced with a problem: the huge American food surpluses of the fifties no longer existed. The "Food for Peace" program, under which these products were exported on a subsidized basis, could be allowed to expire at the end of 1966. Thus, all U.S. food to move abroad would do so on a straight commercial-sales basis (no subsidy). The roughly $750 million worth of food given away annually under "Food for Peace" as emergency relief could be made a part of the regular foreign aid program. It was known that the growing world demand for food had resulted in record United States food exports in 1965 on a commercial basis—nearly $4.8 billion. Subsidized food exports under the "Food for Peace" program meanwhile had slipped from $1.7 billion in 1964 to $1.4 billion last year. The drop was attributed to dwindling stockpiles of surplus food in this country and to a requirement that importing nations pay hard cash for shipping costs. (Under the Administration's new proposals, the U.S. would be able to make dollar loans to cover shipping.) Although the Administration could have let the "Food for Peace" legislation lapse, it was aware of four additional factors:

(*1*) Farm interests in Congress would object to ending the subsidizing of food exports to those countries that do not have money to pay hard cash and thus need credit.

(*2*) Congress was going to scrutinize more carefully than usual the Administration's regular foreign aid request. With the "guns or butter" discussion then developing in Congress, it would be unwise to increase the foreign aid request by including the $750-million famine-relief program.

(*3*) The "Food for Peace" program, in effect, was a second foreign aid bill. Much of the money that accrued to the U.S. from these long-term, low-interest sales was loaned back to the recipient country for development projects.

(4) Any renewal of "Food for Peace" would be funded easily through "backdoor financing." The Administration would have to worry only about the authorization bill. The actual appropriation of money would come, as in the past, after the fact—in the form of a bill to replenish the funds of the Commodity Credit Corporation, the arm of the government that is responsible for selling domestic agricultural products abroad. The Administration knew that farm interests would support any bill appropriating funds to the CCC; it is the CCC that pays the farmers their subsidies.

The Administration knew that ideally—and in the interest of "tidy" legislation—the aid in "Food for Peace" should be a part of the regular foreign aid bill. But there was never much doubt that the Agency for International Development (AID), the Department of Agriculture and, ultimately, the White House would agree to renew the P.L. 480 program.

AID personnel, realizing that regular U.S. foreign aid had slipped to little more than one-quarter of 1 per cent in the past few years from almost 2 per cent of GNP during the Marshall Plan days, already had launched a program to increase private investment—which, it was hoped, would provide the capital these countries sorely needed, and Congress was not voting.

The President therefore sent to Capitol Hill in January a request to sell $2.5 billion of food on credit terms—and to give away $0.8 billion for famine relief. This program falls just $100 million short of the combined request for regular foreign aid and military assistance. At the same time, in order to replenish our food stockpiles for sales under "Food for Freedom," the Administration embarked on a program to increase our food production. Thus has the U.S. launched itself on a program of giving a double subsidy to about a quarter of our food exports: first at the time of production, then at the time of sale.

In drawing up the rather awkward and complicated "Food for Freedom" package, AID officials apparently made two wrong tactical decisions—both for the right reasons. The first was to tighten the credit terms on which American food is sold to developing nations; the second was to tie these credit terms to those on which development loans are awarded under the regular foreign aid program. The error in tying the credit terms to the foreign aid program is clear when one considers the vulnerability of the foreign aid bill. In recent weeks the Foreign Relations Committee has voted to raise this interest rate from 2.5 per cent to 3 per cent, after having flirted briefly with an interest rate of as much as 4.5 per cent. Another mistake from the standpoint of trying to make "Food for Freedom" as effective as possible was to stiffen the loan terms. Loan terms had previously been as low as 1 per cent or less annually. Now they were to be tied to the rising rate of AID loans. With some firm Presidential pressure, it is possible that Congress might have gone along with a move to reduce the terms of the development loans to match those for food—at least it was worth trying. In short, if AID's purpose was indeed "to aid," it should have reduced the relative price of tractors to the price of wheat rather than raise the wheat price to that of tractors.

Faced with an order from the White House to come up with a "bare-bones" program, AID executives had to count more on their own ingenuity to achieve their objectives than on U.S. funds. They decided that they would put loans for food on a par with other forms of loans so that receiving nations would no longer be able to use the importation of American food as an excuse for letting their agricultural growth lag behind their industrial growth. This would also have the advantage of appeasing foreign critics who argue that what we call foreign "aid" is really economic imperialism—that America's real interest is to assure itself a permanent food market.

The Administration wrote into the bill a clause which said that all food sales (with a few specified exceptions) for local currency—now about 60 per cent of the P.L. 480 total—are to be phased out by the end of 1971. Trading is to be done instead on a hard dollar basis—which now accounts for less than 10 per cent of the P.L. 480 total. Thus the "foreign aid" and "export subsidy" factors will tend to be reduced gradually. However, since total sales under "Food for Freedom" are expected to increase over the next five years, owing to increased world food needs, total overall aid under this program will also rise, despite the reduction in percentage on a sale-by-sale basis.

What all this adds up to is that AID officials abroad will take a line that goes something like this: "You might as well buy more of your food from us. Our terms aren't as good as they used to be, but they're still significantly better than anyone else's—and this is probably the only way you'll increase substantially your aid from the U.S."

AID officials recognize the necessity of bowing to Congressional pressure for tougher terms. At the same time they unhappily are forced to accept the fact that tougher terms mean exacerbation of one of the most serious problems of developing countries: debt servicing. Developing countries are increasingly unable to repay their debts, and this could bring about a crisis in the 1970s. The U.S. balance of payments problem is nothing compared to the developing countries' problem of rapidly diminishing foreign exchange reserves.

The World Bank estimates that the equivalent of about half of foreign aid given by all donor nations annually is quickly returned as repayment on interest and principal. If present trends continue, the Bank estimates that by 1980 all aid will be going into debt servicing—with none remaining for development. Indian Commerce Minister Manubhai Shah said at a recent UN regional Economic Commission meeting that only if donor nations accepted some of the manufactured goods produced by Asian and African factories as "repayment in kind" will these nations be able to meet their debt obligations.

An AID study last year forecast economic setbacks in developing countries unless lending terms are improved. Ignoring its own figures, AID did nothing to postpone the day of financial reckoning. One AID official said: "We had to discount the ultimate effect of a tightening of food aid credit because this debt servicing thing is going to require a massive, special effort of the U.S. Government to solve—perhaps involving the forgiving of a great many loans and calling a new Bretton Woods type of monetary conference agreement. For the present we just have to deal in the realm of the practical."

Congress is, of course, aware of what "Food for Freedom" means domestically. Although presented as part of the Administration's foreign aid package, once it hit the Hill the bill became what it always had been—the private preserve of the Agriculture Committees of both the Senate and the House. The committees, made up of farm district Congressmen for the most part, are very protective of the bill; only a calamity could induce them to tamper with the $3.3 billion authorization plum asked for by the Administration.

The amended version of the bill passed the House by 333 to 20 in May. As it stands it cannot but disturb the Administration: now there are political strings and provisions which could curb agricultural export expansion in developing nations. And the wording of the bill is almost mocking in the manner in which it forces the President's term "self-help" into every nook and cranny of the legislation.

Political strings were added in an amendment by Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.), which would force many countries to choose between exporting and/or shipping to Cuba or North Vietnam, or buying P.L. 480 food. Administration officials claim there is no precise listing of countries faced with this dilemma, but informed sources estimate the figure to be as high as 50 per cent of all countries now participating in the program. (Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman told the Senate Agriculture Committee recently: "This language [Findley amendment] would set up restrictions upon other countries more severe than the restrictions we impose upon ourselves. We are able . . . to supply food and medicine to Cuba if we determine it is in the national interest to do so.")

President Johnson used the phrase "self-help" repeatedly in presenting the bill to Congress and he defined increased emphasis on both agricultural production and population control as the Administration's "new directions" in foreign aid policy. The House committee accepted his "new directions," writing a series of amendments which would demand that client countries commit themselves to increasing their agricultural production and population control.

One of the amendments would authorize $33 million to create a "farmer-to-farmer" approach to technical assistance—like the Peace Corps, but run by the Department of Agriculture. Another has to do with birth control. Rep. Paul H. Todd, Jr. (D., Mich.) said that this amendment marks the first time Congress has expressed a clear policy in this area. One committee staff member was astonished that after the House debate not a single opposing voice was heard on the floor.

But some civil service skeptics in the Administration look with disfavor at the slick packaging job. Said one veteran AID official, summarizing the attitude of several of his colleagues: "Self-help—hooey—what do they think we've been doing for the last twenty years? Picking daisies?"

The Economist, meanwhile, chided Mr. Johnson with a story on the program headlined, "Help Yourselves." The suggestion, moreover, appears to have an element of truth. According to one U.S. official, some foreign ambassadors engage in "self-help" kickbacks before the foods ever leave U.S. shores. They do so by electing to be their own agents, and thus become entitled to open bids from food exporters. They reveal the low bid to a "favored" bidder—then divide the profit with him.

More important, all the "self-help" amendments to the President's bill, however well-meaning, will nevertheless be undercut severely by the changeover to hard currency terms. Under existing local currency programs, most Ruritanian sawbucks accrued by the U.S. are lent back to the Ruritanians for development programs. And these programs are approved, step by step, sawbuck by sawbuck, by AID.

In hard dollar programs, the sawbucks created by the sale of U.S. food in Ruritania never come into U.S. hands. Ruritanians can spend them as they wish, U.S. leverage being exercised only when the entire program with Ruritania comes up for renewal. It is, one AID official has said, for the purpose of retaining as much of a voice as possible in Ruritania's expenditure of U.S. loan funds that our P.L. 480 programs increasingly are being extended for only six months or a year at a time, rather than for longer periods as in the past.

A further word is also necessary about the "self-help" concept. Its meaning in government circles is being expanded rapidly. The United States correctly insists that a developing country use our aid in the most efficient manner possible, committing an adequate amount of its own resources to these joint development programs. The "self-help" term, however, is so vague that its definition can be expanded to justify denying aid programs to countries with a limited amount of trained and educated manpower and thus a limited ability to "absorb" aid. Requirements for "self-help" thus can be used to deny countries programs that would expand their capacity for "self-help." The very idea of development implies expansion of the will of traditional economies to help themselves and aspire to a better life. In limiting ourselves to aiding countries with trained elites who can handle sophisticated USAID programs, we are using ""self-help" as a rationale for limiting our own aid efforts.

Another concern of the House is market expansion, particularly for cotton and tobacco (which the U.S. still has in great surplus). Agriculture Committee Chairman Harold D. Cooley, who represents a North Carolina tobacco district, refused to let the bill out of committee until the Department of Agriculture agreed to unfreeze $250,000 earmarked for promoting U.S. tobacco sales overseas. At the same time, the Department had been under fire for a film it produced to show abroad called *World of Pleasure*, which was about the joys of smoking.

More important, however, are two market-expansion amendments which would limit the ability of countries buying P.L. 480 food to expand their own markets when such activity might compete with U.S. interests. The first, in the guise of a "self-help" amendment, was authorized by W. R. Poage, committee vice chairman, who comes from a cotton-producing district of Texas. It provides that U.S. leverage be used to persuade developing countries to grow food crops on land now devoted to the production of non-food crops in world surplus (read cotton). Poage implies that increasing quantities of the estimated 16-million-bale U.S. cotton surplus (one-third of the world's annual consumption) should be sent to India, and India should then reduce its cotton acreage correspondingly and plant food crops in place of cotton.

Despite its initial appeal as a method of increasing food production, Poage's idea fails in that it would encourage a permanent Indian deficiency in cotton, and India would be left to hunt for another supply arrangement when U.S. cotton surpluses finally become depleted. Moreover, India and many other nations depend on agricultural crops for precious foreign exchange. To deny developing countries the right to market expansion and to ask them to reduce voluntarily their share of the market is to condemn them to permanent international monetary purgatory.

What most developing countries want the United States to do is curb its own international market-expansion tendencies. This, they say, would be an appropriate gesture of aid. One South Asian ambassador said to an American official not too long ago: "In all sincerity, what we are asking you to do is to guarantee expanding markets for the products of our inefficient industries until they are no longer inefficient."

This basic clash between the haves and the have-nots over market expansion has been a sore point for years. It is important, then, to note how all P.L. 480 legislation, past, present and proposed, helps us to obtain a corner on the market being created by expanding world food needs.

Ruritania is eligible to buy U.S. food cheaply only to the degree that its own food needs are growing. This is to prevent us from interfering with the markets of Ruritania's traditional suppliers. Ruritania, which wants cheap U.S. food badly, often juggles statistics (sometimes at the suggestion of helpful U.S. Embassy officials) to show a false rising need. Furthermore, even when the need is legitimate, the U.S. often ignores its own formula for sharing the enlarged food demand with Ruritania's traditional suppliers—to corner as much of the increased market as possible.

The second noteworthy market-expansion amendment passed by the House committee reflects U.S. fear of competition from foreign-made products. Under the clause, local currencies in U.S. hands in Ruritania may not be loaned to U.S. businessmen for manufacture of products intended to be exported to this country in competition with American products.

An American official pointed out one phase of AID legislation which—under certain agreements—prohibits developing countries from importing equipment from the United States for "processing rice, wheat, citrus fruits, cotton, oil seeds or dairy products." There is a procedure which allows AID to get around this rule. "But when they see this provision," the official said, "it takes quite a bit to convince them we're serious about this self-sufficiency business."

Nevertheless, some U.S. agricultural export promoters believe that as African and Asian countries reach some kind of self-sufficiency in agricultural production—if that day ever comes—they will revert to using all available foreign exchange in expanding industrialization; they feel this is the way to reach the 20th century in a generation. But this will mean that these countries won't remain customers for U.S. foodstuffs on a commercial basis if they can help it; the United States will have done itself out of these foreign food markets.

The President may propose the bill; Congress may legislate it, and business and agriculture may benefit, but the day-to-day business of P.L. 480 is conducted by the State Department, AID and the Department of Agriculture. The Foreign Agricultural Service quietly oversaw the exportation last year of $6.2 billion in agricultural commodities.

Under the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations there was also a P.L. 480 office in the White House. But last year the office was abolished, and Richard W. Reuter, President Johnson's "Food for Peace" director, has been reassigned to the post of Special Assistant to the Secretary of State. Reuter's new office produces the "Food for Peace/Freedom" annual report and often serves as a mediator between AID and Agriculture—but handles little of the heavy load of administering the act. One AID official predicted that this office will be abolished altogether and its work absorbed by State and AID—"when Reuter decides to accept an ambassadorship."

Department of State officials often are involved in P.L. 480 negotiations, since these frequently revolve around questions of policy. Sometimes, particularly in the cases of smaller countries, officials at the desk level find themselves obtaining clearance from AID and Agriculture in order to expedite an agreement.

One State Department officer, learning that the new legislation eventually would require all sales to be repayable in dollars, exclaimed: "With what? They (referring to "his" country) haven't got any foreign exchange. I can see it now. We'll be involved in a whole series of debt rescheduling negotiations in the seventies." He shook his head. "They never consider the little countries when drawing up this kind of thing." The contention that the food legislation was written for India and the few other nations with civil servants who know how to deal with the complexities of U.S. aid—not for the smaller nations—was expressed repeatedly in interviews in other departments. One State official said: "This'll mean we have them coming and going. Strictures when they sign an agreement and then more arm twisting when they come around to negotiate debt rescheduling." An AID man put it this way: "It all boils down to how much 'clout' we have when we sit down with some ministers at a table and they have a hole in their five-year development plan they can't fill. We can waive some restrictions on the condition that they go along with us on other things."

AID and the Department of Agriculture end up overseeing those aspects of the bill which are most directly related to their respective interests. AID sees that the bill is helping to encourage economic growth within the developing countries; the Department of Agriculture makes sure that the bill is benefiting the farmer. Many different offices within AID deal with P.L. 480 from time to time, but only one office (about thirty people) deals with it on a full-time basis. The corresponding office in the Department of Agriculture is much larger.

This isolation of P.L. 480 from the rest of U.S. aid—"under coordination" in governmentese—has vexed Administration officials for a long time. Many acknowledge that P.L. 480 has always been some kind of afterthought in U.S. policy. "You draw up your regular programs very carefully, and when that's done you say, 'Oh, by the way, we can get you some surplus food too,' " said one Bureau of the Budget member. Thus P.L. 480 has been piecemeal (or peace meal, as one punster puts it) in conception, legislation and execution. Now, all that is changing, AID officials say. Since "food aid" is currently about one-third of all U.S. aid, and likely to be more than half before long, they argue that it's time we understood what it's all about.

It is surprising how many people in other countries believe that all our foreign commitments are motivated by economic concerns at home. Only recently, in Saigon, a U.S. reporter was told by a Buddhist student demonstrator that Americans are fighting in Vietnam "to test their modern weapons and solve American economic troubles. They bring their surplus farm products to sell in our markets."

Congress and the Administration are now serving notice to the world that those food "surpluses" no longer exist. This will serve as an important propaganda weapon for the United States. But it is more than the "under-coordination," "political strings" and "market expansion" that critics find so disturbing; the food-export subsidies are simply inefficient ways of providing aid (except as famine relief).

The "half a loaf is better than none" argument seems indeed compelling. But one cannot help wondering if this bill is really in our own long-term interests. Clearly it helps the farmer—but does it speak well for a country that claims to take a sincere interest in helping the developing countries of the world?

The pitiful fact is that the United States—by changing grants to loans, by demanding hard currency on the loans and making the terms stiffer—would seem to be phasing itself out of the whole business of foreign aid. And this is being done well before the job of developing the poorer countries has even approached any signs of completion.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Death of the Recital

BENJAMIN BORETZ

In the four years since the inauguration of Philharmonic Hall, public musical life in New York has come to be dominated, psychologically if not statistically, by the pattern of events at Lincoln Center. This is particularly evident in the prevalence of the "Festival" strategy, generated by the need to produce large audiences with which to fill expensive and oversized new auditoriums, of inflating the intrinsic appeal of an event by the creation of an associated "occasion"—an "inauguration," "commemoration," or "series." This tendency has done a great deal to exaggerate even further the disparity between large- and small-scaled performance activity; the sheer mass of these portmanteau-events has virtually obliterated public awareness of, for example, individual recitals by any but the most prestigious international celebrities, at the Horowitz-Rubinstein level. At the same time, there has been an accompanying change in the audience from a specifically "musical" orientation to one focusing on "entertainment" in general. As a result, the traditional area of regular music making, which formerly sustained the continuity of performance, is the really neglected aspect of musical activity—far more so, for instance, than events at the "specialist" extreme, which always retain their audience of professionals and, recently, extra-musical intellectuals. And the attrition in the recital world increases as the performers who inhabit it persist in offering the same "obligatory" programs, whose non-appeal is even more exposed in this age of superabundant recording.

As the public relevance of recitals has thus diminished, their professional importance has almost disappeared; for the conservatory education that prepares an instrumentalist for the nonexistent recital vocation is totally inimical not only to his development of an exploratory or serious repertory, whether traditional or contemporary, but also to serious (as distinct from conventionally spectacular, decorative or atmospheric) interpretive approaches. At the same time, whatever marginal professional existence such a performer can achieve depends entirely on his manager's ability to arrange concert tours in the American provinces, where even slightly "esoteric" programs are regarded by local managements as naked threats to their solvency. As a result, the typical recital performer is not equipped, motivated or managerially permitted to revitalize his repertory or to collaborate—or even come into contact—with those other young musicians, performers as well as composers, whose direct involvement in contemporary developments has begun to generate a new tradition for musical activity at all levels of performance.

By the same token, any promising developments that actually do take place in the recital domain are likely to be overlooked in the course of avoiding the egregious musical steam rollers at one extreme, and of recognizing essential developments taking place at the other. For there are certain performers—some active in "specialist" activities as well—whose qualities are most revealingly projected through their personal deployment of the traditional recital framework. The pianist Charles Rosen, the violinist Paul Zukovsky, the soprano Bethany Beardslee and her accompanist Robert Helps are, as I have on earlier occasions noted here, all performers whose instrumental (or vocal) "personalities" and interpretive insights are individual and broad enough to sustain interest over the span of a program composed of works drawn from a wide range of the existing literature. In this respect, at least, their capacities run counter to the "specialist" trend toward varying ensembles drawing programs primarily from the 20th-century literature, with an occasional earlier work of particular formal or interpretive relevance. Yet they have all, in varying degrees, been victimized by the curious limbo of the recital world whenever they have ventured into it; their programs safely repel any of the concert managers who make up the only remaining regular audience at recitals, and the new-music public tends to stay away out of a somewhat indiscriminate dismissal of "traditional" performances of any kind.

The press contributes significantly to this miasma by maintaining an almost strictly impartial indifference to all recital activity, although one would suppose that, from the press's own point of view, the most consequential musical "news" in any season would necessarily be the advent of a first-rate performer or composition.

During the season that is now well past, at least two such opportunities for discovery presented themselves in the Carnegie Recital Hall debuts of Paul Jacobs as harpsichordist and of Samuel Rhodes as solo violist. The scarcity of serious virtuoso playing on either of these instruments gave the appearance of performers of the caliber of Jacobs and Rhodes a special musical newsworthiness. Among American harpsichordists, for example, only Fernando Valenti, with his powerful digital command and rhythmic articulation may be legitimately regarded as a performer of major stature; of the others, only Kirkpatrick and Marlowe have been heard consistently, and their technical and musical weaknesses are only made more irritating by their great salon cachet.

Paul Jacobs, on the other hand, has for some years been familiar to new-music (and Philharmonic) audiences as a pianist and musician of extraordinary executive and interpretive capacities; and the transference of his pianistic abilities and musical perceptions to the harpsichord (previously revealed in ensemble performances of Milton Babbitt's Composition for Tenor and Six Instruments and Elliott Carter's Double Concerto) has produced a rhythmic precision, timbral delicacy and mechanical fluency that provide a completely new sense of the range of the resources available from this instrument. In particular, his performance of Carter's Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello and Harpsichord (with Thomas Nyfenger, Georges Haas and Robert Sylvester) was an extraordinary realization of the ensemble and rhythmic qualities of the work, all of which derive from the extension of harpsichord sonority and attack through the entire texture, requiring a precision of balance and articulation that I have heard in no other performance.

In other respects, too, Jacobs' program was impressively sophisticated. The idea of opening the evening with the Bach Four Duets, whose virtual absence of surface attraction and interior of esoteric relational ideas make perhaps the musician's music of all time, was a notable *coup d'estime*; and the subsequent performance of the Haydn A-flat Sonata-Divertimento revealed a remarkable work that was largely unfamiliar even to the professionals present. If the other works on the program were more conventionally recitalistic, Jacobs' spectacular ripping-off of the complex pyrotechnics of the Bach F-minor Toccata, and the precisely judged sonorities, balances and phrasing of the DeFalla Harpsichord Concerto were displays of sheer instrumental authority and musical savoir-faire that were fascinating not only acrobatically but in the nonchalance with which they virtually dispatched every previous standard of harpsichord performance, in these works and elsewhere.

Samuel Rhodes's recital demonstrated that, even at this early stage of his career, he is a violist on the superior level of such players as Walter Trampler and Abram Loft of his pre-violin days. In fact, Rhodes's evident capacity to draw a consistent amplitude of sound from the viola under every conceivable situation relates him, perhaps even more than Trampler, to a tradition of string performance that has almost disappeared. But this is accompanied by a level of musical cultivation and awareness that is even more exceptional in a musician with this kind of old-fashioned consummate virtuosity. Thus, throughout Rhodes's concert, one was aware of innumerable details of special perception and care, along with the large-scale command of direction and succession: the precise matching, for instance, of viola and piano trills in the opening Bach G-major Sonata, the continuousness of the unfolding of the Stravinsky solo Elégie, and especially the security with which the maximal complexities of pitch, rhythm and registral structure were projected in the Brahms E-flat Sonata, Op. 120.

But the focal point of the recital was the first performance of Claudio Spies's *Viopiacem* for viola and keyboard instruments. This work, like Spies's earlier *Tempi* for fourteen instruments (heard on a Fromm Foundation concert last year) is full of penetrating ideas about sonority, registration, continuity, and—especially—the possibilities of multiple articulations of the same segments of (musical) time and space, in which the extension of the viola-keyboard dialogue to piano and harpsichord, first alternately and then simultaneously, is a deeply embedded structural premise rather than simply a presentational novelty. Again, the performance by Rhodes and Richard Goode, the pianist for the entire concert, was a model of intelligence and refinement, qualities that correspond precisely to those of Spies's own compositional thought.

POEM OF NEGRO BOYS I SWAM WITH IN THE MISSISSIPPI SEVEN YEARS AGO

Arms
outstretched,
they leap from the bluff, into
the silt-laden, sun-
flashing swirls
of green water . . . And
as ancient men arise cleansed
from the Ganges fouler than men can be,
they burst up, flapping,
shrilly crying, cauls of burnt
waterdrops all over their bodies
like first feathers!

Torn,
softly irised down
I arrange, now, seven years later, uselessly in a poem.

GALWAY KINNELL

Except for such exceptional recitals, the performance of contemporary music has continued to depend primarily on those composer- and university-oriented groups that have become less the example they initially hoped to provide for emulation by the rest of the performance community and more the permanent center where most of the activity takes place. Thus the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music took a major step in expanding its activity by presenting a fully staged production of a new opera, Peter Westergaard's *Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos,* as part of its regular concerts. For just as the presentation and acceptance of *Don Rodrigo* as a serious *avant-garde* work, when it was performed at the opening of the New York City Opera's residency at Lincoln Center, revealed what is desperately wrong with opera in this country, so *Discobbolos* was one of the best demonstrations we have yet had of what might be right with it.

It is an instance of what results when a compositional sophisticate, with an equivalent awareness of the possibilities of verbal-musical wit and insight, intrudes on the supposedly exclusive domain of the "operatic" fabricators. Indeed, the most striking aspect of *Discobbolos* is the thorough superiority of Westergaard's notion of what constitutes a lively and effective music-theatrical conjunction to all the dreary *Rodrigos, Susannahs* or *Baby Does* produced by the supposed specialists in the field. More pertinently, *Discobbolos* is an opera in the Stravinskian mold, with that kind of verbal-rhythmic vocal-line contouring within stable, slowly changing macro-events; a work, that is, of counterpointed "intervals" of pitch, attack and (dramatic) event-unfolding that creates a multi-dimensional structural richness on the foundation of the purely verbal triologue of the Edward Lear text.

A different sort of local operatic première was given by the Juilliard School Opera Workshop when it produced Roger Sessions' *The Trial of Lucullus* and Hugo Weisgall's *Purgatory.* This was more in the nature of minimal amends for inconceivable neglect by our major institutes of interpretation: Sessions' work was composed twenty, and Weisgall's ten years ago. It is impossible to conceive that a European composer of Sessions' stature would not have all his operatic works, however mediocre, recondite or impractical, performed by every major opera company. Yet this is precisely the kind of professional self-esteem American musical institutions do not possess; thus, neither the Metropolitan nor the New York City Opera appears to be humiliated by the fact that Sessions' recent *Montezuma*—unquestionably the major operatic work produced thus far in this country—was given its first, and so far only, performance by the Berlin Opera, and that neither of them has ever done a single work of Sessions (or Schoenberg or Krenek, for that matter; while the Metropolitan has the additional distinction of never having presented an opera by Aaron Copland, Hugo Weisgall, Bela Bartók, Paul Hindemith, and a long list of other eminent composers too numerous to mention). Typically, these first New York performances were student productions, with all the orchestral but many fewer of the vocal problems that one expects from student performers. But the memorable aspects of the evening were mainly in the remarkable sets and projections designed for *Lucullus* by Ming Cho Lee (who appears to be something of a genius in such matters, as evidenced also by his setting for *Don Rodrigo*), and the staging of the opera by Ian Strasfogel, which provided solutions in every respect but lighting to the difficult problems posed by the radio-script character of the scene succession.

Purgatory was altogether less satisfactory; it is, by comparison with other

Weisgall operas, rather tenuous, and its representation was often embarrassingly weak. But again, a work of such manifestly serious compositional and dramatic concern should be available to us as a necessary part of our musical self-awareness. That we are consistently deprived of knowing such works—or even, often, that they exist—is one of the most discouraging consequences of our acquiescence in the mass narcosis into which the compulsive audience-builders are converting the remaining vestiges of our musical culture.

I should have liked to be able to comment, at equal length, on the large-scale events of some musical consequence that I heard during the past year. But it ought to be noted, however briefly, that the Carnegie Hall Festival of Visiting Orchestras is exempt from my anti-Festival strictures if only because it provides opportunities to hear some of the important 20th-century orchestral literature that the "major" orchestras simply do not perform. Moreover, there is a certain inherent interest in learning of the quality and kind of orchestral performance being developed in other parts of the country, especially if the programs reflect any special preoccupation or competence of the orchestra or conductor involved.

Of this year's series, it can be reported that the Chicago Orchestra continues to play better than any other in existence, despite a routine conductor. It has a phenomenal ability to turn on at full volume with absolute unanimity and no perceptible accentuation (a resource especially memorable in the Introduction of the Mozart 38th Symphony), as well as a virtuosity in string and wind solo and ensemble playing unequaled elsewhere, which resulted in a probably maximal performance of the Ravel G-major piano concerto, though it was hardly enough to save the Stravinsky *Sacre du Printemps* from Mr. Martinon's dismemberment. The Cincinnati Symphony contributed the first performance of Gunther Schuller's *American Triptych,* which generates many striking ideas of sonority out of the "as if" of supposed analogues to visual structure (notably the translation of the simultaneity of a visual surface into succession on an auditory "field," with a remarkable evasion of the sense of closure). And the Minneapolis Symphony gave a carefully prepared performance of Elliott Carter's Variations, which is undoubtedly the most influential American orchestral work of the post-war period, has been performed in most European capitals, but still awaits a performance by the principal orchestra of Philharmonic Hall.

POEMS OF
MAO TSE-TUNG

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Pondering the Negatives

THE SECRET SWINGER. *By Alan Harrington. Alfred A. Knopf. 235 pp. $4.95.*

KATHARINE TOPKINS

Mrs. Topkins is the author of two novels, All the Tea in China *(Macmillan) and* Kotch *(McGraw-Hill). Her short stories have been published in* The New Yorker *and other magazines.*

There can be no doubt about the high seriousness of Alan Harrington's intention, or the effectiveness of his comic gift, as revealed now in two novels. In *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto* (1955), conformity was pushed to its ultimate absurdity. Hal Hingham sought (and temporarily found) salvation in "Centralism," a doctrine which delivers happiness by purging the individual of his individuality and sinking him in safe dull middle ground. Now in *The Secret Swinger,* an indecisive nonconformity played out without purpose ends in personal destruction for George Pectin. Both novels explore a tricky question: how can a pallid, underconfident man find a meaningful niche in a meaningless botched-up society?

Pectin is a suffering soul (neither hero nor anti-hero seems applicable) who takes up where Hal Hingham left off. Pectin is in the middle to begin with. A moderately inept New York journalist, at 43 he sees himself as a dreary square, albeit one who aspires to a colorful free-form existence. In a determined effort to transcend his own mediocrity, Pectin decides to confront life, give it a go. Divorce is the first ploy. After some vacillation, he abandons his wife (freshly emerged from a TB sanitarium) and small son. But his anxiety over the rift rapidly changes to irritation when he discovers that his presence is too inconsequential for his absence to be felt.

> His wife was brimming over with happiness. She didn't seem worried about the divorce any more. Where do I fit in? George Pectin thought, even though he was going to be free and didn't want to fit in.

Responsibility behind him, George returns to the Greenwich Village haunts of his youth, revisiting those who have bypassed him in the onward and upward struggle. But he finds you can't go home again (particularly when you never really lived there to begin with). Next stop: alcohol, drugs, jazz, brawls and an assortment of broad broads — wide-hipped, malevolent earth mothers, available to everyone but George.

In the course of his quest for a slippery, unobtainable Grail, he is alternately put down by uptowners and bullied by bombastic beatniks— "Go on, George, Live!" Those around Pectin seem to be living the abundant life while he is not even fractionally content. "Go mad, save yourself!" Muchnik the poet tells him, and George feels "an ancient and savage logic penetrating to the center of his being." The only sensible refuge for modern man, it would seem, is the re-creation of a world that orbits on irrationality. Madness crusts over the pain. Indeed, throughout his odyssey, Pectin retains an unresolved awe for those either strong enough or foolish enough to overplay their lives into a kind of frenetic hyperbole—Bill Genovese, courtier of death; Gretchen, who prefaces Bed with the Scriptures; Muchnik, "who fills the doorway with an exuberant hairy holiness."

Serena, a hipsterette whom Pectin meets at a Village party, finally gives him the word: what he really is is a secret swinger. George receives this insight with the childish delight of a prospective Little Leaguer who has made the team. Ultimately, a murky kind of self-acceptance comes to him, culminating in extinction the hard way—a literal retreat to the womb.

The Secret Swinger is, at least in part, satiric fantasy. But just how far are we to go with its characters as real believable creations who might reasonably be encountered in life? Their names—Pectin, Serena, Muchnik—and the grotesqueries they enact steer firmly toward allegory, but there is a façade of realism that muddles the basic design.

Certain facts which would contribute to our understanding of George Pectin are conspicuously absent. For example, we are taken on a sentimental journey back to his roots and antecedents on the occasion of the death of his grandparents. The information is necessary and evocative: through it we understand that the last vestiges of authority and familial tradition are now removed from George. He is on his own, out of the nest, but he has neither wings nor destination, and these are among the factors that precipitate a nervous breakdown. But it is not until George is institutionalized, and a staff doctor casually asks whether he would like to be visited by his parents (no, thank you) that we are led to ponder just what *their* role in George's saga is or was. The parents remain inscrutable, however, since they are not discussed again.

Perhaps the ambiguities are deliberate; they are also frustrating. In one incompletely explained fragment, Serena injects a mysterious fluid into a pear which she then gives George to nibble. The pear somewhat alters his vision of the world and, indirectly, his exodus from it. It would be helpful to know the general category to which this potion belongs—narcotic? aphrodisiac? private magic? placebo?

None of these objections gainsay the fact that *The Secret Swinger* has pace, originality and humor. In the section called "Trains," George Pectin buttonholes his fellow travelers in the club car and tries to "talk out" his plight and find a justification for his desertion of his family:

> *George:* . . . So I wrote her a letter to precede my visit. The coward's way, perhaps. Cutting off the dog's tail by inches. . . . But it's not so easy to be courageous when you're about to injure a fine woman.
>
> *Man Wearing Polaroids:* That right?
>
> *George:* Why do you suppose a man wants to be destroyed?
>
> *Polaroids:* Beats me.

Harrington prefaces *The Secret Swinger* with a passage from Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf*:

> Now there are times when a whole generation is caught . . . between two ages, between two modes of life and thus loses the feeling for itself, for the self-evident, for all morals, for being safe and innocent.

Perhaps we are to infer that the genuine protagonist of *The Secret Swinger* is the modern generation which, whether it opts for excess or abstention, fails to find an acceptable identity. If this is so, then we can forget about Lonesome George, the troubled individual, and accept him instead as a representative of a lost generation, straddling two sides of a chasm. The trouble is that every generation seems to be precariously positioned and "lost" to its writers, and the differences between the various modern eras become more those of life style than basic temper. The chasm is there and it becomes merely a question of which side we tumble from. The fall is inevitable and the bottom is the same.

Even those figures in the novel who most resist oblivion are swallowed up in its nihilism. A love of life in and of itself is not enough to deliver us. Witness George's grandfather:

> The mystery of his passing lay perhaps in the fact that the sad event produced not the slightest mystery. His last hour offered no hope, consolation, or relief. It left everyone with a feeling of emptiness and sorrow and a series of negatives to ponder.

The same might be said of *The Secret Swinger.*

Violence of the Dreamer

FERTIG. *By Sol Yurick. Trident Press. 344 pp. $5.95.*

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is a member of the English Department at Long Island University and is the co-editor of a three-volume reference work, A Library of Literary Criticism: Modern British Literature *(Frederick Ungar).*

Sol Yurick's first novel, *The Warriors,* centered on one teen-age thug's dream to unite all the youth gangs of New York City. The dream is blasted within the first half of the novel, and the remaining half traced in brilliant strokes the retreat—both physical and spiritual—of the teen-age heroes who had tried to go along with the dream.

Yurick's second novel, *Fertig,* deals with a grown man who has given up dreams. He is an accountant—anonymous, satisfied with his vague discontent, willing to accept what he has and has not. When, however, his only infant son dies, Fertig takes on a dream. This son had been born late in the lives of both his wife and himself, and since he holds society responsible for his terrible loss, he decides to make a violent and gratuitous protest. He murders seven people who were connected with the hospital which refused admittance to his son.

Again, as in his first novel, the vision, or Fertig's visionary protest, is described and completed within the first half of the book. The remaining portion is devoted to a discussion and examination of Fertig's motives, and the consequences of his act on others. The most spectacular change takes place in Fertig's dowdy and frigid wife, who blossoms into a well-dressed, well-coiffed and well-sexed female, largely on the publicity and proceeds she receives from *Life* magazine for her "story."

Fertig's major disciple, his Judas whom he saves at the end of the novel, is Roy Bleakie, a flashy lawyer and son of a famous judge. Bleakie is out to use Fertig's case as a stepping stone to political power. But it is he alone who understands Fertig's act as the message of a man who has seen a whole system in error and means to shame an entire society—as the rational act of a madly inspired man.

Yet it is Bleakie who perverts Fertig's cause into his own personal crusade. And it is Fertig, again the victim, but this time a willing one, who accepts the manacles of a lunatic on his way to the institution for the criminally insane.

Fertig's crime is used and abused by other characters: Heisenberg, the psychiatrist, thinks he can save society by analyzing and confining Fertig; Grinzing, the writer and sociologist, hopes to become another Zola to Fertig's Dreyfus; Jeffries, the judge, is determined to undo the permissive influence of psychology on law. It is part of the brilliance of Yurick's perceptions that these characters make sense—even when they are spouting nonsense—and that Fertig's protest continues to put in question the humanitarian ethics of a "liberal" society.

There are flaws however. Yurick's reliance on violence was justified in his first novel in the characterization of teen-age thugs. In Fertig's world the violence and four-letter words often seem excessive and forced, particularly in that section describing Bleakie's vacation—and his mammoth sleeping trysts with half a dozen beauties in half a dozen countries.

Then again, since Fertig wants to be caught, the novel after his capture becomes largely a dialogue of various points of view. The limitations of such a "talkie" novel are immediately apparent, and sometimes Yurick fails to surpass them. In spite of his inventiveness, parts of the novel are static.

Yet the impact of the book is tremendous. Indeed, Fertig and Bleakie could well be termed modern counterparts to Dostoevsky's inspector and Raskolnikov. Yurick is not much of a philosopher. But he is something as powerful—a naysayer in the Melville tradition, a nihilist seeking faith in the Dostoevsky manner. Redemption in Dostoevsky came with a faith in a Christian-Judaic God; in Melville, acceptance of ambivalence through an intellectual truce restored the balance of his mind. In Yurick's novel the air is darker and heavier, the questions left unresolved. Yurick has not been able to invest a sympathetic tone to any character; even Fertig is too much a *nebbish* madman, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde split to draw the reader intimately to him, and the other characters are bespotted with foulness. Yet the fact that Yurick, an often brilliant stylist and a rational man, ends his novel in futility rather than penance, is proof of the author's contemporary voice. He is one of the new American writers to watch.

Gentleman Without a Past

THE LAST GENTLEMAN. *By Walker Percy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 409 pp. $5.95.*

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Miss Oates is assistant professor of English at the University of Detroit. She is the author of By the North Gate, With Shuddering Fall *and the forthcoming* Upon the Sweeping Flood *(all Vanguard), and her stories have appeared in the* Kenyon Review, Mademoiselle, Transatlantic Review *and* Virginia Quarterly.

Walker Percy's second novel, *The Last Gentleman*, is altogether richer and more intriguing than his first, *The Moviegoer*, which won him the National Book Award in 1962. It is a highly whimsical kind of picaresque tale that puts one in mind of both Faulkner and Camus, though only peripherally: the Faulknerian concern for the South, the "problem" of the South, the land, the engaging domesticity of a past tradition however past, and above all the traumatic suicide of a philosophically inclined father; and the floating, detached, "Existential" world of Camus that is rendered to us through the amnesia-plagued hero who cannot quite connect but who advances no titanic anguish because of his condition.

Percy's moviegoer was a man of a modern sort, addicted to public, commercial fantasies, and trying however numbly to break through to "reality"; his "last gentleman" is clearly kin, represented as he is by his telescope and his attachment to both love and death in an attempt to find his destiny, a man in whom something is mysteriously missing. The dissociated hero, subject to distressing attacks of *déjà vu* that render all reality suspect, taken up by an upper-middle-class Southern family of a comic-page type, in love with a pretty cipher of a girl, is a recognizable fictional type: a man without a soul, without an essence because he is without a sensible environment or past.

The young hero encounters a dying boy and his family, and the bulk of the novel concerns his being companion to and rendering up to the dying boy the attention that the dignity of death demands. The death of Jamie, which finally occurs in the concluding pages of the novel, is the central event of the work but it is not a very important event, strangely enough, because it works so obviously as a symbol, as theme. Percy's use of the naturalistically approached and staged death is out of keeping with his lovely and brilliant whimsy. This novel is one no critic should want to snipe at, for it is rare to encounter a work engaging in nearly every line; but Percy's strength simply does not extend to the naturalistic. Or perhaps it is beyond the naturalistic. His success with the country-club golfers, the pseudo-Negro who is really a white man working on a behind-the-scenes Negro piece, the Southern ladies who outlive their men by fifty years and 35,000 hearty meals, the Negro boy butler who falls "sappily" between Negro and white styles of living, are triumphs that suggest that Percy's power is in the reaction against the naturalistic, the half-comic half-horrified reflection of the naturalistic through a whimsical temperament.

But, how are we to take the apparently sincere love the hero feels for his brainless Chi Omega, and how are we to reconcile it with other graver, deeper pronouncements of his? The phrase "holding her charms in his arms" recurs enough to evoke in us the faintly sickish sensation we hope Percy intends, but we cannot believe that Normal Love and Life are exclusively Kitty Vaught. And how are we to reconcile the unforgettable and deeply moving death of Jamie with the ease with which he gets into college a few months before, apparently in one day, without medical examination, without the usual clutter of transcripts, applications, etc.? Trivial criticism indeed, but this inconsistency of vision mars the novel's dreamlike (though never nightmarish) logic.

Percy's writing is strangely similar to the highly gifted but rather hallucinatory pieces of Janet Frame: the more closely one looks at each sentence, each glimpse of a detail or image, the more hypnotic is the spell; but when one stands back for a larger view something has failed. Between Percy's main character and his excellent walk-on people there is an unhappy wasteland of secondary

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characters who just do not work. Percy can handle language as sheer language in a way strictly his own, though at times parodied-Faulkner, but as one starts moving out to larger units like the paragraph and the chapter, something is missing. The crankish and quackish journal of a discredited doctor ("We are doomed to the transcendence of abstraction and I choose the only reentry into the world which remains to us. What is better than the beauty and exaltation of the practice of transcendence . . . and of the delectation of immanence . . . lewd love?") becomes quite important near the end of the novel, but it is to be hoped that Percy is not advancing Dr. Vaught's verbose Lawrentian theology with any more seriousness than he is advancing the novel's other fragmentary concerns.

Theatre: New England

JULIUS NOVICK

The Charles Playhouse in Boston, which will begin its tenth anniversary season in September, is the oldest of the five resident theatres in New England; until about three years ago, it was the only one. Its artistic director, Michael Murray, grew up in Washington and knew the work of the Arena Stage, but when he and Frank Sugrue (a lawyer who is now the theatre's full-time managing director) began their operation in 1957, they were, says Murray, "off-Broadway oriented." At that time there were a few isolated resident theatres here and there across the country, but little or no sense of a "movement"; it was off-Broadway that was going to revitalize the American theatre. (How long ago that seems!)

In the spring of 1963, however, the Ford Foundation sent Murray and Sugrue off to Washington, Houston, San Francisco and Minneapolis to take a look at the Arena, the Alley, the Actor's Workshop and the Guthrie Theatre; it was then that the Playhouse began to bill itself as a resident professional theatre. Recently it has given up casting each production from scratch; it now has a resident company of about twelve Equity and seven non-Equity actors; the latter are used for the high school touring program and the afternoon children's shows, as well as for small parts in the major productions. Even in the old days, of course, the Playhouse used to employ certain performers over and over again; it was founded with a nucleus of actors from Boston University. But now there is much more emphasis on the idea of a company; and the high school and children's programs, both fairly new, indicate that the Playhouse will in future look upon itself, as do most resident theatres, as a wide-ranging community institution.

The Charles presents the solid, standard resident-theatre repertory of plays. *The Miser*, Anouilh's *Poor Bitos, Major Barbara*, Brecht's *Galileo*, *The Inspector General* and Murray Schisgal's *The Tiger* and *The Typists* were this season's productions; next year Murray and Sugrue will take a few more chances, and offer *Love for Love, The Balcony, Hamlet, Mother Courage* and *Oh! What a Lovely War.*

In *Galileo* there were good supporting performances by Edward Zang and Edward Finnegan, Charles Playhouse stalwarts whom I remember from my student days around Boston in the late 1950s. But some of the other performances were hopelessly bad, and Murray's staging took very little advantage of the opportunities for theatrical flamboyance that Brecht provided in this as in so many of his plays.

As an ensemble effort the Boston *Galileo* was mediocre, but it was redeemed—almost transfigured—by the star performance (in the best sense) of Tony Van Bridge in the title role. Someone in the play says of Galileo: "He has more enjoyment in him than any man I ever saw. He indulges in eating, drinking and thinking to excess." Not many actors could live up to that description, but Mr. Van Bridge gave us a joyously sensual man and a keenly intelligent one, for whom food and wine and science all provided the same kind of deep, visceral delight.

I saw *Galileo* before embarking on my Western journey; when I returned to Boston, the Playhouse was doing *The Tiger* and *The Typists*, Murray Schisgal's pair of short two-character plays, under Michael Murray's direction. They are slight works, and not very entertaining unless the actors come through with zany but accurate caricatures of middle-class urban types—the kind of people one sees on the subways. In Boston, only Lynn Milgrim's typist was extravagant and specific enough. The rest of the acting (even Miss Milgrim's performance in *The Tiger*) was pleasant and professional, but too bland and general, without the necessary relish for idiom and milieu. Interestingly enough, *Galileo* and *Poor Bitos*, two "talky" historical plays, were the box-office hits of the season at the Charles; Schisgal's easy-to-take, close-to-home little plays did less well.

Since July, 1963, when David Wheeler started the Theatre Company of Boston, the Charles has had a rival. The newer company is the smaller (226 seats as against 525; a budget of about $80,000 as opposed to $350,000), and, by deliberate design, the further out. The Charles has done all the conventional *avant-garde* playwrights — Brecht, Ionesco, Genet, Beckett, Pinter — but the Theatre Company calls itself "the only professional resident theatre company in the United States that is firmly committed to the new and the experimental." It has done its Pinter (I saw a decent production of *The Birthday Party* there), and its Beckett, just like everybody else, but it has also done a good deal to live up to its claim.

Last year it gave the American première of *Live Like Pigs*, John Arden's play about a group of Gypsy-like tinkers and their catastrophic impact on a housing development—about, in other words, the wild instinctual life in conflict with the necessary restraints of civilized living. The production did so well in Boston that it was moved to an off-Broadway theatre in New York, where it was again a success; it was also the first presentation of any John Arden play in New York. It was a respectable, but not a good production; the characters tended to come out smaller, tamer, more ordinary and less vivid than Arden had written them.

This spring, with the aid of $10,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Theatre Company presented a "Festival of New Plays": eight plays (mostly one-acts) by nine American authors (one play was a collaboration), grouped into four bills, presented for two weeks each. The playwrights included one from off-Broadway (Adrienne Kennedy); three from off-off-Broadway (Sam Shepard, George Dennison and Rosalyn Drexler); two novelists (Miss Drexler and John Hawkes); one poet (Lawrence Ferlinghetti), and three other writers whose names were previously unknown to me: Geoffrey Bush and Andy and Dave Lewis.

Here we come up against a problem for which I can offer no solution. Clearly the American theatre needs new playwrights; clearly the resident theatres could perform a tremendous service by helping to develop them. Yet people do not want to see new plays: the Theatre Company does close to 50 per cent of capacity (which is its break-even point) when it presents Pinter or Brecht, but only 25 to 30 per cent when it does new plays. Sunday matinees are traditionally ill attended, but at one during the festival there were only twenty-one people in the audience. And after seeing *The Wax Museum* by Mr. Hawkes and *The Investigation* by Mrs. Drexler, I could only congratulate those who stayed away.

The Wax Museum is one of those plays in which two characters swap identities; it ends as it began, only with a different girl fondling the wax statue of a Mountie which she calls George. The play was feebly whimsical and feebly nasty; it seemed to need, though not to deserve, a livelier, more imaginative staging than Mr. Wheeler gave it.

In *The Investigation,* a detective has sex-and-violence fantasies which horrify a young prisoner accused of rape and murder. If only there had been some point to it all, it might perhaps have horrified the spectators, or even amused them. (Mrs. Drexler displayed a pleasantly corny turn of phrase in her musical comedy *Home Movies,* which was transferred from the Judson Church to a regular off-Broadway house; *The Investigation* has some of the same quality.) But the play rambled self-indulgently here and there as its author's vagrant fancy took it; nothing seemed to be done for any reason, and very little was good enough to be its own excuse for being. Are plays like these really worth presenting to the public? And if there are better ones, where are they?

The Trinity Square Playhouse in Providence, now preparing for its third season, includes one new play on its regular schedule every year. Otherwise its program is conventional and solid: during the season just past it presented *The Crucible, Tartuffe, The Balcony, Twelfth Night, Long Day's Journey* and *Playboy of the Western World.* Except for its Shakespeare matinees, which played to 40,000 high school students in a huge ex-vaudeville house downtown, Trinity Square is a small-scale operation, with a budget of only $125,000 and only 1,865 subscribers for this past season; its regular performances take place in the parish hall of a church.

Playboy in Providence was rather an in-and-out affair. A talented, beautiful girl named Katherine Helmond was spirited and lyrical as Pegeen Mike, who can't find anyone in her little Irish village worth marrying; William Neary, a stocky, curly-haired youth with a nice smile, might someday play the Playboy very well, but was whiney and overcute on this occasion; the supporting cast had its moments, but was on the whole not authoritative. Need I add that the intentions of the men who run Trinity Square are of the best, and that with other productions they may have come far closer to realizing these intentions?

BETWEEN THOREAU AND ME

"We are a race of tit-men,"
says Thoreau
and the titlark

that sings to him
sings to me.
"This is a delicious evening,"

he says to himself
putting aside his flute
"when the whole body

is one sense"—
which probably means
he desires nothing

but himself—
not even tangerines
like those

Walt Whitman breaks
his silence with.
"Thoreau," he roars

as the juice of the tangerine
glistens in the surf of his beard,
"Thoreau,"

the wave of his hand
echoes,
"dying

doesn't seem
to have hurt him a bit."
Ah!!

SAUL TOUSTER

Before he established the Hartford Stage Company in Hartford, Conn., Jacques Cartier considered five or six cities as possible sites for his theatre. The younger breed of resident-theatre directors have no particular commitment to the cities in which they happen to find themselves; either they have been fished out of the New York talent pool by some board of directors in the hinterlands, or else, like Mr. Cartier, they have calmly chosen a city they considered suitable, and gone to work. (But the old theatres, which were started and which are still run by local zealots, are no more "regional" in their orientation than the new ones.)

Cartier raised $100,000 from private contributions, found a building downtown that he could get for a nominal rental, converted it into a pleasant theatre with a thrust stage, and opened for business in April, 1964. He quickly found his audience; this past season his theatre operated at over 90 per cent of capacity, which means that hundreds were turned away. The problem is that the Hartford Stage Company has almost the smallest auditorium of any resident theatre, seating only 225 people. Even though Cartier's budget this season was just over $200,000 — modest by resident-theatre standards, and by any standards when you consider that he produced eight plays on it — he still ended the season with a $35,000 deficit. But relief is in sight: a 750-seat theatre, costing around $1.5 million will be built for the HSC in a new Community Arts Center.

Cartier's statement of purpose is a very sound but quite general one, to which, I think, most of his colleagues in other cities would subscribe: "I would like to expose people here in Hartford to points of view about life, about people, that they don't find themselves exposed to ordinarily."

This purpose, however, was but indifferently served by the Hartford Stage Company's production last winter of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (staged by a guest director, Mel Shapiro). The two young heroes, as played by Henry Thomas and Paul Weidner, were exquisitely polished Wildean men about town; the resident theatre needs more of that kind of stylishness. But on this occasion these actors needed less of it; so exquisitely polished were they that they managed to convey a profound lack of interest in anything that was going on—an attitude that is always quick to spread from the stage to the audience. Period style, even for a

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play where languor and detachment are so appropriate, does not necessarily involve such a dampening lack of energy. *Twelfth Night* at Hartford, on the other hand, had just the consistent professionalism that resident-theatre productions, of period plays especially, tend to lack. In such productions there are frequently several performers in important roles who cause the play to die a little every time they open their mouths; here only a servant or two, seen little and heard less, ever let down the side.

The outstanding talent at Hartford, however, so far as I could see, is the designer John Conklin. The orthodox way to design for a thrust stage is to use just a few carefully chosen, meaningful props or scenic units, and leave the rest to the costuming and the audience's imagination. Conklin creates the kind of elaborately pictorial effects usually associated with the proscenium stage (and often thought outmoded even there), yet his settings are carefully planned with the necessities of the thrust stage in mind, and seem to be perfectly at home on it.

It is still not easy to start a resident theatre, says Zelda Fichandler (the doughty pioneer who founded the Arena Stage in Washington sixteen years ago), but nowadays, she says, "you can skip the first ten years." This has been the experience of the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, a flourishing, busy, successful institution, showing every sign of stability and permanence, that celebrated its first birthday this July. Long Wharf is not quite typical of the newer resident theatres—it has come too far too fast for that—but it is a model for the future. It shows how much a couple of assiduous and clever young men can accomplish in a short time in these days of "cultural explosion."

Harlan Kleiman, the executive director of Long Wharf, is a Brooklyn boy with a master's degree in industrial administration from Yale; by special permission, he earned a number of credits toward his degree by taking courses at the Yale Drama School. Jon Jory, the theatre's artistic director, is the son of the actor Victor Jory. The younger Jory began acting in summer stock as a child; after college he spent two years as an actor at the Cleveland Play House, two years in the army directing plays for Special Services and two years studying playwriting at Yale.

They decided to locate their theatre in New Haven by a process of elimination; they thought it had possibilities as a theatre town and, after all, it was where they were. "Then," says Kleiman, "the spieling started." It was the fall of 1964; Jory was 26 and still a graduate student at Yale; Kleiman was 24 and unemployed. They had successfully run a season of summer stock in a small town near New Haven, but neither had any professional reputation and neither had local connections. And they proposed to raise $125,000 in the New Haven area to give the city something called a resident professional theatre.

"At no time during the first four months of this saga," says Kleiman, "did I ever ask anybody for money." Who would trust a couple of kids that nobody had ever heard of? They talked to 250 or 300 people in those early months, telling them about their plans and asking them two questions: "Can we use your name?" and "Will you give us names of other people who might be interested?" One of Kleiman's maxims is "Always use people to get other people."

Meanwhile, after scouring New Haven for a site, they reluctantly decided to locate in the new Long Wharf Terminal Market. It was cut off from the rest of New Haven by the railroad tracks on one side and the Connecticut Turnpike on the other. But there was no alternative, and the partners made up their minds to set up shop in a long, low, unadorned modern building, other sections of which were tenanted by the Ideal Printing Company, the Kahn Meat Company and the Lamberti Sausage Company. It turned out to be an ideal site for the automotive age: plenty of parking and easy access from the Turnpike without fighting city traffic.

Meanwhile the tiring job of raising money went on. The partners made some 700 appearances at parties and club meetings; until the theatre opened, they had never less than two speaking appearances a day between them, and sometimes as many as six. According to Jory, people began to think, "These are interesting and dedicated boys, and they shout and scream so much that they should have a chance to do this."

In late April, work began on turning a slice of the Terminal Market into a theatre with a good-sized 25′ by 28′ thrust stage and 441 seats (picked up cheap from an old New Jersey burlesque house—another Kleiman coup). The first subscription drive began in early May. Four productions were announced for an eight-week summer season: *The Crucible*, Behan's *The Hostage*, *Little Mary Sunshine*, and Peter Shaffer's double bill, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*.

The first performance was on July 6, 1965. In ten months, Jory and Kleiman had raised $122,000 (out of the $137,000 they found that they needed for capital expenses) and founded a theatre.

The summer season played to more than 99 per cent of capacity, and broke even. It ended on August 29; on October 22 the eight-play winter season began. It presented works by Sean O'Casey, Ben Jonson, Gilbert and Sullivan, Euripides, Noel Coward, Chekhov, Sheridan and O'Neill. The winter season attracted 84,760 people (over 85 per cent of capacity) and came within an eyelash of breaking even again.

All of which leaves us with the old, nagging question: "Are the productions any good?" and the old, nagging answer: "On the whole, up to now, not very." (My generalizations are based on the eight productions—out of a possible total of thirteen—that I have seen at Long Wharf to date.) It has seemed as if Jory, who has done most of the directing, and David Hager, who has designed most of the sets, have not learned how to use their big stage; several productions have seemed to wander around uncomfortably on it. And while Jory is an inventive director, he has tended to overuse his creative powers, and not trust the playwright.

The best of the Long Wharf productions I saw was *The Hostage*, held over from last summer. "The action takes place," said the program frankly, "in the Long Wharf Theatre which is got up as an Irish brothel." Before the play began, the actors roamed the theatre, ad-libbing in their own persons. ("I'm the oldest juvenile in the business," one of them assured me.) During the intermissions, rock 'n' roll came over the loud-speakers, and the actors danced with the spectators. The performance was full of bits, improvisations and frank recognition of the audience: every night some member of the public sitting in the first row was

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handed a freshly opened beer by one of the actors. The tenderness in the play, the ripening relationship between the captured British soldier and the Irish servant girl, suffered lamentably, but there were plenty of compensations; this was a play made to be improvised on. But O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, Coward's *Hay Fever* and Sheridan's *The Rivals* were partially disfigured by overelaborate staging and by broad, styleless, sometimes actively annoying acting.

In almost every production, however, there was at least a performance or two worth remembering. In *The Plough and the Stars* and in *The Trojan Women* I was greatly impressed by Eda Reiss Merin, a middle-aged lady with a hoarse voice and a dumpy body and tremendous warmth and passion. In *The Rivals*, the two pairs of young lovers were more or less washouts, but the production was redeemed by the boobs and rubes who surrounded them. Walter Rhodes (who had been well-nigh intolerable in *Hay Fever*) was wildly hilarious, mugging and gagging and carrying on uncontrollably, taking over the play every time he came on as the rustic suitor Bob Acres.

Most resident theatres operate only from October to April or May; Long Wharf is one of the few to run a full summer season as well. This summer, Jory and Kleiman are producing a "Summer Première Festival": four productions of new plays in eight weeks. All the plays but one are new works from playwrights associated with the theatre: the exception is *The Happy Haven* by John Arden, which will have its American première at Long Wharf in August.

The summer season opened with a double bill of plays by David Kranes. We might have been spared the first of these, *The Loon Hunt*, an exercise in portentous whimsy which deals with yet another prosperous suburbanite whose life is a sham because he never finished writing his novel. The whimsy comes in because the hero insists on playing elaborate cute games (no hanky-panky, however) with a fatiguingly ardent and purehearted 16-year-old baby sitter. The second play, *I'm Nobody*, deals with a girl brought up in isolation and passivity who, on her own for the first time, picks up a young man. It has a number of boggy soft spots, but it also has some good pathetic comedy and some viable straight pathos. Done badly it might be maddening, but at Long Wharf I was gradually but firmly drawn in by Margaret Cowles's grave and beautiful performance. Naive ingénues tend to drive me up the wall, but Miss Cowles captured a very rare quality: absolute candor, absolute innocence, totally without coyness.

The two plays were given excellent productions, with atmospheric and serviceable settings by David Hager, and direction by Jory that strengthened the plays without distracting attention from them. Perhaps director and designer have finally taken the measure both of their stage and of themselves.

For next year, Jory and Kleiman have a $50,000 grant from the National Council of the Arts (which disburses United States Government money) to improve the quality of their productions. Within five years, they hope to move into a new building in—surprise!—a new cultural center in downtown New Haven. It will have a 1,200-seat main auditorium, and an experimental theatre seating 600. Quantitatively, Long Wharf is doing better than well. Qualitatively, there is at least reason to hope.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The European double bill, *Good Times, Wonderful Times* and *Joseph Kilian*, is probably the most interesting movie fare available in New York these summer weeks; of the two, the latter is the more engrossing. A Czechoslovak production jointly directed by Pavel Juracek and Jan Schmidt, it is a kind of comic Kafka with overtones of Samuel Beckett (for that matter, a good deal of Beckett is comic Kafka). The story concerns a young man who borrows a cat from a cat-lending agency and who discovers, when he comes to return the pet, that the establishment has unaccountably disappeared. The bulk of the film concerns his efforts to break through the indifference of bureaucracy in order to dispose properly of his charge before the fees and penalties for overdue cats wipe out his very small capital. There is said to be a man, Joseph Kilian, who can adjudicate in such cases (he might be a Communist ombudsman), but one always learns where he was to be found yesterday.

The film is played in a wonderfully effective mood of quiet rationality; all the scenes, all the encounters suggest an egg-fragile sanity that never quite cracks (not even when the young man solemnly opens a sardine-can shaped container of cat food and removes by its tail one preserved mouse). One's eyes tell one that everything on the screen is perfectly normal, while one's mind insists that the proceedings are quite mad—and that the madness will spread: as the film ends, another young man is to be seen leaving a café with a cat under his arm.

I cannot imagine how the citizen's encounter with the total state could be more effectively, if cheerfully, lampooned; it speaks well for Czechoslovakia's own bureaucracy that we have been permitted to see the picture.

For *Good Times, Wonderful Times* Lionel Rogosin has brought together memorable, shocking and for me, at least, entirely new footage from World War I, the Hitler archives and the nuclear bombing of Japan. He interleaves these with conversations picked up by an eavesdropping camera at a London cocktail party attended by physically lardy and intellectually caddish types. A scene is also recorded with a group of Queen's pensioners, withered and palsied old soldiers who recall the "good times, wonderful times," and urge the narrator to put his own son in the army: "It'll make a man of him."

The intention, of course, is to show what wicked nonsense we talk by juxtaposing the overheard remarks with the documentary evidence that relates to them. I salute the intention, but as here phrased it seems to me largely irrelevant. Rogosin's cocktail-drinking stooges utter such extravagantly coarse remarks—war is a way of containing the population explosion; the army offers a man ideals he can define and meet; the power of life

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and death is exhilarating; war is as inevitable as life itself; peace marchers are exhibitionist, sex starved or both, etc. — that scarcely anyone in the audience will find himself pinned down by the film's line of fire.

Vietnam and the pieties of Mr. Johnson's pacification program are what we face, and this picture would have us admit that the romantic vision of war died at Verdun, that Hitler and Goering were evil men, however much they may have charmed women and children, and that the effects of radiation poisoning surpass previously known forms of physical torment. Is there a hawk who would not enthusiastically agree? I think that Rogosin is arguing his case at too primitive a level—certainly it is too primitive for the audience he is apt to find in a mid-Manhattan art house. The secret of being provocative is finding where the adversary's nerves jump. Still the film is worth seeing for that World War I British recruiting sergeant and to feel once more Hitler's maelstrom pull on crowds so large as almost to pass belief. And the cocktail party, in its own right, is witty surgery.

Directing children is a little like directing Shakespeare—you must trust the material. This Desmond Davis notably failed to do in *The Uncle*, with the result that the picture is self-conscious, overheated, arbitrary and mawkish. The basic idea is valid enough. Gus, aged 7, has a nephew of almost the same age, and this makes him vulnerable to the taunts of his contemporaries. In part, the jeering arises merely because the boys and girls of the neighborhood, conformists like all children, seize upon the oddity of the relationship; but deeper, too, is their intimation that it was indecent of Gus's parents to produce him at the same time that his sister was producing a son of her own. These hints lead Gus into speculations about adult experience—principally the rites of love and death—that could readily be momentous for a boy of his age.

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But the situation is almost entirely vitiated by the insensitivity with which the film manipulates its "sensitive" subject matter. The young actors are deployed and set into motion as though by some invisible games mistress; they watch the cues instead of one another, they whoop and pounce with patently insincere enthusiasm and become as boring as children always are when they show off to adults. The picture leans heavily on the standard shots for juvenile drama: children peering through foliage; children running along the skyline; a child in bed overhearing the indiscreet remarks of his elders; a child fleeing hurt to a deserted house where he secretes a pet bird and gazes soulfully at himself in a full-length mirror. The picture is also edited for maximum geographical confusion, but that is only a detail of the lost opportunity.

The Wrong Box continues a tone in "major" British pictures that began, I believe, with *Tom Jones* and was felt later in *The Ipcress File* (Michael Caine is also the hero of this new film) and *The Loved One*. The method is to develop a script of blatant (melodramatic or humorous) theatrical appeal and then to smother the proceedings in a millinery decor and to perform the narrative with an ostentatiously straight face. This approach, which makes clear that the film's proprietors fully appreciate its antique and somewhat preposterous charm, relates to the current preoccupation with Tiffany glass, bentwood chairs and similar *art nouveau* extravagance. *The Wrong Box* is thus chic and is being well received, but to my mind it smacks of having your cake and eating it—and rather too much cake at that.

The film is based, however remotely, on a Victorian melodrama involving the kind of lottery known as a tontine (a sum of money is deposited in the name of each of a number of young men, the ultimate survivor taking the pot) for which Robert Louis Stevenson was at least in part responsible. The plot is worked out with the help of lost corpses, mock burials, the murderous money lust of octogenarians and pure young love. The cast—in what must be called a roster of stars—includes Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Peter Sellers, Cecely Courtneidge as well as Caine. These produce some moments of hilarity, but considering the talent involved the fun is surprisingly brief and infrequent. Everyone seems to have been infected with director Bryan Forbes's patronizing view of slapstick (clowning isn't all that easy, as at least Messrs. Richardson and Sellers must know). Too often the cast plays its laughs for laughs, an estranging mannerism which in this case is reinforced by a scent of effeminacy that hangs over the whole picture and works to the particular disadvantage of the females in the company.

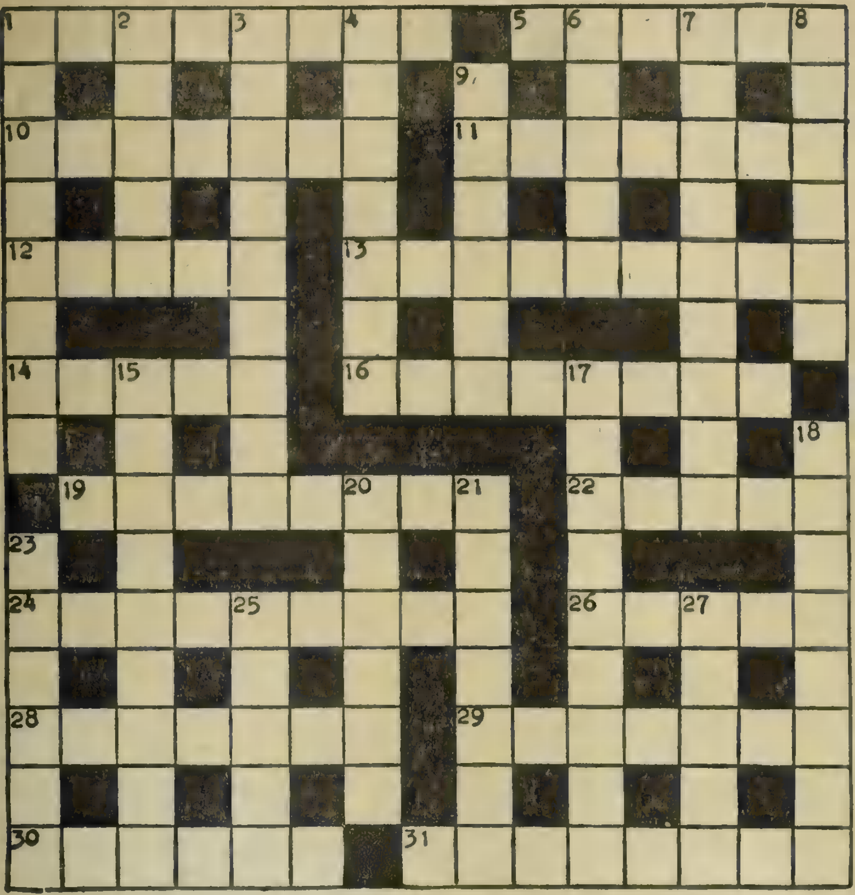
THE NIGHT HARBOUR

Standing on
Sheila's terrace
During a party
I'm out here alone
Plundering my life—
Lost all evening
In the tides
Of childhood,
Drowning on
Riverside Drive
While lights
Blur in salt tears
And tug horns
Sound through
My ears
As all the
Boats converge.
Sheila's terrace
Is facing the China Sea
And small hooked lights
Are strung around ships
So we can follow
The dots. From here
I can observe
Mountains. Chinese
Islands move
Like overstuffed chairs
Shifting places
In the shadows.
I want to leave this
Terrace, sit down,
And weep. Not for
The islands of Asia
That bob up and down
Nor for the boats
That give off a smell of
Plunder
But weep for the sky I am
Under as I stand
In darkness
Towing in my life
From the other side—
The dark side
Of my eye.

SANDRA HOCHMAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 1163

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What is little Elizabeth about? A broken home, and one might make a big thing out of it. (8)
5 Halls in fantasy of La Boheme, but not Puccini's. (6)
10 Tapers, perhaps. (7)
11 Strange that one so silent and one so busy could be so noisy! (7)
13 Caxton, perhaps, typifies those who expect to make a living off their betters. (9)
14 Clubs that sea-faring men didn't like to find themselves in. (5)
16 Found in other places besides Troy's ruins. (8)
19 Lean animal about, which might be full of spirit. (8)
22 This tries to be big business, but it's only an Indian flower! (5)
24 Typical of those that came after Friday? (9)
26 One that splits 22, for example? (5)
28 Ebbing 26 with a boundary like stone.
29 Think it might be fancy? (7)
30 It might change the course of a plowman. (6)
31 Army food stands for a long time, they should inform you. (8)

DOWN:

1 Throws the family off by appearing in early American costume? (8)
2, 9 and 20 down Mains? (They should be helping.) (5, 6, 3, 3)
3 Elia's name is likely to be associated with such as Oceania. (9)
4 Goldilocks did a number of times, where engineers might find it a trying spot. (4, 3)
6 It might warn a component of the Federal army. (5)
7 and 12 across Sue, if a victim of facial contusions. (5-4, 5)
8 Tree, in all. (6)
9 See 2 down
15 Is everybody in the land alone? (3, 3, 3)
17 Doesn't give a fair trial to public transportation. (9)
18 When those taking too much interest in their work are soft-hearted, they attempt a take-over. (8)
20 See 2 down
21 Concerning the malice caused by delay? (7)
23 Mean to bring something in this way? (6)
25 6 might be set to help you. (5)
27 Implying contention in the Navy, in general. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1162

ACROSS: 1 One Fine Day; 6 Oman; 10 Enclave; 11 Tantrum; 12 Imps; 13 Midlothian; 15 Visages; 16 Truants; 17 Testers; 20 Catalan; 22 Terra firma; 23 Amos; 25 Orville; 26 Addenda; 27 Sole; 28 Advertised. DOWN: 1 Open invitations; 2 Escapes; 3 Ivan; 4 Enemies; 5 Astolot; 7 Martian; 8 No man is an island; 9 Instructs; 14 Agreeable; 18 Shrivel; 19 Stipend; 20 Compare; 21 Laments; 24 Adit.

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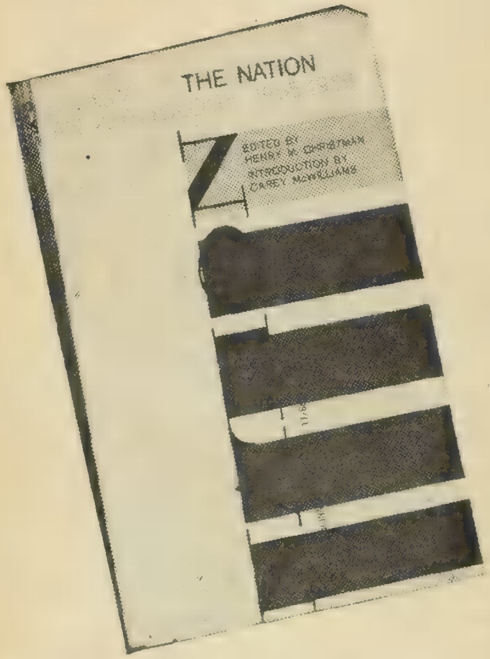
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LETTERS

Cook on Cohen

Interlaken, N. J.

Dear Sirs: It is unfortunate that Jacob Cohen did not take the trouble to read with greater care, or to interpret with greater scrupulousness, the account of the Kennedy assassination that I wrote for *The Nation* [issues of June 20 and July 11]. . . .

Cohen leaps, by a process of logic that baffles me, to the conclusion that I hold the autopsy report in the Kennedy assassination to have been falsified. I have not said so nor am I convinced at this point that it was. There are certainly peculiar circumstances surrounding it—and surrounding the suppression of the missing X-rays and pictorial evidence—and all of this is food for suspicion. That is all I pointed out, and for a very good reason. There may be, in part at least, another explanation—that some of the autopsy work, like much else in the investigation, was bungled.

The testimony in the record describing the autopsy certainly indicates that the pathologists could not get a probe through the back neck wound. In researching my own article, I checked with a doctor friend who had interned and been a resident at Bellevue. He had assisted in autopsies performed by Dr. Milton Helpern, New York's chief medical examiner, and Dr. Gonzalez, the great expert who preceded him. My friend's explanation was this:

When the President was first wounded, he had his hand up waving to the crowds; this meant that the muscles of his back would be drawn up to some degree. In death, with his arms at his sides, these muscles and tissues would fall back into their normal place, closing the path of the wound. Expert criminal pathologists like Dr. Helpern or Dr. Gonzalez, faced with this kind of problem, would work the arm up and down until they had re-created the position of the tissues at the moment of impact—and then a probe would slip through, establishing an exact trajectory. My doctor friend says he has seen this kind of examination performed many times in Bellevue. You can, he says, be an expert pathologist, but criminal pathology is a specialty of its own, and unless you are especially experienced in its techniques, it is easy to be baffled.

What we are left with, then, in the commission report is a trajectory as it has to be estimated from the autopsy findings, which do locate positively the entrance wound in the back and the exit wound in the front. I concentrated on these fixed and established points, the only details that are fixed and established, and again I think Cohen distorts my position when he says I "believe" the first bullet hit too low in the back to have exited from the President's throat and then hit Connally. It is not what I believe that matters, nor did I write for *The Nation* on the basis of a "belief." It is what the autopsy report specifically shows, and I would like to get that point across to Cohen.

Leaving all drawings and speculations about missing X-rays and photographs aside, Commander Humes's autopsy report specifically locates the wounds. The entrance wound was 14 centimeters, about 5½ inches, directly in from the tip of the shoulder joint; the exact same distance directly down from the tip of the mastoid bone, in the back just to the right of the spinal column. The exit wound in the neck was at the lower edge of the Adam's apple, nicking the necktie knot as the bullet passed. Now these are fixed points. You can measure them fairly closely on any normally constructed man of President Kennedy's approximate height and build; you can get a pretty good idea measuring on yourself. This is virtually a straight line through the body. I've

(Continued on page 156)

EDITORIALS

Deterioration

The American Dilemma is what Gunnar Myrdal called Negro-white relations in our country in 1944. If it posed dreadful problems then, when the Negro was relatively acquiescent in the status to which white America had consigned him, the present situation is truly fearful. If reason has not fled entirely, it seems to be in rapid retreat, with stupidity and violence ready to take its place.

The actions of the Congress are usually a fairly accurate reflection of the temper of the dominant interests in American society; if this is the case now, the outlook is ominous. After twelve days of often bitter debate, the House has passed another civil rights bill, which faces Republican opposition in the Senate and a possible filibuster by Southern Democrats. Those parts of the bill which deal with desegregation of housing and schools have been rendered ineffective. Title VI would have authorized the Attorney General to file school desegregation suits without request by citizens in the districts involved. This has been nullified; to a large extent the open-housing section has received similar treatment.

But if little has been accomplished on the constructive side, the House has prepared a witch's brew to further poison race relations and substitute repression for whatever hopes of conciliation remain. As if existing anti-conspiracy statutes were not enough, the House accepted by voice vote an anti-riot amendment to the civil rights bill which could send to prison anyone who travels interstate or uses any interstate facility—including the mails—for any civil rights action which results in civil commotion. Rep. William F. Ryan protested that the House had lost sight of the purpose of Title V of the civil rights bill, which was designed to broaden federal criminal laws against intimidating or harming persons pursuing their rights under the Constitution. The House has instead legitimized the white backlash in its most fanatical form. It gives Negro leaders the choice between ceasing demonstrations and risking jail if disorder—with or without their sanction—occurs.

A Cuyahoga County grand jury went a step further in a move which may well resuscitate the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It charged that the racial violence in Cleveland during June and July "was organized and exploited" by "trained and disciplined professionals," some of whom are either members or officers in the Communist Party. In the South, of course, the identification of Negro rebellion with communism has long been accepted doctrine, but Northern officials have for the most part steered clear of an accusation so patently spurious. That the Communists would like to organize the Negro masses is obvious but that they have never succeeded in gaining a following is equally obvious. Someone has said that the Negroes who rioted and pillaged in Watts didn't know socialism from rheumatism; it is equally true in Hough. After this attempt to reignite the Red hunt, the grand jury made a passing reference to Negro poverty and frustration but even this was coupled with accusations that it was all set off by agitators.

Subsequently, two Cleveland policemen who are alleged to have infiltrated the Communist Party testified that they

MAR 4

had "no personal knowledge" of Communist involvement in the riots, but it remains to be seen how effectively this "inside" report will offset the curious notion that foreign agitation is required to make the Negro dissatisfied with his role in American life.

With the spotlight on the North, Mississippi managed to get back into the act. In Grenada members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference led local Negroes on a march to protest the use of tear gas by the police the night before at a civil rights rally. "You're going to see a show tonight," the sheriff told reporters, one of whom, Gene Roberts, wrote up the spectacle for *The New York Times* (August 10). About 100 law-enforcement officers stood by while the demonstrators were showered with bricks, bottles and firecrackers. In Chicago the police protected the demonstrators; Grenada is more permissive.

A situation is developing in which the white backlash is reinforced in the North by white violence in the South, and vice versa. Two decades of systematic Red-hunting will facilitate placing the blame for disorder on the Communists, even if not one remains in the community. The dilemma which Myrdal viewed with sorrow and perplexity is now to be mated with the outstanding American obsession. The offspring is likely to be more monstrous than its parents.

The Johnson Gamble

Mr. Johnson has taken the Vietnamese bull by the horns—not that there was much else he could have done. He purposes to campaign on the issue that all loyal Americans must rally around the flag. There is no longer to be an allowable divergence on the basic issues of the righteousness of the war and the necessity of bringing it to a triumphant conclusion. The time for such indulgence is past, and as the campaign heats up Mr. Johnson will cudgel without mercy any opponents, high or low, who persist in their contumacy.

The progression is a logical one. In the 1964 campaign Mr. Johnson was the man of peace standing between the American people and the firebrand Goldwater. Winning by a landslide, the man of peace became indistinguishable from his adversary, except that he was mealy-mouthed about what he was doing—continually talking about bringing the enemy to the conference table, then committing another division every time there seemed chance of a settlement. Given the ratio between the troops in Vietnam when he took office and the troops there now, Mr. Johnson could scarcely take any stand other than the one he now assumes. And, as every politican knows, the time-honored technique to make people forget that they have been hoodwinked into a war is to keep on enlarging the war and discourage rational discussion.

But even the shrewdest political dodges do not always work, and Mr. Johnson must make this one work not only in 1966 but also in 1968. In escalating the war, he has simultaneously escalated the political stakes. The war is

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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THE NATION *Volume 203 No. 5*

somewhat like a domestic labor conflict: the longer the strike lasts, the more reluctant the union is to settle for peanuts. When we had 16,000 men in Vietnam and those in the combat areas were fighting only as "advisers," we could have wriggled out without any insuperable loss of prestige. The Republicans would have made day and night hideous with their screams for a while, but no Democrat would have been politically lynched by an enraged populace. As Mr. Johnson has arranged it, the cost is already so high that he must deliver something commensurate in the way of having taught the Vietcong, the North Vietnamese and the Chinese Reds a lesson which they will not soon forget. And for that there is little time—this year's election is less than three months away, and all our bombing intelligence reports indicate that the number of enemy troops in South Vietnam has increased by more than 50,000 since the January 1 estimate.

Between now and 1968, of course, anything can happen, but a sample of the projections which are being made in the Pentagon is the one attributed to Marine Corps sources: to force the war to a "successful conclusion" would require 750,000 men—and eight years. At his August 9 press conference the President disclaimed any knowledge of such a prognosis, but he did not deny that such a study had been made, and he must know that even gloomier forecasts have gone the rounds. If these forecasts are not grossly mistaken, in 1968 the war will be in a most inconclusive state. Our European allies will be even more restive and nervous—Konrad Adenauer's appeal for an end to the American entanglement in Vietnam is premonitory. The American people will be sick of the whole affair. Though they will in large measure have themselves to blame for the apathy that permitted Mr. Johnson to do what he did, there is no scapegoat more suitable than a President who has failed to win a war. About the only happy ending conceivable for Mr. Johnson is that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong should come with bowed heads to the conference table, and of this there is no sign.

Angled Money

Ever since Chile discovered last year that the professorial character of Operation Camelot, a sociological study operated by American University, camouflaged U.S. Army snooping into the "political instability" of that country, our government has been seeking ways to avoid that kind of embarrassment in the future. Out of this effort have come the hearings being conducted by Senator Harris of Oklahoma, whose own goal is "to see if it would not be better to civilianize such research through a new or existing contract agency." Harris is properly worried because of the $25 million spent overseas last year in contract studies of "social and behavioral" matters, half of which came from the Department of Defense. A comparative pittance, about $200,000, was from the State Department.

Why are the generals suddenly so interested in social science? Critics suggest the brass has found that monkeying with another country's mores is almost as much sport as helping to depose their leaders by armed coups. Other explanations are kinder. Pendleton Herring, president of the Social Science Research Council of New York, told the Harris committee that some hope might even be found in the new military enthusiasm, pointing to a flexibility that the State Department does not have. He accounts for it with the theory that the military is "accustomed to dealing with scientists. They are accustomed to experimentation. They are accustomed to things that don't always pan out, but they are venturesome minded."

On the other hand, Dr. Gabriel Almond, president of the American Political Science Foundation at Stanford University, draws little comfort from the prospect of "venturesome" generals launching professors upon semi-spy jobs that "don't pan out" and only serve to irritate whole countries. He sees a trend in many countries toward nationalism, collective socialism, authoritarianism — making an atmosphere in which American scholarship, sponsored by the world's most rigorously anti-collectivist government, is greeted with deep hostility and suspicion. There must be something to this because government witnesses conceded that no more than 1 per cent of the studies are initiated at the request of the to-be-investigated country.

There is one impeccable solution: learned institutions need only refuse all Pentagon or CIA funds for basic social science research in foreign countries. Some professors hold to this position, but they are probably in the minority. Other professors, rebelling at the social sciences' customary poverty, have told the Harris committee that they are willing to take research money from anybody; that attitude will undoubtedly prevail. Federal research money has for a long while been a barb sunk deep in the soft flesh of the universities, and they no longer struggle.

Proposals for "civilianizing" the research usually follow two lines: setting up a social science foundation through which to channel government funds, similar to the National Science Foundation; or continuing the present method, contrived since Camelot, of having all foreign contract research programs from whatever source—Pentagon, AID, Arms Control, USIA, NASA, or HEW — checked through the Department of State for potentially embarrassing side effects.

Both systems have the fundamental defect that the money is spent ostensibly for the furtherance of truth, but actually in pursuit of an angle. It is almost impossible to get the angle out of money the government spends on science. Tom Hughes, director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence, admitted as much when he said that there are ample ways of getting around the process of contract review. For example, he said, while the State Department reviews contracts to individual professors it does not review grants to universities, so when the "problems of auspices and sensitivity and direct public government involvement become controversial," the government will simply go underground—giving grants to universities, which will then be channeled by sympathetic administrators into the prearranged studies, but in a way that will go undetected by the State Department or by others.

The final irony of the contemplated methods for supervising research-spy money, he said, "is that no amount of risk review can guarantee that there will not be another Camelot. The review tends to be a one-shot affair while the risk potential runs the length of the project and does not end with the project's completion. The damage to intergovernment relations can occur without public visibility."

Tantrums

In a letter which we publish this week (page 156) a reader suggests certain tests whereby the concerned citizen may determine whether or not a political leader has lost contact with objective reality ("gone mad with power" is the phrase he uses). Still another symptom of this aberrant state of mind may be that those around the leader shield him from unwelcome expressions of opinion, lest his predictable rage lash out at them as the most available targets.

When Mr. Johnson was in Indianapolis last month, barnstorming for his conduct of the war in Vietnam, a considerable group of anti-war pickets was shunted into streets well out of his line of sight, and only picket signs supporting his position were permitted in the area cordoned off for his address. The obvious assumption was that local authorities, eager to earn the approval of their distinguished visitor, had not been too nice in their regard for the rights of citizens. But perhaps it was not quite like that.

Indianapolis Police Chief Noel A. Jones, who clearly does not enjoy being called names and who admits that he cannot cite the law under which he restricted the activities of the pickets and arrested those who protested the interference, later stated that he acted reluctantly under orders from Secret Service men who conferred with him in advance of the President's arrival. One sympathizes with the federal security officers whose duties bring them in frequent range of Mr. Johnson's notable temper, but if America's cities are now to be tidied up into a series of Potemkin villages to protect the President's sensibilities, the chances of making him respond to anything but his own impulses grow exceedingly slim.

The FBI's Startling Disclosure

Testifying before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on the Communist Party's 18th National Convention, held in New York last June, J. Edgar Hoover dropped the following bombshell into the laps of the legislators:

"The 18th National Convention climaxed over six months of intensive party planning. It represented the largest assemblage of Communists in this country since the last convention."

Mr. Hoover may not be irreplaceable, but he would surely be hard to duplicate.

Peace in Outer Space

Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg had a bit of good news for the press on August 8, after the completion of his first year as U.S. representative to the United Nations. The Legal Subcommittee of the UN Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space, meeting in Geneva, had agreed on thirteen points, contained in nine articles, and Ambassador Goldberg reported a feeling of optimism that a treaty would be concluded. If so, space will offer an environment far more civilized and humane than the earth. Exploration and use of space and celestial bodies, the high contracting parties agree, shall be for the benefit of all mankind. All states shall be on a basis of equality. Claims of sovereignty and national appropriation are barred. No party will place any nuclear or other weapons of mass destruction out there, nor erect fortifications, nor establish bases. Man's activities are to be subject to international law, including the UN Charter. A launching state shall be internationally liable for damages caused by its space vehicles. Astronauts are to be promptly and safely returned if they land elsewhere than planned. Other provisions are on the same plane of amenity.

The prerequisite for this progress is, of course, agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union, since at present these are the only states with capacity for space travel. The General Assembly could not proceed except on the basis of such agreement. But even when a treaty is drawn up and astronauts, as Mr. Goldberg expressed it, are henceforth to be regarded as "envoys of mankind," only a beginning will have been made in keeping out of space the animosities and follies of governments. Both the United States and the Soviet Union maintain huge military establishments, the members of which have no other mission than to defend their respective countries against all enemies, foreign and domestic. "Defense" is the most elastic of terms, and all foreign countries are potential enemies.

In the United States, the Air Force is proceeding with research and development on what is euphemistically called a Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL). Its laboratory work will consist in learning how to inspect, disorbit, neutralize and destroy spacecraft of other nations. The Soviets are undoubtedly busy with similar plans. Peace in space is deeply antithetical to the aims of these explorers. The future governments of the two powers will therefore be faced with the task of controlling their spacemen, and this will scarcely be possible unless mass murder is controlled on earth.

The Public Relations of Napalm

The anti-Vietnamese war slogan, "Hey, hey, L.B.J./How many kids did you kill today?" is not entirely fair to Mr. Johnson. As the Pentagon points out, civilians are always the victims of war. When in March, 1945, a single incendiary attack on Tokyo left 84,000 dead, many children must have been consumed in the conflagration.

Yet the present war is different. Neither North nor South Vietnam ever inflicted a Pearl Harbor on us; we crossed the Pacific to inflict our intervention on them. The parents of the dead and injured children of South Vietnam may have been neutral, they may actually have been on our side, but the napalm and TNT we pour on suspected Vietcong positions does not discriminate. What succor do we offer the children who are still alive? The answer is: substantially none. Medical conditions in South Vietnam are horrible; experts say that the hospitals are death houses. In the countryside even this medieval level of medical care is lacking —there are neither hospitals nor doctors.

A Swiss humanitarian organization, *Terre des Hommes* (World of Mankind), is striving to do something about this. *Terre des Hommes* describes its work as "the struggle, in the open, against the conspiracy of silence, the martyrdom and liquidation of the weak . . . the spark that fires the conscience of the satisfied and comfortable. . . ." It sent two representatives, one of them a surgeon, to South Vietnam to survey conditions. Their conclusion was that the children suffering from burns and wounds could not be treated in Vietnam, most of which is a combat area. Arrangements were accordingly made for some 400 hospital beds in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg and Denmark, where these mutilated children could receive modern medical care. The government of South Vietnam was willing to cooperate and thirty-two children were flown to Geneva in an airliner chartered by *Terre des Hommes*: but the cost of air transport—about $1,500 per child—is far beyond the organization's resources. *Terre des Hommes* therefore appealed to President Johnson for help in transportation. A White House aide replied that the U.S. Government "welcomes all efforts to aid the victims of Communist aggression in South Vietnam," but that U.S. military aircraft could not be provided, nor were funds available in support of the activities of *Terre des Hommes* in Europe. We might consider extending assistance to "organizations which undertake humanitarian projects for the benefit of needy persons *within South Vietnam*." (Italics added.)

Terre des Hommes agrees that local hospitalization is preferable wherever it can be organized. "But," it asks, "who would make the plans, draw the blueprints, supervise the construction? When? Where? And how much time would it take? Where are the funds, the supplies, the equipment and the personnel? Where can one find large numbers of available and highly trained specialists [and] nurses?"

Most of these children are the victims of American air action. U Thant's description of the Vietnamese war as one of the most barbaric in history presumably refers mainly to this phase. It is understandable that the U.S. Government does not wish to have the human consequences of its air bombardment policy further emphasized by the presence in Europe of Vietnamese child victims. The White House letter was drafted with such public relations considerations in mind. But what about the Vietnamese whose hearts and minds we say we wish to win? Will the sight of their neglected and suffering children make them love us? Would they not be more appreciative if U.S. aircraft were furnished to fly the children to Europe for treatment, as South Vietnamese combat paraplegics are flown to Veterans Administration hospitals in the United States? As for funds, pictures of a DC-6B airplane recently purchased for Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and equipped with television, stereophonic sound and a built-in bar have appeared in U.S. newspapers. It reportedly cost $500,000. Such contrasts may entail worse publicity than the presence abroad of the victims of U.S. air action.

Russia's Other Peace Movement

ALBERT PARRY

Mr. Parry is professor of Russian Civilization and Language, and chairman of the Department of Russian Studies at Colgate. His latest book is The New Class Divided *(Macmillan).*

On the evening of April 7 a Soviet citizen walked into a Moscow plaza, doused himself with gasoline and put a match to his clothes. Passers-by rushed over and tried to save him. An ambulance took him to a hospital where three days later he died. Inside Russia the news was hushed. To foreign correspondents the government sorrowfully explained that Nikolai Didyk, age 25, a truck driver from the Ukraine, had burned himself to death in protest against the refusal of the authorities to send him to Vietnam as a volunteer to fight with the Vietcong.

Russian *émigrés* abroad doubted that such was indeed the reason for Didyk's self-immolation. They noted that he chose to die, not in front of the Ministry of Defense or the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but right outside the Lubianka Prison. It seemed to them more probable that his protest was directed against the political oppression still symbolized by that prison.

But whatever Didyk's motive, we know that young Russians do try to volunteer for the Vietcong. Some of them may be impelled by their Marxism; others are moved by the lure of dangerous adventure. But many more Russians, young or not, are cynically wary of trumpet calls from Hanoi. Soviet soldiers dislike hearing about Vietnam. In the armed forces daily, *Krasnaya Zvezda* (February 1), a general in charge of political orientation of the troops in the Leningrad Military District related his talk with a subordinate political officer:

> Lucidly and in great detail he reported to me about many of his unit's everyday problems; he cited figures, percentages [illustrating the unit's political study successes]. . . .
>
> I asked the officer: "And what are the young men really interested in? What questions do they ask in connection with the events in Vietnam?"
>
> An oppressive silence followed.

Nor do they want to talk about any war. The suffering and heroic deeds of their fathers in World War II are for them practically a taboo subject. A woman who served in the war as a Soviet bomber pilot complained in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of May 13 that young people nowadays dodge war-memorial celebrations. She lamely coupled this indifference to compulsory attendance: "As is well known, young people usually protest against what is made obligatory for them."

But surely there is more to it than automatic reaction. In front of an audience of 700, a Leningrad student boldly upbraided the propagandists: "Enough of your reminders that you fought for us and defended us. I owe nothing to anybody." (Quoted, indignantly, by a Soviet propaganda official in *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, November 24, 1965.)

The patriots still rage in *Krasnaya Zvezda* against Vasily Bykov's novella, *The Dead Don't Feel Pain* (it ran early this year in *Novy Mir*), for saying of today's young people that the Second World War "is an abstraction to them, something like Europe's glacial period, or the last phase of the stone age."

One more World War, this time between the Soviet Union and the United States? Not if the new generation can avoid it. A high school senior was chided in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of December 13, 1964, for saying in a private letter (intercepted by the authorities): "I know that those jokers in military uniforms, when they speak of foe, mean the 'GI' [the entire letter was in Russian, but 'GI' was written in English]. Well, so be it. It is their job, after all. But I don't want war! I don't want to kill people who have never caused me any harm!"

Patriotic slogans are not working. In another letter, a young Soviet rocket-unit lieutenant announced that he was resigning his commission: "An officer's service had seemed to me different [than it turned out to be], but the reality dispelled all my illusions like so much smoke. . . . Only please don't deliver me any patriotic lectures." (*Krasnaya Zvezda*, August 13, 1965.)

There is, then, genuine pacifism among at least some young nonconformists in the Soviet Union. For want of a better expression, I would call it non-dove pacifism to distinguish it from the official, Picasso-dove-emblem insistence of the Soviet Government that its every policy is truly peaceful. And yet, some genuine non-dove pacifists among the Soviet populace use the government's peace-loving protestations to justify their own anti-military agitation or action. Last Christmas Day, in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, a Soviet officer wrote that he had asked one woman teacher:

"And how goes the military, patriotic education of the young in your school? How do you imbue them with love for the Soviet Army? What military skills are being learned by your students?"

The young lady was amazed: "What are you talking about!" She reminded the officer that the Soviet Union was for peace, so that no military preachment was needed in its schools. It was the officer's turn to exclaim: "Oh, the charming naïveté of that girl!"

Exactly one year earlier, in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of December 27, 1964, an official of the Central Committee of the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) had dressed down the members of two "artistic-technical councils," one in Moscow, the other in Kiev, for thwarting production of war toys. These advisers had vetoed the manufacture, in one case, of a war game full of "automatic riflemen, machine gunners and grenade throwers," and, in the other, of "an automatic gun made of plastic." The committee members explained their prohibition by pious reference to official Soviet policy: increased war-toy manufacture, they said, "goes counter to the tasks of bringing up our children in the spirit of the peaceful policy of our state."

The party does not much like such literal-minded application of its slogans. Argued the Komsomol official while reprimanding the anti-war toy advisers: When deprived of manufactured war toys, Soviet children make their own sabers and guns out of whatever material they can find. They play with such makeshift weapons and "do not at all turn into haters of mankind and into cannibals." The official felt that the advisers had been guilty of a wrong kind of pacifism: "Toys that help to foster the feeling of courage, ingenuity and daring are very much needed by the children."

The genuine pacifism of the lower echelons, which thus takes advantage of the party's own protestations of peace, sometimes refers also to the constant propaganda about the party's efforts to improve the living standards of the masses. On October 27, 1964, a special correspondent of *Izvestia* criticized a young Soviet citizen, a skilled machinist working at auto transport in Central Asia, for saying that Soviet armed forces should be cut so that workingmen's wages could be increased.

Of course, there is in Russia no organized anti-government movement of pacifist committees or clubs such as can be found in the West. The existent "peace" groups of the Soviet Union are formed by the party and the government to denounce the "warmongers" of the West and to laud as genuinely peaceful all policies of the Soviet Government and the Communist Party.

There are, to be sure, some native religious pacifists—Jehovah's Witnesses and other, smaller sects of conscientious objectors—but they are persecuted and prosecuted by the government. Conscientious objection to military duty is not recognized, and men who invoke it are treated as deserters and traitors. The fact that the world headquarters of the Witnesses is in Brooklyn is also no advantage to its Russian communicants.

But such religious nonconformists are neither numerous nor influential; there are two particular reasons why their pacifism makes little dent on the population at large. First, their conviction stems from religion in a country where the younger millions of inhabitants are either atheists or agnostics, and where the older men and women, even if believers, stick with the established orthodox faiths. The second reason is that in Russia Jehovah's Witnesses and sundry pacifist sects are unskilled workers and artisans whose views carry little weight with their countrymen.

The anti-war sentiment of the middle- and upper-class Soviet elite does not seem to be organized, but since it is expressed articulately and from higher on the social scale, it wields considerable influence even on an individual basis. This troubles the party's watchdogs, who try to find at least a hint of deliberate organization in the non-Communist pacifism of the professional elite. On January 9, 1963, writing in *Krasnaya Zvezda*, a party spokesman accused "certain teachers" in Soviet state art schools of telling the students not to choose "military-patriotic themes" for their final paintings and sculptures (the so-called diploma projects). He declared that such instructors say to the students who do insist on military-glory subjects that "the war ended a long time ago, so why do you want this?" He implied that such remarks were part of an organized effort on the part of the pacifist instructors.

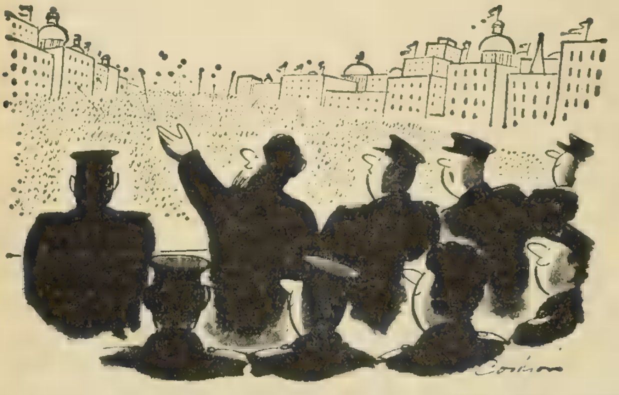
The sharpest suspicions of the party and its military component are directed against writers and film makers. Alleged proof of their concerted opposition to the military is constantly brought out and denounced by those in power. And a campaign is aimed at the writers and stage and film men, who are alternately exhorted and chided. They are urged not to shun the themes of battlefield and barracks, and they are condemned for unorthodox writing and directing when war themes are at length tackled.

The propagandists of the military establishment first stepped out publicly on a grand scale in May, 1955, when a five-day conference of writers was called in Moscow by the Chief Political Office of the armed forces. Lieut. Gen. Sergei S. Shatilov, acting head of the office, in his main speech advised the summoned writers "to create an increasing number of highly ideological and artistic works in praise of the heroism of our people in defense of the Fatherland; to create as many good books as possible about the fighting ways of the army and navy." The writers were to start work at once: the audience was told to report for special data-gathering tours to the barracks and military offices, to meet and chat with the Moscow garrison, and, thus informed and inspired, to plunge into their first chapters of new books in praise of Soviet war glory.

Yet, in the eleven years since that unique conference, hardly any new paeans have been produced. Stage and screen have, indeed, begun to pay some heed to military topics, but in ways hardly pleasing to the party and the military. On July 4, 1961, Marshal Filip I. Golikov, head of the Chief Political Office of the armed forces, denounced Aleksandr Shtein for his play about the Soviet Navy, *The Ocean,* then running simultaneously in several theatres in Moscow and elsewhere. It applauded, said the Marshal, such "vices" of the Soviet military personnel as refusal to inform on one another. He also criticized a film, *Peace to the One Who Enters* (about the closing days of World War II and the Soviet troops in Germany), as "excessively" pacifist and "treating our army life incorrectly."

Most notably, from December, 1962 to March, 1963, Nikita Khrushchev himself led a highly emotional onslaught on the Soviet film makers who had just then been completing *The Lenin Outpost,* wherein young Soviet citizens, both civilian and military, were represented as doubting the moral worth of the Soviet military effort. *The Lenin Outpost* was banned, and the version which has been shown in the post-Khrushchev period surely lacks its original pacifist force.

In the spring of 1963 the party also waged a determined campaign against *At Your Doorstep,* a picture about the early phase of Hitler's invasion of Russia. A decorated veteran, acting as the party's mouthpiece in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of March 31, attacked the film's "pessimism and despair emanating from the soldiers' each movement and word, as if these were not Soviet men but the heroes of 'the lost generation' entering the film from Remarque's bitter pages." A Red Army soldier in the film was heard saying that war "is an unnatural phenomenon, not inherent in man." The party spokesman was angry: "But there are different kinds of war. Our army conducts a war that is holy and just." This film, too, was first banned, then released after much cutting.



Punch (Ben Roth)

"I Tell You I Distinctly Heard a Note of Mild Dissent!"

On February 7, 1964, the experiment of 1955 was repeated: writers, artists and film makers were summoned by the Ministry of Defense and the chief military propaganda office to a special meeting in a military club, and there read a riot act on their pacifism. The main speaker was Marshal Rodion Malinovsky. "Yes," he admitted, "war is cruel, inhuman, destructive." But—"We do not have a right to transfer Remarque's ideas mechanically to our creative arts and to deprive them of the genuine heroism inherent in our lives."

Nevertheless, Soviet writers have maintained an attitude toward the military that is lackadaisical at best, and more often scarcely conceals their pacifism. In early March, 1965, at a major Moscow conference of writers of the Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, Leonid S. Sobolev lectured his colleagues: "I can't understand how this has come about, but for a long time now we have not seen books about the present-day Soviet Army, about our Navy, about modern Soviet man under arms." He urged fellow writers to tackle this "decisively necessary" task at once—"to penetrate into the most interesting, and, for literature, absolutely new, inner world of the men to whom the Fatherland entrusted our most perfect, most formidable, and technically most complex weapons." Gen. Aleksei A. Yepishev, of the party's military propaganda office, gave official support to Sobolev's views. It was lamentable, said the General, that "our literature with but a few exceptions deals with the army of our days as yet infrequently and, I would say, timidly."

A fortnight later, in an interview in *Sovetskaya Rossiya,* Gen. Pavel I. Batov, chief of staff of the Soviet armed forces who doubles as chief of staff of all the Warsaw Pact armed forces, called upon Russian writers not to forget the political commissars of the Soviet military establishment. "Remarkable" men they are, he insisted, yet "undeservedly little" is written about them.

The finger shaking has continued into the last few months. "Not so often do our writers turn to the days and deeds of our peaceful army," *Krasnaya Zvezda* complained on December 11, 1965. "The military theme is largely absent from our literature," it repeated on April 28, 1966. We must catch up with our enemies: Western film makers are so much better at glorifying their past wars, said *Krasnaya Zvezda* wistfully on February 24.

In contrast to this officially deplored apathy stands the enormous popularity of Bulat Okudzhava's uncontrolled pacifism. Okudzhava, 41-year-old darling of Soviet youth, refuses to write or recite any poems in condemnation of Americans in Vietnam, or, for that matter, any imperialism in the Congo or Latin America. Instead, this World War II veteran has written a number of poems wherein he bluntly rejects and ridicules *any* kind of war and *all* the world's armies. Milhajlo Mihajlov, the young Yugoslav literary critic who was recently jailed as he was taking steps to found an opposition magazine, met Okudzhava on his visit to Russia. He wrote in *Moscow Summer 1914:* "Undoubtedly, Okudzhava's songs alarm all those who love the marching step and military music. 'A lot of fools are still going to enjoy lively soldier songs,' Okudzhava sings. He has written many songs about war and the army. But his attitude toward war must repel overpatriotic spirits. . . ."

Note the words "sings" and "songs." Okudzhava is a minstrel, a balladeer, who accompanies himself on a guitar. The authorities try to discourage his platform performances, and limit or ban his records, but students make tapes of his songs by the thousands, and send them all over the Soviet Union.

Late this spring the Moscow press reported that even if you had a tape recorder you could not use it: there was a sudden shortage of tape. The state's tape-producing factories have either fallen behind the greatly grown demand—or are acting on instructions from above. There are more ways than one to fight the people's non-dove pacifism.

But the people, particularly the intelligentsia, have their ways of counterresistance, too. When on July 24 in Moscow a mass meeting was called by the party to hear Russia's fifteen leading poets recite verse on Vietnam, the hall was only a little more than one-half filled, and the audience applauded Ilya Ehrenburg loudly when he announced: "I have no poems on Vietnam."

LATIN AMERICA: FIRST OF A SERIES

Revolution Without Revolutionaries

NORMAN GALL

Mr. Gall is a correspondent in Latin America for the Toronto Star, The Economist *and other United States and European publications. He is planning a book on the Andean Revolution.*

". . . the truth is that no one had a true notion of what is a guerrilla war or proper training. The Indian population of the place did not understand us when we spoke of revolution, and showed itself hostile. Four days after entering Guatemalan territory and without executing any action yet, our sentries fell asleep. We awoke on hearing terrible war-cries, finding ourselves surrounded by a mob of hundreds of Indians with machetes, who told us to surrender or be cut in pieces. They were inhabitants of a nearby village, whom the military patrols told we were bandits. We couldn't resist. A little later the army patrol searching for us arrived."

These words, spoken by a Guatemalan guerrilla fighter in 1962, record the kind of experience that has been common since 1960 among Castroite and Communist insurgencies in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, the Dominican Republic and Argentina. Similar descriptions were given five years ago by survivors of the disastrous Venezuelan guerrilla operation in the Bachiller Mountains just outside Caracas; that was before seven guerrilla foci were established elsewhere in the country. The three guerrilla bands which last year tried to operate along the eastern slopes of the Peruvian Andes were knocked out of action within seven months by specially trained Ranger troops of the Peruvian army. In the Dominican Republic in 1963, members of the Castroite June 14 Movement were supplied defective arms from a government munitions factory, then killed in cold blood (seventeen died this way) when they found their weapons useless and surrendered. In Ecuador, some forty students of the Revolutionary Union of Ecuadorean Youth were captured in 1962 by army paratroopers near Santo Domingo de los Colorados, where the Andes slope into the hot jungles fronting the Pacific Ocean, just two days after the youths arrived to set up a guerrilla camp. In the mountains of northern Argentina, the police first infiltrated, then in December, 1964, raided key training camps of the "People's Guerrilla Army," killing six recruits before they could carry out a single action.

These experiences seem to belie the mystique of guerrilla warfare and of Maoism that has been growing in recent years in Latin American university circles, and to which official Communist doctrine and agitation have been increasingly confined. The Communist movements have not only shrunk in recent years; they have also been deeply infiltrated and divided. In Peru, for example, the far Left has split into eight factions: Maoist, Muscovite, Trotskyite, Castroite, "Albanian" (a university group mediating between Moscow and Peking) and splinterings among these groups. Infiltration has been so deep that a Peruvian navy intelligence officer, who had gone to Cuba under a pseudonym to study guerrilla warfare, organized a terrorist bank robbery during last year's guerrilla crisis and then handed his accomplices over to the authorities. A political turning point was reached this year in Venezuela when the Communists, divided among themselves, lost their principal political bastion, the Central University of Caracas, to the Social Christians in an election defeat. The pro-Soviet Partido Communista Venezolano (PCV) and the Maoist Movimiento de la Izquierda Revolucionaria (MIR) had ended their long alliance in a dispute over whether to continue guerrilla activity, which has dropped sharply over the past year under pressure from crack army troops.

Oddly enough, the decline of organized Communist activity in Latin America has come during a period of turmoil and change almost unprecedented in the world's history. There is a population explosion, an education explosion, a massive flood of peasants into the cities, widespread revolts against the agrarian serfdom that has prevailed unquestioned in many areas since the Spanish conquest. In a ten-month journey through the Andean countries to report on these events, I saw new schools, new roads, transistor radios, store-bought clothes, bicycles, shoes, trucks and buses intruding upon the traditional isolation of the mountain haciendas. Roman Catholicism, long plagued by a backward and corrupt clergy, is being rejuvenated under the stimulus of Pope John's encyclicals and Vatican II, and from the example of foreign missionaries—many of them American—who take up their pastorates in remote communities and there preach that attention must be paid to Christianity's historic teachings on social justice and the rights of man. Lay Catholicism has toughened a growing Social Christian movement with a revolutionary ideology that has cut deeply into Marxist influence on youth. Over the past fifteen years, most of Latin America's military dictators —in Argentina, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Haiti, Cuba and the Dominican Republic—have been swept from power, four of them by assassination; these depositions have spurred revolutionary aspirations which found their most rapid and radical expression in small, marginal countries like Guatemala, Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Bolivia. (In some countries dictatorship has been restored, but the general tone of government has become more liberal.)

Throughout the Andean region, elected governments were installed, peasant migrations to the cities have multiplied urban populations, and the explosive growth of free public education has made deep and apparently irreversible changes of structure in old and unjust societies. In Peru between 1960 and 1965 alone, the number of universities grew from nine to thirty-three, secondary schools from 170 to 600. The number of primary schools has risen even more impressively, with Indian communities and urban slum dwellers building their own schools and often paying the teacher as well. In Venezuela, school enrollments have tripled since the fall of dictator Marcos Perez Jimenez in 1958, but school facilities are still straining to keep pace with the increase in population. It is false as well as hackneyed to go on saying that these countries are "ripe for revolution"; the revolution is in full career, the variety of its spontaneous manifestations mocking the doctrinaire context of the cold war.

An instructive example of what has been happening is to be found in Guatemala, where U.S. policy toward Latin America has taken its hardest stand. Between the CIA-assisted overthrow in 1954 of the Communist-supported Arbenz regime and the inauguration this year of a freely elected President, Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro, Guatemala was ruled by right-wing military dictators. After the 1954 coup, land obtained by the peasants in the chaotic Arbenz agrarian reform was returned to the old landlords. (The Arbenz government had been invested with powers that amounted to confiscation; in practice, seizures went even beyond the law, with agents of the Communist-controlled agrarian reform agency inciting peasants to invade haciendas not affected by the new provisions.) The retrenchment, taking away many thousands of plots seized by Indian and mestizo peasants, has provided the principal rallying point for the Communist guerrillas who over the past four years, despite the initial disasters referred to in the opening paragraph, have become a major political force in Guatemala. They have made travel perilous, especially at night, along the vital road from Puerto Barrios, the principal port, to Guatemala City, the capital. They operate for the most part in the mountains on either side of a long, fertile alluvial valley containing large banana plantations of the United Fruit Company.

This is the only major guerrilla operation in Latin America over the past decade that has not been carried out in a coffee-growing area, though coffee is Guatemala's principal crop. However, the small-scale, subsistence agriculture practiced by the peasants on these mountainsides is at least as unstable and unrewarding as most of Latin America's coffee-growing *minifundio*. The guerrilla leaders are young former Guatemalan army officers who survived an abortive barracks revolt they staged on November 13, 1960. Some of them were trained at U.S. Army counterinsurgency schools at Fort Gulick in Panama and at Fort Benning, Ga.; a few members of last year's Peruvian guerrillas and some Constitutionalist officers in the 1965 Dominican revolution were similarly schooled. The presence of such men among the insurgent bands, like the decisive action of the Dominican navy frogmen in stopping Loyalist tanks and leading mobs of angry slum dwellers in Santo Domingo last year, may indicate that even elite troops are unreliable in a highly fluid political scramble marked by widespread popular discontent.

The various Communist and guerrilla groups may have their ups and downs; the urge to revolution continues strong, and its spontaneous character is much more impressive than any effort to organize it. Though revolution has been more sudden and explosive in tiny nations like Bolivia and the Dominican Republic, larger countries with a more entrenched and resilient social structure have also been threatened by class conflict. Colombia's new President, Carlos Lleras Restrepo, said in a recent interview: "I believe *minifundios* (tiny agricultural landholdings) are far more dangerous than *latifundios* (great estates). These increasingly smaller properties cannot maintain a family, and the *minifundio* problem is constantly aggravated by the divisions imposed by inheritance laws and by the powerful demographic explosion (doubling Colombia's population every twenty-five years), creating a class of 'proletarian proprietors' with even lower incomes than the miserable sugar cane cutters." Colombia's fiercest social conflict in the bloody decades since 1930 has been over peasant squatters' rights and over the demand of hacienda peons to plant coffee trees on their subsistence plots, these permanent improvements making the tenant farmer legally less exposed to summary eviction. This conflict came to its climax in the *violencia*, the savage tribal warfare between Colombia's two traditional parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, which cost an estimated 200,000 lives in the decade following the 1948 assassination of the Liberal idol, Jorge Eliecer Gaitan, on a Bogota street. Like most Latin American land reform laws, a 1961 Colombia statute straddles, more than it resolves, the conflict by protecting the squatter against eviction, as well as the landlord against expropriation. (Few important changes in land tenure have been accomplished in Latin America—where 1 per cent of the proprietors own 62 per cent of the farmland—except by illegal invasions and seizures by the peasants themselves.) Meanwhile, an abrupt fall in world coffee prices has cut Colombia's per capita exports since 1964 from $53 to $32, thus inflating the real cost of manufactured imports.

As an area, Latin America has never recovered from the world depression of the late 1920s: Between 1928 and 1932, Latin America's exports dropped by nearly 60 per cent, and the real value of its exports (excluding oil-rich

The Other Continent

Mr. Gall's article is the first of a series *The Nation* will publish on the broad social and political changes now transforming Latin America.

Venezuela) are now only 32 per cent of what they were in 1928. Food production, moreover, is declining steadily in relation to the exploding population. Economist George Jackson Eder incisively correlates these developments:

> With monetary depreciation came higher prices, which the government blamed on everything but its own ineptitude. With higher prices, came increasing poverty for the urban poor, then price controls on food and prime necessities, which were effective only in still further impoverishing the farm population, and profited only the black marketers and export smugglers. As a consequence of currency debasement, Colombia's rural population is visibly worse off today than 30 or 40 years ago. Small wonder then—what with the economic pressure of price controls on everything the farmer sold, inflationary prices for everything he bought, and above all the reign of terror in the countryside—that 800,000 people have fled from the farms to the already overcrowded cities, 93 per cent of them vowing never to return to the farms, despite the abject misery that faces them in the cities.

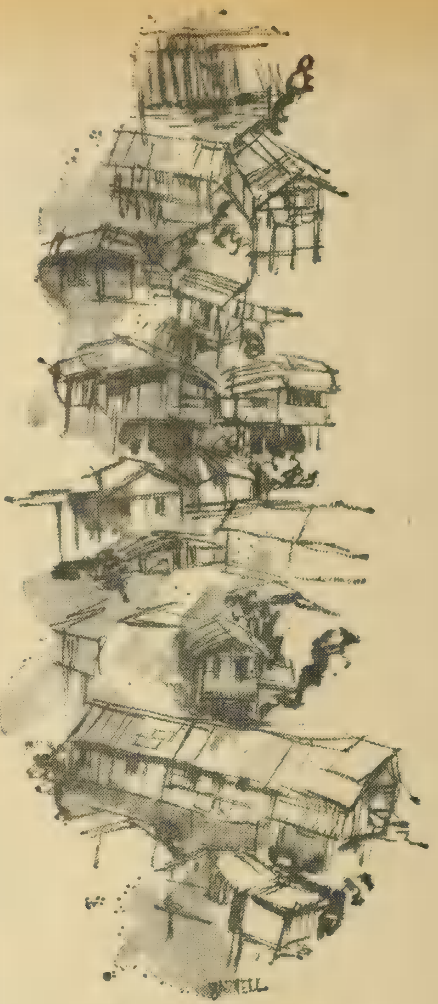
Since 1950, the population has at least doubled in each of Colombia's five biggest cities; Cali, a refuge from the *violencia* in the western departments, has almost tripled. The populations of Lima and Caracas have tripled over the past decade, and since 1936 Venezuela's demographic pattern has shifted from 70 per cent rural to 70 per cent urban. Last year's outburst in Santo Domingo, where the population doubled from 1950 to 1960, was preceded by several months during which a severe drain on purchasing power in the slums was exacerbated by abrupt declines in export prices and production and by wild imports of contraband luxury goods on the part of the military. Nevertheless, anyone visiting the slums of Lima on a Sunday morning is amazed by the sober industry of recent peasant migrants who invest their scant savings from $3-a-day wages in materials to convert straw huts into permanent concrete block homes. Violence comes only with economic dislocation.

The slums are created and enlarged by invasion. At 7 P.M. on the night of October 7, 1963, several hundred men,

women and children charged up a rainless, dusty hill overlooking the concrete-block slum in Lima called El Augustino, itself invaded the same way sixteen years earlier. The invaders carried red and white Peruvian flags and, overnight, staked out individual lots and set up tents and temporary straw huts. The squatters placed women and children to the fore and used slingshots with shepherds' accuracy to defend themselves against the helmeted police cavalry which arrived, as expected, the next day to disperse them with tear gas and burn their huts. The *pobladores* scattered further up the hill and into the settled portions of El Augustino, but within a week they had filtered back with new flags and huts, to wait out the chilly nights for another assault. However, the invasion had been strategically timed to occur just before Lima's bitterly fought municipal elections, the first time in forty years that Peruvians could elect their city governments. Electoral pressure was too much for the police, and the new *barriada, "7 de Octubre,"* was allowed to survive.

The new slums are part of the "folk-urban continuum" of peasant pressures on traditional society. The flags and the slingshots and the deployment of women and children and the overnight raising of huts are all part of the ritual of peasant invasions of haciendas in the high Andes. In some of the most backward areas of southern Peru, peasant *sindicatos* have been formed along the lines of the Bolivian peasant leagues which ousted feudal landlords and divided haciendas and farm tools among the Indian serfs after the 1952 revolution in which the Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario (MNR) crushed the army in the streets of La Paz and Oruro. Many of the Peruvian land invasions have been Communist inspired, particularly by university students who speak Quechua (the ancient vernacular used by the Incas). Yet their real roots are in the rapid growth of the Indian communities which, given the land scarcity at these altitudes, often limits a family's freehold to a single furrow. The organization of peasant *sindicatos* in southern Peru's La Convención Valley, where a guerrilla movement failed last year, began eight years ago after local landlords tried to seize the prospering coffee groves of tenant farmers.

The peasants appealed for help to the Communist labor leaders in the old Inca capital of Cuzco. After several student leaders from the Communist-dominated University of Cuzco had been sent to La Convención to preach revolution among the peasantry, the valley's antique feudalism was destroyed by violent convulsions in which armed peasants clashed with police and tenant farmers refused to provide the traditional 120 days free labor as rental for their hillside subsistence plots. In the end, the government legalized the *de facto* expropriation by granting titles for the hacienda plots the peasants had worked as tenant-serfs, and by allowing those awaiting titles the right to work the land without paying rent. This in turn affected the guerrilla attempt. Said an American sociologist who recently spent nine months in the valley: "The peasants had just gotten some land, and were expecting more from the agrarian reform. This made them much more conservative than they were a year or two before. It was a very bad time to obtain peasant support for a guerrilla movement. However, two-thirds of the families in La Convención don't have enough land to live on, and there is not enough good farm land in the valley to meet their needs. In two or three years a guerrilla uprising could meet with an entirely different response."



The revolutionaries have long been exasperated by the conservatism of the peasantry, once its minimal needs for subsistance freeholds are satisfied. A Communist lawyer of peasant origin, who helped organize the wave of hacienda invasions that swept Peru's central *sierra* in 1962-63, recalled recently: "Most of us did not realize the class differences and contradictions within an Indian community, how selfish and bourgeois the *comuneros* can be. When they invaded the big haciendas, the rich members of the community divided the best land among their closest relatives and friends, leaving the worst pasture to the poorest and powerless." Peru is South America's third largest country, yet only four-tenths of an acre per inhabitant is being tilled, a ratio equal to China's and half that of India. This has forced many Indian communities to abandon their dependence on agriculture, to buy trucks and freight potatoes and corn from the *sierra* to La Parada, Lima's sprawling, swirling marketplace (organized much like Les Halles in Paris) which has become, with its proliferation of cheap manufactured goods and the daily arrival of rickety mountain buses bringing new migrants to the slums, the melting pot for the economic and social transformation of the peasant.

The spread of "Marxism," with all its many variants in this scene of effervescent change seems much more an expression than a cause of the revolutionary process. It is true that nearly all of Peru's universities have gone Communist since the rise of Fidel Castro, that in recent years many Venezuelan high school and university students spend their summer vacations undergoing guerrilla training in the coffee-growing Andean foothills. Yet the theoretical grounding of this "Marxism" is exceedingly weak, being confined usually to Che Guevara's guerrilla handbook and to Mao Tse-Tung's military lectures. (Mao's Confucian-style maxims, extolling the Communist strategy of resistance to the Japanese invasion of China in the 1930s, have strikingly little relevance to the social conflicts which are the great revolutionary issue in Latin America.) Probably much more important than political doctrine to the revolutionary vigor of the universities is the expansion of educational opportunities, which has brought many *cholos* (Indians converting to Hispanic culture) onto the proliferating campuses.

Many of these Quechua-speaking *cholos*, like most Westernized Indians since colonial times, show little but repugnance for their peasant origins. Others, however, have plunged into the organization of peasant *sindicatos* and guerrillas; often they have been trained for the work in Cuba. (Intelligence sources estimate that there are now about 1,200 persons in Peru who have received some kind of training in Communist countries.) The Communist-run student political machine dominates the university, with professors usually subject to dismissal by a majority of their students and obliged to pay bribes in money and grades to student leaders to assure peace in the classroom. Many of the politically reliable students are maintained on $30-a-month "scholarships" that provide rudimentary room and board, while some graduates of this machine become "juridical advisers" to the *sindicatos*, the kind of parasite lawyers who have exploited the Indians for centuries.

The French Marxist writer Regis Debray, after completing a recent extended tour of South America to analyze possibilities for new Castroite guerrilla insurrection, wrote of Latin American communism's "impotence in associating itself profoundly with national traditions, finding concrete historical roots in each country and giving itself a continental continuity." Fear of communism has been a useful lever in wrenching concessions toward reform from the rulers of unjust societies, but communism itself has blended into the landscape of corruption and cultural poverty. Last year's enthusiasm for Mao has become this year's swing toward the Moscow line. A few months before his disappearance last year, Che Guevara said: "We foresee the organization of an international front against imperialism" manned by "proletarians and peasants" to combat "an organized repression of the peoples of Latin America" being prepared by the United States. The "organized repression" is the recent flourishing of counterinsurgency techniques that have sharply curtailed Communist insurrection. But communism and the guerrilla activity are fluctuating responses to the steady pressures for revolutionary social change. It would be a blessing if we could learn to distinguish between cause and effect in Latin America.

SELECTIVE REPRISAL

SNIPING AT DISSENT

MELVIN L. WULF

Mr. Wulf is legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

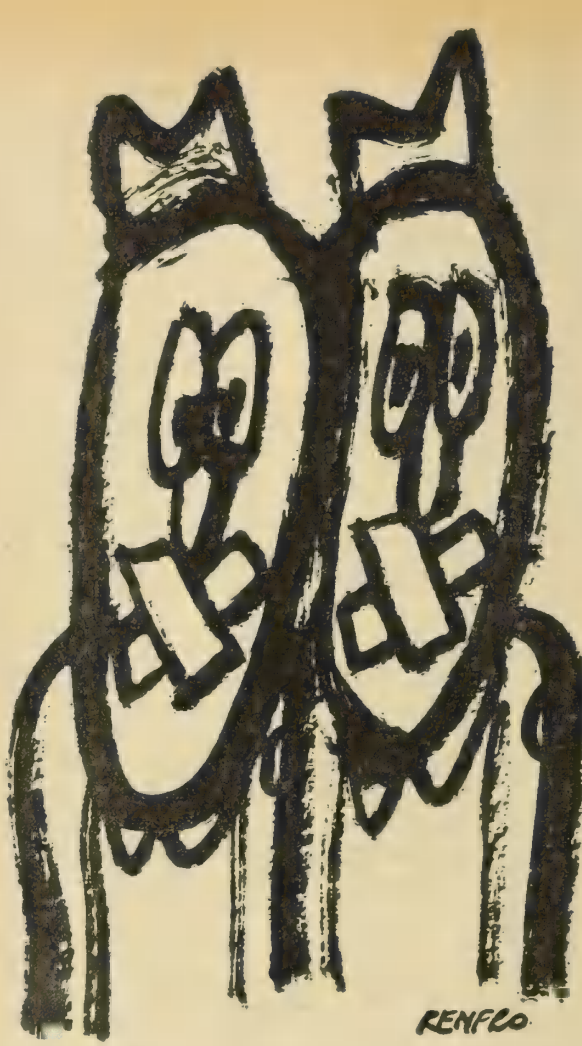
"In the abstract," said Senator Fulbright in a recent lecture at Johns Hopkins, "we celebrate freedom of opinion as a vital part of our patriotic liturgy. It is only when some Americans exercise that right that other Americans are shocked."

The reactions to recent protests against American policy in Vietnam have indeed demonstrated that the public—and more surprisingly the government—does not practice what it preaches in this area. It is particularly discouraging that the government has not consistently recognized the right of free opinion and speech, because the government, much more than the public at large, has the instruments for retaliating against its critics. And we can say this about events of the last few months: if a government's devotion to civil liberties is measured by the restraint it exercises in punishing its critics, the Johnson Administration has clearly failed the test.

Washington has not taken a great number of reprisals against its critics, but each move seems to have been designed to have the maximum quelling effect on one crucial kind of criticism. The government has been remarkably successful with these actions, and critics of the Vietnamese policy have been effectively deterred.

By initiating action under the discredited Subversive Activities Control Act against the DuBois Clubs, the Administration has removed the sting of one of its principal critics. It has designated the DuBois Clubs as a "Communist front," and with this label attached to them their statements no longer carry weight in the public debate. By initiating this action against the DuBois Clubs, the Administration has also reminded any similar organization with ideas of criticizing official policy that the same thing might happen to them.

This move against the DuBois Clubs was the logical consequence of statements made last October by both Attorney General Katzenbach and President Johnson that organizations behind the anti-draft and anti-Vietnamese movements would be put under investigation. At that time Mr. Katzenbach announced: "There are some Communists involved in it. We may very well have some prosecutions." It was President Johnson's feeling that "even well-meaning demonstrators can become victims of Communist exploitation." And press secretary Bill D. Moyers referred in a statement to the President's surprise "that any one citizen would feel



towards his country in a way that is not consistent with the national interest."

Early last January, J. Edgar Hoover predictably announced that the Communist Party had played an "ever-increasing role in generating opposition to the United States position in Vietnam." It is hard to take this statement seriously. The overwhelming majority of the protesters are neither members nor friends of the Communist Party (and those who are surely have every right to march and picket). Mr. Hoover certainly knows this but he seems more interested in intimidating the public than in educating it.

It was learned recently that FBI agents are conducting a national investigation of Students for a Democratic Society. Dean Idzerda of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., announced in April that FBI agents had asked him for the names of all students who were members of SDS. To his credit, the dean refused to comply. Summing up the total effect of the government investigation, he said: "It's unfortunate that a climate of suspicion can be created by such activity that might lead some students to be more circumspect than the situation requires. Things like this can be a danger to a free and open community, if men changed their behavior because of it."

By revoking the passports of Prof. Staughton Lynd, Tom Hayden and Herbert Aptheker after their return from Hanoi, the government continued its policy of selectively enforcing its ban against travel to Communist Asia. (It simultaneously withdrew the passports of four men who had gone to Hanoi some months earlier.) Though Lynd was later issued a restricted passport to allow him to attend anti-Vietnamese rallies in England and Scandinavia, it is generally agreed that this was less a redemptive act than an effort to counteract the concurrent clamor against the expulsion of Abba Schwartz from the State Department.

Perhaps the most publicized—and therefore the most effective—action taken by the government against students in opposition to America's Vietnamese policy was the reclassification of fifteen University of Michigan students who sat-in at the Ann Arbor draft board office. The men were abruptly deprived of their student deferments and classified 1-A. Though a small number of them have subsequently been reclassified to 2-S, most reclassifications remain unaltered. Appeals are being made for each of them to the Selective Service System and to the federal courts.

The most futile of the measures taken by the government are the prosecutions of several young men who have publicly destroyed their draft cards. Though David O'Brien was sentenced as a juvenile to a maximum term of four years' imprisonment by a Boston federal judge, and Terry Sullivan was given a one-year term in New York, the suspended sentences handed out to several other card burners are a good reflection of the poor view some federal judges take of special "draft card burners" legislation. The judges are balking at the government's assertion of its supreme power to prosecute its critics.

The court-martial of Lieut. Henry Howe for participating in a peaceful anti-Vietnamese demonstration in El Paso, near Fort Bliss where he was stationed, is an example of the Army's inability to tolerate any criticism from within its own ranks. Lieutenant Howe was convicted of using contemptuous words against the President of the United States and of conduct unbecoming an officer. He was dismissed from the service and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Though his commanding general reduced the sentence to one year, he refused to release Howe while the appeal of the conviction was pending in the military courts. However, litigation through the federal courts, ending up in a bail application to Justice Hugo Black, persuaded the government to release the lieutenant on parole after he had served three months in military prisons. The appeal of Howe's conviction is now before the intermediate military appellate court.

In mid-July, however, the General Counsel of the Department of the Army threatened revocation of Howe's parole if he should continue to speak out publicly against the war, the Army and the President. The ACLU said that the threat against Lieutenant Howe "is a reflection of an incipient tendency toward the suppression of freedom" reminiscent of "the period of McCarthyism."

The Army again displayed its insensitivity to constitutional principle when it peremptorily canceled the leave of three soldiers only hours before they were scheduled to speak at a public meeting to announce their refusal to obey orders to be shipped to Vietnam. Put under arrest by military and civilian police, they were handcuffed and transported to Fort Dix where they were isolated under close guard. Five days later, after refusing a direct order to board a waiting plane headed for Vietnam, they were imprisoned in the post stockade to await court-martial charges.

Directly related to the government's program to stifle criticism of its Vietnamese war was the revelation that Frances Knight of the State Department's Passport Office had requested American embassies abroad to keep Prof. H. Stuart Hughes under surveillance while he was in Europe. Although it is not precisely accurate to blame the action on the Administration, it certainly can be said that it reflected the mood passed from the White House down to the Washington bureaucracy.

A valuable—if unintended—product of government harassment is the October, 1965, publication of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, entitled "The Anti-Vietnam Agitation and the Teach-in Movement." Presumably designed to be a searing exposé of Communist infiltration, the study conveniently brings together reprints of articles and statements defining a position against the war in Vietnam. Of particular interest is an article by Michael Munk which takes the reader on an informative excursion through the student Left.

The official acts of the federal government are reflected in retaliatory steps taken by state and local governments and private citizens. DuBois Club headquarters in Berkeley was dynamited, and New York police twiddled their thumbs while a group of DuBois members were attacked, finally stepping in only to arrest the victims. Both of these events occurred the day after the initiation of the government proceedings against the club. In Boston, police preferred to be absent while a small group of protesters was assaulted by a large group of high school students.

In other places around the country the police have taken a more active role. In Durham, N.H., several members of the Committee for Nonviolent Action were arrested for parading without a permit while peacefully demonstrating against the war. Two weeks later the Selectmen of Durham issued a permit for a second demonstration with the proviso that no one ever arrested for a crime, excluding traffic offenses, could participate. Six persons were arrested for violating the proviso, but charges were dropped a few days later. In Albuquerque, outside Kirkland Air Force Base, fourteen persons were arrested during a demonstration against the war in Vietnam. In Seattle, the local police habitually photograph all demonstrators.

In early April, a fund-raising party in New York for the benefit of the Artists and Writers Protest Committee was dispersed by combined forces of the police, fire and buildings departments. On the same night the burning of an American flag on the stage of the Bridge Theatre provoked the city government to start proceedings to suspend the theatre's license.

Two leaders of a rally in Honolulu were arrested in March for displaying a flag on which dollar signs had been substituted for stars.

Several bills now pending in Congress would make flag desecration a federal crime. Under present law the United States Government has jurisdiction over the offense only if it is committed in the District of Columbia. Like most state statutes, the bills would make it a crime to "defy" or "cast contempt, either by word or act" upon any American "flag, standard, colors or ensign."

There have also been reprisals by educational institutions. In January, four members of the Cornell University Young Socialist League were placed on probation for six months for distributing literature favoring the Vietcong. In Houston, a doctor helping to organize a Christmas peace vigil outside the LBJ ranch, changed his mind about attending when he was threatened with the loss of his job at Baylor University. In Williamstown, Mass., the superintendent of schools announced that he would not recommend tenure for Carlo Valone, a history teacher who frequently criticized U.S. policy in Vietnam. High school officials in Los Angeles, Des Moines and Prince George County, Va., suspended students for wearing badges proclaiming their opposition to the Vietnamese war. A teacher in the Las Vegas public schools, active in the protest movement, was expelled from the National Federation of Teachers because he refused once to salute the flag. Though he was also threatened with loss of his job, the school authorities relented in the end, showing better sense than the trade unionists.

The decision of the Georgia legislature to refuse to seat Julian Bond, who was elected by a vast majority of the voters in his district, may well be the most outrageous action taken against a dissenter from official policy. Not only was it a violation of Bond's own right to express his point of view on an issue of consummate political importance; it was also a direct rejection of the will of the several thousands of individuals who voted for Bond as their representative.

It would be too melodramatic to conclude from the accumulation of incidents described here that the nation is in the midst of a crisis of freedom. The 25,000 people who marched down New York's Fifth Avenue in March, the 10,000 who marched in Washington in mid-May, the continuing student agitation against the draft—which represent only part of the protest activity that is carried on in public—testify to our continuing freedom to criticize and denounce government policy.

Nonetheless, the sanctions imposed against a few critics persuade many others to keep their silence. Though the protest against the government's Vietnamese policy is sizable, its extent cannot really be measured because the government's policy of intimidation has discouraged the fainthearted from identifying themselves publicly.

The government has obviously not yet felt the need to exert all the powers of suppression at its disposal. It could, for example, decide to bring prosecutions under the provision of the Selective Service Act which prohibits interference with the draft law. Such actions at law would have to hurdle substantial First Amendment obstacles, but malicious prosecutions could adversely affect the protest movement by tying up personnel and funds, and by intimidating its weaker-willed members.

Though such a move would raise even more difficult problems, the government could also invoke the Espionage Acts which make it a crime, among other things, to impair the discipline of the armed forces or to issue false statements intended to interfere with United States military operations.

If the situation in Vietnam should, in Washington's view, seriously deteriorate, or if government policy should lose its apparent majority support, there is the constant danger that the government will choose to stifle its opponents in order to retrieve at least the appearance of popular support.

SAVINGS AND LOAN

THE EASY LENDERS

MICHAEL HARRIS

Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

The savings and loan industry faces perils in the next months that will scarcely be overcome by a cheery smile and a brave heart. Many savings associations appear well equipped to meet the crisis produced by trouble in the money market and depression in the residential building field. But in California, more than one in seven of the savings and loan associations chartered by the state have a disturbingly large share of their assets tied up in "problem" loans.

Savings and loan associations invest almost entirely in real estate mortgages, and it has become apparent that they have not always invested well. In a little more than two years, sour loans in the portfolios of the California associations have increased by more than $400 million.

The totals were frightening enough at the end of 1963, when the associations reported to California state authorities that $472,674,523 of their loans had turned unhealthy. In most cases, the troubled loans were three or more months delinquent or had already been foreclosed. In other cases, the associations had rid themselves of unwanted real estate by making loans to new investors on especially generous terms. By March 31, 1966, the total of such sour loans stood at $864,237,000—or 5.65 per cent of all the money lent by the 204 associations. This percentage is probably twice as high as it should be, and the reports for the third and fourth quarters of 1966 may bring worse news.

The situation cannot be described entirely through statewide averages. Some of the most prudently run associations were cautious in the days when California tract developers seemed able to sell anything they built for remarkable profits. Their officers refused to make the excessively generous loans that shoestring builders wanted, and thus today are not forced to foreclose on overpriced real estate. Some associations, large and small, are carrying delinquencies of less than 1 per cent.

At the other end of the scale are the associations that proved so willing to make inflated loans that their top officers were sent to jail. The first of the sentences for fraud was imposed in 1964 after Robert G. Joseph, former president of a savings and loan association in Sacramento, announced that he had decided not to contest charges of making illegal loans. Deputy State Attorney General Marshall S. Mayer, who had investigated the case for two years, announced that the sentencing—unprecedented in the state's history—should serve "as a warning to the men who run our financial institutions."

Mayer soon proved he meant it. In the last two years the decision-making officers of five more California savings and loan associations have been convicted through Mayer's efforts and through the cooperation of local district attorneys. One man got off with a fine; the rest were sentenced to some months in jail.

But convicting a criminal officer and replacing him with someone more responsible do not in themselves restore a savings association to health. The loan portfolio of West Coast Savings, which Joseph had headed, continued to deteriorate after he departed. Sound builders chose, in many cases, to try other savings and loan associations first when they wanted money, and West Coast found itself getting applications from borrowers its competitors had rejected. Too often, it had no choice but to put its money into less desirable investments. The problem was finally solved when West Coast merged with a much stronger savings and loan association.

Merger is often the only way out, short of the unmentionable alternative of simply closing the doors. Last year, four associations were rescued by involuntary mergers. The healthiest of the four admitted to state authorities that 21.34 per cent of its investment in real estate loans had turned sour by last September 30. The bad loan figures reported by the other three were 28.95 per cent, 29.21 per cent and 30.63 per cent.

These percentages may be startling, but they are far short of the record. When Trans-Bay Federal Savings and Loan Association of San Francisco vanished through a merger last February, about 60 per cent of its loans had gone bad. Precise figures are not available in the case of federally chartered associations; the Federal Home Loan Bank, which regulates the federals, does not have the same public disclosure rules as the California Division of Savings and Loan. In the case of Trans-Bay, however, some details were released. It was disclosed that the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, the government agency that insures association accounts up to a $10,000 limit per depositor, had lent Trans-Bay $18 million. The Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco had provided another $1 million. But these advances were not enough to save the $53 million association. Its last chance to survive apparently ended last year with the collapse of the San Francisco National Bank, which held $1 million of Trans-Bay's scarce cash reserves.

The demise of the devil-may-care San Francisco National Bank, whose colorful and hard-gambling president, Don C. Silverthorne, was convicted of looting the institution, had a serious effect on California's savings and loan industry. In addition to Trans-Bay, two other Bay Area savings associations faded away through mergers—one after it failed to recover $1 million in deposits from the bank and the other, a very small institution, after it lost $200,000. In all, San Francisco National held $20 million in savings and loan association money. The big losers, most of them strong Southern California institutions, have offered to take over the bank's losses and liabilities and inject several million dollars of their own in exchange for a federal charter to operate a successor bank.

Mergers have by no means eliminated all the weak savings and loan associations. Even after 1965's consolidations, thirty-one state-chartered associations were still reporting at the end of March that 10 per cent or more of their loans were shaky. The sickest of the thirty-one, Van Nuys Savings and Loan Association, which operates in Los Angeles County, recently announced merger plans; its portfolio at the end of March listed 26.14 per cent of the institution's loans in the "problem" category.

The largest association with a high percentage of "problem" loans is Lytton Savings and Loan Association of Northern California, which reported 10.26 per cent on March 31. On the same date, Lytton's Southern California association reported a percentage of 7.63. Bart Lytton, who controls both, declared optimistically: "We've peaked out," and predicted the figures would improve.

This tells only part of the Lytton story. It is not possible to report, for example, on the state of the securities held by Lytton Financial Corporation, the holding company that controls both associations; its records are confidential. And Lytton has acknowledged that he owes $9 million to Union Bank of Los Angeles, a loan which he said is fully secured.

There are signs of unrest in some institutions whose assets are reported in good shape. Charles A. Wellman, president of two American Savings and Loan Associations—one in San Francisco and the other in Southern California—resigned in February; three other top officers left in April. S. Mark Taper, founder-chairman of the associations, resumed the presidencies and announced that Wellman had left because of "differences on policy matters." The American Savings associations, whose combined assets come to about $2 billion, are controlled by First Charter Financial Corporation, whose stock, like that of other savings and loan holding companies, has declined sharply in recent years. The proportion of sour loans held by the associations is below the state average.

"In line with the Federal Home Loan Bank Board's request, we are not pursuing loans in areas or tracts where the supply of housing is out of line with prevailing demand," Taper said. But that, unfortunately, encompasses a great deal of the state. Though California's population continues to grow rapidly, the inventory of unsold tract houses and unrented apartments remains dangerously high. It has been found that much of the recent growth consists of the very young and the very old. The "depression babies" of the 1930s, today's best prospects in the real estate market, weren't as numerous as the children who preceded them or those who followed.

Permits for new housing units—apartments as well as individual dwellings—totaled 292,000 in California in 1963. Last year the figure dropped to 175,000, representing a cash decline of nearly $1 billion. This year, permits for new housing units are expected to fall 30 to 40 per cent below last year's level in the Bay Area, and the story is similar in the rest of California. The housing market is suffering nearly as much in other parts of the nation. Anthony Ramos, secretary-treasurer of the Carpenters Union State Council, predicted that the number of permits would drop 5 per cent more this year, and there are some who consider Ramos a hopeless optimist. The luxury apartment field has reached such a sad state in San Francisco that repossessions are no longer unusual. Just recently, one Nob Hill building was repossessed before it was completed, and a savings and loan association had to find a new developer to take it over. The real estate market has turned sluggish even in prime suburbs near Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Not only is the supply of housing too big but the number of acceptable buyers keeps declining. Qualifications for credit have become so much stiffer that *The Wall Street Journal* recently advised (April 13): "If you just barely qualified for a mortgage last year, forget it. You won't qualify now."

The solution that normally suggests itself to a savings and loan official when money is tight and housing demand is weak is to cut the interest rates paid to depositors. But this method of easing the pressure won't work in today's market. The major banks, after years of lagging behind the savings and loan associations in the competition for savings, are now offering 5 per cent to customers who will buy certificates of deposit for fixed-term investments. The savings and loan replied to this challenge by unexpectedly raising their rates to 5.25 per cent on July 1, with an extra bonus of half a per cent for deposits held for three years. This imposes a brutal financial strain on the less prosperous savings and loan associations, and not all of them are expected to survive. More mergers are in prospect.

Heavy amounts of savings and loan deposits have been lost to commercial banks this year. The worst periods came in early April and early July. In July, it appears, the net loss came to about $1 billion, with California and East Coast associations hit with particular force.

Although authorities in both fields say it will be about a month before they can measure the extent of the shift, it does not hurt a healthy savings and loan association to have its growth slowed in a period like the present, but an association cannot afford to lose a high proportion of its deposits. With most of its loans committed in long-term mortgages, an association must still maintain enough cash on hand to pay off depositors when they ask for their money.

There were savings and loan failures in the worst days of the depression, just as there were bank crashes, but it has been many years since depositors were turned away for lack of cash. With accounts insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, depositors have become remarkably relaxed; they seem not to worry even when the association holding their money is in trouble. Officers of three Sacramento savings and loan associations have been arrested, convicted and jailed without causing any runs at the cash windows. In fact, one of the great frustrations suffered by the managers of the top-flight savings associations is that the average customer seems uninterested in the quality of the management. His attention centers on two things: getting the highest insured return for his money and making certain that he never has more than the $10,000 insured limit in any one account.

The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation is modeled closely on the banks' better known, slightly older and much larger Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Its resources have proved adequate in the past. When an insured savings and loan association is shut down, depositors have the choice between accepting payment directly from the federal corporation or having their accounts transferred to solvent savings and loan associations. The recovery period between shutdown and recovery has, up to now, taken from several days to a week or so.

The real risk is carried by the federal government. Congress would face the political necessity of stepping in to provide additional money if the $1,584,027,752 in the treasury of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation should prove inadequate to cover a series of mammoth savings and loan collapses. The sum represents 1.35 per cent of all savings and loan deposits.

There are no delays when the Federal Home Loan Bank Board decides to take over an insolvent savings and loan association. The board can move without notice, and any hearings are held after the event. Delay appears to be at least theoretically possible in cases involving California's state-chartered associations. Officers of these firms have the right to demand hearings before their associations can be seized, and if such hearings were ordered, repayment to depositors would almost surely be delayed. State authorities have side-stepped the issue by avoiding shutdowns; instead, weak associations are merged into stronger ones.

Meanwhile, thanks in part to the public's lack of concern, unqualified people can play with money in management posts—and "play" may be a mild word to use. I have seen a field covered with nothing but wild grasses that was certified by a savings and loan official to be a cluster of lots with completed houses; I have also seen the certificates the official issued—and the canceled checks cashed by a builder who was paid in full for what the association's directors were assured were houses ready for occupancy. The association was later stuck for the money. Officers of two associations have traded generous (and illegal) loans to each other. In another case, officers of a savings and loan have forced borrowers to take out insurance through them. The commissions from this coercive arrangement were not turned over to the association but were kept by the officers themselves.

Other cases of dishonesty could be reported, but it isn't only dishonesty that can cause trouble. The industry has grown very rapidly in recent years, and there is a shortage of competent management. In one association where builders were able to get improper payments, it was discovered that the disbursing officer was a former hotel clerk with no construction or escrow experience. In another recent case a savings association officer made a home loan to a widow on relief, though she obviously could not meet the payments. But at least that wasn't as bad as the bank loan made to a penniless mental patient out on a weekend pass from a state institution in Northern California.

One obstacle to providing adequate regulation is that savings and loan associations operate in a curious limbo when they deal with the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. Gareth W. Sadler, California's Savings and Loan Commissioner, told the Senate Banking Committee recently that the board's present powers are "too rigid and harsh." It cannot take mild action, Sadler protested, and all too often is left with no useful power except to terminate a firm's deposit insurance—"in effect a death threat to an insured association." Sadler said the Federal Home Loan Bank Board should be able to issue cease-and-desist orders to halt irresponsibile activities. He added the board should also have authority to oust savings and loan officers who persist in disobeying its orders.

Sadler has been able, through skillful use of the forced merger, to keep even the weakest savings and loan associations from the outright collapse suffered by two California banks in recent years—tiny Frontier Bank in Covelo in 1964 and San Francisco National Bank last year. There is no assurance, however, that the merger device would work in case of a really large-scale failure. Figures supplied to the Division of Savings and Loan by the state-chartered institutions do not indicate that any such collapse is imminent, but there are reports that some associations have developed the habit of rewriting or hiding bad loans to keep them from showing up on official reports as delinquent.

For many years, the savings and loan industry has been invaded by amateurs who have been able to get charters through political connections. Regulation has been ticklish in an industry where legislators, Congressmen and party officials may be found on boards of directors of savings associations. In the past, errors of judgment and lapses of good faith have been hidden by the growth of the housing market and the steady climb in real estate prices. Now the days of automatic profits are gone, and the crisis has arrived.

ALONE ON AN ELEPHANT

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia.*

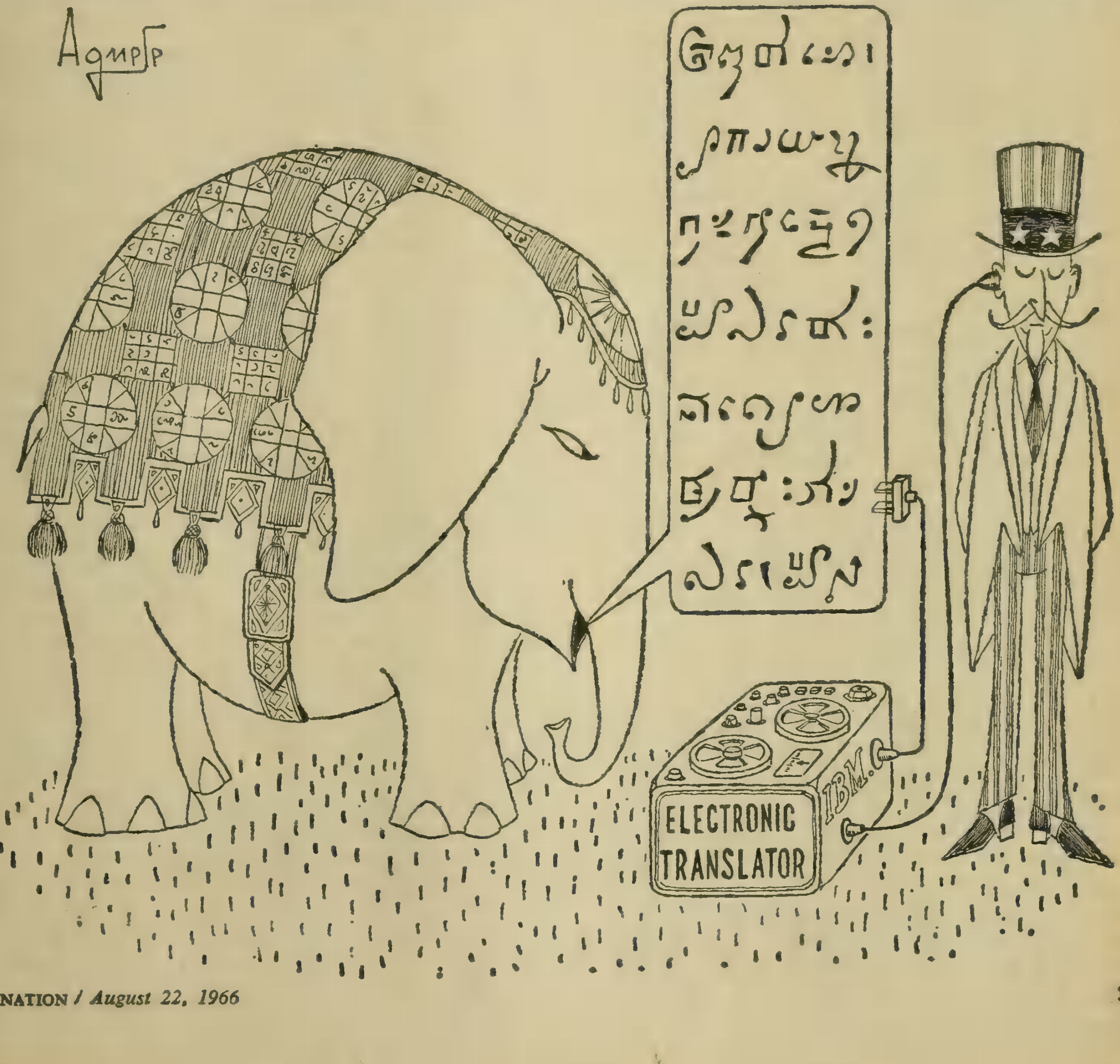
In Thailand, over station KAW, the king plays the saxophone. Where else can you get fighter planes overhead and the Little King beneath playing the saxophone?

While overhead the bombers drone
Beneath King Phumiphol plays the saxophone.

Some such doggerel as that went through my head to keep me from thinking about my fate. I was lost on an elephant. It started because I was showing off. Each morning Buttercup and I went into the jungle between Chiang Kham and Chiang Rai to check the fauna. Actually it is closer to the Burmese border town of Fang, but because Fang is an incredible name, and being lost on an elephant is incredible enough, I will avoid Fang.

Our jungle was a teak forest and our number one boy was a Meo tribesman. Like their elephants they tend to be curious and small. An Asiatic elephant is small compared to an African elephant, and the Meo people are small compared with the local Thai. Another odd fact that came to mind while lost on an elephant. The elephants of Chiang Rai speak an extinct Cambodian human language called Khmer, which was spoken during the flowering of Angkor Wat and disappeared along with that greatest of all civilizations. How does it happen that the elephants of Chiang Rai understand an extinct human tongue? Simply because ancient elephants were trained in this language and, as elephants live a long time, there is a large overlap into each succeeding generation of elephants, and the elephant trainers, realizing that the younger elephants must speak the same language as the older, continued to teach elephants the extinct human Cambodian language, Khmer.

I got lost on the elephant because I told our number one boy I wanted to try it myself. It was only a short 3-mile distance between the logging area and the base camp at Chiang Rai. For such a short distance we could dispense with the mahout. It was impossible for me to get lost, but I did. The elephant decided to go somewhere else, he didn't tell me where. I didn't speak Khmer. Anyway, getting there he got lost. That's my theory. That I was lost on an elephant



is a fact. I realized that when we didn't cross the second river but climbed the green hills and disappeared in a northwesterly direction instead.

More thoughts alone on an elephant. I would keep my head. I would keep my head and not escalate. I would not panic. I would not bomb civilians. America had come to Asia to ride an elephant, the same elephant the French had failed to ride. But watch us. We could do it. It is only a short distance. When the elephant tried to go its own way we did not know the language or the customs. We beat the elephant. When it turned on us we bombed it. When that failed we bombed the elephants in another country saying that after all those elephants were helping these elephants. Finally, when nothing at all worked, we decided to risk a Third World War. Now every decent American knows that those who oppose this next logical step, this unavoidable step, are Nervous Nellies and probably in the pay of elephants. At this point there is no turning back. We must not only risk the final war but stop the blacks at home from attacking our rear, at the same time fighting inflation and getting to the moon. It is important at this time to spend $40 billion getting to the moon before other elephants get there. To hell with science, to hell with international cooperation. Ah comes from Texas and when we sets out to ride a horse we rides it. The same goes for an elephant.

I began by saying the Asiatic elephant spoke a strange language and is small as elephants go, but nevertheless, like the rest of us in the animal family, he has a mind of his own. To accomplish something you work with him, not against him. I knew my elephant was not going my way, but I didn't panic—close to it, but I didn't panic. We went on into the darkness, now ever more weird and strange, ever darker, and then abruptly and at once, and as though at the telescopic end of a long and distant tunnel, there were the lights of Chiang Rai. We got there the long way round, through a mysterious and unknown trail, known only to this elephant. But we got there. We got where we both wanted to go.

LETTERS

(continued from page 138)

checked with several doctors on this, including one expert New York pathologist. They all agree. On the basis of these checkpoints, you simply cannot establish the required downward trajectory were Kennedy hit by a shot fired from Oswald's window. The only way this could have happened, one expert pathologist points out, is if the President had been leaning forward at an angle of about 20 degrees when he was struck. But the Zapruder film shows clearly that he was upright, erect, waving to the crowds.

The schematic drawings by which the commission sought to reconcile the wounds with the projected downward trajectory were definitely falsified, either deliberately or possibly, though this seems difficult to believe, through asinine error. In these drawings the entrance wound was moved from Kennedy's back up onto his neck, as I pointed out in *The Nation* article, but I intensely dislike being ridiculed by Cohen and challenged to prove other and more extreme positions that I have not taken. Epstein, it is true, does intimate that the autopsy report was falsified, basing his reasoning on FBI reports dated more than a month later that conflict radically with the autopsy details; but, in my own work, I was more interested in trying to show what the evidence is, based on points that seem solidly established. Though I had what seemed to me a logical explanation for the failure to get a probe through the back neck wound, I did not go into this detail at the time because I was more interested in what seemed to me the vital points.

Fred J. Cook

begin at the beginning

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: . . . Ivan Boldizsar is so wrong* that we would have to go back to the beginnings of time and work our slow way forward for centuries before reaching a single point of agreement. I understand now why the Old Testament begins at the beginning. One could always reason thus with a Believer: "Dummy! it says thus and so about knowledge of good and evil." It was all laid out for one. But Mr. Boldizsar is the wrong sort of Believer.

I didn't attack Intellectuals. I attacked the subculture of literary intellectuals which breaks literature into pieces and appropriates it for its own purposes—ambition, career, exploitation, "theory." Mr. Boldizsar himself appropriated my speech for purposes of his own. . . .

Saul Bellow

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*Ivan Boldizsar, deputy president of the Hungarian P.E.N. Club ["The View from the East," *The Nation*, July 11] commented upon Saul Bellow's keynote speech at the P.E.N. Congress: "I had heard the same superiority and irony, sometimes even the same arguments, against intellectuals in my own country in the early fifties."

sanity test

Swarthmore, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Adolph Hitler was frequently described as "psychopathic" and "power mad." Whatever these terms may mean, there is no disputing that Hitler committed some of the most monstrous crimes in all history. Yet he could not have done so without the tacit acquiescence of the German people. Why did they not protest?

I suggest that the German people realized too late the true character of their leader. . . .When to protest publicly had come to mean not only ostracism but sure death, it was too late.

How can patriotic citizens tell, before it is too late, whether their beloved country is in the hands of a leader gone mad with power? For those citizens who accept the responsibility of "eternal vigilance," I offer some test questions. Is the government prone to undertake ill-justified military adventure? If so, does it engage in a policy of indiscriminate slaughter of the population of an all but helpless tiny nation? Is the government's war policy opposed, or perhaps only halfheartedly supported, by its traditional allies? Is the government steadily escalating the risk of world-wide catastrophe in pursuit of a trivial but tragic "victory" to be used for the leader's political aggrandizement at home? Is the leader usurping powers constitutionally reserved to a separate legislature? Are the leader and his executive apparatus deceiving the press and public? Are they attempting to intimidate critics by equating dissent with disloyalty?

Citizens of any country who do not wish their country to go the way of Germany under Hitler would be wise to ponder these questions before it is too late.

Carl Barus

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Akhmatova: Tragic Queen Anna

ALEXANDER WERTH

I had known Anna Akhmatova nearly all my life, but did not meet her personally until the summer of 1964. I did not simply call on her; I was "received in audience." She was not only a great lady; she was a queen. Though she was now 75, very stout and deformed by illness (her legs were terribly swollen and she had difficulty in walking), she still had a regal presence, with the same aquiline nose and the "haughty lips" described in her early love lyrics, written more than fifty years before. The setting in which she received me was far from palatial. It was summer; she was living in a ramshackle little wooden *dacha* in the pine wood at Komarovo on the Gulf of Finland, some 25 miles northwest of Leningrad. It was a setting she liked; she was near her beloved St. Petersburg-Leningrad—a theme and inspiration for both her happiest and her most tragic poems.

"Everything here will survive me," she wrote in "Komarovo," one of her late serene poems, "even the flimsy starling boxes, and the spring air blowing from across the sea." And of the pine woods: "And it seems so easy to go along that white road through the amethyst shadows, and leading I know not where. And further on, among the brighter tree trunks, it looks like the alley by the pond at Tsarskoye Selo." Here are intertwined themes of death and youth—the Tsarskoye Selo of her young days, residence of the Tsars, the town of young Pushkin, where in her own lifetime the poet Innokenti Annensky, her "master," taught at the local high school. Even in the tragic *Requiem*, on the Stalin terror, first published outside Russia in 1963, she contrasts the *then* with the *now*:

> *Would you like to see, you giggly girl,*
> *You favorite of all your friends,*
> *You gay sinner of Tsarskoye Selo,*
> *What has happened to your life?*
> *Look at yourself: the three-hundredth*
> *in the queue*
> *Outside the Kresty prison with your*
> *parcel,*
> *And your hot tears are burning holes*
> *in the New Year ice . . .*
> *Not a sound; but inside, behind those*
> *walls,*
> *Innocent lives are coming to an end.*

Of all her bitter experiences since the revolution, the Stalin—or, as she prefers to call it, the Yezhov—terror of the late 1930s, was the hardest to bear, when her only son was arrested and deported to a camp for more than fifteen years. The "new world" had not been kind to her. This is openly admitted in articles written in Soviet journals after her death. More independent-minded writers, among them Paustovsky, Tvardovsky and even Alexei Surkov speak of Akhmatova's "hard, female destiny," which she faced with courage and dignity, and of the "injustice and gross insult to which she was subjected." The reference is, of course, to Zhdanov's attack in 1946. Stalin's "cultural dictator" called her "a mixture of nun and harlot," and along with the satirist, Mikhail Zoshchenko, she was expelled from the Writers' Union. It was during the last years of her life that she was fully "rehabilitated" by the Soviet establishment and was elected to the Presidium of the Russian Writers' Union two years ago. She was allowed to receive belated recognition abroad; last year she was awarded Italy's Etna-Taormina Prize, and given an honorary degree at Oxford. Even the official obituary published by the Writers' Union paid tribute to a "remarkable Soviet poet":

> For more than half a century she devoted herself to the noble service of Russian poetic speech, of the homeland, and of Soviet society building a new world.

Indeed, she became "accepted" to such an extent that the authorities turned a blind eye to the publication abroad of *Requiem*, "without the author's knowledge or consent," as stated by the Munich publisher. It could, after all, be regarded as an anti-Stalin, rather than an anti-Soviet poem; even so, some of its lines are too strong for publication in the USSR. She speaks of her "tormented mouth, through which a hundred million people cry":

> *In those days, happy to be left in*
> *peace,*
> *Only the dead smiled.*
> *And like a useless appendix to its*
> *prisons,*
> *Leningrad swayed in the wind.*
> *Insane in their torment the regiments*
> *of the condemned marched away,*
> *And the engines' whistles alone sang*
> *their short farewell song.*
> *The deadly stars shone above us,*
> *And innocent Russia writhed in her*
> *agony*
> *Under the bloodstained policemen's*
> *boots*
> *And under the tires of the Black*
> *Marias.*

Akhmatova was happiest in her youth, before the revolution, and she scarcely ever made any secret of it. She loved Russia, but was always out of step with the Soviet Union except—and the exception is significant—during World War II when "Russia" and the "Soviet Union" became one for her. Blok, Bryusov, Mayakovsky and Pasternak "accepted" the revolution, each in his own way—some, like Pasternak, only halfheartedly; but Akhmatova was never at home with it. In two or three strange little poems written in the early twenties she *tried* to work up faith and some enthusiasm, but it did not last and the regime gave her no encouragement. But her profound love of Russia continued all her life; in 1917, she wrote a poem in which she squarely rejected the *émigré* way; and in 1957, she added these lines to *Requiem*:

> *No, I lived not under foreign skies;*
> *I did not shelter under foreign wings;*
> *I even* then *stayed with my people,*
> There *where, unhappily, my people*
> *lived.*

After she was 65, she wrote what will probably rank as her greatest poetry. Unlike her early love lyrics, unlike her tragic, intensely bitter *Requiem*, unlike her war poems with their exaltation, pathos and infinite human pity—above all, for the martyred children of Leningrad—her last poems are marked by the serenity, wisdom and resignation of old age. They combine a deep love of art, music, nature and, again St. Petersburg-Leningrad and Tsarskoye Selo, the one associated with her whole life, the other with her happy youth. Many of these poems are extremely subtle, using the same play of unexpected associations as does Innokenti Annensky, a name that is frequently recalled and whose influence is even stronger here than in any of her early poems. She also completed "A Poem Without a Hero," which she had begun some twenty years before. She calls its shadowy visions of the past "an infernal harlequinade"; in the introductory part she pokes fun at her Soviet editor:

> *And he grumbled: "It's got three sub-*
> *jects,*
> *And, having read it to the end, I*
> *still can't imagine*
> *Who's in love with whom, and who*
> *met, and where and why,*

Who's alive and who is dead,
Who is author, and who is hero;
And, anyway, who wants today
All these discussions about a poet
And all these swarms of phantoms?"

Parts of this poem were published in the *Den' Poezii* annual in 1962 and 1963, while the shorter poems, originally published mostly in *Zvezda* and *Novy Mir*, have been assembled in the first of two volumes recently published in Munich, and edited by Prof. Gleb Struve and B. Filippov.

Neither the "Poem Without a Hero" nor the short poems of the last ten years are "easy" reading (as *Requiem* is), and it is difficult to explain to non-Russian readers their verbal beauty, laconic conciseness and frequent "mysteriousness." There is little hope that they can be worthily translated, except by a very great poet. How, indeed, "explain" Akhmatova's own favorite cycle of very short poems, *Midnight Verses* written in 1963-64, such as "Midnight Visit," beginning:

You will not wait for me long
On asphalt pavements with their
autumn leaves.
We shall meet in Vivaldi's Adagio
again.
And again the candles will be dimly
yellow
And enwrapped in sleep.
But no violin will ask you how you
entered
Into my midnight home. . . .

All this was written at the end of a very long literary career, but one marked by tragically long gaps. It must have been in 1914 or 1915, as a youngster, that I first heard of Akhmatova. My uncle, Peter Naumov, was a literary critic and contributor to *Apollon*, the *avant-garde* literary and art magazine of the St. Petersburg of those days—a superbly produced monthly with its Dobuzhinsky cover and its color plates of Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso (these were almost unknown names in Russia then), and of modern Russian painters. *Apollon* also published some of the newest Russian poetry, including that of a poet of genius, Innokenti Annensky, who had died in 1909, and that of his "Acmeist" followers, such as Nikolai Gumilev and his young wife, Anna Akhmatova. My uncle, returning from an *Apollon* reception, was completely under the spell of this dazzling pair—who had come to be known as Gumi-lev and Gumi-lvitsa—Gumi-lion and Gumi-lioness. "A lioness," he said, "a queen!"

Only 300 copies had been published of Akhmatova's first book of poems, *Evening*; but her second book, *The Rosary*, printed in 1914, became immensely popular, especially with women readers who were fascinated by the music of her verse, its epigrammatic conciseness, and by her strangely varying female moods, ranging from feminine humility to haughtiness and feminist arrogance; from timid uncertainty to full self-assurance; from sensuality to a kind of intellectually amorous detachment. Those years of the First World War were the years of Akhmatova's greatest popularity and success.

It was fashionable, in the Stalin days, to recall Maxim Gorki's statement that the last fifteen years before the revolution were the most "shameful" period in Russian literature. It may have suffered from a certain escapism, which was not characteristic of classical Russian 19th-century literature. But the fact remains that with Bryusov, Balmont, Blok, Annensky, Belyi, Sologub, Vyacheslav Ivanov, Gumilev, Akhmatova, the young Mayakovsky and many others, it was one of the most excitingly creative periods, especially in poetry. Russian painting, under French influence, also broke new ground for the first time; while music, after Scriabin, the last of the Romantics, gave way to the vigorous young Stravinsky and Prokofiev. This was the world to which Akhmatova belonged; all her life she continued to think of it with nostalgia.

Like Shakespeare's sonnets, Akhmatova's love lyrics are something of a mystery: to whom are they addressed? Is their hero Gumilev, as is sometimes obvious; or did "the gay sinner of Tsarskoye Selo" have other heroes, as seems equally obvious? Was Blok one of them? People who knew them both have assured me that there never was a Blok-Akhmatova love affair, though the enmity between Gumilev and Blok was notorious. Was the mutual dislike merely literature—the "neoclassicism" of the Acmeists being, at least in part, a reaction against the more nebulous type of symbolist verse so typical of the earlier Blok? But unlike Gumilev, Akhmatova admired Blok, both as a poet and a person.

In her third book of poems, *The White Flock*, the love lyrics are interspersed with numerous poems on the destiny of Russia and St. Petersburg. The First World War filled her with anxiety and deep misgivings about Russia's future. There are very few references to the revolution in the poems written between 1917 and 1925, except for some significant attempts to "accept" it. On the other hand, there are hints of its evil and destructive nature, such as a description of the 1917 crowds carrying funeral banners "with sinister laughing skulls." But time and time again, there recur in her 1917-25 poems, the themes of Russia and St. Petersburg, the sunny, classical, harmonious St. Petersburg of Pushkin with the ghostly, almost surrealist St. Petersburg of Dostoevsky and the eerie, "condemned" St. Petersburg of Belyi and Annensky. And "condemned" it seemed, for in 1918-22 it was the City of Famine, as it was to become again—though on a much more fearful scale—during World War II.

Discouraged, apparently, by Soviet publishers, Akhmatova wrote very little original verse (she wrote literary studies and translations instead) between 1925 and the end of the 1930s. Subsequently, she produced *Requiem*, not to be published until 1963. Then came World War II. Like many other Soviet intellectuals, Akhmatova deeply felt the tragedy of Western Europe, and wrote two famous poems, one on the Nazi occupation of Paris, the other on the London blitz. The invasion of Russia called out some of her most moving and deeply inspired poems, such as "Courage," on the Russian people's determination to save their country, their language and their civilization. These war poems are about the bravery and suffering of Russia and her "ordinary" people; there is not a word about rulers. A small volume of her selected poems was published in Tashkent in 1943 and, no doubt with a touch of bitter humor, she had managed to slip into it one poem from *Requiem*—on the deportation of her son, but, taken out of context, it was unintelligible.

Even so, by the end of the war all seemed well. In 1945, she wrote *March of Time*, with its amazing opening poem on St. Petersburg and Dostoevsky. It was published that year (with some cuts) in Leningrad; some of it the authorities must have thought impertinent. And then, in September, 1946, there was a Poets' Evening in Moscow, to which I went. The crowds of young people, tired of the "ham" poetry written by the official poets, pointedly ignored these, and staged a tremendous ovation in honor of Pasternak and Akhmatova, both of whom were there. The demonstration did not pass unnoticed ("this will lead to no good," Akhmatova remarked when the evening was over) and shortly afterward Zhdanov got busy on the writers first, then the film directors and, finally, in 1948, the composers. Akhmatova and Zoshchenko were the first victims of that hideous postwar "cultural purge." For several years after, she lived in Leningrad in silence and great poverty. It was not until 1950 that Surkov, then editor of *Ogonyok*, published a few (admittedly rather conventional) poems of hers on the revival of Leningrad.

She did not, to any great extent, resume writing until 1956-58; and it was during this "second birth," as Professor Struve calls it, that she wrote some of her most remarkable poetry. Ostensibly, she had made her peace with the Soviet world in the more tolerant, more liberal atmosphere of the Khrushchev period. Magazine editors were eager to publish her new works and selections of her earlier poetry were reprinted in many thousands of copies. Her early love lyrics (of which she herself latterly spoke with some disdain) became immensely popular with millions of young Russians.

Though she had made an uneasy peace with the Soviet system I could feel on that day at Komarovo that there was much she could never forgive and forget. Her bitterness was reflected in some unpublished poems she showed me. In one she likened the last fifty years of her life to Kafka's *Trial.*

When I asked her whether *Requiem* (which had just appeared abroad) would be published in Russia, she simply said: "What does it matter? Hundreds of thousands of people, most of whom had never even heard of me, have read it in typescript or handwritten copies. There are thousands of copies circulating in Moscow, Leningrad and all over Russia." Of present-day Soviet poetry she did not think much, and was even rather hard on Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. "Good showmen," she said, and envied them their platform effects and their capacity of attracting to their "poetry readings" 10,000 to 15,000 young people. "But great poetry—no. There are some better poets than they in Russia and, above all, many young poets of whom hardly anybody has ever heard since they don't get published." She clearly thought of herself as the last of the great Russian poets, and spoke with strange warmth and affection, using first names, of the last "big three" who had died: Osip, Boris and Marina—that is, Mandelstam, Pasternak and Cvetaeva. Although her marriage to Gumilev had ended in divorce after six years (a few years later, in 1920, Gumilev was to be shot as a counterrevolutionary), she spoke of him with affection and admiration, always referring to him oddly as Nikolai Stepanovich.

Her first posthumous "gesture" was significant: like Pasternak, she had asked to be given an Orthodox Church funeral. Whether she was genuinely religious or not, the Church belonged to that "other," more archaic Russia to which, at heart, she too had always belonged. Not Tsarist Russia (for she never cared about the Tsar), but the Russia that somehow goes on under *any* government, and from which, unlike her *émigré* admirers, she refused ever to be separated. This catlike devotion to her "home" is more typically Russian than is often supposed

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RANDOM HOUSE

abroad. There are many other "Akhmatovas," especially among the Russian intellectuals. Thousands went to her funeral; among them were many young Soviet poets, including Andrei Voznesensky. Several of them are studying her superb craftsmanship. But whether her death marks the end of an epoch and a tradition no one can yet say. Even in recent years she was no more than tolerated by the "ideologists," and will no doubt be more frowned upon than ever after the Siniavsky-Daniel trial and the 23rd Congress. It is uncertain whether *Requiem* and her unpublished poems will see the light of day in any foreseeable future. But who can say what is going on among those "real" young poets whom she mentioned to me and whose names she would not reveal?

Sholokhov and the Nobel Prize

EDWARD J. BROWN

Mr. Brown is chairman and professor, Department of Slavic Languages, University of Indiana. His most recent book is Stankevich and His Moscow Circle: 1830-1840 *(Stanford University Press).*

When the Nobel Prize was awarded recently to Mikhail Sholokhov, a writer was honored who has been an active and loyal member of the Communist Party since 1932. In this role he was always ready to carry out "tasks" in defense or explanation of official policy, able to change his views and emend his literary texts and to be eloquent in castigating heresy and heretics. It would be an absurd mistake to count him among the Soviet liberals, or to suppose that his little village of Veshenskaia in the Don country is a refuge from activity and from metropolitan politics. He has seldom known peace or sought refuge, and the record of his life is one of deliberate engagement, in the Soviet meaning of that term.

Before he was 15, war and revolution had brought his secondary education to an abrupt close; apart from brief attendance at a "workers' school" (*rabfak*) in Moscow, there is no record that he continued his education. He has not been reluctant, however, to educate others: "When I was fifteen," he wrote in his autobiography, "I taught adults in the program for liquidating illiteracy." At about the same age he volunteered as a member of a "grain detachment" which operated in the Don region, searching out and confiscating hidden food stores in peasant villages. In 1930, he was very responsive to the party's propaganda needs, and interrupted his work on *The Quiet Don* to write the first part of a long novel on collectivization, *Virgin Soil Upturned.*

It is true that on a number of occasions Sholokhov intervened vigorously to correct injustices in local Communist administration, and Khrushchev revealed that during the days of the great purge Sholokhov once wrote a frank letter to Stalin protesting events in the south. However, there is no record that he protested when literary comrades met death or banishment during the same period. On the contrary, as one of the distinguished speakers at a Congress of the Communist Party in 1939, he supported the literary terror. "The ranks of Soviet literature," he said, "now purged of enemies, are stronger and healthier."

After the death of Stalin, Sholokhov was again selected to address a Party Congress, the Twentieth or "de-Stalinization" Congress, where his speech was in large part a racily idiomatic attack on Stalinist literary administrators, two of whom, Surkov and Fadeev, he named and covered with contempt. That remarkable speech, along with other statements of a similar nature, seemed to place Sholokhov in the liberal camp during the early years of the "thaw." However, in moments of crisis, in 1957 when Dudintsev and the editors of *Literary Moscow* were under attack, and in 1958 when Pasternak was in trouble, Sholokhov made no effective use of his name and political power. In April of this year, in a speech delivered at the Twenty-Third Congress of the Communist Party, Sholokhov referred to Siniavsky and Daniel as

> . . . writers who write one thing at home and something quite different abroad. They use in both cases the same Russian language, but in the one case they use it to mask themselves, and in the other to blacken that very language because of their malice and their hatred for everything Soviet, for everything that we hold precious and holy. . . .
>
> I am one of those who are proud of being a son of this fine and mighty motherland. . . . How should I react at the behavior of traitors who raise their hand against what is so dear to us?

Sholokhov's behavior has often been repugnant, and we may be certain that liberal Soviet intellectuals felt dismay at the honor paid him by the Swedish Academy. But perhaps we should make an effort to understand him. His commitment to party and government has always translated easily into terms of conventional Russian patriotism, and that patriotism has sometimes been strong enough in him to justify actions that may seem to us reprehensible.

Sholokhov is a prime illustration of an elementary principle in literary criticism: that the man and his work must be judged by very different criteria. The artist is something like a priest of the old dispensation who, even though subject to temptation and sin, still disposed of the sacraments and of divine grace. Sholokhov's rich natural endowment of imagination and linguistic power has enabled him to produce, in *The Quiet Don,* a work that possesses power, scope and verbal beauty. His rudeness and relative lack of education, his innocence of literary culture, his remoteness from the intellectual life of Paris or London—all of this has been a source of strength to him as an artist. I do not mean to suggest that we should think of him in quasi-Rousseauistic terms as an unspoiled, untutored natural genius who appeared in some happy hinterland. The case is much more subtle and more complex, for Sholokhov is not at all the pure product of nature but of a particular political and literary culture.

As a literary phenomenon he belongs both to the October Revolution and the period of Russian modernism. He cannot be imagined apart from the "proletarian" literary movement of the twenties, and at that time, like many another *novus homo* produced in the proletarian milieu, he received an *ad hoc* literary education in the principles of Marxist literary creation and in the "craft" of writing. As a member of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers he was subjected to reiterated preachment of the so-called "living-man" doctrine, actually a set of precepts for new writers which would enable them, the leaders hoped, to depict the "dialectical" movement of history in the direction of communism, while avoiding propagandist distortion. One requirement of the proletarian school was that since life is a process of "dialectical" development, the writer should discover the conflict of opposites not only in the social group but in individual men. No absolutes in the world of literary characters could be tolerated since all "living men" are mixtures of historically "good" and historically "bad" qualities. Created under the aegis of the "living man," the central character in *The Quiet Don,* Grigorii Melekhov, exhibits the tragic predicament of an insoluble inner conflict: he joins the Reds, deserts them for the Whites and in the end returns defeated to his home and his village where a colorless but well-organized man who is in step with "history," Mishka Koshevoi, holds the "Soviet" power firmly in his hands.

The concept of the "positive hero," a model of revolutionary virtue who was later to play such a malodorous role in Soviet literature, was not favored in the twenties by the school to which Sholokhov belonged. It was believed, with some justice, that even a proletarian Communist should not be shown as all good, but should exhibit a few traits that are historically backward. And the bourgeois, though a class enemy, should never be portrayed as all bad. "That would not be true to life, comrades," pontificated the youthful theoretician, V. Yermilov. This lesson at least Sholokhov did learn, and because he learned it so well *The Quiet Don* is a very fine book. We recall the quietly fierce scene in which the Bolshevik leader Podtyolkov commits a massacre of White officers. The sparse, syntactically bare sentences that describe that event seem to pass no judgment upon it but do carry an overtone of aversion:

> Cut the bastards down! All of them! No prisoners! Give it to them right in the guts!
>
> There was a feverish rattling of shots. The officers rushed apart. A second lieutenant with fine feminine eyes, in a scarlet officer's hood, grabbed at his head and ran a few steps. A bullet sent him leaping into the air, like a man jumping over a fence. He fell, and didn't get up. Two men cut down a tall, handsome captain. He reached for the sword blades and blood flowed from his cut palms onto his sleeves. . . .

The Cossack village, the structural center of the novel, forms a knot of conflicting loyalties, ideas and emotions. Sholokhov creates a vivid sense of tangled historical movement: issues are never clear, motives are shifting and uncertain, world politics is experienced in terms of local hatred and fear, and passions spin the plot. The force that drives Sholokhov's hero in *The Quiet Don* is an overmastering love for his married neighbor, Aksinia, whose passion is at least equal to his. The pain of her love is surprisingly acute in the following passage. She is consulting the village witch in the hope of discovering a spell that will bind Grigorii to her:

> I yearn for him, grandma darling. I can see I'm pining to death. I sew myself a skirt, but it's too small. I get bigger every day. . . . When he passes our yard my heart burns in me. . . . I want to fall down in front of him. I want to kiss the place where he puts his feet. . . . Help me, sweetheart! Help me, darling! I'll pay you anything. I'll give you my best blouse, only help me!

Even the Communist characters are subject to the vagaries of passion. The following passage (which Sholokhov deleted in later editions) reveals the Communist leader Bunchuk's desperate reaction to the news of his beloved Anna's death:

> Like a blind man he ran into the gate, gave a hollow cry, fell down . . . and crawled along the ground on all fours, moving faster and faster, his face almost touching the ground.

The proletarian literary milieu of the twenties tended to be artistically conservative, calling for the revival of realism and a "new Leo Tolstoy." One of the fruits of this search was, in part at least, Sholokhov's *The Quiet Don;* but the relationship of that novel to Tolstoy's epic of war and peace is complex and curious, and reveals Sholokhov as a somewhat anomalous product of the "modernist" twenties. Sholokhov's wonderful originality results from his having combined, quite innocently, elements from opposed and seemingly incompatible literary schools. Not only did he succeed in answering the demand of his Communist contemporaries for a great realistic epic; he also produced a modern novel whose prose style is marked by highly mannered linguistic devices, echoing nonrealists such as Bely, Zamiatin, Vsevolod Ivanov, Babel and Pilnyak. What gives his book its idiosyncratic character is the symbiosis of two normally distinct literary styles:

> Dunyasha was bouncing along on the buckboard, and her happy eyes surveyed the meadow and the people they passed on the road. Her face, very gay with its sunburn and freckles, seemed to be saying, "I feel so fine and lighthearted because the day, touched with bluing by the cloudless sky, is also fine and lighthearted, and

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because my own heart is clear and pure. I'm happy and I need nothing else."

There are direct echoes of Tolstoy in such passages as this; more important, Sholokhov is consciously using a characteristic device of the master, one which as far as I recall has not yet been adequately named. This device involves affectation of an authorial omniscience which encompasses not only external and visible actions with their concomitant mental states, and not only the past, present and future of his characters but also their immediate relationship to a moral universe. But the diction is that of a local dialect; one doubts that in the whole of Tolstoy anyone would be found "bouncing along on a buckboard" (the word is *gryadushka*, not to be found in the standard dictionaries, and quite inadequately translated here as "buckboard"). The central metaphor, "touched with bluing," comes from a poetic universe alien to the style of Tolstoy, in whose very infrequent metaphors the figure usually denigrates rather than enhances its subject. In the battle scenes, Sholokhov often uses the Tolstoyan trick of estrangement to create an impression of violent confusion; he reflects *qua* author on the meaning of events, though much less systematically than did Tolstoy; he has created a narrative movement which, very much like that in *War and Peace*, carries the reader back and forth from the "home" of his characters (the Cossack village of Tatarsk) to the battlefields and the capitals.

The Quiet Don abounds with efforts at direct imitation of Tolstoy, and if it is a great book part of the reason may be that sensitive reminiscences of Tolstoy's artistry, quaintly offered in a modern accent, are scattered through its pages. At the same time Sholokhov was undergoing the influence of the formalist critics and theoreticians whose ideas had much to do with the development of prose fiction in the twenties. In 1923, Osip Brik, a formalist who wrote scornful satires of the contemporary epigones of Tolstoy, lectured on the art of writing to Sholokhov and other members of the "Young Guard," a group of Communist and near-Communist writers. One of Sholokhov's comrades recalled that Brik lectured on "plot development" and assigned an exercise in the writing of a story with "reverse effect." According to the memoirist, Sholokhov showed special interest and skill in this project.

Even if no such anecdote existed we could be certain from Sholokhov's work —especially the early stories and the first three of the four volumes which make up *The Quiet Don* — that he took an eager part in the stylistic experimentation of the twenties. We find numerous passages consisting of rhythmic, emotive or broken sentences, laced with simile and metaphor, some of which might have been written by Babel or Zamiatin. It is interesting to compare a passage from Volume II of *The Quiet Don* with the opening sentences of Zamiatin's story, *Three Days*:

> *Sholokhov*: Nineteen sixteen. October. Night. Rain and wind. Trenches in swampland, overgrown with alders. In the trenches cold, wet mud. A few fires in the dugouts.

> *Zamiatin*: Sun, sand, swarthy Arabs, sand, camels, palms, sand, cactus. Somewhere else there are not Arabs but Turks.

Zamiatin continues in his story to present fragmented impressionistic pictures, while Sholokhov soon returns to a realistic style; but Sholokhov quite frequently abandons the sober syntax of objective description to offer prose effects intended to elicit an emotional response. His rhythmic, emotional, at times impressionistic, prose is ornamented with striking and elaborate figures. He is close kin to those "ornamentalist" writers of the twenties whose language, like stained glass, may be appreciated for itself rather than for what it tells or reveals: the front in 1916 settles down like a "many-miled, unyielding snake"; the heat-burdened earth is "sown with grains" of rain; the ravaged meadowland "stirs and sighs" under the sickles; the young men of the village in a curious throng surround a platoon of soldiers

GIVE ME PEACE

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY

Give me quietness and peace . . .
My nerves are badly burnt, I guess,
give me peace . . .

Let the pine tree slowly shift
its shadow which tickles us as it goes
down our backs all the way to our toes
with a kind of cooling mischief.
Give us peace . . .

All sounds have ceased.
Why put in words the iridescence
of your eyebrows? You nod in silence.
Give us peace.

Sound travels much slower
than light: let's give our tongues a rest
—in any case, essentials are nameless,
better rely on feeling and color.

The skin is also human, dear,
with sensations peculiar to it:
a finger's touch is music to it,
like a nightingale's song to the ear.

What's with you windbags back at home?
Still shouting blue murder and fussing?
Still raising hell about nothing?
Leave us alone . . .

. . . we're deep in something else,
immersed in nature's inscrutable ways.
From an acrid smell of smoke we surmise
that the shepherds are back from the hills.

It's dusk. They're cooking their suppers
and smoking, each as hushed as his shadow,
and like flames of cigarette lighters
the silent tongues of sheep dogs glow.

Translated by MAX HAYWARD

Reprinted from *Antiworlds*. Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Basic Books. 120 pp. $4.95.

"like a brightly colored belt"; the dawn pecks "star-grain" from the sky; days at the front are "gelded" by boredom; Aksinia's heaving breast is "like a bustard in a net."

It would seem very nearly blasphemous to Soviet critics should we compare Sholokhov to his contemporary Pilnyak, but the comparison is helpful. Like Pilnyak he uses the *skaz* technique (a story told by one of its characters). Also, like Pilnyak, he variegates his narrative by the inclusion of "documentary" material. He gives us folk songs of the Don region, charms against love, charms to produce love, soldiers' doggerel, letters written by various characters in a great variety of styles, prayers for protection against harm that were written out and carried into battle by Russian soldiers, prayers so ancient that they speak of battle-axes and arrows. He includes a lengthy diary recounting a young soldier-student's unsuccessful love affair, many official orders and directives, revolutionary pamphlets, items from revolutionary newspapers of the period, proclamations of White generals, and a document that purports to be a word-for-word copy of the decision to execute all eighty members of Podtyolkov's detachment, giving the reasons for the decision, the full names of twenty White officers who signed the document along with the names of the eighty Bolsheviks who were executed, the town from which each one came, and the method of execution. These documents take up almost three pages in large format. A similar document, one which carries an equal load of historical pathos, contains a list of people arrested in Tatarsk as enemies of the Soviet regime, with their names, patronymics and family names, and the reason for the arrest of each one. Grigorii Melekhov's name appears on that list, and the reason given for his arrest: "An officer. Against us. Dangerous."

One of the most charming of Sholokhov's devices is the controlled lyrical outburst. Such passages retard the action and provide the reader with a pause for reflective rumination. They stir him to think of the tragic fate of man in war and revolution. They evoke an enigmatic image of nature—injured, passive and indifferent. They attempt to reveal the true character of the folk and reflect upon it. They carry the author's delight in simple goodness and his revulsion at wickedness. Unlike the self-consciously literary lyrical digressions to be found in Pilnyak or Bely, they convey a strong sense of primitive epic art. Sholokhov's art is a complex and curious texture, composed of many and various cultural strands.

His second novel, *Virgin Soil Upturned,* is an aborted *roman à thèse.* It seems proper to call the novel "aborted" for a number of reasons. In the first place it does not quite carry out the simple didactic purpose which Sholokhov seems to have imposed upon himself. The "text" upon which the novel was based, Stalin's curiously titled speech, "Dizziness from Success," deplored the resistance to collectivization among the peasants and blamed that resistance on the hasty zeal of individual party members who tried to collectivize all aspects of farming according to a rigidly theoretical plan. Some of the points made in Stalin's speech are faithfully developed in the novel in the form of character and situation, but Sholokhov added the third dimension of peasant life and character. No reader of his novel can miss the point that the chief reason for the failure of collectivization was the peasant's stubborn attachment to "his own" things, however sparse and poor those things might be. One of the loyal members of the collective, Maidannikov, says:

> I'm sick at heart for my bullocks, and I'm sorry for them. . . . They don't get the care they ought to get. And Akim Beskhlebnov chafed my horse's neck with the collar during the harrowing. When I noticed it I couldn't eat all day because of it. Is it right to put a big collar on a small horse? And that's why I can't join. If I still haven't got rid of my desire for my property it means my conscience won't allow me to join the party.

There is an element of tragedy in *Virgin Soil Upturned* that relates it clearly to *The Quiet Don.* In the latter, Melekhov is the best and most courageous, the handsomest and freest, perhaps even the most sensitive of the characters we meet. The reader respects him and suffers with him. Yet he is defeated by much lesser men who have cast their lot with the "collective." And similarly in *Virgin Soil Upturned* the individual farmers who are either dispossessed or turned into enemies are men who had worked hard and well to build their own lives. The histories of Titok and Ostrovnov are portrayed as instances of tragedy: the most determined enemies of the Soviet regime in the countryside, the men "condemned by history," are the best and most dependable workers.

There was a long delay in the publication of the second part of *Virgin Soil Upturned* (it was not finished until 1959); and Sholokhov experienced difficulty with literary authorities over certain passages. According to some sources, changes were forced upon him, and in its final form his novel—which in its first part had a touch of greatness—degenerates into a stale and depressing yarn about an agricultural anti-

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VOL. X, NO. 3 SUMMER 1966
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Soviet conspiracy instigated by foreign and domestic enemies. Some say that in his rejected version the Communist hero Davydov, after years of faithful work, was to have faced trial on a false charge in the middle thirties. Whether that story is true or not there is no question that in the second part Sholokhov abandoned tragedy for crude melodrama, and the book is readable only because of Sholokhov's never-failing supply of anecdote and humor.

We may very well ask whether *The Quiet Don* deserved the Nobel Prize, and how that novel compares to another Prize winner, Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago.* Both Sholokhov and Pasternak wrote their novels in Russia at approximately the same time (*Zhivago* was in large part produced during the thirties), and both wrote about war, the revolution and the Russian civil war; yet the two novels seem to belong to different orders of being. It is not at all surprising that Sholokhov should have referred to Pasternak as a "hermit crab" and it is fairly certain that, had they ever met, they would have found it difficult to communicate. The pluses in Sholokhov's world become minuses in the world of Pasternak. For Sholokhov the firm ground of art is something he calls "the people"—not the vaguely idealized populist generalization of the early Romantics, nor the bearers of revolutionary energy apotheosized by the Narodniks, nor, of course, the humble conservators of a Russian Christ, as Dostoevsky imagined them.

Sholokhov's power arises from the fact that as an artist he abandons generalization and avoids stereotypes. His Cossack "folk" is not in any sense a monolith but is broken up into innumerable, vivid and interesting human likenesses. But there is one kind of human personality almost completely absent from the world Sholokhov portrays, the kind that is central to the world of Pasternak—the intellectual. In *The Quiet Don* we see intellectuals of a sort, but see them dimly, as though through a veil: Mokhov the merchant ponderously reading the magazine *Russkoe Bogatstvo;* Stockmann, who is a Bolshevik and with whom we are supposed to sympathize; the young Moscow student whom we meet as a battlefield corpse and whose diary is full of poetic allusions; but not one of them is fully alive as a character.

The exact opposite is true of *Doctor Zhivago.* The hero is a doctor and a poet, and the novel creates a sense of elation because, in spite of the ugliness of his local reality, the poet has the power to create in his art a pure vision of beauty, distilled in the set of poems with which the novel closes. These are fashioned out of literary, religious and philosophical imagery: Hamlet, Christ in Gethsemane, the fairytale heroes of Western folklore. The Bolsheviks and the "masses" on the other hand are seen "through a glass, darkly." We see them as Pasternak does, occupied with inhuman business of some kind, but blind to the reality so clearly perceived by Zhivago. In the person of Liberius, the partisan leader, with his fund of political clichés, they bore us. And the "mass" is alive and interesting only in the poetic accents of popular speech. It would be hard to imagine a sharper contrast both in idea and in style than that between *Doctor Zhivago* and *The Quiet Don.*

As a cultural phenomenon Sholokhov is hardly a distant relative of Pasternak, and as an artist he is grossly inferior to him. And yet *The Quiet Don* does deserve special recognition for its scope and power, and especially for the author's effort to present fresh and original pictures of the Cossack country and the Cossack milieu. His avoidance of stereotype and of propaganda made it possible for him to create a book which, even though he insists it is "Socialist Realism," is still valid in our terms as art.

The Uses of Dostoevsky

DOSTOEVSKY AND ROMANTIC REALISM: A Study of Dostoevsky in Relation to Balzac, Dickens, and Gogol. *By Donald Fanger. Harvard University Press. 302 pp. $7.50.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Associate professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California, Mr. Karlinsky is currently a visiting professor at Harvard. His book, Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art, *will be published in September by the University of California Press.*

Realism can be a terribly empty word when applied to Russian literature. Endlessly reiterated in every imaginable context by native Russian critics for more than a century, the term has rubbed off almost universally and become a sort of meaningless ornamental epithet, invariably encountered on dust jackets and paperback covers of any 19th-century Russian classic in translation. The author of a recent study entitled *Introduction to Russian Realism,* Ernest J. Simmons, discusses the realism of Pushkin and Gogol, of Chekhov and Sholokhov, without bothering once to define what he means by the term, or to indicate that if the word "realistic" is used to describe the literary method of Gogol, for example, it cannot possibly be meaningfully applied in the same sense to either Chekhov or Sholokhov. Like many a commentator on Russian literature, Professor Simmons simply uses "realistic" as a synonym for "believable" or "successful" or "moving."

It is a great virtue of Donald Fanger's new book that he does define his terms and demonstrates what a valuable concept realism can be after all. The title of the volume, *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism,* contains three of the most widely used and misused words in modern criticism. An author who undertakes such a topic is, to borrow a phrase from Harry Levin, "less obliged to expound a thesis than to demonstrate a method." Fanger meets this challenge not only by defining at all times what he means by "romantic" and "realistic" (not such obvious tasks at all, as his book shows) but by defining what he means by "Dostoevsky" as well.

Hardly another writer of fiction, it would seem, attracts so many people who would rather forget that he wrote novels and short stories. Commentators on Dostoevsky use his work as a pretext to discuss his politics, his philosophy, his religious views, his relevance to our present existential situation—in short, to discuss anything but literature. Fanger's refreshingly no-nonsense approach restores some of the perspective. His Dostoevsky is primarily a fiction writer, who worked within certain clear and demonstrable Russian and European literary traditions, a writer with an easily traceable literary pedigree and with obvious affinities to some of his foreign contemporaries. Most important, Dostoevsky is a writer whose earlier production belongs within a definite general trend of 19th-century literature, which Fanger calls Romantic Realism.

The categories of romantic and realistic, which always beg redefinition, were amazingly interchangeable and blurred in the 1820s and 1830s. In Gogol's literary articles, for example, the term "romantic" almost invariably denotes what later came to be called "realistic." In that transitional period, before Flaubert and Tolstoy arrived at *their* conceptions of realism, three major writers in three different literatures—Balzac, Dickens and Gogol—all independently evolved the method of Romantic Realism, individual in each case but with certain inescapable parallels to one another. All three are enormously relevant to the early work of Dostoevsky. Fanger traces the origins of their Romantic melodrama, and shows the key role played in its formation by the concept of a great city as either a jungle or a living organism (Paris in Balzac, London in Dickens and St. Petersburg in Gogol's urban tales). Certain profoundly romantic traits of Dostoevsky's three predecessors belie the traditional classification of their work as realism *tout court,* as Fanger well shows in his discussions of Balzac's time structure and reliance on excessive contrasts; of the use of weather, atmosphere and lighting in Dickens and of his diabolical villains, so similar to Dostoevsky's later "personal devils," such as Valkovsky and Svidrigailov; and of grotesque characterizations and verbal exuberance in both Dickens and Gogol.

The Gogol chapter should prove particularly instructive to Dostoevsky's admirers who read no Russian. Dostoevsky's first two novels, *Poor Folk* and *The Double,* mimic Gogol stylistically, while conducting an ideological debate against Gogol's treatment of similar themes. No writer is as important for Dostoevsky's literary genesis in terms of language, imagery and subject matter as Gogol, and it is good to have Fanger's persuasive demonstration of this impact (long known in Russian criticism, incidentally), especially because the currently available English translations of both Gogol and early Dostoevsky usually do their best to obliterate all the idiomatic quality and personal flavor that make their affinity so obvious in the original Russian.

The second part of the book ("The Inheritor: Dostoevsky") examines the Romantic Realism of Dostoevsky's earlier novels and stories with urban settings, up to and including *Crime and Punishment.* The diverse strands, seen in the preceding chapters on Balzac, Dickens and Gogol, are shown to have combined in the first half of Dostoevsky's output to form a unique literary method of depicting 19th-century urban life, a method vastly different from those of a Tolstoy, a Flaubert or a Maupassant, but at times unexpectedly similar to the poetic vision of a Baudelaire. To support his points, Fanger draws on an impressively broad spectrum of Dostoevsky criticism, Russian and foreign, including in particular such Russian *émigré* critics of the 1930s and 1940s as Alfred Bem and Konstantin Mochulsky, who did some of the finest writing on Dostoevsky in any language.

There are a few omissions in the book that one could point out, such as the failure to give equal space to George Sand, whose influence and example are probably as relevant to Dostoevsky's Romantic Realism as those of Balzac. In the discussion of *The Landlady,* one misses the reference to Gogol's "The Terrible Vengeance," which was Dostoevsky's model for this novel and which could have enabled Fanger to contrast the treatment of a similar situation in a gothic horror story and in a work of Romantic Realism. But the omissions are minor. Donald Fanger has produced a stimulating and versatile book, versatile not only in terms of its sophisticated comparativist approach to basic literary issues but also in terms of its potential appeal. It is a book that can be enjoyed by both specialist and general reader while, at the same time, making a handy text for a college course on the modern novel.

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MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

The most remarkable aspect of the Stravinsky Festival given by the New York Philharmonic Hall last month (under the artistic direction of Lukas Foss) was how utterly anti-Stravinskian it was in almost every respect. To begin with, it was an extreme example of the cute-encounter programing that has become a persistent corollary of the Festival approach, in which works are conjoined for some piquantly extrinsic association whose ingenuity, being entirely nonmusical, is instantly evident to the general audience. Thus in the Stravinsky Festival the individual concerts were (all but the last, Stravinsky's own) given "Stravinsky and" themes, ranging from the geographical ("S. and American," ". . . and Russian," ". . . and French," ". . . and Italian Music") to the temporal ("S. and the 18th Century," ". . . and Recent Years") to the categorical ("S. and the Dance," ". . . and Song"). But once having devised such curious framework-slogans, the Festival's directors appear to have made no genuine effort to give them an intrinsic justification by including in the programs important music that might reasonably be associated with the "themes." "Stravinsky and American Music," for example (under Leonard Bernstein's direction), contained none of that considerable body of work composed by Stravinsky since he arrived here in the 1930s, aside from his arrangement of the *Star-Spangled Banner* which opened the concert.

Nor did the American works chosen include any by the group of composers who actually constituted a significant "Stravinsky School" here in the 1930s and '40s. In fact, the Stravinskian associations of the works on the program were so tenuous as to suggest a self-parody of the entire idea: The *Capricorn Concerto* of Samuel Barber (who would probably be as surprised as Stravinsky by the imputation of any communality) presumably qualified by its "white-note" neutrality and "neoclassic" surface—which would make it equally available for future Hindemith, Bartók or Milhaud festivals; the aboriginally simple-minded ostinatos of Silvestre Revueltas' *Sensemaya*; and the Aaron Copland *Dance Symphony,* a very early and obviously premature work that of all possible Copland reflects the least evident awareness of Stravinsky even on its surface. And the Stravinsky work performed as the grand finale to all this

Americana was, with inexorable logic, the *Sacre du Printemps*.

In the same spirit, Kiril Kondrashin's "Stravinsky and Russian Music" combined immature (*Fireworks*) and overplayed (*Petrouchka*) Stravinsky with minimal Tchaikovsky (*The Tempest*) and Rimsky-Korsakov (Piano Concerto); while Ernest Ansermet adduced as Stravinsky's "French-Music" surroundings the utterly alien Poulenc Organ Concerto. And the "Stravinsky and Italian Music" program, while it included Gesualdo madrigals, astonishingly failed to include Stravinsky's two works dedicated to Gesualdo, his realization of the incomplete motet *Illumina Nos*, and the *Monumentum pro Gesualdo*, a major "recomposition" in the *Pulcinella* sense reflecting Stravinsky's most recent compositional preoccupations. The "Italian" Stravinsky on this occasion was, in fact, *Oedipus Rex*, but none of this work's only possible "Italian" connections—17th-century oratorio and opera—were represented elsewhere on the program.

Perhaps the high point of non-Stravinskianism was Elizabeth Schwartzkopf's ". . . and Song" program, which contained two of the earliest, least consequential Stravinsky works extant as part of a recital consisting otherwise of Mozart, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff (presumably included because of Stravinsky's frequent expressions of extreme distaste for his music) and Benjamin Britten, whose "Hölderlin Songs" were as close to grown-up Stravinsky as the program came. More seriously, the significant, and rarely performed, Stravinsky literature for solo voice—including the early *Pribouatki*, *Berceuses du chat*, the group of early song-cycles whose accompaniments were so remarkably recomposed for instrumental ensembles in the '50s, the 1952 Cantata, and the 1953 Shakespeare Songs, were totally overlooked. And surely the surroundings of vocal works by those composers who principally shared with him the creation of the 20th-century musical syntax—especially Schoenberg and Webern—would have been far more relevant to Stravinsky, if not Schwartzkopf.

Webern, however, appeared in his turn, characteristically on the program devoted to "recent years," on which were performed two recently published works (whose publication Webern pointedly omitted during his lifetime), a tiny children's piano piece (played by a child pianist) and an unremarkable movement for string trio. Even among the actual "recent years" composers whose names Stravinsky submitted (although the impression given was that he had chosen the works), Varèse was represented by the 1925 *Octandre*, Elliott Carter not by the Double Concerto that Stravinsky has praised so highly on a number of public occasions but by *excerpts* from the woodwind Etudes and Fantasy, hardly representative of his "recent" work; and Milton Babbitt by his electronic *Ensembles*, unperformable inside the hall for lack of adequate equipment or facilities, but played during the intermission in the lobby. Foss' own theatrical-improvisatory *Echoi* occupied the bulk of the program, and the "recent years" of Stravinsky were represented by his little fanfare for the opening of the New York State Theatre (played by trumpets in the auditorium) and the first New York performance of *Introitus*, a choral-instrumental work of intense concentration but minimal dimensions.

That this was supposed to constitute adequate representation for the composers involved, or adequate conditions for the presentation of serious composition, seemed wholly characteristic of the spirit of the Festival; for just as the devisers of all the programs revealed thereby the depth of their misunderstanding of Stravinsky—for once by means other than solely their performances of his music—this quick surrender of any pretense of musical responsibility to presentational gimmickry perhaps reveals the ultimate incapacity of the mass-musical world to engage in serious musical activity. It certainly seemed impossible to conclude otherwise during the "Stravinsky and the Dance" program, where all these tendencies reached their absurd extreme: for somehow it had been contrived to construct an all-Stravinsky program (the only one other than Stravinsky's own) containing, except for the final *Histoire du Soldat*, nothing but ephemera, such minor *pièces d'occasion* as the violin piano arrangements of excerpts from *Le baisée de la fée*, the little *Piano-Rag Music*, and danced (to Balanchine choreography) versions of the solo viola *Elégie* and the ensemble *Ragtime*. And *Histoire* itself (which seems in the theatre version overextended for its compositional content) was played strictly for laughs, with a low-camp English translation of the libretto, the low comedy of John Cage's reading of the part of the Devil, and the sure-fire spectacle of his juxtaposition with Aaron Copland and Elliott Carter as narrator and Soldier.

There were, as well, some moments of high quality and interest during the Festival. The performance of *Perséphone* under Ansermet was, for example, quite adequate, although the rest of his program was catastrophically ill prepared. And the conducting of Lukas Foss throughout the Festival was far less inadequate and ineffective than some newspaper reports have indicated. In particular, the performance at the last concert of the Symphony in Three Movements under Robert Craft was a stunning reminder that the Philharmonic is still inherently a first-rate orchestra. *The Flood*, on the same concert, was a valuable first New York concert performance of one of Stravinsky's major works of recent years, and the more welcome—despite some omissions (the entire Comedy and the second tenor solo) and the insecurity of some of the playing—after the total misrepresentation of the television première. Stravinsky's own performance of the *Symphony of Psalms* was, inevitably, the one moment of this "Festival of Stravinsky" when the equation of the extra-musical with the musical seemed justified. But it must be said that, otherwise, the performance level of the Festival was absurdly low, rarely ranging beyond the routine and frequently bordering on the scandalous, and although the orchestra provided some of the most spectacular instances—the hair-raising *Sacre*, for example, and the incredible inability to attack simultaneously even in the *Star-Spangled Banner*—some of the chamber groups, especially the *Octandre* and *Histoire* ensembles, and the vocal soloists, most pathetically in the case of Schwartzkopf's attempt to reproduce the Ann Trulove that she is reported to have done so brilliantly at the première, were at least equally incompetent. One would suppose that the minimal pretext for such a Festival would be its preparation of performances on a higher level of adequacy than those ordinarily available under regular commercial and institutional conditions. That this seems not to have especially concerned the directors of this Festival indicates an indifference to the musical object itself that is the most extreme anti-Stravinskianism of all.

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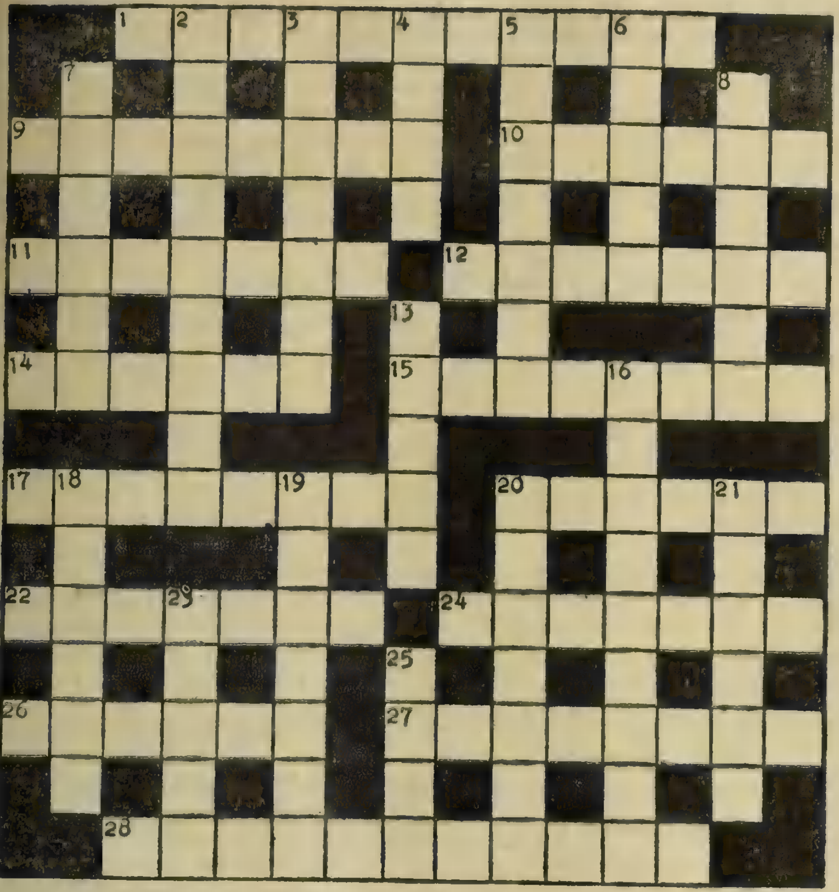
Crossword Puzzle No. 1164

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Pointers for females that are sweet, as a matter of course. (11)
9 Broken ribs? A thing that causes death down under. (8)
10 This is close to a chest, or closer. (6)
11 How the French make remarks? (7)
12 Part of the force of slang is not worth very much. (7)
14 Inclined to be closely followed. (6)
15 Vessels and ships in distress. (8)
17 Is one bound to be a valet for 007? (8)
20 Confused skater, or at least a fast one. (6)
22 With a local disturbance, we objectively become somewhat hardened. (7)
24 The 11 we're inclined to hear with some singing commercials? (7)
26 Is such a story a-foot? (6)
27 Literary end? It's certain to be about a bad case of it. (8)
28 Most programs aren't, surprisingly. (11)

DOWN:

2 Put together a baled mess! (9)
3 Why, by the sound of it, you made money, or at least wanted to. (7)
4 Ingredient of the nicest desserts. (4)
5 They have a certain capacity for putting everything in song arrangements. (7)
6 To sum up, this is how to back a horse. (5)
7 South Americans cheer about this harbor bird. (6)
8 Tailless fish found in Illinois (perhaps associated with some trouble of mine). (6)
13 Proving in Italy the best classes eat well. (5)
16 Continue by stern measures. (9)
18 Made a speech, considered very poor? (6)
19 This cartoonist can certainly be sloppy and sentimental. (7)
20 Poor material used only in pressing circumstances. (7)
21 Help a stupid person? It's wrong. (6)
23 If you so state, you're dead! (3, 2)
25 Is it so uppity to look down on capital? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1163

ACROSS: 1 Behemoth; 5 Marble; 10 Candles; 11 Clamant; 13 Bookmaker; 14 Irons; 16 Destroys; 19 Decanter; 22 Indus; 24 Maneaters; 26 River; 28 Opaline; 29 Imagine; 30 Tiller; 31 Messages. DOWN: 1 Buckskin; 2, 9 and 20 Hands across the sea; 3 Melanesia; 4 Test bed; 6 Alarm; 7 and 12 Black-eyed Susan; [illegible] Entire; 15 One and all; 17 Railroads; 18 Usurpers; 21 Respite; 23 Import; 25 Arise; 27 Vying.

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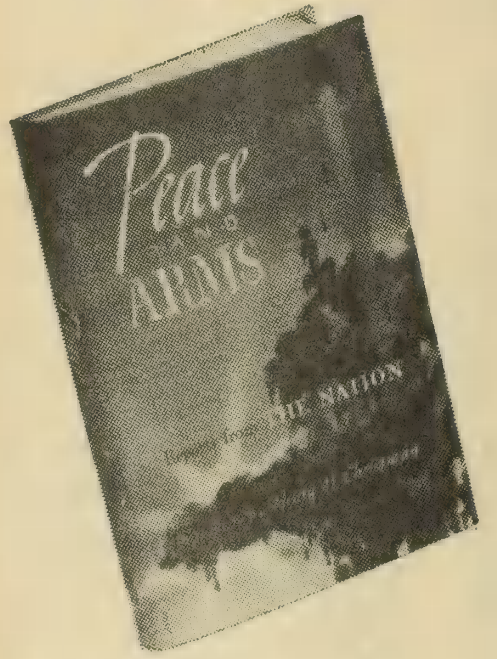

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LETTERS

the faith of LBJ

Chappaqua, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Although the confused maneuverings of President Johnson have been intensively scanned by experts, with melancholy consequences for his public standing as shown in the polls, one phase of his activities that has been given little comment is the religious. Yet Mr. Johnson shows a strong predilection for placing himself repeatedly in religious contexts.

Every third or fourth photograph of him, for example, shows him entering, leaving or abiding solemnly in some church, with no particular denomination favored. Again, he has publicly and personally testified to the sustaining power of prayer, and during the campaign of 1964 he called for a joint interdenominational house of prayer to be built in Washington. So eager is he to participate in religious ceremonies that he went far out of his way to travel to Houston, there to hear the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham hold forth on the sanctity of the war in Vietnam.

On the other hand, in the background of the escalation in Vietnam, the Pope has repeatedly called fruitlessly for peace and the World Council of Churches has gone on record against Mr. Johnson's efforts.

A question that raises itself: Is Mr. Johnson by any stretch of definition a religious man and is the Vietnamese struggle a holy war? It is for the theologians obviously a double-barreled question, and it seems to me they would be more fruitfully occupied if they concerned themselves with it rather than with the fanciful issue of whether God is dead or alive. Questions the theologians should be raising, it seems to me, are: Is Mr. Johnson religious? If he is, in what sense is his religious commitment to be understood?

If it should be decided that he is not religious (as compulsive doubters might suspect), are we confronted by still another case of Satan disguising himself as one of the faithful, as Scripture informs us the King of Darkness is likely to do? *Ferdinand Lundberg*

effective protest

New York City

DEAR SIRS: On behalf of the Alexander Defense Committee, I would like to thank you for your protest of the Justice Department order that the ADC register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act [editorial, *The Nation*, July 25]. We have no doubt that the substantial protest registered by leading organizations and individuals helped to influence the Justice Department in its reconsideration of the order. . . .

We know you share our view that the rescinding of the order represents an important victory for civil liberties generally. It was, of course, essential for the committee's effectiveness in raising funds for the persecuted opponents of apartheid.

Robert H. Langston
Executive Secretary

good and bad Indians

Ottawa, Canada

DEAR SIRS: The road to hell is, more often than not, paved with bad intentions. I think that it's a mistake to believe as John McDermott seems to ["Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam"; *The Nation*, July 25] that the present war is the result of myopic benevolence. Eisenhower's statement is, I am certain, well known. Let me, in the context of the recent stepped-up bombings of North Vietnam and the newly contrived justifications of them, quote from it. These remarks were made to

(*Continued on page 187*)

EDITORIALS

The Idiot Logic of Escalation

The war-game theorists who spawned the idea of "escalation" placed a marvelous device in the hands of a strong executive for edging a country into an illimitable war, without the public's fully realizing what is being done to it. The implication of the term is that each step in the intensification of the war is taken deliberately and by calculation —everything is under control. The President periodically assures the country that his objectives are "limited" and pictures himself as a man of peace striving by every means to persuade the enemy to reasonable discussion. This is a sure-fire means of quieting public opinion and keeping the voters on the President's side—for a while at least.

The real mechanics of escalation bears little resemblance to this tranquil picture. Escalation has its own logic, both military and political. Militarily, a positive feedback operates between the two sides; when one escalates the other seeks appropriate means of retaliation. The oscillations thus set up are not completely under the control of either side. Politically, the escalating party must justify the hopes and promises which precede each act of escalation. Earlier this year, when it became obvious that the Ky government would survive for the time being, the President warned that the cost of aggression would be "raised at its source," and began working on Congressmen to support the Haiphong-Hanoi bombing operations which had already been decided on as the next step in escalation. The logic was unanswerable—were the enemy oil depots to remain a privileged sanctuary? By bombing them we could check the infiltration of enemy troops from North Vietnam and relieve the pressure on our protégés in the south. That was in June. Three months later, since that escalation has had no significant effect, another must be put in work. The President is trapped in his own "logic" and must run faster on his own treadmill.

What is the next step to be? New targets can be found in the north, but the history of aerial bombing does not hold out much hope of an end to the war by this means alone. A land invasion of the north which, as Christopher Lasch and Alan B. Spitzer pointed out in *The Nation* (August 16, 1965) was at that time an "unthinkable target," is now quite thinkable.

Even the most oblivious U.S. citizens must feel a twinge of uneasiness at this prospect, and must ask themselves: where is this LBJ leading us, anyway? But they may be asking too late, and they may be looking in the wrong direction for possible enemy reaction. The Chinese may continue to encourage the North Vietnamese to fight the U.S. imperialists without doing any fighting of their own. What the Chinese would like best of all is to embroil their former Soviet ally with the United States. Nor is this a vain surmise: If the fighting moves into North Vietnam, the Soviet Union might, however reluctantly, be forced to begin a new cycle of escalation. Harold J. Berman, one of our foremost authorities on Russian affairs, recently discussed this danger in a letter to *The New York Times*. In May, 1965, he was told in Moscow by "prominent Soviet people" that if we send troops into North Vietnam they will be met by Soviet "volunteers," and if we attempt to bring down the North

Vietnamese state, Soviet missiles will be launched against our vessels and bases.

The Soviets will have little choice in the matter. President Johnson points out that we have treaties with scores of countries guaranteeing them against a Communist takeover (external or internal, although he does not say it so explicitly). If we fail to protect South Vietnam, how will these other wards evaluate our promises? But the Soviet Union is similarly bound by treaty to defend North Vietnam. A failure to honor its commitment, Berman's informants told him, "would mean a loss of Soviet authority in the entire Communist world . . . since the Soviet Government would be exposed as unwilling to defend a sister Communist government threatened with destruction."

Our armies are already in the demilitarized zone between the two Vietnams. That Washington has been placed on formal notice not once but several times, in Soviet notes which have not been publicized, only underscores the danger of further escalation.

Contempt Breeds Contempt

No level-headed American likes to see a committee of the Congress exposed to rowdyism and disrespect. The right of Congress to investigate is fundamental to the legislative process. But that right is neither absolute nor unlimited and it has been abused by the House Committee on Un-American Activities from its inception. The recent hearings in Washington (see article by Frank J. Donner, p. 174) were a glaring example of what has been increasingly apparent since 1960, namely, that the attitude of the committee toward "unfriendly" witnesses and the very nature of its proceedings, against the background of the Vietnamese war, are bound to lead to contumacious behavior. Either the witnesses swallow their outrage and submit or—especially when they are young—they meet abuse with abuse.

This was true in the historic Berkeley hearings, it was true of the Chicago hearings (see "HUAC in Chicago" by Raymond R. Coffey, *The Nation*, June 14, 1965) and it was conspicuously true of the latest so-called hearings. Escalation is not confined to war, and the HUAC proceedings show an increasing tendency to inspire violence, verbal on the part of uncooperative witnesses and their sympathizers and physical on the part of the battalion of police officers that are a necessary feature of every public HUAC "investigation."

Congress should take note of the fact—to some extent it has done so—that the contempt which HUAC engenders reflects on the entire Congress. HUAC is not a legislative island; it is a creature of the Congress and a far too conspicuous one whenever it gets into action. HUAC's objectives inevitably infringe on the basic rights of citizens and cannot be carried on with normal parliamentary decorum. Alan Barth summed it up aptly in *The Washington Post*: ". . . most of the trouble came from the nature of the inquiry. No part of its purpose was to inquire. The subcommittee in no sense seemed to be seeking information. It was seeking simply to punish some extremely obstreperous young men—by placing them in a public pillory."

There is no cure. Even if the manners of the committee were improved, the basic vice would remain. The entire history of HUAC demonstrates that it cannot be reformed.

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The Nation [illegible] published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; [illegible] years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.
Change of Address: Three weeks' notice [illegible] required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address [illegible] the new.

Information [illegible] Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide [illegible] Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index [illegible] the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION
Volume 203
No. 6

It attracts to its roster personalities who, like Rep. Joe R. Pool, caricature Congress in their own persons. "This spectacle can do the Congress no good," Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen commented, and what revolts Senator Dirksen must be hard for the rest of the country to swallow.

It was probably always unrealistic to urge, as *The Nation* has done times without number, that HUAC and its companion nuisance, the Senate Internal Security Committee, should be abolished. There simply is not that much courage in Congress, nor is there likely to be. But, in self-defense, the Congress should insist that these committees shut up, before things get worse. The general public attitude is no longer as fear-ridden as it was in the fifties, and an increasing body of citizens are bored and annoyed with HUAC and its antics. The committee is now clearly attacking the right to dissent and to criticize foreign policy in an unpopular war. A part of the younger generation will not stand for intimidation when their lives and the honor of the country are at stake. They will be heard. Whatever one may think of their manners, one cannot help admiring their courage. And that their judgment is not altogether bad is shown by the changed attitude of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has heretofore hesitated to challenge HUAC directly. "The ACLU has moved from a defensive position to an offensive position in its dealings with the committee," says John Pemberton, its executive director. The unrespectable have moved the respectable to action.

Vote For Peace!

The Nation has tried consistently to keep the "peace candidacies" in perspective—see, for instance, our editorial of last May 9. Peace sentiment as a political issue has been rising steadily since 1958. This year there have been about fifty such candidacies, and they have not fared badly when one considers the inexperience of most of the aspirants and the obstacles in their way. Arthur Waskow suggests that, overall, they have polled something like 30 per cent of the Democratic vote, which is by no means insignificant. And as the situation worsens, more voters will regard peace as the overriding issue.

They will realize, also, that the only way to change policy in Vietnam is to get Mr. Johnson out of the White House. He has been given every chance to change his position and has shown a resolution which, in another context, would be admirable. No one could pursue past errors with more tenacity. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a few Republicans are beginning to see where their opportunity lies, but the party is not likely to change its position fast enough.

Three peace candidacies are especially to be watched and supported, with money alone when votes cannot go along with money. All three are involved in primary elections which will be held September 13. One is David Frost, now conducting an energetic campaign for the Democratic Senate nomination in New Jersey. Frost's general program is good; he has hammered away unremittingly on a number of key issues—not peace alone but foreign policy in general, inflation, etc. Another peace candidate who deserves support—and has a chance of success—is Seymour Spelman, a Washington, D. C., labor lawyer who is running in the 8th Congressional District in Maryland, a newly created district. With six candidates for the Democratic nomination, and no incumbent, Spelman just might make it. A third leading candidate is Thomas Boylston Adams, who is running for the Democratic nomination for the Senate in Massachusetts. With his family background, Mr. Adams can hardly be accused of lacking patriotism. His approach to the election likewise befits his ancestry. The issue is not, he says, "between me and two other candidates for the Senate whose names will appear on the ballot. The issue is between the people of Massachusetts and the President of the United States. A vote for Adams on September 13 is a vote of no confidence in the present Administration."

That is nothing if not forthright, and it is the only approach that promises to be effective. It may tap the deep undercurrent of distrust of the President. The hope is that, as the peace movement grows, it will force one or the other of the two major parties to become a genuine peace party, or that a new coalition made up of all elements intent on a change in foreign policy will emerge.

The Point of the Deal

President Johnson has repeatedly proved his capacity to perform acts that are petty and sometimes a bit shady. But to assume that he gave his support to the proposed $20 million continuing appropriation for Mohole—the deep-sea-drilling experiment—only because George Brown of the Houston construction firm of Brown & Root, Inc., and members of his family had contributed $25,000 to the President's campaign kitty misses the whole point of the deal.

George and his brother, the late Herman Brown, have been supporting Lyndon Johnson in politics for a quarter of a century. Except for the oil families, the Richardsons and Murchisons, the Browns have always been his biggest contributors, and must have put millions into his campaigns over the years. They were thick—well, thick as rich and powerful Texans are likely to be; and Johnson has done many favors, both secret and publicized, for them in the past. In 1962, he was widely believed to be part of the "politically powerful" interests alluded to by Senator Kuchel as swinging the Mohole cost-plus contract for Brown & Root, although it was not the low bidder and was, in fact, judged by a panel of National Science Foundation experts as the third choice for the job. The contract (profiting B & R by $1.8 million, plus a running fee) was made secretly, as most things of that kind are. Thus Brown & Root was assured of its profit, even if Mohole went down the rathole.

With that kind of working arrangement between the two of them, George Brown's future hardly hung on his contributing a relative pittance to Johnson's war chest, and the reason for Johnson's interest in perpetuating Mohole must be found elsewhere. It had become quite plain that however much "science" benefited from the experiment in drilling a hole through the crust of the earth's mantle the immediate benefits would go especially to Johnson's old friends and supporters in the oil industry. There is thought to be more oil under the oceans than is still to be found on the continents—waiting out there for the day when suitable platforms are developed and drilling devices are perfected. It would cost many millions of dollars in experiments to come up with the right tools. So although there is no industry better able to pay its own way the oil industry was delighted to let the government foot the bill.

But the Mohole bill was going up too fast. Originally estimated to cost $15 million to $20 million, the latest estimates were more than $100 million. The House killed it because too many members were tired of being told by Johnson to cut back on worthy projects, only to be faced by an old chum's $20 million passion.

The shame of it all is that because Johnson and the National Science Foundation had so mucked up the waters with obvious cost paddings and secret palsmanship the thrust of the project was never given a fair judgment. The NSF was administering the developing of Mohole and obviously doing a poor job of it. Johnson was manipulating the contracts and doing even a worse job of it. Under such circumstances science simply has no chance to survive.

The Herald Tribune

The death of the *Herald Tribune,* as Senator Gruening, a former managing editor of that paper and of *The Nation,* pointed out in an eloquent statement in the *Congressional Record* of August 16, was indeed an American tragedy. The *Herald Tribune,* as he said, was published in New York, but its influence was national. A complacent public may feel that, with radio and television as supplementary sources, its news needs will be adequately served without the paper. But newspapers that are worth their salt *make* news as well as report it. They are—if less so than formerly—"movers and shakers." Perhaps in terms of straight news reporting, the paper will not be missed in a city so well served by *The New York Times,* but its editorial leadership will be sorely missed.

The *Herald Tribune* was recognized throughout the country as the voice of liberal or moderate Republicanism and the determined foe of the so-called "new conservatives" who mock the principles of a true conservatism. Today the Republican Party is more sharply divided than at any time in recent decades. The paper's demise creates an enormous leadership void in the party at a most critical juncture in its history. It will strengthen the position within the party of the forces that staged the Cow Palace *Putsch* of 1964. What newspaper, now that the *Herald Tribune* is no more, will provide national editorial leadership for those who support the historic principles of the Republican Party?

The most likely successor is the *Los Angeles Times* under the brilliant direction of Otis Chandler. The *Times* could, if it would, fill at least part of the gap. The test will come between now and the first Tuesday in November. Will the *Times* support Ronald Reagan as the Republican gubernatorial nominee? Will it remain "neutral"? Or will it denounce Reagan as an interloper who belongs with his friends and backers of the radical Right? Some courage will be needed to buck Reagan: there are more Birchites and kindred souls per square mile in Southern California than in any other region. But the *Times* would win new and lasting national stature if it declined to assist in the capture of the Republican Party, locally and nationally, by the right wingers who have invaded it with that purpose in mind. If circumstances were reversed, if the *Herald Tribune* were still alive and being published from First and Broadway in Los Angeles, it would no more support Reagan than it supported William Buckley in last year's mayoralty election.

Propaganda Junkets

The United States Government has been unable to find counterpart funds for transporting war-disfigured Vietnamese children to well-equipped foreign hospitals for treatment (see editorial, "The Public Relations of Napalm," *The Nation,* August 22) but it somehow was able to scrape together $50,000 in counterpart funds for transporting European and Asian newsmen to Vietnam for a pro-America propaganda visit.

Just how many newsmen took advantage of our generosity Leonard H. Marks, head of the U.S. Information Agency, can't remember exactly. But that isn't the only point on which he appeared regrettably ignorant or forgetful when he appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The USIA has several hundred staff members in Vietnam, so one might expect that Marks would know what was going on over there. But when Senator Gore said he understood 5,000 Vietnamese civilians are being killed each week, and wanted to know if that is accurate, Marks replied, "I have no information on that. I don't know and that's not my department."

Then Senator Aiken took up the useless quest for information, remarking that when he was in Vietnam last year he found that only one serviceman of every four in the hospital was actually a shooting casualty; the other three were victims of accident or disease. "I notice we are getting only reports of combat casualties," he said. "If the situation hasn't changed from last year, shouldn't we multiply the combat casualty figure by four to get the actual number?" Marks said he didn't know.

Although he conceded, under questioning, that it is "quite possible" that Washington protested the kind of coverage Canadian reporters were giving the Vietnamese war, he had "never heard" of the USIA's pressuring for the recall of Canadian newsman Bruce Philips.

But one thing he did "know," one thing he was absolutely confident of—it is a very good thing, a very profitable venture, to subsidize visits to Vietnam by foreign newsmen. "I have confidence in the integrity of all newsmen," he said grandly. "I'm sure no reporter would slant a story because he got a free plane ride." And when Senator Fulbright commented quietly, "I'm sure they wouldn't," there was general laughter from the press section.

But there are signs that the USIA's cleverness may already be boomeranging. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, a gentleman our State Department would very much like to soften up, is becoming increasingly firm in his friendship to China in reaction to all the unfavorable stories written about him lately in pro-American newspapers in Asia.

Writing in the *Monthly Illustrated Review,* published in Cambodia, he ticked off many of the press insults he has been subjected to by what he termed "De-Asianized Asians," and concluded that he would not be harassed into becoming a satellite of the United States, preferring rather "to be thin and poor but free, like the wolf in the fable." The Chinese may have their faults, he said, but "no Chinese soldier occupies any foreign country."

To that kind of talk Marks has a ready response. As he told the Foreign Relations Committee: "There are some governments that are unalterably opposed to our program and do not wish to have the facts."

HUAC: From Pillory To Farce

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

For years and years—up until Tuesday morning, August 16—all testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities had been divided into two categories: friendly and hostile. This terminology separated the witnesses who pleaded no constitutional amendment, named names and freely discussed their politics from those others who refused to discuss their politics, beliefs or associations, and pleaded as justification for their silence the privilege against self-incrimination together with the First Amendment to the Constitution. Then, too, the friendly witness was encouraged to confirm and ratify the diabolism of the committee's targets and endorse the committee's version of the "Red menace" as chronic, incurable and cumulative. The unfriendly witness tended to be a silent witness, not only about his politics and associations but also about the issues which the committee claimed to be investigating. The hostile witness was usually accompanied by counsel to guide him through the shoals of the privilege against self-incrimination, a precaution which was unnecessary for the friendly witness.

Then on Tuesday, August 16, HUAC opened a four-day hearing on a measure which proposed to amend the Internal Security Act by imposing penalties up to twenty years in jail and a $20,000 fine for giving aid to any hostile foreign power. A separate section would invoke the same penalties for obstructing military personnel or transportation. The bill is aimed at the campus-born movement to resist the war in Vietnam by raising money for medical aid to the Vietnamese, including the National Liberation Front, and at actions to stop troop trains, inspired by Berkeley's Vietnam Day Committee. Those familiar with HUAC's operations quickly saw that the committee hoped, by parading the most militant anti-war groups and leaders and forcing them to plead the privilege against self-incrimination when confronted with the testimony of friendly witnesses, to cast an intimidating net over the burgeoning campus peace movement. The committee hoped to achieve its goal by the time-tested technique of depicting the youthful "hards" (such as the members of the Peking-oriented Progressive Labor Party Youth) as manipulators of the "softs," the unorganized youth who constitute the bulk of the campus peace movement. The hards, the committee hoped, would cringe in silence and sullenly sit for their political portraits; while the softs, unwilling to expose their friends, would also be forced to acquiesce in the role of dupe assigned them by HUAC. More fundamentally, perhaps, the witnesses brought home a truth which HUAC has suppressed for a generation: the hearing system is an integral part of the basic right of petition, a forum in which those adversely affected by proposed legislation can have their say.

But something went wrong. Of the twelve unfriendly witnesses who were subpoenaed, six took the stand, and not one of them followed the script. All freely admitted their political views and affiliations and refused to plead the Fifth Amendment except for the narrow purpose of blocking inquiry into the identity of others. One witness declined even to use the privilege for this limited purpose and told the committee when it begged him to use the Fifth that he refused to name others because it would "nauseate me to do so."

In the past, for the most part, the aim of the unfriendly witness has been to get through his ordeal as quickly as possible. Besides, the committee fought to prevent hostile witnesses from expressing themselves either about the committee itself or about the issues allegedly under investigation. The possibility that any statement the witnesses made would "open the door" to privileged areas made it relatively easy for the committee to gag those whose views it did not wish to hear and insured that the horror stories of the friendly witnesses would dominate the hearing.

But once the keystone of privilege was removed, the entire structure of investigative exposure so carefully erected through the years came tumbling down. The witness was at liberty to dispute and challenge all of the committee's most cherished assumptions, to parry and thrust, to insist upon counterstatements. Since there is nothing in the federal contempt statute that forces a witness to confine his answer to a narrow formula or that bars him from objecting to questions *ad nauseam*, the witnesses at the hearing, liberated from the Fifth Amendment and its ancillary restraints, made the committee pay an exorbitant price for the answers it received. Overnight a new kind of witness was born: the witness who boils over with talk, who pleads no privilege and fills the record with his views and objections. He is exactly like the old-style friendly witness with one important exception: his testimony attacks the committee, its premises and its claimed legislative subject matter—bitingly, humorously, solemnly and fearlessly.

The emergence of the loquaciously indignant witness has been made possible by a political climate in which dissent moves without the fears and pressures of the past. And this freedom from constraints which formerly forced silence on political dissent is particularly marked among our youth. It is hardly an accident that all of the irrepressibly voluble witnesses were under 30, and most of them students.

It should be clear that this newly emerged witness has no more need of counsel than his "friendly" counterpart. Since he invokes no legal or constitutional protection and since, in any event, the role of counsel before HUAC is highly restricted, the witness can face the committee alone and unafraid. This is hardly a matter for speculation. On the second day of the hearings, the gavel-pounding subcommittee chairman, Joe R. Pool of Texas, ordered the removal of ACLU cooperating attorney, Arthur Kinoy. He was seized by four federal marshals and dragged from the House caucus room, dangling from the encircling arm of a federal marshal as from a noose, face contorted, eyes popping, voice constricted. Five other ACLU attorneys (including the writer) and two privately retained lawyers left the hearing in protest against the treatment of their colleague and refused to return. Their ten clients were given opportunity to find new counsel but refused to do so. Two boycotted the hearings altogether and the committee, clinging desperately to the familiar ritual of hostile witnesses accompanied by counsel, rejected the pleas of two other witnesses that they be permitted to testify without counsel. One of them, Anatol Ben Anton, a Stanford Ph.D. candidate in philosophy, was bitterly disappointed because he could not enter into the record his folio of pictures of maimed and tortured NLF war prisoners. Four witnesses refused to be swerved from their determination to testify, two of them proving so eager that they had to be forcibly removed from the witness stand. The remaining two witnesses were excused without testifying, much to the anguish of one of them, Jerry Rubin of the Vietnam Day Committee, who had waited for three days in his costume of a Revolutionary War soldier, complete with brass buttons and tails, straining to get to the witness stand with a mass of pamphlets and parchment reprints of the Declaration of Independence. His demands to testify became so insistent that he was carted off and arrested for disorderly conduct, surely the strangest development of a proceeding loud with the popping of old precedents and practices.

At the very commencement of the four-day hearing, the committee was confronted with an unprecedented injunction, issued by federal judge Howard Corcoran, restraining the conduct of the inquiry until the constitutionality of HUAC's mandate could be adjudicated by a special three-judge court. When the news of the injunction reached Congress, late Monday afternoon, Congressman Pool announced that he would defy the restraining order, and the House gave him a standing ovation. Speaker McCormack, supporting Pool's stand, told newsmen that the restraint invaded the separation of powers, a principle which in the view of HUAC's critics and a number of Supreme Court justices HUAC has consistently flouted in using its powers to punish witnesses through exposure.

On the following morning the restraint was dissolved after a dramatic night session by a reviewing court, and in the wake of the dissolution the House plunged into a saturnalia of abuse of Judge Corcoran. Southern firebrands such as Abernethy of Mississippi and Dorn and Rivers of South Carolina led the oratorical howls of defiance of the court and called for Judge Corcoran's impeachment. Porter Hardy of Virginia demanded that the judge be punished for contempt of the committee. The chamber echoed with pent-up cries of irrelevant outrage from Southerners and Republicans over the reapportionment decision of the Supreme Court, the Bible-reading case and the multiple marriages of Justice Douglas. Legislation to curb the judiciary suddenly revived in the chamber. The House rallied around Pool who vowed that he would go to jail if necessary to frustrate "the judicial control of our government," a somewhat visionary commitment which he said he owed "to the boys fighting in Vietnam in the foxholes." From the hysterical outpourings one would never have guessed that for more than 150 years federal courts have reviewed acts of Congress or that the committee's mandate raised a profound constitutional issue.

Pool thus opened the hearings on August 16 with the additional and dubious mission of defending the corporate dignity and prerogatives of the House against judicial usurpation. Hearings of the committee in recent years have been nearly calamitous. Beginning with the San Francisco demonstrations in 1960, the committee's key hearings have been marked by a growing resistance. The Women Strike for Peace hearings in 1962; the Cuba hearings in 1963 and the Chicago hearings in 1965 punched large holes in the committee's dignity and popularity. Five successive Supreme Court cases—the most recent in June of this year by a unanimous Court, an unprecedented setback—had rebuked the committee's procedures. Only two weeks earlier, on August 2, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had invalidated the contempt conviction of three antiwar figures who had refused to testify before the committee on December 7, 1964.

How was this battered invalid, supported in the House primarily by the Southerners as a means of keeping alive the Red issue, to impress skeptical Americans with the importance of its anti-subversive mission, and at the same time to redeem the dignity of a Congress which felt itself insulted by a judicial intervention in its investigative processes?

The committee's attempts to clothe its inquiry with dignity showed a delightful touch of Gilbert and Sullivan. As the hearing progressed, a score of Congressmen dropped in to show their solidarity. They tripped over one another on the overcrowded dais as the chairman cordially welcomed them to the proceedings. After duly checking in and contemplating the proceedings with the air of a man whose fascination with a steam shovel has delayed his return from lunch, they made way for new arrivals. A strange note was struck by the seating on the dais of whole Congressional families, including kindergartners restlessly squirming in their chairs. Chairman Pool fondly flourished a new gavel ornamented with six different flags including, he explained, "the Texas, Confederate and American" flags.

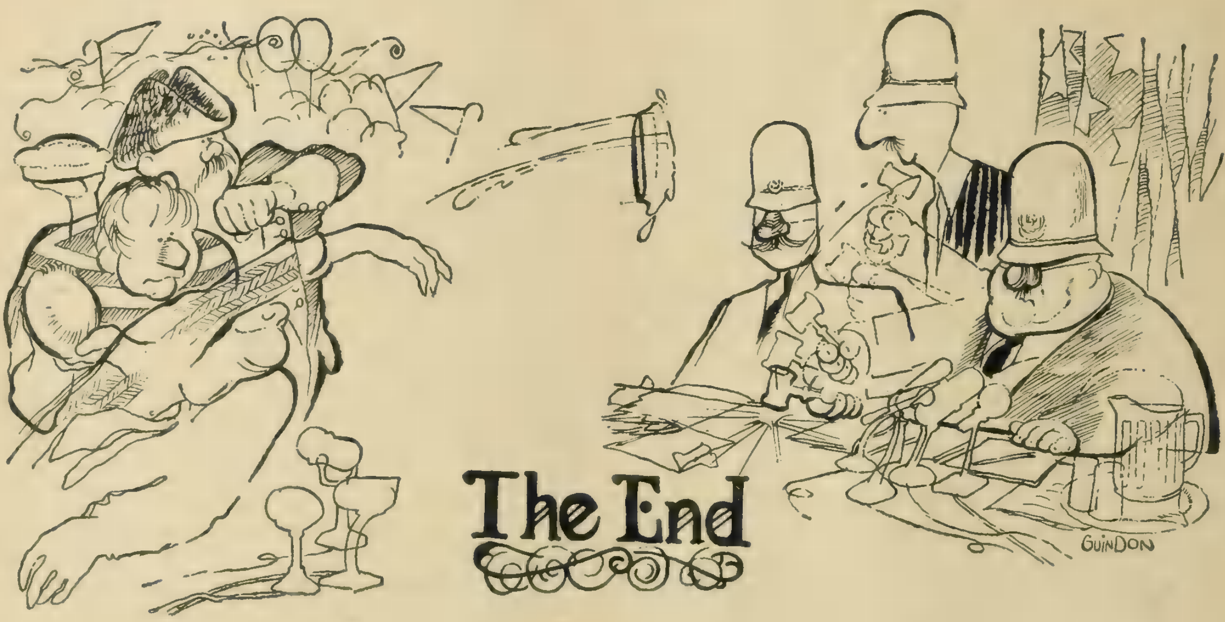
The hearing was a frail support for the dignity of Congress for other reasons. Even before the hearing had begun, the committee had leaked the names of several subpoenaed witnesses to a favorite journalist. A committee investigator had obtained from Stanford University lists of student members of certain registered campus organizations. It had used its subpoena power to extract from student activity directors at Berkeley and Ann Arbor similar lists of names. These names are furnished to the university administration by the students for the limited purpose of establishing the identity of an organization and a source of responsibility for its activities. Students at the institutions involved are disgusted not only with HUAC but with the spineless willingness of university administrators to collaborate with HUAC in invading the students' freedom of association and academic freedom.

The committee's best hope of justifying its investigation and at the same time redeeming the dignity of the House was to document the gravity of the evil it was purportedly investigating and the importance of the bill under consideration. But neither its friendly witnesses nor its own members made credible its contention that the war was being hampered by student contributions to the International Red Cross, an activity which Sen. Robert F. Kennedy has endorsed. Nor did HUAC explain why existing laws were inadequate to deal with the obstruction of military transportation. And as for the bill itself, it is atrociously drafted and bristles with constitutional threats to dissent, infirmities which led the American Civil Liberties

Union to give militant, determined leadership to the resistance to the committee's hearings.

Will the committee persist in conducting its hearings after this most recent circus? Some have claimed that the House will rally around HUAC to give it a new lease on life. But its future looks most unhappy, haunted as it will be by a new breed of fire-breathing witness, clamoring to testify, deaf to the committee's coaxing to plead one of the good old amendments, clinging tenaciously to the witness chair after the chairman has cried, "Hold, enough."

Of course, the committee might avoid this fate by limiting its subpoenas to unfriendly witnesses over 40—if there are any left. Or perhaps now that Sen. Everett Dirksen has added his voice to those who have condemned the committee for its investigative follies and legislative futility, the House may decide to abolish this Congressional posse.



RUSSIAN SUMMER

THE WORRIED VACATIONISTS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow

To sum up in a sentence my impressions of three summer weeks in Russia: "This would be a very happy country—and a freer one—but for the war in Vietnam."

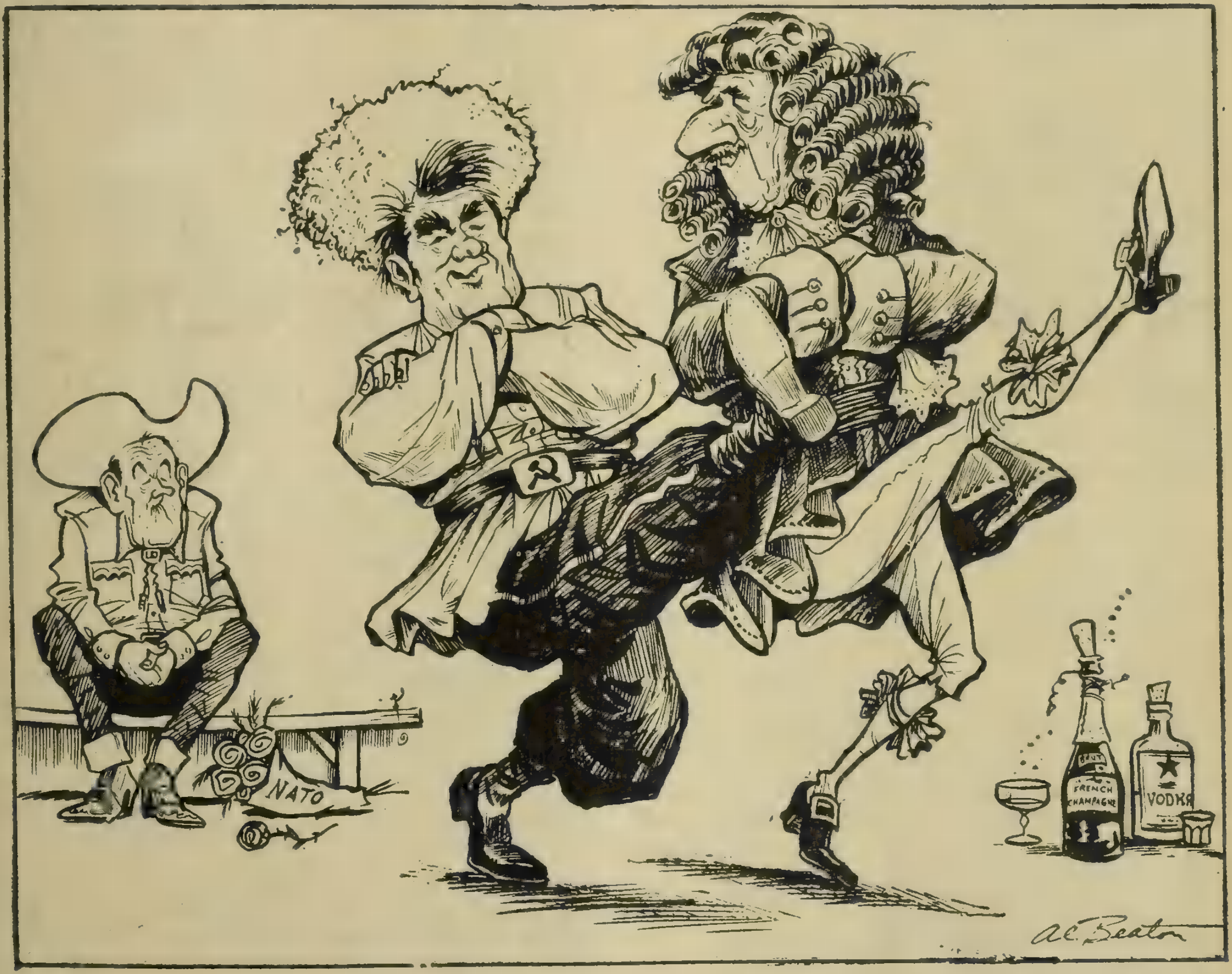
The Russians have never been so prosperous. Their standard of living continues to be lower than that of Western Europe; certain foodstuffs, like butter and sugar, are still three or four times more dear. But conditions are incomparably better than they were two years ago. Food then was very short, and everybody grumbled openly about Khrushchev. Today I talked to a worker at the great ZIL auto plant in Moscow who had just spent his vacation in his native village near Vinnitsa, in one of the richest agricultural areas of the Ukraine. His line was that since the firing of "that parasite Khrushchev" and the famous plenary session of the Central Committee in March, 1965, things had changed drastically for the better in the Russian countryside. Not only were the members of the *kolkhoz* now free to own privately (without being heavily taxed) any number of cows and pigs and geese and chickens but, more important, they had been given decisive financial inducements to work hard on the "collective" land itself, until recently neglected. Thus, his sister's family had been allocated 6 acres of collective land on which they were to grow sugar beet; and for this work they were paid an additional 120 rubles (roughly $130). Apart from their food deliveries to the state, the farmers could now sell enormous quantities in the *kolkhoz* markets in nearby towns. Eggs were so plentiful that the villagers ate huge omelets every day, since the state would not buy eggs without limit, and the *kolkhoz* markets had been saturated. Almost every farm in this *kolkhoz* now had television; a minimum wage was being introduced among the members of the *kolkhoz,* and old people in the villages were for the first time receiving pensions.

My Ukrainian acquaintance's story was corroborated by similar ones about conditions on the Don, in the Kuban and other rich parts of Russia. Although central and northern Russia were not quite as prosperous, the general impression that emerged was that, perhaps for the first time since the revolution, there was a remarkable improvement in the agricultural situation, which had always been difficult under Stalin and not much better under Khrushchev. The Russian climate is unreliable and the stability of this prosperity cannot be taken for granted, but all the Russians I talked to felt that the corner had at last been turned. It was expected that the present "competition" between the *kolkhoz* markets and the state shops would, before long, result in a general lowering of prices. It should be remembered that a few years ago, under Khrushchev, prices in the state shops and, consequently, in the markets were sharply increased.

Great credit for these notable improvements is given to the "collective leadership" now ruling the Soviet Union, and above all perhaps to Prime Minister Kosygin. He is not a "monument" like Stalin, nor a flashy and noisy personality like Khrushchev. Indeed, he is not impressive either as a personality or a speaker, and is said to be suffering from a stomach ulcer. But he is an able economist, the head of a large team of technocrats, who speaks like the chairman of a board of directors. He is brief and concise; he does not boast, but, on the contrary, tends to stress, as he did in his Supreme Soviet speech on August 3, the numerous deficiencies in the Soviet economic system which must still be corrected. He admitted then that there was still a wide gap between industrial and agricultural production, but spoke of the numerous concrete measures that had already been taken and would continue to be taken to narrow it. Kosygin's businesslike and scientific approach to economic problems, so different from Khrushchev's fruitless brain waves and improvisations, has won him great respect, but a respect free of hero worship or "cult." This also is something new in Russia.

August is the peak month for *otpuski*—summer vacations—and railway stations and airports are thronged with crowds, the immense fleet of commercial planes having made air travel (which is very cheap in Russia) a routine matter for most people. In Moscow and Leningrad one hardly meets a child in August; all have been sent away to holiday camps.

I have started this article with a few references to holidays, growing prosperity and the greatly improved food situation, because these are all relevant to the extremely tense international situation created throughout the world, and not least in the Soviet Union, by the war in Vietnam. Russia today is a flourishing economic concern and, having lost 20 million people in a war that ended only twenty years ago, there is nothing its people hate more than the thought of another which would—to say the least—ruin once again its hard-won prosperity. That is why, even in the holiday atmosphere of August, the war in Vietnam is causing the greatest anxiety. In his speech on August 3, Kosygin was studiously moderate in his treatment of the



Beaton, Toronto Star: Ben Roth

"Charlie Is My Darling"

situation. He stressed once again that "peaceful coexistence" with the capitalist countries was, in present circumstances (that is, with the power of total atomic destruction on both sides) an "objective necessity." He even qualified his condemnation of American policy in Vietnam by expressing the hope that the more sane and reasonable people in America would ultimately gain the upper hand and stop the war. But he made it plain (as he had already made it plain to Mrs. Gandhi and to Harold Wilson) that he could not make any diplomatic moves which might be interpreted as lack of faith in the Vietnamese people's power and determination to resist, or as a disavowal of the conditions laid down by Ho Chi Minh himself. The Soviet Union, he said, would help the people of Vietnam to drive the American aggressors from their land. (Loud applause.)

The true complexity of the situation may be seen from a variety of contradictions. The official Russian line extols the "invincibility" of the people of Vietnam; at the same time, every opportunity is taken to characterize the war as murder perpetrated by the entire technical might of the United States. "Genocide" is the term applied by Russians again and again to describe the exploits of the American Air Force, and the parallel they draw is bitter: "What Hitler did with gas chambers President Johnson is doing with napalm, poison gas and other masterpieces of American technology."

Despite the moderation of Kosygin's official speeches, anger against the United States is mounting rapidly. (Armored doors and iron window bars have recently been installed at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow where the staff expects any day an outburst of mass violence.) The entirely genuine popular sympathy for the people of Vietnam was reflected in the declaration in favor of increased aid to Vietnam published by the Supreme Soviet.

Everyone hopes, of course, that Vietnam will resist long enough to make a switch in American opinion inevitable. Once this becomes apparent, Kosygin may even depart from the current hard-and-fast line of sticking to North Vietnam's Four Points and the Vietcong's Five Points, with their demand for total evacuation of U.S. forces. But, for the present, all the Russians can do is supply all possible help to Vietnam—not that there is any great illusion that America's increased air losses (due to Russian aid) will make the Pentagon give up.

The situation is further complicated by China. If there is very strong feeling against the United States in Russia, there is an equally (or almost equally) strong feeling against China. Russians have been reminding me repeatedly that when Kosygin last saw Mao in 1965, the latter said: "It is for small countries like Vietnam to sacrifice themselves for the world revolution." This does not sit at all well with the Russians, but, all the same, they are avoiding an open quarrel with the Chinese on this "world-revolution" issue. Much more significant is the strong Russian suspicion that the Chinese would like to provoke a war between the Soviet Union and the United States. Another common observation in Moscow is that every possible obstacle is being put in the way of shipping Russian equipment to Vietnam via China. The theory is that the Chinese want it taken by sea, so that Soviet ships may be sunk by the American Navy.

In short, the Russians are angry with both America and China because both constitute a danger of war to them. On the other hand, de Gaulle is today their most popular foreign statesman—even though, on the issue of Germany, the French and Russians failed on the face of it to reach agreement. Like the Russians, de Gaulle is acutely conscious of the fearful dangers of the Vietnamese conflict, and is for them "a real man of peace." As for Great Britain, Kosygin declared that there was every reason why relations with that country should be good, but that there was no hope of serious improvement as long as Britain supported the war in Vietnam.

If there is danger that the war may lead to a conflict between Russia and the United States, there is also a danger of a war between the United States and China. This might result from a direct American attack on China, or from China's decision to hit out if it fears that North Vietnam is on the point of cracking up. What would the Russians do then? Here we are in the realm of speculation, but one thing is certain: the theory current in some American quarters that "nothing would suit the Russians better than a Chinese-American war" has no foundation in fact. Bad though their relations are with China at the present time, the Russians know that they could not keep out of such a war.

The war in Vietnam has had some ominous repercussions inside Russia. A cry has gone up for greater "vigilance" (a phenomenon typical of the cold-war years of 1946-53 under Stalin)—vigilance, for instance, with respect to foreigners traveling off the beaten Intourist track; vigilance toward any breaches of discipline; very severe punishment of even "petty hooliganism," and so on.

One effect of the Vietnamese war I found particularly striking and even surprising and shocking. Last winter the two writers, Siniavsky and Daniel, were tried and sentenced to seven and five years' hard labor for publishing abroad "slanderous" and "libelous" books on the Soviet Union. The story told in Moscow now is that a special committee of the Central Committee had to decide whether or not to hold the trial. The minority, including Kosygin and Furtseva (Minister of Culture) were against it; the majority, comprising die-hards like Shelepin and Suslov (with Brezhnev abstaining), were for it. The great majority of Russian intellectuals were genuinely disgusted by the trial, even though some, like Ehrenburg, admitted that its purpose was to discourage widespread cynicism and nihilism among the young.

During my present stay in Moscow I had numerous talks with prominent Russian writers who, I knew, had been very hostile to the Siniavsky-Daniel trial when it was in progress. Their line now had altered sharply. They described the two writers as "unpatriotic," "double-crossing," and only regretted that they had been sent to jail. It would have been better simply to throw them out, as Tarsis had been thrown out, since they made it so clear that they did not like living in the Soviet Union.

When I asked one of my writer friends why he had changed his mind—for he was known to have been strongly opposed to the trial and the verdict—he answered: "Look, I am a liberal, but there are times when such ultra-liberalism as allowing the Siniavskys and Daniels to write whatever they like and hee-haw mercilessly about the Soviet system is excessive. Things have changed since last winter; we are now on the brink of war. This is no time for smart-alecky cynicism. *We've got to close our ranks.* When the war in Vietnam is over, we can talk again about the merits of Siniavsky and Daniel and write satire about ourselves; now the situation is far, far too serious."

There is no doubt that the war in Vietnam has created a stern anti-liberal mood in Russia. It would be a mistake to speak of a return to Stalinism, but, as the changed attitude to the writers' trial shows, a marked hardening of the regime can be expected, with the introduction of wartime discipline in all fields. If the war in Vietnam continues, the harder line may even meet with broad popular approval.

HEAD START TO WHAT?

IVOR KRAFT

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Project Head Start, the program that put more than half a million 4 and 5 year olds in preschools last summer, is by far the most popular piece of the anti-poverty package. To cast aspersions on Head Start, loved by all, is like taking a public stand against mother's home-baked pie. But just how important is formal preschooling for the average human being? The little scientific evidence we have indicates that it is not very important at all. Fewer than 10 per cent of Americans have attended preschool, and there is nothing to show that the other 90 per cent suffer any significant lacks.

Most of us do believe, and with some justification, that the first five or six years of life are highly significant. This is not a new idea. As the late 18th-century poet John Paul Richter put it: "If we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by all the nations that he has seen than by his nurse." By now we may have carried this idea too far. Common sense dictates that if the first five years of human life are important, there must be at least some point in what occurs during the next sixty-five.

What we do not yet know about human growth and development probably exceeds what we do know. Still, it is not hard to come up with an acceptable recipe for producing that vague if recognizable commodity, a "good human being." Even without knowledge of how the ingredients combine and interact, the recipe goes like this: Take a biologically sound infant, place him in the steady care of reasonably well functioning parents (or parent surrogates), expose him step by step to age-appropriate normative experiences of his small world, protect him from excessive physical and psychological shocks, provide him with suitable vocational outlooks and potentialities and a code of ethics, gradually let go of him as he approaches adulthood.

Note that this is a universal recipe. Depending on geography and culture it will produce a good Kikuyu tribesman, a loyal daughter of Russia, a Saudi Arabian oligarch or a constructive American citizen.

Note also that the formula makes no mention of schooling or education as such, for formal pedagogical influences are derivative to specific cultures. This is not to deny that schooling is essential in some cultures—ours for one—because it may be the chief influence with respect to the part of the recipe that refers to "vocational outlooks and potentialities."

At no time has preschooling been an essential part of this recipe anywhere in the world. Yet nurseries and kindergartens fulfill an important social function in most advanced societies. During the time of their war of liberation Israeli settlers gained a new respect for their group-care methods in infancy and early childhood, and the British learned a similar lesson about nurseries during the desperate time of the Nazi blitz. There are ample reasons why preschools are so popular in the Soviet Union where working mothers are even more numerous than they are in our country, and where private housing conditions are often inferior. And the middle-class American mother, who appreciates a few free hours during the morning or afternoon, would be in a bad fix if all those convenient nursery schools were to shut their doors.

We can summarize with an instructive generalization: preschooling is chiefly a convenience to the individual parent or the community of adults; it is not chiefly a boon to the child. Certainly, this is not to say that preschool is harmful to the child. It merely makes the point that, other things being equal, we have no evidence that preschool contributes anything essential or particularly valuable to the child's development.

But sometimes other things most definitely are not equal. What if the adult caretaker is highly incompetent? What if the surroundings of the child are so cheerless or even damaging that there is no freedom for healthy play? What if the child has special or marked handicaps? Under such circumstances it is at least possible for a good preschool to be a boon to the child as well as a convenience to the parent.

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This brings us to the rationale for Project Head Start. It is operated out of the Office of Economic Opportunity as a major plank in the anti-poverty push. But preschooling can never be a major antidote for poverty. It is too far removed from the root causes. The major specific remedies have to do with jobs, income maintenance, housing, racial discrimination, the overall urban environment and the cultural and spiritual upgrading of community life. The last category is foggy but necessary, and preschooling does have something to contribute to it, but very little in comparison with what can be done in the school years beyond nursery and kindergarten.

Well, yes, the Head Start people will admit when pressed, we know we really aren't fighting poverty directly, but we are providing poor people with a good social service and a means for getting their children beyond "cultural deprivation." Education is the key to job preparation and success in life, and poor 4 and 5 year olds just can't cope with school. That is where we come in. We give them a head start—a long-term basic investment, with a pay-off fifteen or twenty years later.

Unfortunately, this is a weak argument. One of the major selling points of a good middle-class three-hour-a-day nursery school is that it gives the mother a chance to be responsibly relieved of the care of her child for a portion of the day, while the child learns how to "live and share in a group." In other words, children learn not only from the teacher but from one another. Presumably some good things rub off, and some bad things get rubbed out. No one pretends that it turns the children into little scholars or that it sets them up for a quick start in life.

But what is being claimed for preschools for the "culturally deprived"? The assumption is that fifteen or so homogeneously "inferior" children will spend a few hours a day in the care of an ordinary or even untrained teacher and that they will be exposed to certain types of intellectual experiences. With respect to group living, what will they learn from one another that they have not already learned from older brothers or sisters, or that they will not unlearn as soon as they return to the predominating environment? (In the good middle-class nursery there is an emphatic *continuity of experience* between home and school.) With respect to intellectual experiences, what will they learn that is so crucial that it cannot await the first grade? Can we expect to turn them into little scholars when we do not even attempt this with more "advantaged" youngsters? Can we do it on the basis of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes of deliberately structured intellectual experiences? (Remember, we have to allow for dressing and undressing, juice time, rest time, outdoor play, toileting, transitioning, etc.)

Head Start people are sometimes urged to build their programs with the use of neighborhood facilities, such as church basements or renovated store fronts, and staffed with "indigenous workers"—often a euphemism for high school dropouts and welfare mothers. Perhaps, but it is doubtful that effective childhood education in our society can be operated out of dank church basements under the management of illiterate high school dropouts. It is unrealistic to suppose that adolescents, themselves the products of an inferior education and a neglected upbringing, can be put through six- or eight-week "workshops" and foisted off as "subprofessional aides." We cannot compel one program to succeed at the expense of another. It is not educational innovation to expect unsalvaged 17 or 18 year olds to salvage themselves by becoming the chief caretakers, at $1.25 an hour, of 3 and 4 years olds from the slums. This is garden-variety baby sitting—not early childhood education. Slum children need the best, not the worst.

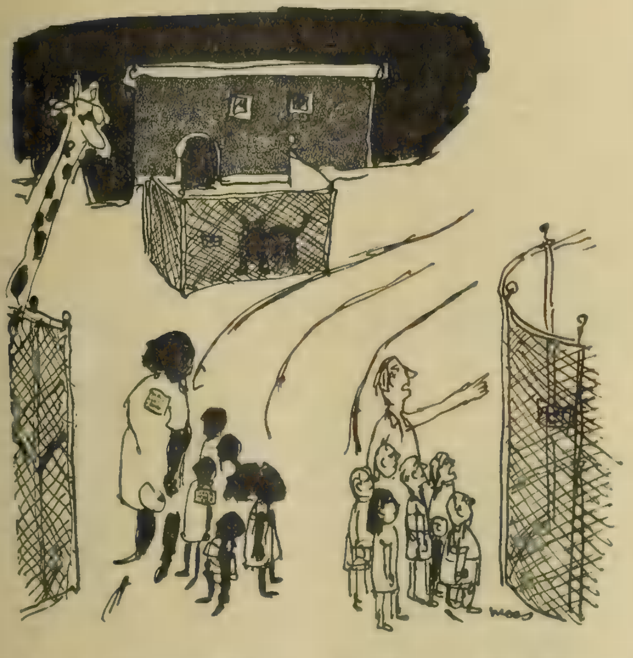
To date there is practically no sound research evidence to support the expected achievements of Head Start. The most that can be claimed for the program is that it "keeps the children off the streets," submits them to a medical screening, yields a 5-to-10-point gain in IQ, and causes a 6 year old to make a better adjustment to first grade. A 7- or 8-point rise in IQ is not very much. It does not mean that a new fount of intelligence has been tapped in the child's psyche, or that the child has been launched on a promising school career.

Assuming that the tests are well administered, to go from an IQ of 100 to 130, or from 120 to 150, may represent a formidable leap, if this gain proves to be genuine and sustained. But to move from a score of 81 to 88, or from 97 to 105, may mean a gain in "easy" or "cheap" points, a gain in routine practice effects or certain rather low-level manipulative skills. It is one thing to take a child who has never seen a piano and drill him to the point where he can play chopsticks. It is something else to give this child the kind of basic music education that will enable him to play a simple Chopin waltz or Beethoven sonata, and then gradually proceed to advanced stages of musical skill. Almost anyone (including mental retardates) can be drilled to master chopsticks, but many an average music pupil, even under good tutelage, drops by the wayside before mastering elementary Beethoven.

The odd thing about the IQ effect is that almost any kind of preschool offering—eight weeks or one year, enriched or unenriched, taught by highly organized task masters or completely permissive teachers—seems to yield the same 5-to-10-point average IQ gain. This would appear to be additional evidence that these point gains are trivial and not especially revealing. What would we lose by achieving this gain in the child's seventh (first grade) year rather than his fourth to sixth years? Of course, it may be "too late" by the seventh year, although there is no evidence to prove this. At best, schooling and education are slow, cumulative, and for all of life—it *is* life—and cannot be compared with the 100-yard dash, where a head start of even two seconds may distinguish success from failure.

The obvious effect of preschooling is that the child is trained to the routine of the classroom. He learns to sit in a circle, take turns, mind the teachers, and familiarize himself with the prerogatives and taboos of being an individual in a classroom group. It would be strange indeed if first-grade teachers did not report that Head Start children tend to "make a better adjustment to the classroom setting." Similarly, it would be odd if a troop of adolescents who spent six or eight weeks in the summer hanging around a poolroom did not perform somewhat better at a billiards test when compared with a matched group of teen-agers who had merely spent the summer in remedial reading. But unless a first-grade teacher thinks of herself as a sergeant-at-arms, whose task it is to slap down or evict the unruly, she ought to be able to win over 6 year olds to an enlightened classroom routine even in the absence of prior preschool conditioning.

We need to beware lest Head Start deteriorate into a cheap anti-poverty substitute containing a few hidden snares. Once we provide a convenient dumping ground for children of lower-class mothers, we can tell the mothers to hustle off and get themselves jobs— such as domestics in the homes of nice middle-class ladies who send their own children to quality nurseries or else take good care of them at home. Class and racially segregated preschools—which may become the norm for Head Start centers—can serve to engrave even more deeply the now rampant anti-democratic patterns in our public school systems. In this respect Head Start may merely enroll parents and children as an early acclimatization device to *de facto* segregation.



Head Start does not belong in a war on poverty and should be removed from the Office of Economic Opportunity. The oversell about a "head start" should be quietly abandoned and instead a plan should be drawn up to give this nation a network of top-quality day care and early childhood centers as a right and entitlement of all parents who choose to use them, regardless of income and residence. At all costs these centers must be integrated with respect to race and class.

The genuine and unpretentious rationale for the early childhood center is not that it replaces the home or compensates for poverty but that it provides a necessary and convenient auxiliary emotional and physical center for young children. It strengthens family life; it dissipates certain tensions and strains in our crowded urban societies; it can be a grass-roots, democratizing social service when it does not practice race and class separatism.

A baby watcher merely polices the children and keeps them out of trouble. She is not required to show imagination or ingenuity or deep understanding in responding to a child's often puzzling and inexplicable behavior. In the course of a few hours with a group of preschoolers a genuine teacher has to handle a constantly unfolding series of creative spurts, moody withdrawals, aggressive acts, obscure questions and comments, appeals for love, flash tantrums, and "please leave me alone" signals from the child. The teacher has to decide instantaneously how and when to get involved, when to stand to one side. He is anything but a passive policeman and watcher. His methods may be elusive and hard to define, but anyone who has observed a really competent and experienced educator of youngsters knows that there is considerable skill involved, based chiefly on psychological techniques of stimulation and control, as well as on deep understanding of creative media and the learning processes in the very young. Many middle-class mothers, but not all, can master these skills in handling one or two children. But it takes an entirely different level of professionalism to manage ten or fifteen children in a group, while exhibiting the same sensitivity and concern as does the gifted mother.

To get beyond custodial care, habit training and the cutting and pasting or formboard kind of busy work—which admittedly may yield that five or ten point increase in IQ scores—requires that young children be cared for by well-trained, responsive and thoroughly competent teachers who couldn't care less about IQ scores and who do not think of themselves as sergeants-at-arms. Middle-aged sentimentalists, old-age termagants or inarticulate adolescents should not work with young children merely because they say they love them and think they can manage them. We want professionally trained teachers with a demonstrated command of skills. For the time being, such teachers are exceedingly hard to find.

Assuming that we want to put 1 million children in early childhood centers—a thoroughly realistic goal and one that is being voiced among Head Start people—what will this require?

We do not have enough experience or sound research data on costs and plans to make exact calculations, but the following round-figure estimates are probably not too far off the mark:

¶ About 70,000 fully trained, competent teachers. This amounts to one for every fifteen children, which must be considered the minimum ratio.

¶ Between 3,500 and 7,000 well-designed, well-equipped centers. The projection is on the basis of one center for between 150 and 300 children, although obviously some communities will require smaller centers, and some of our major cities may want to experiment with even larger campuses, no doubt broken down in sub-schools or small-unit clusters.

¶ About 200,000 aides and auxiliary personnel. These would be at various stages of competence, skill and training, including men as well as women, performing the work of maids, janitorial assistants, et al. The estimate—very rough—is one such person for every five children enrolled in the center (not including the professionally trained teacher).

¶ An annual operating budget of about $2 billion. Again, this is a very rough estimate, based on $2,000 per child. It will probably not be manageable with less than this, if we project the average stay of a child in the center as between six and eight hours. Obviously, some will stay only two and three hours, and a few may actually require being present in the center for as many as twelve hours, although the extended day can be only rarely recommended. We are not going to design and implement this kind of program overnight. But with vigorous, step-by-step planning, we can bring it into being in ten or twelve years.

Project Head Start may be an example of an error fairly common in the history of American social innovation: a potentially good program is oversold for the wrong reasons and gets bungled in the implementation. (Something like this happened with the welfare apparatus of the 1930s; it is now so rotten that it deserves to be entirely junked.)

But it does not have to turn out this way. With a gross national product of almost $750 billion we can easily afford to spend $2 billion a year on a network of quality early childhood centers. (Although it may be cut, Head Start's current budget calls for around $300 million.) Meanwhile, nothing terrible is going to happen to the poverty program or America's children if we take the necessary ten or fifteen years to go about it in the proper way.

If we do not, if we allow Head Start to degenerate into a headlong start and a doubtful finish, we may well end up with the kind of mess that we now have in our inner-city slum schools, one that will take at least a full generation's work to remedy.

There are only two roads which Head Start can follow. The first is a cheap, massive, harum-scarum program buttressed by false claims, publicity stunts, IQ gimmickry, and the pretense of eight-week short courses for 4 year olds as a major means of salvaging Americans from poverty. The second is a step-by-step, carefully planned campaign to give America a network of model preschool and day-care centers manned by excellent teachers and serving "all the children of all the people" as a downward extension of our democratic common school system.

LATIN AMERICA II

SEARCH FOR A POLITICS

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One of the most important facts about politics in Latin America today is that the various sets of guiding ideas which were accepted not long ago as valid beyond question are now discredited. Principles that seemed sufficiently demonstrated a few decades ago are again under skeptical scrutiny and in need of further proof. This applies both to traditional political doctrines and to the more recent dogmas, and is extended even to the motives of those who profess them.

The debate is not so much on the theoretical validity of existing doctrines as on the results they have achieved. It might be argued that it is hardly convincing to evaluate an ideology exclusively on the basis of performance. After all, Latin America is a region so beset by contradictions and problems as to jeopardize the soundest of principles. Also, to take one set of political ideas, Social Democracy has not yet had a full chance, except in Costa Rica and Venezuela; and in fact it can be reasonably contended that many Latin American countries have had no significant political experience aside from an almost unbroken succession of authoritarian governments.

The fact remains, however, that political groups dominated by established ideologies rather than by personalities have been consistently losing ground in the area during the last decades, even though the lack of adequate alternatives tends to cloud the evidence. Elections in Colombia or Uruguay, for instance, may show that voters still support liberals and conservatives under their various labels. But many of these voters register with the established parties and go to the polls in the same spirit that one applies for a job — and often for the same reason. In addition, the numerous splinter groups into which these parties are divided and, in some cases, the efforts made to institutionalize them as the only possible options, are further proof of their decline.

Liberalism, under whose influence most of Latin America moved from anarchy into some sort of organization during the last century, soon became a mere slogan. In practice, liberals were as authoritarian in Latin America as conservatives, and frequently belonged to the same upper class. They were responsible for introducing the abstract ideas of progress and political freedom and did in fact manage to install universal suffrage in some countries, as well as a measure of economic growth. However, liberalism failed to lay a solid foundation for building modern states in Latin America. The creole oligarchies remained indirectly in power, paying willing lip service to radical ideas that did not in practice affect their class interests.

The Spanish system of values, coupled with the lack of meaningful efforts to promote structural changes, worked as a brake on liberalism; the absence of significant middle sectors in the economy doomed it from the outset. The importance of hierarchy, disproportionate wealth based on land or mines and cheap labor, a structural order imposed by the conquistadores, had remained essentially unchanged

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in Latin America until the early part of this century. The small group that benefited from this situation managed to survive the wars of independence, the period of anarchy and the subsequent reconstruction almost intact. It expressed itself primarily through the conservative parties, which basically were organized to protect the vertical system that made the privilege possible. The upper class was not motivated by any ideology. Its wealth was linked to foreign markets, but it had roots in the land, and paradoxically was looked upon with less suspicion than were the urban liberal "doctors" who, in the eyes of the rural masses, spoke and lived like foreigners.

Conservative Catholicism accepted the Spanish system as natural law. What the conquistador implanted, the cassocks baptized. Thus the vertical social and economic order was legitimized: the authority of the state or of the landowner must be acknowledged; rebellion was contrary to divine precept. The peasants, the mine workers, the exploited classes as a whole could appeal only at a much higher level — and not in this life.

Having failed in the face of this sanctioned tradition to transform Latin America into modern states (Uruguay, Chile and Argentina are to a degree exceptions), abstract liberalism could offer very little. However, most of the region was beginning to experience a slow, organic change. A continuous flow of immigrants began to move into some of the countries. They brought no worldly goods but they did bring an ancestral thirst for land and work. And some of them imported the relatively new ideas of anarchism and Marxism. Soon the first trade unions were established. Socialist parties were founded at the turn of the century in Argentina and Uruguay. When World War I broke out, Latin America was cut off from industrial supplies and consumer goods. A start toward an incipient industrialization was prompted in several countries. Growing demands for administrative machinery, for trade and industry, and for the skills of a civil service broadened the base for a middle class. Students in Argentina rose against their educational system, thus setting in motion a reaction that was to transform education throughout the whole region. The first party to promote a blend of nationalism and mild non-Marxist socialism was founded by Peru's Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, the American Popular and Revolutionary Alliance (APRA). Trade unions began to grow, and politicians soon took heed of their potentialities. From 1914-18, to the 1929 crisis, to the Second World War, Latin America slowly moved away from pre-capitalism, and the components of more complex societies appeared in varying degrees. The result was more contradictions but also an increased political awareness.

In this period, issues instead of personalities or ideological generalizations became the basis for political debate. Free trade and the doctrine of laissez faire were analyzed in the light of concrete needs such as trade barriers and exchange controls. Debates about foreign investment and state control or ownership of certain basic resources acquired a real importance when the first quarrels over oil and ore deposits broke out in Peru, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico and Bolivia. Nationalism, which had been a state of mind or a latent feeling, turned into economic nationalism. Social welfare, labor legislation and economic planning provided real distinctions among the various groups. But World War II, which acted as a powerful catalyst in Latin America, also turned regional attention away from such problems.

The rise of fascism and Nazism — ideologies which quantitatively had little significance in Latin America — affected the whole area far beyond the economic and strategic impact of the ensuing war. The question of freedom or tyranny became the great issue. An area which had lived for centuries under authoritarian rule took the occasion of a distant international conflagration to condemn dictatorships. The real terms of the problem in its domestic context — backwardness vs. development — were not even mentioned. Latin America sold its raw materials at a low price to "save democracy," and Brazilians died in Monte Cassino. Liberals, conservatives, Socialists, Communists and some nationalists (except those who thought they saw in the eventual overwhelming catastrophe of the Allies an opportunity for greater independence) accepted the conflicts in the terms presented by war propaganda. This led to a new oversimplification: victory over tyranny would automatically produce more democracy. As applied to Latin America it meant that dictatorships would have to be overthrown and elections held in order to start a new era. Little or nothing was said about the pressing social and economic needs. They would solve themselves, it was thought, once representative democracy began to operate. Moreover, the warning that, considering the high illiteracy rates and the deep socio-economic gap, progress in some countries would be less than likely if pursued according to the doctrines of typical Western democracy, was flatly rejected as a Fascist view.

Thus a new abstraction came into being. It did not conform to reality and was interpreted as a mere smoke screen by many Latin Americans once the war was over. The easy appeal of Populism in Brazil, Argentina and Bolivia could be thought to confirm this judgment. Peron and Vargas did not rule exclusively on the basis of their strong personalities or sheer demagogy. Their followers were highly receptive to the new social legislation and working opportunities, and did not seem to care much that elections may have been rigged or that the opposition was gagged. They had suffered the same treatment from some of the democrats who had been less than orthodox when they had been in power a few years before. The fact that a dozen or so traditional dictatorships existed elsewhere in Latin America at the time, thriving on the people's underconsumption imposed by force, did not make things clearer — both the authoritarian governments that favored economic and social progress and the traditional "strong men" were grouped under the same label. They were equally opposed by the liberals, some conservatives and the Left.

The Latin American Marxist Left also opposed without discrimination both types of authoritarian governments. In so doing it reflected the nature of its social components. Socialism and communism are minority groups in the area and enlisted mostly from the professions, white-collar employees, intellectuals, students and smaller segments of the lower working class. Both parties are strictly urban, with no roots whatever in the vast rural areas where more than 60 per cent of Latin Americans live. Socialism has long evolved toward Social Democracy or modified versions of liberalism. One splinter group proclaims the need for Cuban-style revolutions and is equally opposed to the Right and to Communist peaceful coexistence. Communist parties have suffered from the vagaries of Moscow's political leadership. The fact that they see Latin America from a foreign perspective and act on behalf of an extra-continental power (Communists tried hard to convince Latin Americans that a pact with Nazi Germany was vitally needed, as if Hitler were getting ready to invade across the South Atlantic instead of into Soviet Russia), coupled with the lack of an ideological instrument adapted to local conditions, has greatly reduced Communist chances in Latin America. It can no longer be considered a short-range possibility, despite propaganda to the contrary, because its peaceful coexistence policy forces it to compete through elections (Venezuelan communism at war with the government has recently explored the possibilities of a truce). The Peking brand of communism is more of a trend than a party and operates within other groups.

The issue of democracy vs. dictatorships came to a critical point when United States policy ("there are good and bad strong men," Washington was given to say during the cold war) began a slow change. A certain measure of formal liberalization was introduced, and Latin American dictators were no longer made honorary members of American universities. Some of the leaders of the anti-dictatorial drive became chiefs of state and soon were faced with the old problems of socio-economic destitution under the pressure of the "rising expectations." A whole new technological approach to development through planning and reforms was formulated by the UN Economic Committee for Latin America, and was gradually adopted by a growing number of governments and institutions. However, it was the Cuban Revolution that triggered the dramatic transit from postwar formal liberalization to structural reforms. Under this influence the need for change attained respectability. Evolution and revolution became the opposite poles of the new political options.

Five years after the Alliance for Progress was launched at Punta del Este, economic and social development is still too slow to meet the needs arising from annual population growth. Food supply lags behind requirements, slums still mushroom in most Latin American capitals and balance of payment deficiencies continue to jeopardize development. Income distribution still heavily favors a privileged minority, and ten *coups d'état* in six years suggest that the concept of orderly progress is not faring well. However, the radical formula of the Cubans has lost much of its appeal, even though it may only be dormant and easily awakened if structural changes are not introduced in time.

Latin Americans are under rising pressures to move ahead. The interplay between these pressures and the set of available political options is causing a new polarization of forces in the area. Evolution through reform may still have a chance if it can amount to a virtual revolution in peace. Token changes — mainly to attract Alliance for Progress funds, as in Colombia where the so-called "social agrarian reform" has actually frozen the oligarchic structural system — will not stop the revolutionary tide. Outright opposition to reforms will only cause a deeper radicalization. On the other hand, economic surgery in the name of "monetarist" principles, as in Brazil, has paralyzed economic and social growth without even being able to control inflation.

One thing is certain: whatever the political labels assumed by the emerging groups, they will undoubtedly be influenced by modern nationalism. This may involve a reformulation of ideas to fit different circumstances and environments, the implementation of policies emphasizing mixed or direct state control of some basic resources, economic planning and specific provisions to regulate foreign investment. Beyond that, economic integration will continue to be promoted and may eventually become a regional supranationalism.

New popular dictators or military juntas may rise in Latin America, but they will not shape the future. Two sets of political ideas may grow: Christian Democracy in Chile, Peru, Venezuela, El Salvador and Guatemala, and in Colombia when the present institutional arrangement comes to an end in 1974; Social Democracy, under different labels, in Venezuela, Uruguay, Costa Rica, and perhaps even Argentina in the future. The lesson of the present Christian Democrat government in Chile may be stronger in countries where the socio-economic gap is deeper. Land reform is there being promoted in the name of social justice, moral tradition and even religion—terms that cannot readily be dismissed as "Communist" by the landowners.

If on the other hand progress falls short of expectations, or the dividends of economic growth fall into the hands of the minority groups, guerrilla warfare and banditry could well proliferate. And they would thrive similarly if other Bays of Pigs or Santo Domingos are triggered off by every decision to nationalize a United States company. Latin America is about to end a long "siesta." Once fully awake, it will certainly demand its full share in the Western Hemisphere.

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He is the author of Culture and Society, The Long Revolution, *and two novels,* Border Country *and* Second Generation.

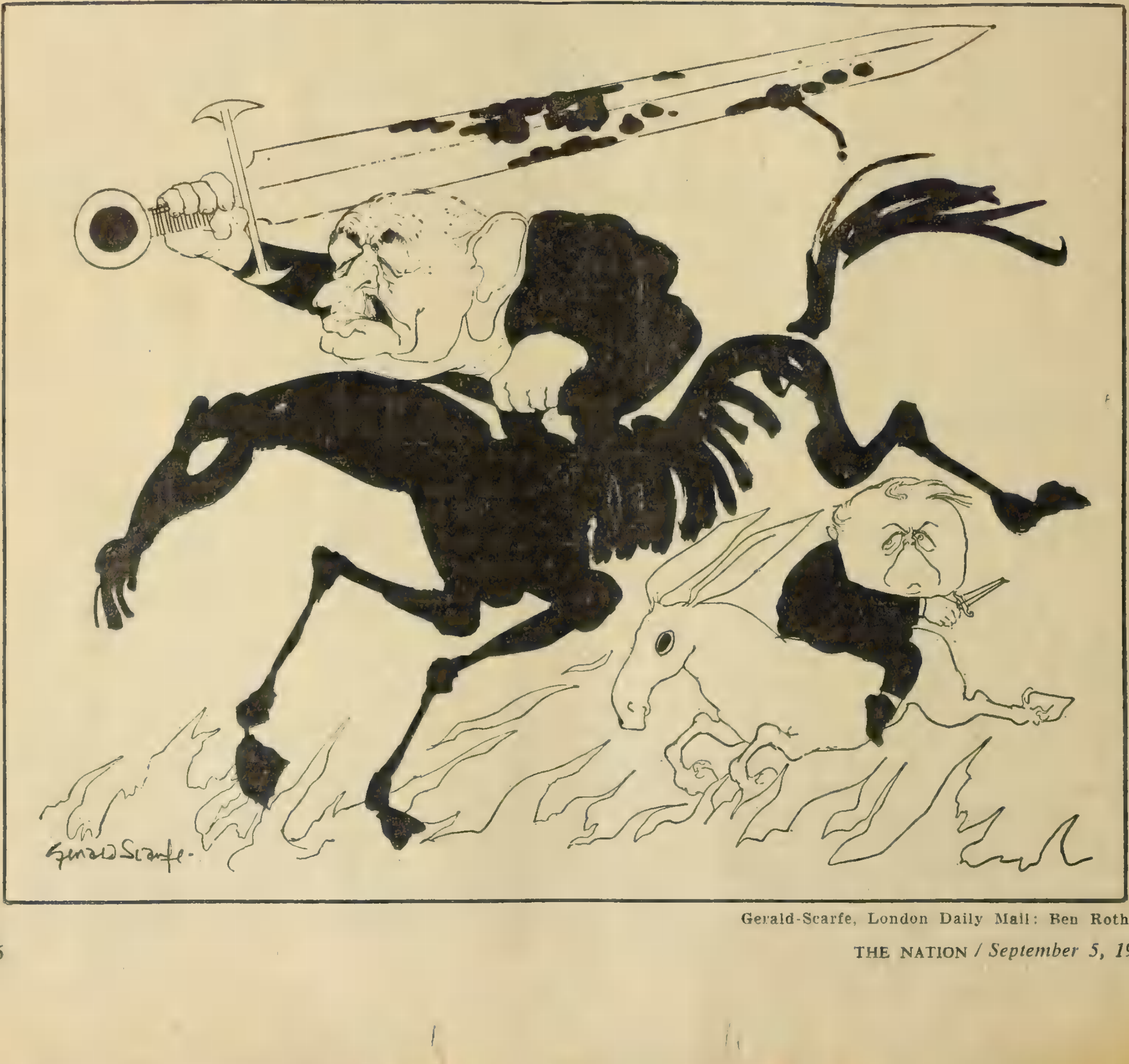
According to reports, July was a bad month for Britain. We had an economic crisis and a political crisis, and on the heels of both a prolonged yapping and snarling, in several languages, about our national degeneracy. Certainly it was hard on the nerves of most of us living here, though there was also a ready-made and pleasant distraction, when England won the world football championship. What I think now needs saying is that the crisis was in many ways welcome: it can never be a wholly bad time for a society when some of its deeper and more dangerous illusions are publicly broken.

The first illusion to go was the Labour government. For a few days it simply fell to pieces, and it can now only wait for the sheer persistence of established power to pick it up again. For many years, in Britain as in most similar societies, there has been an extreme personalization of politics: all attention is concentrated on whether Wilson, or some similar figure, is the man to save us. Another form of this personalization is the character of modern political parties, projecting not so much policies as general characteristics and impressions. The cult of the image, in leaders and parties, has been the most obvious evidence of this. A more precise example is the language now used in political journalism: words like "dynamic," "abrasive," "courageous," "candid" have no discoverable political content, but are part of the process of personalization. Such qualities or their absence, in this man or that party, are supposed to provide the grounds for political decision.

Rational argument has made little headway against this powerful process. But reality has now broken through, just a little. The most evident belief of the Labour leaders, when they took office, was that they were simply better men than the "tired, effete Conservatives." Were they not "young, vigorous, purposive"? Well, they may or may not have been, but it made little difference. Exactly like the Conservatives, and like all orthodox opinion, they failed to understand the actual crisis of the society. All they ever had were "postures": another word which, moving east across the Atlantic, was a consequence of personalization. There was then dramatic justice in what happened to Wilson and the others in July. They produced and must now defend the exact measures (in even more severe forms) which they had built their political careers by attacking. There is no need for anyone on the Left to say what is wrong with the wage freeze, the deliberate stagnation or cutback in production, the willing promotion of unemployment. It was all said, with great eloquence and on many occasions by Wilson himself, in his rise to the Labour leadership. Those dynamic and patriotic attacks on a policy are replaced by dynamic and patriotic defenses of the same policy: in each case, we are assured, Wilson showed his "guts."

Some people have reacted to this spectacle by talking about betrayal, but that is too simple. Certainly we can observe in such a man a remarkable degree of alienation. To be "purposive" about having no steady purpose is an extreme kind of dissociation. Yet the real lesson to be learned from the public collapse of these men cannot be put in personal terms at all. The important lesson is the breaking of a political model. To very many people, the British Labour Party has seemed a model for social democratic change in advanced societies. But we have now seen what happens to even a strong and experienced reformist party, within the pressures of modern imperialism and capitalism. What we might now be able to do is to look at the pressures themselves: that is, to get back to politics, and away from image politics. I think there is a chance of doing this, because one important factor in the recent crisis was the absence of any credible alternative political leaders. The neurotic reaction of turning to other idols to replace those fallen has not occurred. Nobody can say, and nobody is really saying: "If only Dynamic So-and-So were there, or Vigorous What-do-you-call-him, there would be no crisis."

What then is this crisis? Basically, it is a contradiction between the actual size of the British economy and the world-wide imperialist role which, under present circumstances, the British ruling class is still trying to play. It is not, in simple terms, an economic crisis at all. On ordinary trading account, Britain is already paying its way. The repeated deficit in overseas payments arises from expenditure of two kinds: first, military; second, capital investment


Gerald Scarfe.

Gerald-Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth abroad. If these two items could be substantially cut back, there would be no economic crisis. But to say that is naive. Each policy follows directly from the present character of British society as a whole. The capital investment abroad and the maintenance of the pound sterling as an international trading currency are in the direct interest of our most powerful commercial and financial groups. The extraordinary structure of debt and credit that has been raised around these interests imprisons any government, whatever its political program. To break free of this structure would be to break free of the central power of modern capitalism. A peripheral measure, like the proposed nationalization of steel, may still just be possible, although even here the pressure of foreign bankers can be mobilized against it. But on the central issues of British economic policy, the power of British financial interests is still decisive, especially when they can act in concert with the international banking world. The sterling crisis of July had no real causes in our general position. It was a turn of the screw, by the British and overseas financial community, to force a Labour government to control the British labor movement. As the labor movement, and especially the trade unions, fight back, the screw will undoubtedly be tightened again.

This sounds a familiar analysis from earlier periods. In all the recent years of phony politics there has been a steady abandonment, even by most Socialists, of what was once the central Socialist case. It is very easy, now, to sneer at "old, outdated Socialist slogans," but that, precisely, is the measure of the victory of capitalist opinion making. Our politics became superficial as a way of confining the democratic process to something like commercial sport or entertainment, with rival stars and teams, and endless nebulous publicity campaigns. That, incidentally, is why our New Left was right, back in the fifties, to identify publicity and opinion forming — the whole world of communications — as our most urgent social issue. Now what could not be finally demonstrated by argument is being demonstrated by public breakdown. We shall have to return to real issues and choices, or we shall destroy ourselves.

Yet this involves more than seeing the power and character of our controlling financial interests. It involves more, even, than trying to break those interests, in order to release the economy to serve our public interest as a whole. For it is perfectly clear that the issue is international. The subordination of Britain to a role in the economic and foreign policies of the United States Government is now pitifully clear. France, in coming to terms with its real post-imperial position, had to break, publicly, with American policy for France. There are many things wrong with contemporary France, but some of us in Britain look at that process with admiration and envy. Vietnam has been one turning point. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament —still the most effective single voice of the Left in Britain —has recently issued a policy statement which, beginning from the situation in and toward Vietnam, ends with the strongest call it has yet made for a break from the American alliance, and the withdrawal of American troops and bases from Britain. That is not going to happen for many years. Foreign policy is usually a difficult issue with which to shift British opinion. But the economic crisis is another matter, and its pressures point increasingly in the same direction. It will be a very rough autumn. Large groups of workers, from doctors to busmen and railwaymen, have been angered by the wage freeze, which includes a refusal to pay increases already agreed upon for specific future dates. And tempers are not improved when it is learned from the newspapers that this whole policy was undertaken on American advice. Meanwhile, on a wide front, the trade unions will in practice be fighting the government of the party they themselves created. They cannot be wholly beaten, but neither, with the government under severe international pressure, can they wholly win. Out of that frustration and deadlock a new political realism seems bound to come. The many cults of personality which have masked the crisis will be increasingly rejected. I do not mean that we shall break through in the next few years to a decisively rational politics, and to the necessary reorganization of our political system. That, indeed, will take a very long time. But it is fair to say that the current crisis is an important turning point. The complacent and bureaucratic slogan — "You Know Labour Government Works"—on which Wilson won in March is now just a joke, and nobody seems inclined to substitute any other magic-working phrase. This sort of government, under whatever names and labels, evidently doesn't work. And the beginnings of such an insight among widening groups of people may have made July, 1966, a very good month indeed for Britain.

LETTERS

(continued from page 170)

a Governor's Conference on Aug. 4, 1953, when the French were fighting.

> Now let us assume that we [*sic*] lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, several things happen right away. The peninsula, the last bit of land hanging on down there, would be scarcely defensible. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming. . . . So when the United States votes $400 million to help that war we are not voting a give-away program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of terrible significance to the United States of America, our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of Indo-Chinese territory, and from Southeast Asia.

This is an incredibly blunt statement of American foreign policy, not only in Indo-China but in most of what are euphemistically called the developing countries. Welfare is made of stuff less stern. Jules Henry is quite correct when he says that the root of the war is the desire to extend the frontiers of U.S. investment in Asia, as he put it—Capital's Last Frontier. What is this war if not a frontier war, replete with good Indians and bad, in cosmic conflict? *David Levy*

still breathing

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs: In the essay by Jose Yglesias, "Pablo Neruda: The Poet in New York" [*The Nation*, July 11] I saw a common but regrettable error. The Industrial Workers of the World *are* still around. They maintain headquarters in Chicago and issue a monthly paper, the *Industrial Worker*. The group is small, isolated and probably dying. The "Wobblies" do live, however feebly.

George Arthur

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Getting the Message from Hanoi

HERE IS YOUR ENEMY. *By James Cameron. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 144 pp. $3.95.*

MISSION TO HANOI. *By Herbert Aptheker. International Publishers. 128 pp. $3.50. $1.25 paper.*

BERNARD B. FALL

Mr. Fall is the author of many studies on Indo-China. His most recent book is Vietnam Witness: 1953-66 *(Praeger).*

Hard and up-to-date news from Hanoi is not easy to come by these days. Hence, one should congratulate both authors and their associates—Aptheker traveled with Prof. Staughton Lynd of Yale and Tom Hayden of SDS; and Cameron traveled with a camera crew—for having made the trip in spite of all the difficulties. But that is where the similarities end: Cameron's book is good. Aptheker's is not.

The two authors' politics have nothing to do with my judgment, for I found Joseph Starobin's 1953 book on the French Indo-China war a valuable contribution to our knowledge of what went on on the "other side," and the same was also true, more recently, of Wilfred Burchett's book on his travels with the NLF. But Aptheker, the dean of American Marxist thinkers, here goes to what may be the next world war's Sarajevo—and what do we get? Some incredible platitudes read a hundred times before in Communist propaganda handouts.

Did Aptheker, as a Marxist theoretician, discuss the Sino-Soviet split with some of his very astute North Vietnamese counterparts? Did he discuss it with Chinese intellectuals on the way to Hanoi, or on the way from it? Did he meet any North Vietnamese "doves," or at least, were there several varieties of "hawks"? As for the rest, Aptheker is simply not a very good reporter. The "Liaison Committee" installed in Mme. Nhu's old villa is not identified further; though it could be either the committee for liaison with the tri-national International Control Commission, or the overt liaison office with the South Vietnamese NLF. The unidentified heroine of the NLF is the well known Mlle. Ta-Thi-Kieu. The wooden piles shown in the Historical Museum in Hanoi did not block Haiphong harbor in 800 A.D., but the Red River in 1287. And if Prime Minister Pham Van Dong's birthplace (it is the imperial capital of Hué, where his father was a senior mandarin) can be described as being "near Pleiku," then Washington could be described as being "near Muncie, Indiana."

A whole chapter is devoted to berating President ("Two-Bomb Harry") Truman, indicating that the author still has not recovered from the emotional scars of the McCarthy era, but it adds nothing to our knowledge of North Vietnam. It is a pity if Aptheker failed as badly in conveying to the North Vietnamese leaders the *real* mood in the United States as he does here in conveying to Americans the realities of what must be going on in North Vietnam.

The same cannot be said, fortunately, for Cameron. Here is a trained journalist, with a keen eye for the relevant detail and with background experience in North Vietnam during the French debacle (and there is no possibility of understanding Hanoi today unless one can make that comparison).

Cameron openly takes a stand on the war itself. He admits to his "galloping disenchantment with the Labour Party," and defines the "existing American-Vietnamese war [as] both imbecile and brutal, and . . . corrupting both sides." But all the requirements of sound reporting are met: names, places, verbatim quotations, and, above all, questions. *Time* did a particularly nasty job on Cameron, calling him a "conduit [*sic*] for North Vietnamese propaganda." While here and there Cameron displays a certain naïveté, that charge can be dismissed. Cameron recognizes the cute staging of a female-crewed antiaircraft battery, dismisses North Vietnamese claims of having shot down close to 1,000 American planes as "uncheckable," questions the standard line that the Hanoi regime had eliminated want and disease; and even tries to warn the North Vietnamese against an exaggerated belief in the power of the American peace wing to sway President Johnson from his charted path.

He eschews simple-minded anti-Americanism as he sympathetically describes an interview with a downed American pilot, and states an explanation of the consequences of American bombing which needs to be quoted in the light of our recent fear that American pilots were to be tried by Hanoi:

> I do not believe that the Americans set out to bomb homes and hospitals; if they had wished to do so it would have been extremely easy to do so. Nevertheless it is a fact that homes and hospitals have been destroyed by their bombs. I do not think the strategic thinkers of the United States Air Force intended to wage war on the peasants of North Vietnam; nevertheless they managed to kill quite a few.

That was a fact six months ago, and is a fact now, of course. In one of the few instances in which Aptheker provides useful information, he confirms from his own observation Cameron's account of the destruction in the large (over 100,000 inhabitants) textile town of Nam-Dinh, and in Thanh-Hoa. The point is *not*, at this juncture, that such targets should not have been hit at all—but that they *were* hit, albeit accidentally (if that was the case), and that this is being *denied* in Washington, at a time when dozens of Westerners have seen this destruction with their own eyes. It greatly adds to the credibility gap surrounding all official announcements connected with the war.

As for the net effect of the bombing raids, Cameron, with his British "blitz" experience, gives what promises to be a correct assessment when he says that North Vietnamese industrialization was not sufficiently advanced to engage more than 5 per cent of the population. Its destruction, therefore, would not affect the country as drastically as similar destructions would in the West, but he does not seem to have taken into consideration the possibility of bombing North Vietnam's major dike systems out of existence. When this was done in part in 1944-45 by the U.S. Air Force to keep the crop from going to the Japanese, 1 million Vietnamese starved to death in the North in the ensuing floods and the drought which followed. On July 11, the pro-American *L'Express* reported from Paris that between February and June, 1966, close to 500 small dikes allegedly were destroyed by bombings.

One incident in connection with the editing of the American edition of the book (it was originally published in Britain) bears telling. On page 109, Cameron spoke of a fuselage fragment marked "B-50." When I read the book in the British edition, I informed the publisher of the nonexistence of B-50s and suggested a check with the author. Whatever was done merely piled one mistake on top of another: the American version of the book now states "B-52," although no B-52 Stratofortresses have thus far operated that far north or were shot down. But the mystery of the "B-50" was suddenly cleared up for me when *The New York Times Magazine* of July 11 illustrated an article of mine on North Vietnam with a cover photo purchased from Cameron, which indeed shows a North Vietnamese carrying a plane fragment with the number ". . . 50" on it. The first number, which may have been an 8 or a 3, had broken in half, and Cameron had mistaken the American serial number of the aircraft as a type identification. But this does not absolve the editors for having let the author commit a historical "howler" on page 23, when he asserts that the Vietnamese were fighting the "Empire of Siam" 2,000 years ago: Siam emerged as a state only 700 years ago.

Such small lapses, however, in no way detract from the power of Cameron's personal observations, such as his interview with North Vietnamese Prime Minister Pham Van Dong. When questioned by Cameron on the effect of the bombings, Dong said: "I'm not acting when I say that I am obliged to cry—literally cry—at the suffering and the losses. And they will get worse, make no mistake. . . ."

There are few chiefs of government around these days who have the guts to admit they can still cry.

MAURICE SAMUEL
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Should Harlem 'Secede'?

FROM RACE RIOT TO SIT-IN: 1919 and the 1960s. *By Arthur I. Waskow. Doubleday & Co. 380 pp. $5.95.*

HOWARD ZINN

Mr. Zinn is the author of The Southern Mystique *(Knopf),* SNCC: The New Abolitionists *(Beacon), and a forthcoming volume,* New Deal Thought *(Bobbs-Merrill). He teaches courses in political theory and civil liberties at Boston University.*

Never has it been so necessary to penetrate and dissect the hypocrisy of this nation on the question of violence. Witness the alarm on all sides at the suggestion that a Negro under direct attack should defend himself (an idea not even radical enough to merit the term "civil disobedience"). And witness the limp acceptance of the Administration's assertion that dropping bombs on peasant villages and fishing boats on the other side of the world is an act of self-defense.

We need constantly to shuttle from one area of inquiry to another to gain the advantage of perspective. And this is one of the contributions of Arthur Waskow's thoughtful, probing book, *From Race Riot to Sit-In,* where the riots of 1919 and the demonstrations of the 1960s provide material for examining the larger problem of violence both in race relations and in world affairs.

Arthur Waskow is part of a growing group of young scholars who, refusing to stay in place, embody three qualities: excellence in professional skills (he is a historian); a personal commitment to social justice (Waskow has been in places where it counted); and a willingness to use the first on behalf of the second. His book, *A Worried Man's Guide to World Peace,* brought these traits to bear on international conflict. Since then, he and his colleagues at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington have done pioneering work in pointing scholarly research at important political problems.

From Race Riot to Sit-In should be read not as the culmination of Waskow's thinking but as one stage in the development of an important writer's view of social change. The book was written just before the Watts riot of 1965 and just before the rapid escalation of the war in Vietnam; its underlying concern that we need both social change and a minimization of violence is now even more pertinent.

The first part of the book is an account and analysis of the race riots of 1919 (there were twenty-five in that year), focusing on three major ones: in Washington, in Chicago and in rural Arkansas. In a "riot," Negroes respond violently to an immediate hurt or a long-standing one, and there are casualties on both sides. This is different from a "pogrom" (like the New York draft riots of 1863), where there is a one-sided attack by whites upon Negroes. The 1919 riots, coming after a long brutal period of lynching and helplessness (what Rayford Logan calls "the nadir") established, Waskow says, that Negroes would fight back.

He notes two other facts about the 1919 riots: the bias of the police, and the failure of the national government to act. That in 1966 both points remain substantially true stands as an indictment of the American way of life, for this way of life includes what academicians have fondly pointed to as shining medallions of liberal democracy: pluralism and federalism. Pluralism, under the guise of dispersing power, allows power to collect in the hands of multiple private elites, of which General Motors and the White Citizens Council are only two outstanding examples. Federalism, under the guise of "balance," has enabled every genial liberal in the Department of Justice—Robert Kennedy, Nicholas Katzenbach, Burke Marshall, the whole bunch—to stand aside while local police either committed or abetted violence to the point of murder.

There is a long line of legal fallacy and political cowardice, from Theodore Roosevelt (in the anti-Negro outbreaks of Statesboro, Ga., and Atlanta, Ga., 1904 and 1906), Woodrow Wilson (in the East St. Louis massacre of 1917) and Franklin D. Roosevelt (in his failure to push anti-lynch legislation), up to John F. Kennedy and now Lyndon Johnson. In all these cases, "federalism" was the disguise for unconcern. This was dramatized recently by the sight of deputy sheriff Cecil Price, whom the federal government itself accused of complicity in the triple murder of 1964, supervising the Negro march through Neshoba County in accord with Attorney General Katzenbach's faith that local police forces would keep the peace.

Arthur Waskow is interested in substituting violence for other means of effecting social change, and he finds this taking place in the 1960s. At that time, war had once again loosened the social fabric, and the Negro turned to a set of techniques, inaccurately and romantically labeled as "nonviolence," but much better described by Waskow's fine phrase, "creative disorder." I see this not as a "replacement" (for the riots continue) but as part of the Negro's wandering, frantic search for a solution. Clearly, the demonstrations of the 1960s have not been enough: the Negro remains subject to private violence and police brutality while the President looks away; the overwhelming majority of Negroes remain economically desperate and segregated in spite of poverty programs and civil rights laws.

Hence, the search continues. The federal government will probably not begin truly guarding Negroes against violence until they take arms for their own protection. This is the understanding behind the current talk about "self-defense" (which, Waskow reminds us, is a persistent theme in the history of Negro thought). And those drastic solutions which alone can reorganize and redistribute the immense wealth of this country will not emerge from friendly *Klatsches* at the White House, but in the formation of pockets of pressure outside, nourished by the anger of the dispossessed. The new talk of "black power" is, I think, an imperfect attempt to define this need; the racist implications which some people (on both sides) draw from this will fade only if a genuinely radical political program is clarified.

In the second half of his book, Waskow makes a start toward fulfilling that objective he talks of earlier, "to make the study of past issues illuminate present ones." He devotes brief, stimulating chapters to: various approaches to the double problem of injustice and violence; the role of the police; the demonstrations of the 1960s; the recent Harlem riots; the tactics of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at the 1964 Democratic Convention. His final chapter, which is only a suggestive beginning, makes the jump to the international scene. There are no ready-made solutions, but he points to the problem: how to change the world without war.

Waskow's call for more thought on the techniques of "creative disorder" should be heeded. It should be evident by now that the normal processes of liberal compromise politics—voting, writing a letter to one's Congressman—are just enough to expiate middle-class guilt, but not nearly enough to change the status of the Negro to the point where he can both *be* and *feel* equal. Furthermore, even the demonstrative tactics of the 1960s only brought forth America's historic way of dealing with agitation: belated protestations of good will; a scurrying to pass some laws; a careful raking in of movement leaders by the grand croupier in the White House in order to swell the consensus and leave the malcontents outside.

Those left outside, if they can somehow avoid being crushed or dispersed, will have to go further. It is not simply a matter of increasing the quantity of disorder, because nothing is more disorderly than a riot. Yet its lasting value is small, for it is uncontrolled and has no follow-up; it is a release of fury followed by a calm restoration of the *status quo ante*. Somehow, the useful elements in "creative disorder" need to be identified, so they can be regrouped in imaginative new combinations.

For instance, demonstrations are most effective when they point silently to specific needs and specific solutions—when, by showing what is needed, they

Pacifism and Nonviolence

THE PACIFIST CONSCIENCE. *Edited by Peter Mayer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 478 pp. $7.95.*

An anthology, world-wide in scope, dealing with the application of traditional nonviolent techniques to contemporary social problems and world peace. Peter Mayer concentrates on classic writings by Lao-tzu, Buddha and the early Christians, as well as historic and contemporary Western commentators from the early Quakers to Camus and Martin Luther King, Jr.

NONVIOLENCE IN AMERICA: A Documentary History. *Edited by Staughton Lynd. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 535 pp. $7.50.*

A remarkable collection by Prof. Staughton Lynd, a noted political activist in his own right, which clearly defines both the variety and the continuity of nonviolent idealism in the United States. Asserting that America "has more often been the teacher than the student of the nonviolent idea," he documents his thesis with selections from the Colonial Quakers, the abolitionists, the anarchists of the late 19th century, the pacifist progressives of the early 20th century, the militants of the American labor movement, and contemporary leaders of the modern peace and civil rights movements.

NEGRO PROTEST THOUGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. *Edited by Francis L. Broderick and August Meier. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 444 pp. $7.50.*

A survey of the nonviolent approach to the modern American civil rights movement from Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. DuBois to Martin Luther King, Jr., Bayard Rustin and the "black power" controversy within the civil rights movement.

DOCUMENTS OF UPHEAVAL. *Edited by Truman Nelson. Hill & Wang. 294 pp. $5.95.*

An anthology from William Lloyd Garrison's *The Liberator*, illustrating Garrison's deep ethical commitment to abolition within the context of pacifism and the general issues of his time. Truman Nelson points out that "all the great questions of the day found utterance in *The Liberator:* Transcendentalism, the citizen's relation to the state, the right of resistance, the higher-law thesis, the pleas and reasons for freedom, the problem of individual versus collective action, violence versus nonviolence, women's rights. The genesis of the utopian-communist movement which, in the 1840's, brought to life some sixty or seventy colonies based on communal living is recorded more clearly in *The Liberator* than in any other source."

PRISON NOTES. *By Barbara Deming. Grossman Publishers. 185 pp. $4.95.*

Part of the famous Canada-to-Cuba interracial peace march of 1963-64, Barbara Deming and some thirty companions were imprisoned in Albany, Ga., for two months, during which they resisted the rigors of jail by fasting and other nonviolent techniques. The episode made a lasting impact upon the thinking of the Albany Movement and other nonpacifist Negro civil rights groups in the South, and helped to speed the integration of the peace cause into various civil rights programs. A graphic testimonial of the harrowing experiences of idealists in a primitive Southern jail, illustrated with on-the-scene photographs of the participants.

HENRY M. CHRISTMAN

emotionally move both onlookers and participants. The sit-ins and Freedom Rides did this. So did those hungry, homeless Mississippi Negroes who last Christmas occupied empty Air Force buildings in Greenville. If people living in cold cubicles in Harlem would occupy those magnificently warm and clean buildings constructed downtown for advertising offices and insurance companies, if Washington Negroes would "move in" to the new House Office Building, if Roxbury Negroes would take up residence in the lavish and comfortable Prudential Building in Boston—it might point up the absurd expenditure of hundreds of millions for business enterprise and the neglect of human habitation.

Setting up *parallels* to unsatisfactory official bodies, and new ones where they are needed (right up to Congress, the Supreme Court and an international war crimes tribunal) has infinite possibilities. If Negroes set up their own "police force" in Philadelphia, Miss., the Attorney General might begin to rethink his narrow view of "federalism." If Harlem and Roxbury "seceded" (Warren Miller's book, *The Siege of Harlem,* should be taken at least half-seriously) and set up their own "government," it might bring worry —and action—in high places. Community-appointed citizens' committees could supervise police, set price controls, and otherwise try to counter the power of corporations and local government.

We need to single out what is potent in the idea of "disorder." It is not the volume of violence, for the history of man shows oceans of blood spilled with the most piteous results: it is the fabrication of situations where decision makers are forced to make difficult choices because power has been skillfully focused, and where they will surrender what is wanted because the alternative is even more undesirable. Such assaults—a kind of political guerrilla warfare—will bring recurring invitations (as now) to join the benign power holders. The problem is to resist being submerged in coalition, to build diverse nuclei of power until such time as the new forces are strong enough to be more than equal in the coalition.

All of this is random and primitive speculation on my part, in line with Arthur Waskow's exhortation to think about the tactics of "creative disorder." We will need far more creativity in the quest for new ways of disturbing the Establishment. And this will require a joint effort of concerned intellectuals and those whose daily lives supply the passion for a new politics of protest.

Paradoxical American Radical

HINTON ROWAN HELPER: Abolitionist-Racist. *By Hugh C. Bailey. Southern Historical Publications No. 7. University of Alabama Press. 241 pp. $6.95.*

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Associate professor of history at Rutgers University, Mr. Genovese is the author of The Political Economy of Slavery *(Pantheon). He is a member of the editorial boards of* Studies on the Left *and* The Journal of Social History.

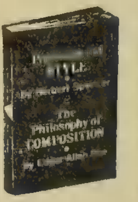
At first glance it seems curious that radical and Left-liberal historians, so many of whom have made a tiresome career out of resurrecting heroes for the Pantheon of the American Opposition, have overlooked Hinton Rowan Helper. Helper (1829-1909) was the antebellum South's most militant anti-slavery radical. Professor Bailey, in this able study of his career —there is not enough material available for a full biography—describes him as "a statistical fanatic, abolitionist, militant racist, Republican propagandist, ardent patriot, international railway projector, and promoter of inter-American co-operation"; he might have added, on the strength of the evidence he has so skillfully organized, "imperialist, religious bigot and American chauvinist." Perhaps the negative side explains the chariness of Left historians in claiming him, but for better or worse he is surely one of their own. These paradoxes may be treated as the attributes of a peculiar individual; to his credit, Bailey properly assigns them no less to Helper's class and regional moorings.

Helper grew up in a yeoman family in the Federalist-Whig small-farm region of North Carolina. He attended elementary school and then went to work for a storekeeper; he was, in short, largely self-educated. In 1850 he left North Carolina for New York, where the acquisitive and Philistine predilections of his lower-middle-class origins were greatly reinforced. To the end of his bustling life he remained a Southern yeoman who had liberated himself from the plantation ideology and thrown himself unreservedly into the virtuous world of bourgeois success and progress.

Helper's fame flows from his book, *The Impending Crisis of the South: How to Meet It* (1857), which to this day deserves to rank as one of the harshest calls to class war ever written. The burden of its argument lies in its economic indictment of slavery and in its insistence that the non-slaveholding whites were the system's worst victims.

Before writing *The Impending Crisis,* Helper left New York in quest of California gold. He failed but did get a chance to see something of South and Central America en route to the West Coast. In California, as in Latin America, he judged everything and everyone through shocked puritanical eyes. Confronted with frontier violence, he recoiled at the disorder and, in the best American tradition, soon became a partisan of Judge Lynch and the frontier's own version of the Higher Law. As Bailey trenchantly observes: "None of the disgust he found in the brutality of the bull fight was present when he saw swift justice administered to renegade human beings." (It is remarkable how very much alike Americans of all political persuasions are during such moments—how very American!)

Returning east via Nicaragua, Helper became convinced of the necessity of an isthmian canal and became one of its earliest champions. Back in North Carolina he pursued this interest in national and international economic progress in a book about his California experience, *The Land of Gold, Reality versus Fiction.* The book was somewhat self-serving and displayed some of the unfairness that was to characterize everything he wrote; it was nonetheless a useful corrective to the absurdly optimistic reports then abounding about California. Two features of the book are of special interest. Helper dismissed the gold boom as a passing affair and linked the state's development to the completion of a transcontinental railway, the development of harbors and the



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HATRED OF MEN WITH BLACK HAIR

I hear voices praising Tsombe, and the Portuguese
In Angola, these are the men who skinned Little Crow!
We are all their sons, skulking
In Back rooms, selling nails with trembling hands!

We distrust every person on earth with black hair;
We have men overturning governments;
We train natives to kill Presidents with blowdarts;
We have men loosening the nails on Noah's ark.

The State Department floats in the heavy jellies near the bottom
Like exhausted crustaceans, like squids who are confused,
Sending out beams of black light to the open sea,
Fighting its fraternal feeling for the great landlords.

We send violet rays that light up the friendly populations;
We are teaching the children of ritual, the forest
Children, to overcome their longing for life, and we send
Sparks of black light that fit the holes in the generals' eyes.

Underneath all the cement of the Pentagon
There is a drop of Indian blood preserved in snow:
Preserved from a trail of blood that once led away
From the stockade, over the snow, the trail now lost.

ROBERT BLY

growth of a many-sided commercialism. This concern with steady, diversified industry, rather than money crops, carried over into his indictment of slavery. That indictment made a brief, cautious appearance in the manuscript of *The Land of Gold,* but was removed in deference to the sensibilities of his Southern publisher. Thus, when *The Impending Crisis* appeared in 1857, it was a great shock to his Southern friends, who may or may not have known of his anti-slavery bias but who could not have suspected its extremity, much less the sense of bitter personal involvement.

Helper again went north, this time to write *The Impending Crisis,* which appeared in 1857, was reissued in 1860, and in between (1859) was brought out in a popular abridgment or *Compendium.* The second edition and the *Compendium* toned down some of the radicalism of language and content, especially the proposal for taxing slaveholders for each slave instead of compensating them. With this modest concession to the moderates, the book could and did serve as a campaign document for the Republican Party in 1860. Its sponsorship cost Rep. John Sherman of Ohio the speakership in a bitter contest in 1859-60 that greatly inflamed sectional passions. That fight demonstrated Southern alarm over Helper's message, as did the widespread arrests, expulsions and violence committed against Southerners caught reading or distributing the book.

And the message of this dangerous book? *The Impending Crisis,* as Bailey says, was "both an economic comparison of Northern and Southern society . . . and a militant abolitionist document demanding uncompensated emancipation." It was quite appropriately dedicated to "The Non-Slaveholding Whites of the South." In essence, Helper described the Southern economy as colonial and charged that the mass of the people had slipped into poverty and degradation. The cause he found in slavery, which drove whites off the best land, degraded labor and encouraged idleness, tied up capital in an inefficient labor force, retarded the development of markets, and kept the people in ignorance.

Helper's solution was delightfully straightforward. The slaveholders had robbed the helpless, inferior Negroes for generations and had indirectly exploited the white masses. They richly deserved anything meted out to them in punishment, and he hinted that if "the lords of the lash" resisted, little mercy ought to be shown them. Still, the issue ought to he resolved peacefully if possible. He advocated immediate, uncompensated emancipation, removal of the blacks to Africa or Haiti, and a tax on every slaveholder to pay for the removal. Then the South could be returned to the democratic white masses who, freed from slavery's stifling effects, could develop the economic and social life of the region. The whites had been asleep. Helper's call to class war was meant to rouse them and prepare them for their high destiny: "Where free thought is treason, the masses will not long take the trouble to think at all."

There are two sides to Helper's particular anti-slavery bent. Bailey subtly makes his reader aware of both, but his discussion stops where it might have begun. "Essentially," Bailey writes, "Helper was seeking to stimulate the small farmers and laborers of the South to conduct the type of revolt which the Tillmans, Bleases, and Longs led in later generations." Second, as Bailey demonstrates in his treatment of the postwar years, Helper hoped to raise the South to a major place in an expanding American empire. He thus formed a counterpart to the Sewards, who dreamed of such an empire and saw the slave power as an obstacle to national unity and consolidation. For much of the anti-slavery movement, North and South, the emancipation of the Negro was a necessary prelude to the establishment of American world hegemony. Yet Bailey is not altogether fair in linking Helper to the demagogic leaders of the New South's white Democracy. In their day the power of Northern capital over the South was firm, and they had no answer for it. Their raucous polemics against the Black Belt aristocracy and the money power ended, at best, in paltry reforms bought at the price of discouraging badly needed capital investment. They inherited backwardness and passed it on to their children after first annointing it with Negrophobic holy water and small doses of white welfare. When Helper wrote, Northern capital had not yet swept everything before it; in effect, he hoped the Southern yeomen would carry through a bourgeois revolution sufficiently thorough to allow the South to confront the North as an equal and a partner. He was a true radical. And simultaneously he was a prophet of American imperialism. He was a true liberal democrat. And simultaneously he was a fanatical racist. If these are contradictions, we shall have to make the best of them, for they define Helper and much of the South's yeoman democracy, much as their equivalents define America's ambiguous democratic tradition, which has ever been imperialist, racist and brutal, while it has simultaneously propelled the world to new heights of material progress and personal freedom.

As early as 1861, Helper planned to write a book to persuade Americans to expel Negroes from their national life. While serving as consul at Buenos Aires during the war, he decided that the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples had to take over Latin America. His stay also convinced him—if he needed further convincing—that Catholicism was a blight on the world and that the spread of Anglo-Saxon power would alone be justified by the attendant spread of Protestantism. By 1867 he was ready with his indictment of the Negro race.

Nojoque, A Question for the Continent presented the case for Negro inferiority and the justification of Negro expulsion. A year later he brought out *The Negroes in Negroland,* which claimed to prove scientifically the savagery of the Africans. In 1877, Helper stopped in Dakar for six hours and found, during this exhaustive investigation, final proof that Africans were beyond redemption. By this time he was not quite an advocate of genocide; he thought that rigid segregation and the workings of natural laws would lead to the disappearance of this inferior race.

It is worth noting that racist views like those of Helper were harshly denounced by the Southern ruling class before and after the war. The abolitionists, wrote the brilliant pro-slavery theorist, George Fitzhugh, in the 1850s, do not desire the liberation of the Negro but his extermination. How, he asked, do they propose to take care of a people that the country manifestly does not want? How do they propose to have these people survive in a market place for which they are not fitted and in which they are not welcome? (These are still good questions.) Helper's postwar rantings ran into scornful reviews in traditional Southern circles, despite the support they lent the fight against the radical Republicans. No Christian, wrote one distinguished conservative, could tolerate such brutal disregard of a defenseless people. It is, in any case, a depressing fact that the onward march of liberal democracy in the South has been a racist march for as long as we have record. The hands of the upper classes and their conservative spokesmen have been drenched with black blood, but for all that, whatever sense of racial unity the South has, or has ever had (if we exclude a brief moment in the early history of Populism), has formed part of its conservative tradition.

Helper's later career by no means was a simple capitulation to reaction. He insisted on making life hard for us. Thus he attacked the growth of monopoly, advocated civil service reform, and supported the National Labor Union. While engaging in these praiseworthy activities, he found time to continue his Negro baiting and his anti-Catholicism (perhaps to the discomfort of his Argentinian Catholic wife), to call for a grand imperialist program to absorb all North and Central America, and to attempt to win official support for his Three-Americas Railway.

The Three-Americas Railway proved his personal undoing. By 1899 he was virtually bankrupt from having sunk his fortune into attempts to promote the line, which in a sense was an early version of the Pan-American Highway. By then he was almost blind, and his wife and son left him to return to Buenos Aires. Finally, in 1909, alone and forgotten, a tired and clearly paranoid old dreamer, he took his own life. Poor Helper came too soon: American imperialism did not yet need ideologues with radical credentials.

Of his farsighted railway scheme Bailey writes: "To Helper, this was the means to an end—the one way to destroy the inferior, non-Caucasian, Catholic civilization of Latin America and replace it with the sort of people and culture which predominated in the United States." There we have it: Helper by no means proceeded from radicalism to reaction. There was in his earliest and most determined radicalism always a prevailing fascination for the *mystique* of national expansion and hegemony. Even his acute racism was only one part of a greater white American chauvinism. If we have one "lesson" to draw from the embittered life of this talented, brave, and in his own way principled man, it is the sad awareness of how little modern crusades for reform, or even revolution, are worth when they remain within the grasp of that most alluring, deceptive and sophisticated of whores—The National Interest.

Goat Gambit at the University

GILES GOAT-BOY. *By John Barth. Doubleday & Co. 710 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

John Barth's literary stock is currently high. He is getting the full treatment — small-magazine articles, interviews, questionnaires — by the literary/journalistic establishment. To Leslie Fiedler, for example, Barth seems "the best, the most achieved" in the new generation of American novelists. The judgment is based upon the solid achievements of his first three novels, *The Floating Opera* (1956), *The End of the Road* (1958) and *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960). Barth's new novel, *Giles Goat-Boy or, The Revised New Syllabus,* is an attempt to extend his vision in a bizarre stylistic construct. This ambitious work again calls into question the high evaluation of his stock. Where it was solid, preferred, it may now seem inflated, overextended.

Barth is a novelist of ideas who has consistently undercut the validity of basing human behavior too closely upon intellectual preconceptions. In Barth's first novel, Todd Andrews decides his life (law) and love (cuckolding) are without meaning. Logically, he decides to commit suicide. However, circumstances teach him that pure logic is deficient; while there is no reason not to kill himself there is, on the other hand, no reason why he should. On this slim thread of paradox he lives. The logical Joe Morgan, of Barth's second novel, is balanced by the near-mad narrator, Jacob Horner. Morgan urges his wife, Rennie, to follow his reasoning and make love to Horner who, in turn, urges on her the wisdom of his heart. Between them she is destroyed. In his third novel Barth breaks from naturalism—*The Sot-Weed Factor* is a vast, surrealistic reapprehension of historical reality—but not from the thematic concerns of rationalism/irrationalism. Ebenezer Cooke tries to confront the absurdities of 18th-century colonial reality by adhering to an inflexible persona, The Chaste Poet, and finds that he must give up both chastity and poetry before he can win love or art. In each case intellectual preconception gives way under the press of circumstances. Logic yields to paradox.

These areas are extended in *Giles Goat-Boy*. The setting is not naturalistic; this is another world which reflects, by refraction, our own. The universe is The University in this, the penultimate academic novel. (Those critics who feared that our novelists in residence might suffer from insufficient contact with the "real" world are here told that the central reality of American life *is* the University, the largest American industry.) After Campus Riots I and II, West Campus and East Campus are locked in a Quiet Riot preserved by a balance of terror between WESCAC (West Campus Automatic Computer) and EASCAC, self-programing machines with the power to EAT the whole University in a computer holocaust. Students talk of Graduation; some believe in it, some don't. Years are semesters, the earth is the campus and the ultimate put-down is "Flunk you!" These are the terms the novel lives in. An engaging young man decides to venture forth from his province, the goat farm where he was raised, and Matriculate. He will be a man, not a goat; he will be a savior, he decides, and descend into the Belly of WESCAC to change its AIM and, thus, free all studentdom for Commencement. "I'm going to be a hero," he says. Like Barth's other heroes he develops an intellectual position to fulfill his role. "I declared that

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the first reality of life on campus must be the clear distinction between Passage and Failure, the former of which was always and only passèd, the latter flunked." This results in chaos on campus so he develops another stance; he discovers "the only true Passage-Way. Embrace!" Obliterate all distinctions and affirm a "seamless University."

His second idea is not much more successful than the first. Though he descends three times into the Belly of WESCAC, remains unEATen and has disciples who preach his doctrine—*The Revised New Syllabus* is its testament—his savior role is undercut. The novel ends with the 33-year-old Goat-Boy approaching nihilism. "Cycle on cycles, ever unwinding: like my watch; like the reels of this machine [a tape records and WESCAC compiles the narration of the novel] like the University itself. Unwind, rewind, replay." The Goat-Boy's linear heroic quest of salvation has ended in the ambiguities of circular repetition. Once again the theoretical formulations of potential human heroes are qualified by the irrational realities of circumstances. Ideas can no more contain the University than they could hold the worlds of Barth's early novels.

Giles Goat-Boy echoes analogues from the tradition of epic heroes. Giles (Grand-Tutorial Ideal, Laboratory Eugenical Specimen) redefines the quests of Odysseus, Aeneas, Christ and Dante in his own terms. The central heroic comparison is Oedipus. Giles attends a performance of *The Tragedy of Taliped Decanus,* which is a witty "imitation" of *Oedipus Rex,* given in University terms. "Cadmus College has gone to pot"; Taliped is "hung up again with riddles!" Like Oedipus he wonders "who the flunk *am* I" and learns, at great cost. The chorus underlines the price of heroic endeavor by warning the audience that "every silver lining has a cloud." Like Taliped, Giles wins self-definition but brings new troubles to his land.

To place Barth's effort in quite different terms we could see Giles in relation to the polar definitions of the contemporary American hero in Bellow's *Herzog* and Mailer's *An American Dream.* By protracted actions and desperate self-analysis Herzog attains equipoise; by frenetic actions (murder, anal eroticism) and spasmodic reflections Jack "Raw Jock" Rojack creates himself anew. Barth draws a hero who combines painful introspection ("self-knowledge is always bad news," Giles is told) and apocalyptic sex with both goats and girls to penetrate the final reality. As Dante saw God with Beatrice's help, Giles has Anastasia—his Disciple of Innocence—in the Belly of WESCAC and experiences a climactic vision. " 'Wonderful!' I cried. For though the place was lightless. . .

in Anastasia I discovered the University whole and clear."

The novel lives not in just such lofty analogues. *Everything* is here, high and low—from the *Divine Comedy* to *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*—as though Joyce lived again. Lucius Rexford, Chancellor, combines the daily beauty of Kennedy with the pompous moderation of Eisenhower. Peter Greene, who will play Peter to Giles's Christ, is a combination of Huck Finn (sexier than Huck, he makes it with Old Black George's daughter) and Milo Minderbinder, of *Catch-22,* who makes a buck from war. Ira Hector is another Goldwater: "charity be flunked . . . every man for himself!" Giles first sees Anastasia standing by water, holding up her dress in an echo of Stephen's *Portrait* epiphany; but Anastasia has it *all* the way up, escutcheon bared. She is not only Beatrice but Candy too, ready to give it away to make anybody happy. Even her oh-gee diction echoes Candy: "I don't *like* this Conscious Depravity business. It's been a *very* upsetting day!" Anastasia says. While Barth has gone to the classical tradition to give substance to his hero's quest, he has not neglected the rutty vernacular and wit which give vitality to American fiction. This background helps set Giles's quest as classically heroic, and black-humored, anti-heroic at the same time. He tries to be another, better Christ (Enos Enoch), while still "a goat, a gimp, Chance's ward and creature."

This, then, is Barth's intention in *Giles Goat-Boy,* to create a not so brave new world in a witty, grandly imagined construct. Within the limits of The University—"no program in Herohood was listed in the Undergraduate Catalogue"—Giles wins self-definition as a not quite successful savior. Barth's execution of this intention, however, is another matter. He seems so absorbed by the intellectual superstructure of his house of fiction, themes and analogues that he often neglects to create a surface, pleasing in its own right. He insists that we break through surface too quickly. For all the outrageous happenings we are less involved in what occurs—as we are, say, in *The Odyssey*—than with what it all *means*—as with *The Aeneid.* Except for Giles, Barth's characters remain factors in an ideographic pattern. Asceticism balances with Appetitiveness, Depravity with Vulnerable Magnanimity, Scapegoatery with Innocence, and so on. Events in the novel too clearly parallel or exactly contradict Giles's momentary intellectual stance. Barth, like his own heroes, overvalues ideas. If it is an intellectual's sentimentality to think that ideas make things happen, isn't it equally mistaken to tie the novel too tightly to the tail of ideas? Barth's style seems to ignore his own thematic conclusions. Despite his inventiveness he never allows the surface reality of his novel to take off on a life of its own. Because ideas are primary they become tedious, more argument than vision in over 700 weighty pages.

Barth has expressed high praise for Jorgé Luis Borges' *Ficciones* as "the most memorable" work of the past ten years "because the most technically and metaphysically sympathetic to my own musings." But Borges works in miniatures, embodying metaphysics in brief, biting parables. "Why take five hundred pages," Borges asks, "to develop an idea whose oral demonstration fits into a few minutes?" *Giles Goat-Boy* would have benefited if Barth had either taken this advice or subsumed his ideas in a more persuasive narrative line.

Despite its problems *Giles Goat-Boy* remains a vast, rich effort by a major writer. However this work affects his literary stock it should be read by anyone concerned with the wide-ranging scope and vitality of contemporary American fiction. If, in this novel, ideas get the better of Barth he should be judged by the ambitious manliness of his wrestling with a central creative problem as well as by his fall.

Theatre: The Midwest

JULIUS NOVICK

On July 13 of this year, Mayor Daley announced plans for a new resident professional theatre in Chicago, to cost between $5-$10 million, and to be in operation within three years. It's about time. People are accustomed to thinking of Chicago (with its Art Institute, its symphony orchestra, its opera company, its commercial theatres and cabarets) as the cultural and entertainment capital of the Midwest, but several attempts to start a resident professional theatre there have failed. Meanwhile, a resident theatre has turned the flat town of Minneapolis into a cultural center of national importance, and from Cincinnati to Winnipeg resident theatres are becoming fixtures in the lives of small but growing percentages of the local citizenry.

Cincinnati has had its Playhouse in the Park since 1960, when a little pavilion in Eden Park was turned into a neat thrust-stage theatre: an indoor auditorium surrounded by porches and lawns that serve as lobbies. Located on top of a steep hill overlooking the city, the Playhouse is difficult to reach except by car; this tends, of course, to cut it off from poorer Cincinnatians, but nearly all resident theatres, however easy of access, are middle- and upper-class institutions (except for their student programs). And since the Playhouse runs at something better than 95 per cent of capacity, it is reaching all the people it can presently cope with. It will shortly begin a campaign to raise $800,000 for a new 600-seat theatre (the present one seats 227). The projected theatre will not, for a change, be part of a new performing arts center downtown; it will be located in Eden Park, adjacent to the old theatre (which will be kept for small-scale productions).

Since Eden Park is probably the pleasantest place in Cincinnati on a summer evening, the Playhouse season very logically extends from April through August. But Brooks Jones, who runs the theatre, does not consider it his function merely to provide light summer entertainment. This year he opened with *Man and Superman,* which was followed by a double bill of *Benito Cereno,* from Robert Lowell's trilogy *The Old Glory,* and Edward Albee's *The American Dream*: a witty coupling, since Lowell's play (based on the novella by Herman Melville) is also concerned with the ambiguities of the American Dream. When *Charley's Aunt* opened in July—as a sort of breather between the American première of Giraudoux's *Sodom and Gomorrah,* and the American première of *Eh?* by the British writer Henry Livings—the Playhouse was attacked in a local paper for letting down its standards and allowing frivolity and escapism to creep in. But there are standards in farce as in anything else, and *Charley's Aunt,* with its combination of sure-fire hilarity and Victorian charm, is one of the best.

The Playhouse gave *Charley's Aunt* a happy production. True, the juveniles, though pleasant enough, somewhat lacked crispness. True, one of the ingénues seemed to be doing an introverted Method-thing that had a certain hesitant charm, but had nothing to do with this brisk and extrovert play. True, several members of the cast were unable to manage an English accent, though this should be part of the equipment of any well-trained actor. But David Hooks's staging—choreography, really—was beautifully deft, and so was Ed Zang's performance as the Oxford undergraduate who is forced to disguise himself as Charley's aunt.

Until the new theatre opens, the Playhouse must be a small-scale operation. Its budget this season is only about $100,-

000: one of the smallest resident-theatre budgets in the country. (It can expect to take in only about $90,000 at the box office.) But I saw no signs of skimping, except on the men's costumes in *Charley's Aunt*. The auditorium is pleasant, the stage looked well (thanks to the ingenuity of scenic designer Douglas W. Schmidt) and Mr. Jones has some good actors working for him (though he could use a few more).

Gradually, the Playhouse is expanding its activities. In the fall, if plans work out, a "battle group" of five actors, a director and a designer from the Playhouse will be in residence at the University of Cincinnati; the university in turn will assign four graduate students to work at the Playhouse during the spring. The Rockefeller Foundation may finance this project. Then in the fall of 1968, the Playhouse, in cooperation with the local Board of Education, will present a repertory of three plays in the new theatre for high school students from all over the area. The program is designed, says Brooks Jones, to get the students "as close to theatre as they get to football."

Except for the Alley Theatre in Houston, the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre has a longer history than any resident professional company between Cleveland and the Pacific Coast. Founded in 1954 by a group of Milwaukee citizens, it was originally called the Fred Miller Theatre, after a local civic leader. Until 1961 it presented commercial Broadway plays with visiting stars. Then, says the theatre's publicity handout, "it was decided to convert the Fred Miller into a professional resident theatre, a new and exciting kind of theatre gaining great popularity in several larger cities in the United States." In other words, it had become apparent in Milwaukee that the day of the resident professional theatre, presenting the classics and serious modern plays, had at last arrived.

Nowadays the MRT's audience prefers the standard resident-theatre plays: *Uncle Vanya, Six Characters in Search of an Author, Tartuffe, Mother Courage*, anything by Shakespeare. *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* and the musical *Once upon a Mattress* both did poorly, but so did the American première of Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize*. This season, in its 346-seat theatre (a converted movie house in a residential district), the MRT played to about 80 per cent of capacity; in 1968, it will move into a new 550-seat theatre in the inevitable center for the performing arts. (As the Mayor said, in proclaiming Milwaukee Repertory Theatre Week: "The Milwaukee Repertory Theatre increases Milwaukee's prestige and competitive stature among other cities which recognize theatre as an important community asset not only for its own citizens but for attracting industry. . . .")

The MRT's productions of *Uncle Vanya* and *Mother Courage* have been greatly admired by visiting critics; in the production I saw there of *The Glass Menagerie*, however, all four parts had been miscast. *The Glass Menagerie* was directed by John A. McQuiggan, at that time the producer of the MRT. Before rehearsals began, however, it had been announced that he would not renew his contract; he is now with the Trinity Square Theatre in Providence. Tunc Yalman has recently been appointed artistic director of the MRT; presumably he will be making changes.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, is Canada's seventh largest city, with a population of 265,429 at the last census (487,000 in Greater Winnipeg). Located far out on the prairies, it is cut off from the rest of the world by blizzards in the winter, floods in the spring and sheer distance at any time. What is not available there, in the way of culture, is available nowhere for hundreds of miles; by the same token, Winnipeg's cultural institutions must function as a life line to the outside world, alleviating the city's sense of isolation, enlivening the gloom of those long winter nights. It cannot be easy to run a resident professional theatre out there in the middle of nowhere, but such a theatre is in a position to make a greater difference to the life of its community than could a theatre in a city like, say, Philadelphia.

In the summer of 1958, the Winnipeg Little Theatre, an amateur group that had recently acquired an old movie house as a home, and Theatre 77, a fledgling professional group, decided to merge. They called the new organization the Manitoba Theatre Centre: "Centre" because it "was meant to be more than a theatre"; it was to "become a focus for all theatrical energy and resources in our community." The Centre has been true to this purpose. In addition to major productions in the large theatre and experimental productions in a small studio theatre, its activities now include an annual tour, which this year took *The Fantasticks* to Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and twelve other towns in the three prairie provinces; another touring company that gave 140 performances at schools in the Winnipeg area; yet another touring company (this one not initiated by the MTC, but merely sponsored by the MTC in Manitoba) that brings French-speaking theatre to English-speaking high schools; a High School Drama Festival that this year included groups speaking English, French, German and Hebrew; the Manitoba Theatre School, which has a program of guidance visits and workshops for high school drama groups, as well as some hundreds of students of its own; a scholarship program to send talented Manitobans to the National Theatre School of Canada to prepare for professional careers; and a children's theatre that has presented half a dozen new plays. All these activities require a budget of $540,000; only about $225,000 comes in from the box office (the 828-seat theatre operates at an average of about 60 per cent of capacity), but government subsidies and private contributions make up the difference.

Unlike nearly all American theatres, the MTC does not cast its productions from the New York talent pool; it relies on Canadian actors. Several leading members of the acting company at the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespeare Festival—as good a company as exists on this continent—spend some part of the winter season at the MTC. This year for the first time the connection became official. The last two plays on the MTC schedule this spring were replaced by *Nicholas Romanov*, a new work about the Russian Revolution by a young American playwright named William Kinsolving, and *The Dance of Death* by Strindberg. *Nicholas Romanov* was directed by Michael Langham and *Dance of Death* by Jean Gascon, the artistic director and the associate director of the Stratford Festival. The plan was to move both productions to Stratford this summer. *Nicholas Romanov*, which I saw in Winnipeg, was the most lavish and expensive production in the MTC's history. It looked splendid, albeit a bit cramped, on the MTC's stage, and it was well acted by William Hutt as Czar Nicholas, Frances Hyland as the Empress Alix and Leo Ciceri as Rasputin. (All three are Stratford regulars, but all three had appeared at the MTC previously.) The play was an uninspired but competent chronicle; its central point is that Czar Nicholas was not an evil but a very ordinary man caught in a situation that was too much for him, and the dramatist did not altogether avoid the obvious danger involved in writing a play about a very ordinary man. *Nicholas Romanov* never got to Stratford; another play about the Russian Revolution was produced there instead.

The formal connection between Winnipeg and Stratford may or may not be resumed; the informal connection will undoubtedly continue. John Hirsch, until last January the MTC's artistic director, has directed at Stratford for the past two seasons, and has been mentioned as a possible successor to Michael Langham as artistic director there. (Mr. Langham has declared his intention of leaving after the 1967 season.) Mr. Hirsch is a remarkable man. He came to Winnipeg from

Hungary in 1948, a 17-year-old refugee orphan; ten years later he became one of the founders of the MTC. I shall report in a future issue on his excellent production of *Henry VI* at Stratford this summer.

In the past, the MTC's choice of repertory has been somewhat timorous; it has produced *The Solid Gold Cadillac, The Fourposter, Once More with Feeling* and a number of other commercial scripts. But it has also done, in eight seasons, three original Canadian plays and a Canadian revue as regular productions (and several more original plays in its studio theatre); few American theatres have been willing to take even that many chances with new plays. The Winnipeg audience does not seem particularly receptive to pap: the hit of the 1964-65 season was *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* which did 97 per cent of capacity; *Mother Courage* did a respectable 81 per cent. This past season, the most popular production was *The Threepenny Opera*; the Canadian première production of *Andorra*, Max Frisch's play about anti-Semitism, was not far behind. *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Tempest* also did well; *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*, the season's only concession to *Kitsch*, did not.

Edward Gilbert, who took over from Mr. Hirsch as artistic director, proposes "to lead and not follow. . . . I'm being paid, amongst other things," he says, "to offer people experiences which they are unlikely to undergo if I weren't here." So it appears that the MTC will continue to provide its patrons with a meatier diet than it dared to offer them in its earlier years.

It is astonishing, when you come to think of it, that nearly all the resident theatres were founded by people of whom nobody had ever heard, except perhaps in limited local circles. Without the resources of professional prestige, the founders were forced to begin on a very small scale, with small budgets, small, makeshift quarters, small audiences and small companies of obscure actors; most resident theatres remain small-scale operations. The great exception to all this is the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis.

The co-founder and for three years the artistic director of the Guthrie was Sir Tyrone Guthrie himself. Guthrie had had experience in starting new theatres; in 1953, after decades of success at the Old Vic, at Sadler's Wells, at Covent Garden, at Stratford-on-Avon, at the Edinburgh Festival, in the West End, on Broadway, at the Metropolitan Opera, in Tel Aviv, in Helsinki, and elsewhere, he had helped to found the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, and had made it one of the foremost theatres in the English-speaking world. His partners in the Minneapolis venture were Oliver Rea, a Broadway producer, and Peter Zeisler, a stage manager and theatre technician. All three had been successful in the commercial theatre, and all three had had just about enough of it. They determined to found a resident professional theatre somewhere in America, and invited applications from interested cities.

To bring Guthrie and his partners to Minneapolis, local citizens raised more than $2 million for a 1,437-seat theatre. (This would be the capacity of a large Broadway house; some resident theatres, even today, have less than 250 seats, and none is as large as the Guthrie.) For the first season in 1963, a company of forty-two actors was recruited; at its head were Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, George Grizzard and Rita Gam. Almost 22,000 season tickets were sold before the theatre opened, and the total paid attendance for the first season was 193,344; the operating budget was $715,000. The following year, the attendance passed the quarter-million mark, and in 1965 the theatre had its first million-dollar budget. There is some reason to believe that the Guthrie has helped Minneapolis to think of itself as a metropolis. It may be coincidence, but the presence of the Guthrie seems to have stimulated other theatrical enterprises in the Twin Cities. The Old Log Theatre, which had been producing Broadway scripts with an Equity company for many years, did better business during the Guthrie's first season than it had done in any previous summer. Theatre St. Paul, an amateur company, had been operating since 1956; in the fall of 1964 it moved into an auditorium in the new St. Paul Arts and Sciences Center, and "went Equity." After two seasons, however, Theatre St. Paul ran out of money and folded. Its future is in doubt; it may revert to amateur status, or the Guthrie may take it over.

Another local company, the Firehouse Theatre, is, so far as I know, the only genuine *avant-garde* house between New York and the West Coast. It is a Midwestern outpost of the network of New York cafés, workshops and church groups that is known as off-off-Broadway. Its artistic director, Sydney Schubert Walter, came from the Open Theatre in New York, and many of its authors—Megan Terry, Jean-Claude van Itallie, Sam Shepard—are prominent on the off-off-Broadway scene. The Firehouse opened with Jack Gelber's *The Connection* two months after the Guthrie opened with *Hamlet*. It was an amateur group until last fall, when it began paying very small salaries to six actors who earn their keep by doing administrative and menial jobs around the theatre; paid actors and volunteers work together in the workshop and in the public productions.

Its leaders hope that the Firehouse will some day become an Equity company, but they are up against a problem: neither the stimulation of the Guthrie nor anything else has made the people of the Twin Cities eager to see *avant-garde* theatre. (This problem is not, of course, unique to the Twin Cities.) The Firehouse budget is only $45,000, but even so it faces an ominous deficit. Its theatre seats 148; only three or four performances are given each week; yet attendance is far from good. Five out of eight productions this past season were new plays, but the plays that drew best were older works by the familiar classic *avant-gardists*: de Ghelderode, Beckett and Ionesco.

Fortunately for the Firehouse, the Guthrie has shown no disposition to compete with it in the presentation of *avant-garde* classics. A few workshop productions of new plays have been done at the Guthrie for limited audiences, but the management has been conservative in its choice of plays for public performance. Every season there has been a play by

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Shakespeare, and always a well-known one; the other Guthrie authors to date have been Molière, Chekhov (two plays), Miller, Shaw, Williams, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Brecht, Wilder and Strindberg; O'Neill and a second Shaw play will be added in September.

The Guthrie is a large house, and the safest way to fill it is to give the people plays, or playwrights at least, that they have heard of before. I see nothing reprehensible in this (though the management has been attacked for it); most of these playwrights may be well known by name, but how many people in the upper Midwest have ever seen their work? Even if the plays *were* familiar to the audience, would they not be worth seeing again? Furthermore, the Guthrie is not in the habit of mounting its productions in a state of reverent somnambulism, as often happens when a resident theatre is faced with an acknowledged classic. The management always makes a vigorous effort—often too much of an effort—to show that the play is theatrically viable.

This season at the Guthrie is the first under the artistic directorship of the Scottish actor-director Douglas Campbell, who has been with the theatre since its first season and who is Guthrie's chosen successor. Most of the acting is, as usual, admirable; the asymmetrical thrust stage, a peculiarly interesting playing area, is, again, being cleverly used. But my impression is that an excellent company is having an off-year.

Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* is a rarely done work by one of the seminal modern dramatists, and it is superbly acted, under Mr. Campbell's direction, by Nancy Wickwire and Robert Pastene. But it occurred to me nevertheless that the reason the play is so seldom done is that it is not really very good. The play is about a sick marriage; it appears to be the model for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* but it seems to me that Mr. Albee has greatly improved upon his predecessor. Strindberg's dialogue (at least in Norman Ginsbury's translation) is colorless in comparison to Albee's. Strindberg's main combatants are not so much fully rounded characters as they are mere vessels of hatred; Albee's characters hate too, but they hate in a richly individual fashion. Most important, Strindberg has his characters tell us about "love-hate" which "comes from the hell inside us," and demonstrates it with a lot of melodramatic plotting, whereas Albee shows us this love-hate with such subtlety and power that he has no need to editorialize.

As You Like It and *The Skin of Our Teeth* have been produced at the Guthrie with plenty of lively and entertaining theatre magic, but the productions tend to obscure the plays. In both cases the director seems to have had insufficient faith in his material—a common, and crippling, affliction among American directors.

What Campbell can do with a brass band, a crowd of merrymakers at a convention, or a procession of animals on their way to the ark is a pleasure to behold, but the emotional impact of Wilder's play is diffused by all the goings-on. As Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, Wilder's eternal Adam and Eve, Lee Richardson and Ruth Nelson spend the first act cavorting heavily, like old-fashioned vaudeville comics. They never entirely recover the dignity thus forfeited—dignity that they need if the play is to make its point. The best work of the evening is done by Nancy Wickwire as Sabina, the comic maid, voice of the Philistines, and eternal home wrecker. (When you have seen Miss Wickwire in *The Dance of Death* at a matinee, giving a formidable performance in the authentic grand manner, and seen her that same evening as Wilder's bird-brained bit of fluff, then you know what versatility is.)

Edward Payson Call, associate artistic director at the Guthrie, has directed *As You Like It* very cleverly; there are many moments when words and action are most effectively counterpointed. His Rosalind, Ellen Geer, is a bit strident, but Len Cariou is an excellent Orlando: blunt, rustic, high-spirited, good-natured, with an odd capacity for dominating the stage without apparent effort. Ed Flanders as Touchstone substitutes wry detachment for pranks and gambols, and makes even his most trivial quibbles entertaining.

This might have been a very pleasant production if only Mr. Call had known when to stop, but many of his bright ideas are annoying distractions. He has set the play in the American South around the time of the Civil War, an innovation with absolutely nothing to recommend it, unless you subscribe to the theory that poor old Shakespeare has written another bomb and needs all the help a director can provide.

Under Mr. Call's scheme, the melancholy Jaques, whom Shakespeare designed as a bit of a poseur but nevertheless a keen-witted commentator, becomes a cross between Robert E. Lee and Don Quixote, his keenness lost in clouds of fake pathos. Mr. Call needs fake pathos because he does not know where in the play the real pathos is. There is a delicately poignant moment in the script when a time-serving courtier, experiencing a moment of wistful decency, says to Orlando, who is out of favor: "Sir, fare you well. Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you." Mr. Call gets an easy laugh, and obscures the point, by having the courtier played as a screaming fag. (The relation of screaming faggotry to the Civil War is another one of the production's unanswered questions.)

The Guthrie Theatre is, very likely, the best resident professional theatre in the country. Its production of *The Cherry Orchard* in 1965 was as good as any American resident-theatre production I have ever seen, and as good as any Chekhov production I have ever seen anywhere. While most resident theatres are handicapped by poverty and inexperience, the Guthrie is rich in material and human resources of all kinds. It has plenty of money, an excellent building and a superb company of actors. But unless its talented directors confine their attentions to plays they like and understand, it may be in serious danger.

(This is Mr. Novick's concluding article on the American National Theatre, based on a Ford Foundation Grant study.)

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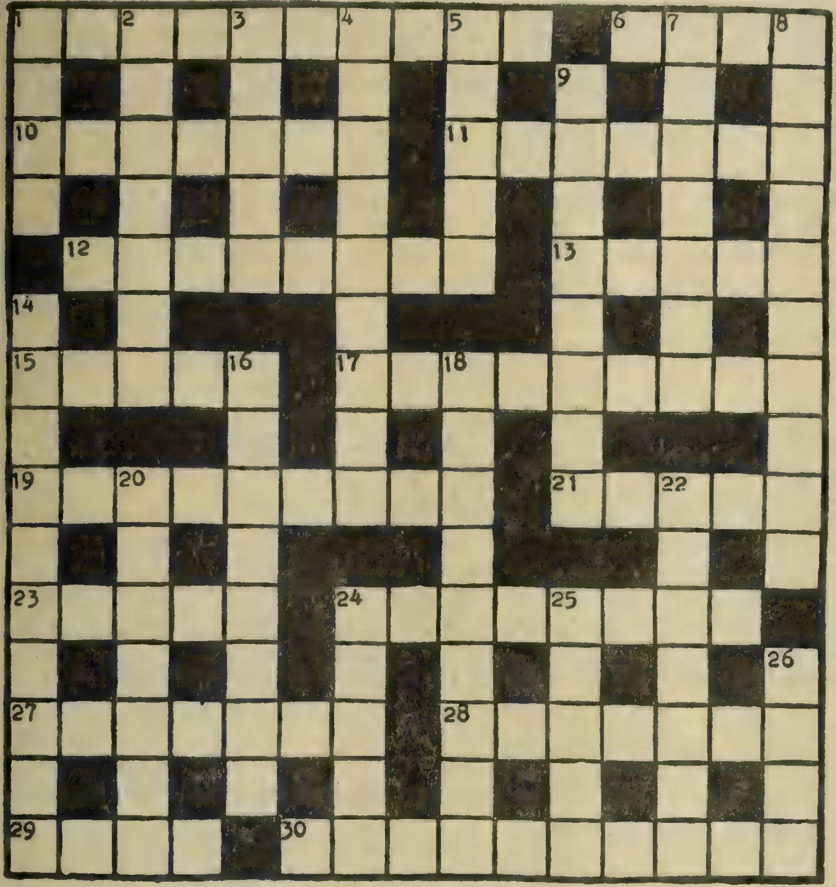

ACROSS:

1 Implying a saint is able to obtain order, at any rate (10)
6 See 3 down
10 Rear up to maturity, despite altogether violent behavior. (7)
11 Out loud? Insinuate quite the opposite! (7)
12 When to use emergency measures during arrest? (2, 1, 5)
13 Duck. (5)
15 Socked, perhaps, as some demonstrators have been. (5)
17 Obscure case, but of different possibilities. (9)
19 Reputedly never missed, except in a dry run (4, 5)
21 Lower order of wheel which might initiate a forward movement. (5)
23 Hero of the city circle? (5)
24 Away from the craft center, but a door might lead to it. (8)
27 Property is transferred to one. (7)
28 Certainly not new merchandise brands for the conservative. (3-4)
29 Victor, perhaps, to embrace nothing else? (4)
30 General type of manufacturer in the transportation business. (10)

DOWN:

1 Is one liable to be struck with such a word? (4)
2 As a matter of course, finally, a careless nod belongs in an act of charity. (7)
3 and 6 across In the first place, chew on some particles of it. (9)
4 It has a tough job supporting the rudder. (9)
5 Is the religious group famished and unfed? (5)
7 An island? Look in a war map to find it! (7)
8 All are lost in the shuffle, with an Italian dance. (10)
9 He might find his work taxing. (8)
14 How's the bar doing? (Not for the dry type.) (6, 4)
16 Married up north, for example. (A deposit may be made at it.) (3, 5)
18 Junior, perhaps, fractures the front ribs. (5-4)
20 Halt! There's a small devil fish around! (7)
22 This, of course, is 1 down. (7)
24 Twisting a rope on the stage. (5)
25 Distinguished as a kind disposition? Capital type! (5)
26 A proclivity for being crooked? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1164

ACROSS: 1 Ladyfingers; 9 Brisbane; 10 Locker; 11 Comment; 12 Coppers; 14 Heeled; 15 Dishpans; 17 Bondsman; 20 Streak; 22 Callous; 24 Adverse; 26 Legend; 27 Surcease; 28 Unannounced. DOWN: 2 Assembled; 3 Yearned; 4 Iced; 5 Gallons; 6 Recap; 7 Oriole; 8 Herrin; 13 Udine; 16 Persevere; 18 Orated; 19 Mauldin; 20 Sadiron; 21 Assist; 23 Lie in; 25 Oslo.

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DEAR SIRS: I am impelled to express my admiration for the top-notch article by John McDermott in your July 25 issue: "Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam."
D. F. Fleming

New York City
DEAR SIRS: Paul Good's "A White Look at Black Power" [*The Nation*, Aug. 8] is the best article yet on this explosive subject. *Elias M. Schwarzbart*

growth and surplus

Hartsdale, N.Y.
DEAR SIRS: In his otherwise excellent review of Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital* [*The Nation*, June 20], James O'Connor commits an error which I think he would want corrected. He writes that Baran's *Political Economy of Growth*, published in 1957, "introduces us for the first time to the central concept of the volume under review—the idea of economic surplus." This is not so.

Away back in 1904 Thorstein Veblen treated in full the concept of economic surplus and the growing necessity of unproductive and wasteful expenditures to absorb it. . . . At about the time of the publication of the Baran book, Paul Sweezy ran in the *Monthly Review* an appreciation of Veblen's treatment of the subject. In my book, *The Falling Rate of Profit* (1957), I introduced the concepts of the social surplus and unproductive ("U") expenditures as they impinged on Marx's law of the falling rate of profit. . . .
Joseph M. Gillman

St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR SIRS: Dr. Gillman is absolutely right. . . . What I should have said was that, so far as I know, the distinction between actual and *potential* surplus is made for the first time in *Political Economy of Growth.*
James O'Connor

not true

Riverside, Conn.
DEAR SIRS: In his review of my book, *Insuring Full Employment* ["The Economics of Optimism," *The Nation*, June 20], James F. Becker hinges his analysis on the assertion that I advocate pegging consumer spending "as high as possible," and "exorcising" public

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EDITORIALS

Who Are the Isolationists?

Santayana's oft-quoted saying that those who do not remember the past are doomed to repeat it needs a corollary: those who misread the past are even more inexorably doomed to reiterate ancient errors. The Johnson Administration's favorite stereotype—the identification of the advocates of de-escalation in Vietnam with the appeasers at Munich in 1938—is an example of how history can be distorted by politicians whose only use for the past is to justify their misdeeds in the present. A related inversion of the truth is lumping current critics of American foreign policy (Senator Fulbright, for instance) with pre-World War II isolationists, some of whom were pro-German, some pro-Fascist or both.

In essential respects it is the Johnson Administration that is isolationist. Its opponents would favor a constructive foreign policy. Their opposition is to a policy of aggression that has alienated allies and hardened the resolution of opponents—policy that, in the view of such an experienced observer as U Thant, carries within it the fulminate of a third World War.

Mr. Johnson and his aides give lip service to the United Nations while undercutting it at every turn. This is *de facto* isolationism—the sacrifice of international order to domestic political advantage. The reason U Thant is reluctant to accept another term as Secretary-General is the ambivalence which President Johnson, Secretary Rusk and Ambassador Goldberg have exhibited time and again in their relations with him. Why should he remain in an office in which he is powerless to restrain the continuing American probing of supposed Soviet and Chinese impotence to give significant aid to North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front? If it should turn out to be based on a miscalculation, this experimentation threatens to bring on a disastrous showdown—disastrous because the circumstances will permit neither a compromise between the belligerents nor retreat of either from hardened positions.

The headlines show the accelerating progress toward this kind of confrontation, as in "Strategists See Need in Vietnam for 600,000 GIs" (*The New York Times*, August 29), and in the same issue "Moscow Training Fliers for Hanoi." The correspondent reports on articles in three leading Soviet newspapers, stating that at least one detachment of Vietnamese pilots have completed a combat flying course under the direction of "Soviet battle veterans" and have returned to North Vietnam, while another group is under instruction. Inexperienced Vietnamese pilots in MIG-17s are not much of a menace to American fliers, but now there are suggestions that the Soviet Union may supply MIG-21s or the "all-weather" MIG-23s.

Should the Vietnamese prove unequal to the difficulties of their mission, rather than allow a sister Communist state to be destroyed the Russians may send their own pilots into combat. According to Donald Grant, the staff correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* at the UN, U Thant was told in Moscow recently that Russian pilots would be sent to fly MIG-21s in Vietnam, and Russian crews would man the Russian-built surface-to-air missile sites which, by whomever manned heretofore, have made a dismal showing against

U.S. aircraft. Thant is said to have repeated this to Under Secretary of State George Ball and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, and presumably Secretary Rusk has been informed. But, Grant writes, UN diplomats "see no signs that Thant's view will have any real impact on U.S. policy." A familiar story.

Suppose, however, that the worst does not come to the worst, and a lethal confrontation between the two great powers is providentially avoided. This would not invalidate the predictions of a war lasting a decade or longer which have been coming from both sides. Ten years? One can hardly conceive of Johnson's predatory brand of internationalism surviving for even half that period. Either it will win a speedy victory—a happy ending which few competent observers expect—or he may have difficulty convincing a majority of the voters in 1968, a fact of which Mr. Johnson is keenly aware.

Alastair Buchan's comments on the Johnson gamble in the London *Observer* are worth noting in this connection. Precisely because our commitments are so far-flung (and, to date, so unsuccessful) while domestic difficulties continue to mount, Buchan sees a coming reversion to those international obligations that the United States could discharge effectively, such as deterrence of nuclear war and economic assistance to countries politically and industrially qualified. That kind of internationalism the critics of the Administration could and would support. It is Johnson's ventures abroad in search of monsters to destroy that the critics condemn and that Johnson himself, were he to reflect, could see leading only to disaster.

After Seventeen Years

Only now is there a prospect that the Rosenberg-Sobell trial, that sorriest of all the hangovers of the McCarthy era, may be reviewed on the merits. Only now may the integrity of American justice be restored—insofar as that is possible after the execution of two people and the imprisonment for the best years of his life of a third.

On September 12, oral argument will be heard in New York Federal Court on whether Morton Sobell should get a hearing on his charge that the government's case was based on false and distorted evidence. However, enough has already been adduced in the affidavits of Dr. Philip Morrison and Dr. Henry Linschitz to show gross chicanery in the conduct of the government's case. Morrison and Linschitz, who were connected with the construction and assembly of the early atomic bombs, now swear that the David Greenglass sketch—the principal piece of evidence on which the Rosenbergs were convicted—could not have helped the Russians make their bomb four years after Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The jury was led not only to believe that this sketch and Greenglass' accompanying description contained the "secret" of the bomb, but that the authenticity of this material would be vouched for by Dr. Harold C. Urey and J. Robert Oppenheimer, world-renowned scientists whose names were listed as prospective prosecution witnesses and read to the jury by Judge Irving R. Kaufman. Neither was called. Instead, the government produced an obscure electrical engineer, J. H. Derry, who had been a major in the office of Maj. Gen. (later Lieut. Gen.) Leslie R. Groves, who was in administrative charge of the atom bomb project. Derry testified that from the sketch a Soviet scientist could per-

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 203
No. 7

ceive the actual construction of the bomb. Morrison, who is professor of physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and reputed to be co-holder of the patent on the Nagasaki bomb (the names of the patentees are still classified) says in his affidavit that the Greenglass sketch was a "caricature" of the bomb and that Derry "had neither the scientific background to equip him with knowledge of the design and construction of the atomic bomb, nor was he closely associated with the technical aspects of the project."

Nevertheless, on the basis of such stratagems, the Rosenbergs were convicted and Judge Kaufman, subsequently elevated to the Court of Appeals, accused them of having caused the Korean War and having "undoubtedly altered the course of history to the disadvantage of your country." Sobell was swept along in this McCarthyite hysteria, and was spared the death sentence only because his alleged espionage did not involve the bomb.

Urey's personal connection with the case is revealing. In their petition, Sobell's lawyers state that Urey authorized them to say that he was never asked by the government to testify. If he had been asked, he could have vouched neither for the correctness nor incorrectness of Greenglass' material, since his responsibility, as the discoverer of heavy water and one of America's leading chemists, was separating U-235, the explosive material of the bomb, from the inert U-238, by the gaseous-diffusion method. He never had anything to do with the design and construction of the bomb itself. Nor did he have any particular interest in the Rosenberg-Sobell case until, reading the transcript of the trial record, he came to the conclusion, which he has stated publicly from time to time, that the evidence against the Rosenbergs was dubious and their conviction was probably a miscarriage of justice. If so, Sobell's seventeen years in prison are a corollary miscarriage.

Even assuming that Sobell was involved in espionage, if the government and the court had conducted the case with ordinary lawyerlike decency, Sobell would have served a few years and been released long since, instead of being sentenced to thirty years and refused parole repeatedly. The Rosenbergs are beyond help, but the President could commute Sobell's sentence to time served, or make such amends as lie in his power by pardoning him outright. If the case is reviewed, some very dirty linen is going to be washed in public, and whatever obloquy descends on the participants in the 1951-53 proceedings will be richly deserved.

The View from Abroad

One of the most amazing features of the war in Vietnam continues to be the way in which U.S. correspondents, who depend on Pentagon-type briefings, differ from foreign correspondents in their appraisal of the same events. A perfect illustration is to be seen in the reporting of the recent tactics of the Vietcong and North Vietnamese to break into smaller combat units. While this shift has been going on for some time, only now are U.S. military leaders telling the press what they think it means. The Washington *Star*'s correspondent says they hail it as a "change for the better. . . . The preliminary intelligence analyses suggest that the Communists may have abandoned hope of winning with large attacks on large allied units and are going back to small, hit-and-run operations." He says the U.S. generals view this "with growing hope," predicting that it means "the level of violence of the war will go down, allied casualties will go down and the Communist side will begin to look like a loser even to its own supporters." Well, if the *Star* says it, that means the Pentagon is saying it.

But the British are saying something else. Frank Robertson of the London *Daily Telegraph*, discussing the same development three weeks before the American press was alerted to it, reported:

> For political purposes President Johnson has generated a degree of optimism over the war's progress that is far from justified. There are now strong indications that the Vietcong and North Vietnamese are reverting to phase one of their three-phase scheme of operations, breaking up into small units most of the time to wage guerrilla warfare. This applies particularly to the Vietcong, who know the country and its people so much better than the northern invaders. It is a pattern that must be particularly disturbing to General Westmoreland, the American commander, massively equipped to fight a more conventional war. Devastating air power and the ability to air-lift three or more battalions count for little unless large bodies of the enemy can be found.

This, of course, is not only true but has been acknowledged, we thought, by the Pentagon for many months. It will be difficult to sell the American people on the idea that it is great luck for the opposition to break into smaller guerrilla units. With November approaching, the Pentagon hucksters appear ready to seize upon any change as a change for the better. But Robertson supplied one statistic that blanks out all their bubbling optimism: We have, despite a monstrous military build-up, recaptured only 2.4 per cent of the territory held by the Communists a year ago.

Boss Meany

It is a misfortune for the country, as well as for American labor, that the present head of the AFL-CIO is one of the most opinionated and dictatorial leaders that the movement has ever produced. A certain degree of political enlightenment can be expected of the labor movement in a democracy, since it represents masses of ordinary people with no special interest. One would expect this particularly in foreign affairs, where it could neutralize in some measure the predatory instincts of military, industrial and political interests which benefit by war and the threat of war. But no such melioration is in evidence in the U.S., nor ever will be while George Meany remains AFL-CIO president.

The latest proof of Meany's determination to keep his organization reactionary is the statement of policy on Vietnam which the executive council approved in Chicago on August 24. Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, was present during a part of this meeting, which commended President Johnson "for demonstrating to the world that our country is neither irresolute politically nor weak militarily, while it is ever ready to negotiate the war's end." This proffer of a blank check to the President was coupled with a sideswipe at dissenters: "While a minority has the right to dissent from the majority, disruption by even a well-meaning minority can only pollute and poison the bloodstream of our democracy." Friends of Reuther were astonished when Meany announced that the statement had been adopted unanimously by the council and that Reuther had voted for it in a meeting of the AFL-CIO international affairs committee which preceded the council meeting.

What had actually happened was made clear by Reuther in Detroit on August 26. He described the council's statement as "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy of a policy statement of a free labor movement." He had "vigorously protested and objected" to the statement as drafted by the international affairs committee and, had he been present when the matter came before the council, would have voted against it. No one in the AFL-CIO, Reuther emphasized, "was authorized to associate me with approval" of the statement. As often before, Meany had pulled a fast one, but he miscalculated: Reuther's dissent was the more energetic, and received more publicity, than if his position had not been misrepresented.

Reuther is not quite alone in his opposition to the reactionary views of Meany and his secretary of state, Jay Lovestone. In the report by Damon Stetson in the August 25 *New York Times,* two members of the council are quoted as saying that they did not like the emphasis of the statement and particularly the comment on dissent. For obvious reasons, they did not wish to be identified.

Reuther does not cloak his views in anonymity. The AFL-CIO council has agreed to hold a full-scale discussion of foreign policy at its November 14 meeting. As Stetson says, a clash seems inevitable. There is no doubt that Meany has a majority of the council behind him, but at least it will be clear that labor is not unanimous in its support of a policy which with every passing day further discredits the Johnson Administration.

Another Dulles Alumnus

Stale foreign policy making is becoming more entrenched every day. One more alumnus of the John Foster Dulles school is joining President Johnson's circle of advisers. He is Robert R. Bowie, appointed counselor of the Department of State. Bowie, lately director of the Harvard Center for International Affairs, was director of the State Department's policy branch back in the heyday of brinkmanship, 1953-57. He supported $1.5 billion in U.S. aid to French colonialism in Vietnam. Writing in *Foreign Affairs,* he accused Britain of being a "disruptive factor" and termed de Gaulle a "challenge" to efforts to organize the West; in other words, he is one of those who want Western Europe to integrate along some U.S. plan, whether it wants to or not.

He is not a forthright person. In his nomination hearings before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he repeatedly ducked pertinent questions, especially those from Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. He admitted that he had been in favor of the original commitment of U.S. forces to Vietnam, but he all but refused to discuss his reasoning in public. He said he would do so in secret, and the committee succumbed, although it is highly unlikely that anything which occurred twelve years ago in regard to the much-written-about Vietnamese policy could still be confidential. It is more likely that Professor Bowie is simply of the secretive, hedging sort, who will fit in well with the Dean Rusk bureaucracy.

For example, at one point Senator Clark observed: "Since the assassination of President Kennedy, both the White House and the State Department have increasingly come under the guidance of individuals who . . . tend to give the President advice which . . . indicates a very real skepticism of efforts toward international cooperation across the world, and this point of view could well be epitomized by the views of . . . Mr. Rostow." He then inquired: "Generally speaking, are you sympathetic to the views which Mr. Rostow has quite candidly expressed?"

That is a straightforward question and one which, considering the present crises locations, a foreign-affairs expert should have no difficulty in answering. Nor did Mr. Bowie have any difficulty answering it in just the style that Dean Rusk will admire so much: "I don't know what you have in your mind about what particular views. . . ." Senator Clark never did get his answer.

The Coming Water Crisis

Speaking in June before the Conference on the Fresh Water of New York State, C. C. Furnas remarked, "We do face a very severe problem and not too far down the road, either." Dr. Furnas is the last man in the country to raise a false alarm. He is president of the State University of New York at Buffalo, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, and one of our most versatile and socially minded engineers.

The figures speak for themselves. Here in the United States we are presently using about 350 billion gallons of water a day. The projection is that in fifteen years we shall need 600 billion a day—more than all currently available stream flow and ground water combined. It follows that not only must additional sources of supply be found but that we cannot continue our profligate practice of using water once and running it through the sewers (some of our sewers are also rivers) into the sea. Water is precious. Much of it will have to be reclaimed and re-used.

In Dr. Furnas' thinking, water scarcity, like other major physical problems of an increasingly urbanized culture, calls for broad, coordinated measures: "(*1*) Scientific research; (*2*) engineering research and development; (*3*) operations research coupled with systems engineering; (*4*) economic analysis; (*5*) studies of sociological factors; (*6*) major financial support; (*7*) education and training of appropriate professional manpower; (*8*) effective governmental organization with a minimum of bureaucracy; (*9*) enforceable and enforced legal regulations." Most of these measures have been taken in the field of water supply, but so far inadequately. We have a way of not taking our basic problems seriously until they reach the crucial stage. By then they are more expensive to solve—and this one will be expensive even under the best circumstances.

The sea, and brackish waters in some places, are obvious sources of fresh water—at a price. There are no less than thirty techniques for deriving fresh water from salt water. Probably the most promising is the dual-purpose nuclear plant for producing electric power and fresh water in a combined operation. Designed on a large enough scale and with a market for the electricity, the cost of water could be brought as low as 20c to 25c per 1,000 gallons, which is competitive with municipal supplies but still about double the economic limit for irrigation. Dr. Furnas suggests that the cost might be further reduced by triple-purpose plants which would also produce such elements as potassium, strontium, boron, molybdenum, copper, tin and uranium—perhaps even gold. Of course magnesium and bromine have been extracted commercially from sea water for years, although the concentration is minute—in the case of bromine, about 65 parts per million. Dr. Furnas has long urged us to try to emulate the oyster, which concentrates copper a thousandfold, or the sea cucumber, which somehow manages to hoard vanadium by a millionfold. If we could learn to apply the techniques of these organisms, fresh water from the sea, with anti-pollution measures and re-use, would relieve us of a major worry.

Since dual- or triple-purpose plants would almost certainly rely on nuclear power for heat, there is the radiation hazard to consider. But, water aside, the present trend in electric power is toward nuclear boilers, to an extent that would have seemed incredible only a few years ago. Both the private and public utilities seem confident that they can operate these plants safely. The dangers in scarcity of an essential commodity like water are not small either, as the current hostilities between Israel and Syria over the Jordan River diversion remind us. In our own country, Dr. Furnas refers to the "more or less legal robbery" which caused the ranchers of the Owens River Valley repeatedly to dynamite the Los Angeles aqueduct in the 1920s, and which still embroils California and Arizona over the waters of the Colorado River.

Image Management

A nurse at the University of Rhode Island has confirmed that she was asked by "a White House man" to camouflage the act of a professor who had announced that he intended to walk out as a protest against the President's visit and American policy in Vietnam. While an honorary degree was being conferred on the President, the professor—Dr. Elton Rayack (incidentally he is a *Nation* contributor: "AMA: The Restrictive Power," May 3, 1965)—rose from his chair on the platform and left. The nurse, in uniform, walked out with him. To her Rayack said: "Lady I'm not ill. I'm just walking out because I can't stand what's going on on the platform." What we can't stand is this corny attempt to mislead the public by altering the television "image" and thus smearing a public-spirited citizen. The White House owes Dr. Rayack a formal apology, but he will never get it.

BIGOTS' BOOK SHELF

THE CAMPUS SCARE CAMPAIGN

WILLIAM WINGFIELD

Mr. Wingfield is a California free-lance writer whose special field of interest is communications.

Los Angeles

Theodore B. Loeffler, co-founder and secretary-treasurer of Constructive Action, states that he was not interested in politics until 1960, when Nikita Khrushchev appeared at the United Nations and pounded his shoe on the desk. This boorish gesture so outraged Mr. Loeffler that he quit his job with a printing firm and devoted the next eighteen months to reading and studying about communism. Toward the end of this self-administered cram course, Loeffler met Maurice W. Brainard, a wealthy manufacturer of truck refrigeration units, and the two of them decided that what the country needed was Constructive Action. Mr. Brainard is now president of the organization.

Constructive Action's purpose appears to be to scare the wits out of the nation's college students and its legislators in Washington by persuading them that, if communism has not in fact already taken over the federal government, the nation is at least on the verge of an armed Negro revolution inspired and led by the Communists. This it attempts to do by massive, and usually free, distribution of books, in particular these four: *Up from Liberalism* by William F. Buckley, Jr., *Masters of Deceit* by J. Edgar Hoover, *You Can Trust the Communists—To Be Communists* by Dr. Fred Schwarz and *It's Very Simple: The True Story of Civil Rights* by Alan Stang.

According to a confidential report which Loeffler issued on June 28 to his supporters and backers, Constructive Action has given away 10,000 copies of the Schwarz book at Harvard, 7,400 at Yale, 5,300 at the University of California (Berkeley), 5,000 at the University of Wisconsin and 4,300 at Princeton. At ten other colleges and universities, copies were given to 1,000 students; 500 at Rutgers were so favored.

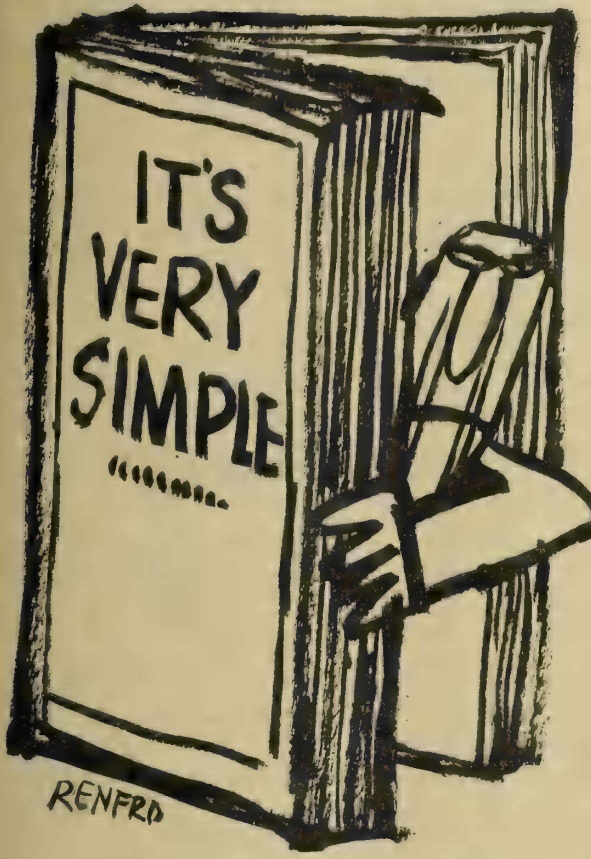
Loeffler's confidential report notes also that 15,300 copies of *It's Very Simple* went to University of Florida students and 2,750 to students at the University of Alabama. William F. Buckley's book was given to 10,000 students each at the University of California (Berkeley), the University of Washington and the University of Michigan, and to 1,000 students at Rutgers. "In response to special requests from contributors," from 300 to 4,100 books were given students at twenty-nine other colleges.

"Distribution will go on through the summer months to students attending summer school, and is scheduled many places in conjunction with fall registration. Twelve thousand additional books have been sent into the New England and Middle Atlantic states for this purpose." This fall, Loeffler announced recently, 500,000 copies of *The American Cause* by Dr. Russell Kirk will also be distributed at colleges.

In distributing their books to college students, Constructive Action works through Young Americans for Freedom, a Birch Society affiliate. At Northern Illinois University a student went through the men's residence hall last October, hanging copies of *None Dare Call It Treason* on the doorknobs. When called before dean of men Harold Husa for violation of campus regulations, the student, Robert

Thomas, a member of the Young Americans for Freedom, explained that he was given 2,000 copies of the book by Constructive Action with directions to distribute them at the school. He said that he had disposed of 1,000 before being apprehended.

Another of Loeffler's confidential reports says that when Texas Tech at Lubbock "would not allow the book [*None Dare Call It Treason*] on the campus, a student got them distributed anyway, through the cooperation of three bookstores who gave the books . . . to students who came into the store." Loeffler also boasts that at Western Michigan University, where 4,300 copies were distributed, students defied their "leftist professors" by reading *None Dare Call It Treason*. This would seem to imply that members of the faculty had attempted to ban the book—odd behavior for professors of whatever orientation.



Ironically, Constructive Action's hated enemies in the Free Speech Movement have made this no difficulty at the University of California at Berkeley. All a member of the Young Americans for Freedom has to do at Cal is to stand at Sather Gate and give a book to anyone who walks by.

To encourage students who received *None Dare Call It Treason* to read and absorb the work, Constructive Action sponsored an essay contest. The three winners were flown to Los Angeles in April where they were honored at a special banquet and given a tour of Watts, among other places. In all, Constructive Action is supposed to have distributed 480,000 copies of *None Dare Call It Treason* and 600,000 essay contest folders at nearly 200 campuses in forty-four states last fall. It also gave the students piles of the fantastic dream-fiction of Phyllis Schlafly.

On the internal evidence of her books (such titles as *A Choice, Not an Echo*; *The Gravediggers*, or *Strike from Space*), and if one did not know that she is first vice president of the National Federation of Republican Women, one might take Mrs. Schlafly herself to be an extreme, if somewhat old-fashioned, radical. Endlessly, she repeats the old Bolshevik-sounding phrases about bankers and manufacturers cooking up plots in secret meetings, the press controlled by vast wealth, government officials acting as stooges for big money, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, etc., etc. Mrs. Schlafly is living proof that extremes meet.

While the college students were receiving these gifts from Constructive Action, many people whose names appear on conservative sucker lists received letters appealing for donations to finance the operations. The pitch was that the majority of Senators and Congressmen went to the twenty-five colleges selected for distribution of the books, and things would be different today if they'd received a conservative orientation in school.

The first appeal Loeffler sent out listed *It's Very Simple* as one of the books for the students. For some reason, a later fund-raising letter from Herbert A. Philbrick, author of *I Led Three Lives*, pitchman for the Young Americans for Freedom and member of the Constructive Action board of trustees, substituted *Reminiscences* by General Douglas MacArthur. This is a strange book for a Birch-type group to sponsor; one wonders if its members have ever read it. To be sure, General MacArthur is a conservative hero because he got into a row with President Truman and because he was a general. But *Reminiscences* gives unstinting and frequent praise to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and for that matter many of MacArthur's reforms in Japan were attacked by the conservatives of the time for out-New Dealing the New Deal. In his last years, MacArthur spoke out against the very practices that the John Birch Society and its allies pursue; his famous speech to the cadets at West Point, "Duty, Honor, Country," warns against such extremists.

Loeffler says of himself: "I'm not one of these people who goes around calling himself a right-wing extremist. I like to think that I represent middle-of-the-road principles and that the country has shifted to left of center.

"I think that there are many threats to our country. One stems from the growing power of the central government. Another stems from the debasement of currency."

Brainard believes, "It is well understood by collectivists that when people lose personal integrity and become unwilling to accept responsibility, they must not only be controlled, but will demand controls. This is one reason why the Communists and all such power seekers first undermine religion, patriotism and family, promote all forms of juvenile and adult delinquency, and advocate broad welfare programs. This pattern shows clearly in the decline of every recorded civilization.

"Thus, a slight undermining of the foundations of morality, aided by broad social welfare activity, slowly weakens general personal integrity. This further undermines morality and increases the demands for more welfare and controls. The process accelerates into a precipitous slide to complete collectivism."

William J. Teague, another of the incorporators, is vice

president of Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. He is director of Pepperdine's "citizenship program," which is modeled after the National Education Program at Harding College in Arkansas where Teague once served as a staff member. Harding College is headed by Dr. George S. Benson. Both Teague and Benson spoke at the "Project Alert School of Anti-Communism" in Los Angeles in late 1961 where Cleon Skousen presided and one of the speakers shouted, "I don't want to impeach Earl Warren! I want to lynch Earl Warren!"

Because of the popularity of Knott's Berry Farm (it is a tourist attraction second only to Disneyland), Constructive Action trustee Walter Knott is perhaps the best known right-winger in Southern California. This elderly gentleman is one of the leading financial angels for rightist groups. A personal friend of Robert Welch and John Rousselot, he is treasurer of the Liberty Amendment Committee to repeal the income tax. His latest notion is to cure juvenile delinquency by repealing the child labor laws.

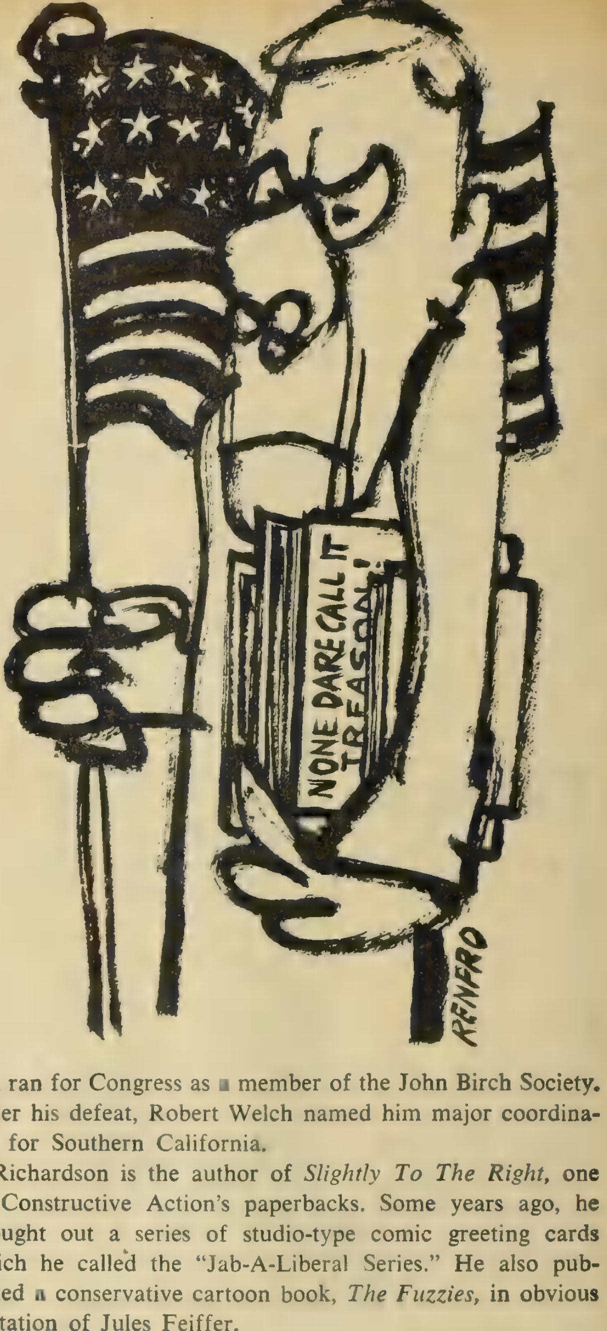
Constructive Action was incorporated on March 1, 1963, and two months later began operations with a project to put conservative books and pamphlets in doctors' waiting rooms in Orange County. Under the guidance of Dr. Frank A. Rogers of Whittier, a promotional arm called Southern California Doctors for Constructive Action expanded this project to other counties. But while the Orange County doctors would have received the propaganda free, Constructive Action now wanted from $120 to $300 per year for a book and periodical assortment including *Human Events, Dan Smoot Report, The Freeman,* Buckley's *National Review* and *The Manion Forum* (Dean Clarence Manion is one of the members of the National Council of the John Birch Society and the National Advisory Board of the Young Americans for Freedom). Seven of fourteen magazines and thirty-seven of the forty-seven supplementary books were recommended by the John Birch Society in its April, 1962, "JBS Bulletin."

At least five of the seventeen doctors whose names appeared on a Doctors for Constructive Action letterhead are known to be members of the John Birch Society.

Along with distributing books printed by others, Constructive Action also prints its own books and pamphlets and produces its own film strips. Its newest paperback, *Pa$$ The Poverty Plea$e,* by Patty Newman and Joyce Wenger, follows the line taken by the ill-famed Rat Finks of the New Jersey Young Republicans that welfare money is all going to the Negroes. Loeffler says that Constructive Action has sent one copy of this book to every Senator and Congressman and to more than 2,000 members of the press.

A pamphlet, "The Berkeley Revolution," portrays the Nazi-mimicking Hell's Angels motorcycle club as colleagues of the peace marchers and student demonstrators at the University of California. While the Hell's Angels did indeed show up for one of the peace marches, they weren't there to support peace. They attacked the marchers.

One of Constructive Action's chief producers of both books and film strips is H. L. "Bill" Richardson, who is now the Republican nominee for the California State Senate from the San Gabriel Valley area. Four years ago, Richardson ran for Congress as a member of the John Birch Society. After his defeat, Robert Welch named him major coordinator for Southern California.


NONE DARE CALL IT TREASON!
RENFRO

Richardson is the author of *Slightly To The Right,* one of Constructive Action's paperbacks. Some years ago, he brought out a series of studio-type comic greeting cards which he called the "Jab-A-Liberal Series." He also published a conservative cartoon book, *The Fuzzies,* in obvious imitation of Jules Feiffer.

After the tragic Watts riots in Los Angeles last summer, Richardson wrote articles on the violence for *American Opinion,* the John Birch Society magazine. He has now done booklets and film strips for Constructive Action called "Civil Riots USA" and "Civil Rights, The Red Reconstruction."

Both booklets harp on the same theme—that all civil rights movements are a Red plot and the Communists are stirring up the Negroes. In pamphlets and film strips, he puts great emphasis on Dr. Martin Luther King's presence at the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee. He claims that Dr. King is a friend of known Communists and has received money from Communist groups. "Civil Rights, The Red Reconstruction" carries a drawing of an arrow marked "Communist Line." The arrow makes two loops, one encircling the words "Negro Republic," the other "Integrated."

It's Very Simple, the book that Constructive Action now seems reluctant to admit sending to college students, works over this same material at greater length. It also claims that Harlem street gangs are affiliated with Ben Bella's Algerian liberation movement, that the NAACP is "Titoist," and that civil rights supporters themselves blew up the church in Birmingham where the little children were killed. This book is published by Western Islands, one of the presses of the John Birch Society.

On August 17, 1965, while Los Angeles was still gripped with terror and horror from the Watts riots and rumors of atrocity were racing through Southern California, D. Richard Pine and Charles Armour, major coordinators for the John Birch Society, sent out urgent memorandums to all John Birch coordinators, section leaders and chapter leaders ordering them to start immediate distribution of copies of *It's Very Simple* and other anti-civil rights literature.

Constructive Action's publications, including Richardson's book and booklets, *Pa$$ The Poverty Plea$e* and *The Law* by Frederic Bastiat, are sold and distributed through the various Birch Society American Opinion Bookstores along with *None Dare Call It Treason, It's Very Simple* and Mrs. Schlafly's fantasies.

The film strips are shown by TACT (Truth About Civil Turmoil), a group identified on page 10 of "Report on the John Birch Society" by Benjamin R. Epstein and Arnold Forster of the Anti-Defamation League as a Birch unit. TACT members are currently trying to tell people that Fidel Castro's revolutionaries sang *We Shall Overcome.*

Despite Richardson, despite TACT, despite *It's Very Simple* and *None Dare Call It Treason,* despite Young Americans for Freedom, despite the preponderance of Birch literature that Constructive Action wanted to put in doctors' waiting rooms, despite the Birch doctors on the letterhead, despite the fact that all of Constructive Action's books and materials are sold through Birch bookstores, and despite the group's advice that readers join "study groups" when the only such "study groups" are conducted by the John Birch Society, Loeffler denies that Constructive Action is connected with the Birchers.

He also says that he himself does not belong to the Birch Society. "I've never studied the teachings of the society," Loeffler said. "I'm just not much of a joiner."

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAFT

JOHN C. ESTY, JR.

Mr. Esty, associate dean at Amherst College for ten years, is now headmaster of the Taft School. He is a captain in the Air Force Reserve.

When General Hershey announced last January that college students might have to be drafted, he triggered a reaction on campuses that has resounded all the way to that great bulwark of Selective Service—the House Armed Services Committee. The surprising thing about the current ferment is that the weaknesses of the draft and their possible cures have been quietly evident for the past fifteen years. It has taken the Vietnam build-up to elicit widespread concern and political sensitivity, but at least Selective Service policies are now getting the attention they have long needed. It often happens, however, that concern and political interest are not informed by intelligent understanding, and military manpower policies have a long history of being peculiarly misunderstood.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than on the very campuses where the whole fuss began. The draft has always been a problem for college students: seven years ago I wrote in *The Nation* ["Draft-Dodger or Patriot: The Dilemma of the College Student," Jan. 10, 1959] that the "corruption of 'universal' service is corrupting their sense of duty, uncertainty is making cynics of them. . . . It is not yet stylish to be unpatriotic, but the college student can't hold out forever." This spring the pressures of Vietnam converged with student activism to force the draft issue. Yet it is amazing how quickly campus debate itself degenerated into side issues. It is ridiculous, for example, for faculties to blame Selective Service for an overemphasis on marks when they themselves have not solved the problem within the university (where preoccupation with grading obscures the issue of good teaching).

When a university refuses to supply information to a student's draft board, it is not protecting him but is quite likely increasing his vulnerability. Student records, along with results of the draft test, are simply additional bits of information—*provided at the student's own option*—to enable draft boards to keep students in college, according to national policy. The real issue is not which few students should be drafted by what criteria but whether college students should be deferred at all. Unfortunately, moral objections to the war in Vietnam can easily obscure rational debate of the draft.

All this is not to say that the draft functions properly. It doesn't—although, ironically, the manpower needs of Vietnam have led to a more equitable operation in the past year because the greatest inequities occur when eligible manpower outstrips the Defense Department's needs, and increasingly arbitrary reasons are found for deferment. In the past ten years the number of men reaching the age of 18 increased by 50 per cent, while draft calls remained relatively constant—up to last July. The percentage of men reaching age 26 who have served in the armed forces was 70 per cent in 1958, 58 per cent in 1962, and today even with Vietnam it is only 46 per cent. The problem for Selective Service has always been how that relatively low proportion of the eligible males is to be selected, and when.

A few other facts are needed for an understanding of the trouble with Selective Service. One reason for assigning inductees to such nonmilitary duties as bartending and golf caddying is that often they can't do anything more demanding. A modern, efficient army requires competent, highly trained personnel; thus the armed forces have the same unemployment problem as the civilian sector. In addition, it is quite apparent that the major instruments of national policy are not only military but political, economic, agricultural and social. Therefore it makes little sense to define only in military terms the potential usefulness of a young man with a high degree of nonmilitary training. What criteria, then, should establish an appropriate national manpower policy? Two years ago, a group of House Republicans proposed the following set of guides, which are here paraphrased to embody certain new developments:

> (*1*) National security must be strengthened through an adequate supply of military personnel, but also through recruitment and training of skilled personnel in nonmilitary and support functions.
>
> (*2*) There must be a minimum disruption of individual careers and education and a maximum degree of free choice and certainty.
>
> (*3*) An attempt must be made to neutralize the "evasion mentality"—what President Brewster of Yale recently called "a cynical avoidance of service, a corruption of the aims of education, and a tarnishing of national spirit"—by making national service respectable and honorable.
>
> (*4*) Service—if involuntary—should be on an equitable basis, discounting such factors as economic background, educational level and marital status but heeding such factors of national need as special skills.
>
> (*5*) To be as economical as possible, the system should encourage re-enlistment of trained personnel and use of civilian contracts where feasible.
>
> (*6*) The system must be efficient, administratively workable and flexible enough to meet unexpected needs.

These criteria provide a basis for examining the reforms and alternatives to the draft that have been proposed in recent weeks. The advantage of reform is that it need consider only one aspect of the present system; a complete alternative, to be feasible, must cover all aspects in some degree. The two main alternatives are a completely voluntary military establishment and, quite the opposite, an expanded version of national service whereby *everyone* would have to serve in some capacity.

The "volunteer" concept has finally been thoroughly explored by the Pentagon in a study commissioned two years ago by President Johnson. Having lain under wraps for a year—presumably because it was predicated on the situation before the Vietnam build-up—major conclusions of the study were at last presented by Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas D. Morris in testimony before the House Armed Services Committee several weeks ago. Although the full report is still not available, the summary seems to find that, even at pre-Vietnam strength levels and even with major career incentives, a volunteer military force is not feasible: it would cost an estimated $17 billion more than does the present establishment, and that figure doesn't allow for Vietnamese-type emergencies.

A *New York Times* editorial commented that the Morris study did not recognize such intangibles as spirit and a sense of national purpose, but that makes little difference in view of the present eroded national mood. One might wonder whether an extra price tag of $17 billion isn't indeed feasible, in view of the great advantages of a volunteer force. Also, predicating feasibility on military manpower needs of the past could be invalid in the face of technological developments and automation. When it costs something like $18,000 to train a semi-skilled technician who will then soon return to civilian life, it may be false economy to worry so much about the cost and supply of raw, unskilled manpower.

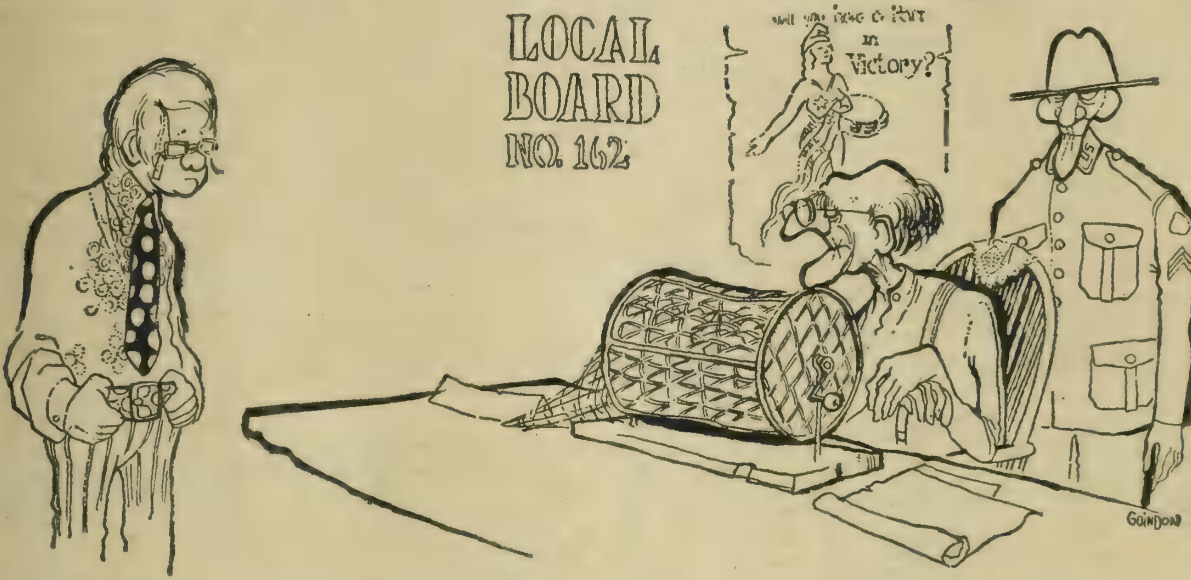
The other major alternative to the present Selective Service System—some sort of national service for everyone —came into the news twice in May. A group of teachers, writers and administrators met in New York on May 7 to lay the groundwork for a full study of alternatives to the draft, including exemptions for Peace Corps and anti-poverty service, and an even broader concept of national service. But the attention of the country was really caught by Defense Secretary McNamara's now famous speech in Montreal on May 18. It is a measure of the new concern about the draft that his few quite general sentences about inequity and every young person serving his country, embedded at the end of an address on world peace and security, got all the publicity. What he said was:

> It seems to me that we could move toward remedying that inequity [where the draft draws on only a minority] by asking every young person in the United States to give one or two years of service to his country—whether in one of the military services, in the Peace Corps or in some other volunteer developmental work at home or abroad. . . . It would underscore what our whole purpose is in Vietnam —and indeed anywhere in the world where coercion, or injustice, or lack of decent opportunity still hold sway.

Although McNamara was accused of bad timing and hasty words, it is perfectly obvious that he was not announcing a new policy, and it should be possible for the Secretary of Defense to muse out loud about some of our problems. The point is—and the pity is—that a reasonable statement of ideals, designed to stimulate thought and possibly rekindle some concern for what a young person can do for his country, somehow served instead to cut off discussion of national service.

Enormous problems are implicit in the idea of service for everyone. Without even touching the dangerous ground of the female side of things, what about service for the 40 or 50 per cent of young men who are ineligible for the draft on mental, physical or moral grounds? General Hershey would like to get hold of this vast category for rehabilitation, his stated belief being that this role can be played better by the armed forces than by any other government agency. Unfortunately, limited experience with Selective Service as a channel for rehabilitation is discouraging. Two years ago President Johnson asked draft boards to test 18 year olds immediately, hoping that local agencies would develop remedial measures for those who failed. Aside from the snag in coordination, the big trouble was the depressing discovery that most people "needing" it didn't want to be rehabilitated. An experiment in remedial English language work with a few illiterates who were allowed to be drafted was highly successful, but there was no provision for expanding the idea. Congressman Bennett of Florida has now introduced a bill authorizing medical and educational treatment for those who cannot pass the armed forces tests.

Possibly an even greater obstacle to universal national service would be finding enough jobs for everyone. About 2 million young men turn 18 each year, and the present enrollment of the Peace Corps, for example, is 14,000. On the other hand, with 900,000 men channeled into remedial programs and 500,000 into the armed forces as first priority, it might be possible to find slots for the remainder, especially if public school teaching after college were one of the options. One may hope that this alternative will receive the same kind of exhaustive study that the Pentagon gave to the "volunteer" alternative before rejecting it.


LOCAL BOARD NO. 162
will you have a part in Victory?
GOINDON

In recent testimony before the House Armed Services Committee Sen. Edward Kennedy put his finger neatly on the two areas of the draft most susceptible to reform. He said the defects of the present system come from the two policies of drafting the oldest first and granting liberal deferments. The problems thus created were long uncertainty in a young man's life, which disrupted educational and career planning, and the bias against those with inadequate intellectual or financial resources. President Brewster suggests that "service to the nation has been mocked" by a policy which tends to draft only those "who cannot hide in the endless catacombs of formal education." To this General Hershey replies that men over 26 should be placed in a higher draftable priority, thus cutting off the Brewster loophole. Hershey also points out that 56 per cent of college graduates enter military service compared to only 46 per cent of non-college graduates. (This statement seems at variance with the Pentagon report, which shows only 40 per cent of college graduates serving, compared to 50 per cent for non-high school graduates, 57 per cent for high school graduates and 60 per cent for college dropouts.)

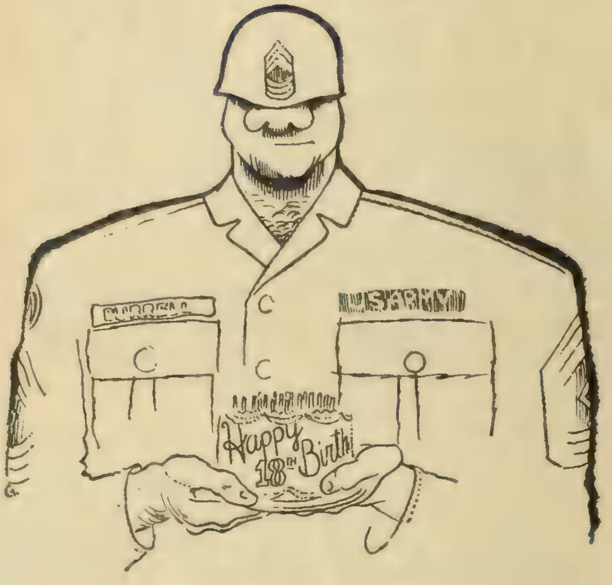
Another inequity mentioned by Senator Kennedy, Congressman Powell and others is the finding that nonwhites and the culturally deprived bear a disproportionate share of military service. Negroes comprise about 12 per cent of the draft-age population, and as of last November the proportion of Negroes in Vietnam was 15 per cent. However, the induction of nonwhites since November has kept roughly in proportion to the nonwhite population. It is true that the re-enlistment rate of Negroes is three times that of white soldiers, but the probable causes for this lie in social factors outside the competence of the Defense Department. If statistics like these represent serious bias, then a real problem lies ahead for the reformers who want remedial measures provided for culturally deprived young men who do not initially pass the mental and physical induction tests.

The office management of Selective Service has been criticized by Senator Kennedy and independently by a group of Republican Congressmen. The Senator raises the possibility of better equalizing state quotas, establishing more uniform national guidelines for local boards, introducing computer techniques and revising mental and physical standards. The Republican Congressmen, led by Robert Ellsworth of Kansas, also point to the need for greater uniformity of policy and use of data-processing equipment. One witness before the House Armed Services Committee complained that draft board clerks were making too many of the important decisions, and another witness seemed especially exercised that Lynda Johnson's friend, George Hamilton, hadn't yet been drafted. The committee hearings generated a lot of reform smoke but also enough fire to give General Hershey a lot to think about.

The most interesting reform, however, and possibly the most promising, is the lottery. Advocated by many Senators, Congressmen and educators, the idea has been worked out in some detail by Senator Kennedy as the answer to the defects of uncertainty and too liberal deferments. He would have all 18 year olds examined for the usual eligibility. In their 19th year they would be ranked for draft priority according to a lottery drawing *only,* no consideration being given to marital or family status, educational plans, occupation or dependence. The priority list of each board would be drawn from to the extent of the quota of that board; a man with a low priority number could figure he would not be called, and, indeed, after his year of vulnerability he would go to the very bottom of the next year's list.

General Hershey doesn't like the scheme, and calls the notion that it would solve the major problems an "illusion." He is concerned that the chance element would remove the pressure for voluntary enlistments, by which three-quarters of each year's replacement needs are now met. This distinguished public servant, at the age of 72, has run the nation's draft apparatus for twenty-five years. He is a solid and knowledgeable committee witness, for he has heard most questions and objections many times before and has ready answers for them. Some legislators feel that long experience can produce not only wisdom but also stale answers. Yet he seems to me utterly convincing when he says:

> So long as we recognize the wisdom of allocating our manpower resources to support to the greatest possible degree both our armed forces and our national economy, we should also recognize the wisdom of approaching this allocation problem with the best judgment we can muster rather than by chance.



But need we abandon Senator Kennedy's solution entirely? Certainly the idea of just one year of real vulnerability—and that coming at the natural breaking point of age 18 or 19—holds promise of removing the disruptive uncertainty that presently exists for the key eight years of a young man's life. At the opening of the House Armed Services Committee hearings, Chairman Rivers himself suggested that the period of liability might be cut off substantially below the current age level of 26. But the greatest support for the early, short-term vulnerability idea comes from the Pentagon report summarized for Mr. Rivers' committee by Assistant Secretary Morris. He cited a Gallup poll, which showed a vast majority of the country's parents would prefer their sons to serve around age 18, and he reiterated the great preference of military commanders for recruits from the same age bracket. Mr. Morris went on to state that since the median age of induction is now around 20, immediate introduction of the "young age class" system is not *required.* But the question should really be is it *desirable,* if it can work both to supply military needs and remedy at least some defects.

At this point an educational consideration might well enter the discussion. From my experience both with college students and with college-preparatory students, I would estimate that between a third and a half of them would benefit greatly from some sort of seasoning and maturing experience between high school and college. That this should take place in the armed forces is by no means certain, but it clearly points to the need for an educational moratorium of some sort, which happens to coincide with the "young age class" idea for the draft. Senators Scott and Clark of Pennsylvania and Miller of Iowa have backed the idea on a recent TV panel discussion, and it should certainly be part of future draft considerations.

Certain conclusions emerge from all the proposals, counterproposals, alternatives and reforms. In summary:

(*1*) The alternative of a "volunteer" armed forces does not seem feasible—unless the country is willing to increase the Defense Department budget by something like 30 per cent.

(*2*) Universal national service has great idealistic appeal but would involve an enormous amount of planning, coordination and expense. It would necessitate a major new governmental move in the direction of human and social planning.

(*3*) There are many internal, administrative defects in the Selective Service System, which can be remedied by forceful and imaginative executive action.

(*4*) The lottery concept would remove arbitrary inequities and biases, but it would also remove rational control of manpower utilization. But the lottery might be used *after* the rational processes of local board judgment have been exercised, when the pool of eligible men is larger than the quota requires.

(*5*) Limiting the time of eligibility to one year beginning at age 18 or 19 would seem to satisfy parents and military commanders. It would eliminate much of the uncertainty that dogs the educational tracks of the college bound and the employment tracks of the non-college bound.

(*6*) Establishing a national breaking point between age 18 and 19 might stimulate more imaginative development of worth-while programs to interpose between school and college. At this point, wider opportunities for national service might be considered as voluntary substitutes for military service.

The question then remaining is who should consider these conclusions?

It now appears that the House Armed Services Committee will not be the source of new proposals. Chairman Rivers strongly backs General Hershey and the present draft system. He has apparently resisted attempts to establish special Congressional studies of the problem, feeling that this is the purview of his committee. Yet he delayed the hearings promised last January until goaded by public pressure and the McNamara speech in Montreal. The recent hearings did indeed provide a forum both for complaints and constructive suggestions, especially by Congressman Morse and his Republican group, and by Senator Kennedy. They also smoked out the suppressed Pentagon study or at least a summary of it. It soon became evident that dissatisfaction with the draft was deep-seated and widespread and, in addition, that the moral dimension of the Vietnamese war necessitates more than patching up the old apparatus.

For these, as well as obvious political reasons, President

Johnson has now appointed a twenty-man, blue-ribbon citizens' committee to explore the Selective Service System. Headed by former Justice Department official Burke Marshall, it is to make a sweeping study and recommend reforms by January 1, 1967. Two years ago, when Congressman Curtis and others demanded a similar review, President Johnson responded with the million-dollar Pentagon study, which approached only a limited part of the whole problem and was undermined by new developments in Vietnam. It is to be hoped that the new commission will consider *all* aspects of conscription, as part of what Senator Clark calls the "manpower revolution" in our society generally, and that such anomalous situations as Vietnam will be built into the recommendations. If the commission is to be effective, it must be free of the vested interest of the Pentagon and the inertia which has typified earlier Congressional inquiries.

Although the ferment of this past spring seems to have ceased, many constructive effects remain. For the first time in years a Congressional committee has explored the draft well before the need for what has always been peremptory legislative renewal. Now we are to have a report and recommendations from a special citizens' group six months before expiration of the current draft act on June 30, 1967, so that new legislation can be based on thorough study. In the meantime it is almost certain that Congress will not act on legislative changes and that further hearings will await the new commission study. What administrative changes can be made in the machinery may thus proceed immediately to remove some of the inequities and biases recently brought to light.

Most of all, it is finally apparent that the country feels more deeply about military conscription than had previously been acknowledged. It makes little sense to worry about federal control in such areas as education and civil rights when an unexamined act of Congress governs educational and career plans, employment, marriage and family plans—and now even life itself.

SCHOOLS AND RACE

INTEGRATION FOR EXCELLENCE

REGINALD W. MAJOR

Mr. Major, a free-lance writer, was formerly chairman of the Education Committee of the San Francisco NAACP.

The massive resistance of the South in response to the 1954 Supreme Court school decision has its counterpart in the North, where the more polite concept of cultural deprivation has replaced that of racial inferiority, and protecting the neighborhood school is the regional equivalent of preserving the Southern way of life. In the North as in the South, frenzied attempts to maintain a dual system of education based on racial separation involve a loss of educational values.

Although San Francisco can hardly be considered the whole of the North, it is a typical Northern city in which 10 per cent of the 800,000 population is Negro. While there is some danger in generalizing, the educational problems that San Francisco faces are similar to those of other Northern cities.

The San Francisco School District is one of the richest in California. It operates 103 elementary schools, fifteen junior high schools, seven senior high schools and one junior college. More than 4,000 teachers are concerned with the education of 130,000 students, or more than one-sixth of the total population of the city.

But more than half of the city's school buildings are more than forty years old, with half of these constructed between 1895 and 1915. Sixty of the 103 elementary schools have no lunchrooms, although most children do not go home for lunch. There are only two full-time librarians for the entire elementary school division. Despite higher beginning salaries, San Francisco cannot attract teachers as successfully as do its suburban neighbors.

Academically the district ranks below the state average. Its dropout rate of 35 per cent is the highest of 100 large U.S. cities, 10.65 per cent higher than Los Angeles, the scene of recent racial difficulty.

School officials have explained that the district's relatively poor academic standing is due, in large part, to the students from "culturally deprived" homes whose social problems affect their ability to learn. They do not acknowledge that the school environment might have a negative effect on these students.

Of the thirty-four San Francisco schools more than fifty years old, fourteen are Negro and seven Chinese. All of the Chinese schools were built prior to 1916. Five plywood structures, put up as temporary schools during World War II, house approximately 1,500 students. The enrollment in four of these is entirely Negro.

The average cost per pupil of school buildings erected since 1954 is $1,750 for schools accommodating white students and $1,433 for those accommodating Negroes. School sites average 146,000 square feet for white occupancy and 115,000 square feet for Negro.* Teacher turnover rate in Negro schools is twice that of white schools.

Because blame for the school district's below-average academic standing is placed on the so-called culturally deprived, white parents are led to think that only the children of minority groups fall short of the norm. Actually, at least 60 per cent of students who fail to complete high school in San Francisco are white. Furthermore, by accepting the premise of cultural deprivation, school administrators and school boards delude themselves and the public into believing that special programs designed to compensate for an inade-

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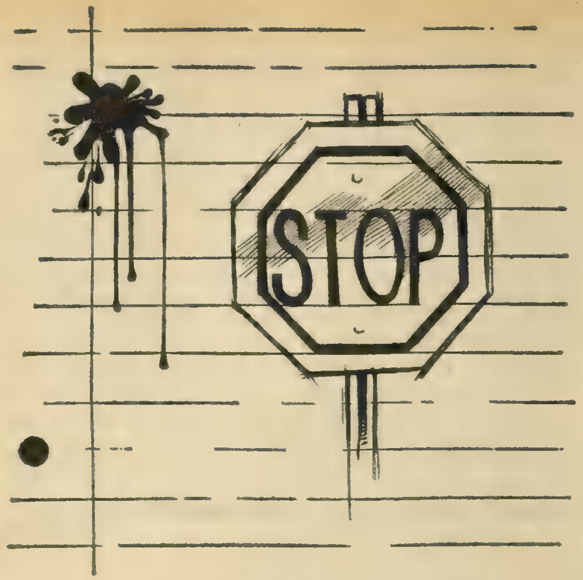
*These figures are based on the cost of schools proposed since 1954, including those authorized by a bond issue passed in 1964.



quate home environment are all that is needed. The compensatory education programs which result from this point of view are severely limited. They are usually set up in racially segregated schools, which are as barren and deprived as the homes the students left in the morning, and no systematic attempt is made to attract and hold a stable teaching staff.

Demands for integration are based on the verifiable observation that *de facto* segregated schools are inferior, coupled with evidence that segregation has deleterious effects on learning. In Chicago and Boston, protests were triggered by the realization that Negro schools were overcrowded at a time when there were empty classrooms in white schools. In San Francisco, demands for integration followed the recognition that in predominantly Negro schools students lagged as much as two to three years in reading. However, school officials and the public have preferred to think of the demands for increased integration as having social rather than educational ends.

To an extent, civil rights organizations have contributed to the misconceptions about the goals of the drive toward integration. There has been a general attempt to avoid accusing school boards and their administrators of making racially weighted decisions. While the poor conditions surrounding the education of Negroes is noted, spokesmen for integration are reluctant to label the all-Negro school educationally inferior. The failure to make such charges is unfortunate, in that much of the debate concerning *de facto* segregation avoids the main issue. Civil rights advocates have asked boards of education to correct an inequity which they agree the boards have not caused. Boards of education then reply that they do not know how to undo what they have not done. This leaves them free to perpetuate *de facto* segregation on the ground that what seems to be an increase in segregation is actually only a function of an inherited pattern. For, if it is agreed that schools are as equal as human ingenuity can make them under prevailing social conditions, what is the point of spending a great deal of energy to eliminate *de facto* segregation?

These weaknesses have been seized upon by opponents of integration, whose major platform is the preservation of standards of educational excellence. They fail to grasp the fact that a school system which can accommodate inadequate education for a sizable minority automatically places a ceiling on the educational attainments of the majority. Those who would block the elimination of *de facto* segregated schools are not necessarily racists; they are defending a way of life and an assumed social position against all comers.

What seems to be happening is that white parents transfer a belief in white supremacy to a belief in the superiority of the all-white school. They betray their lack of real interest in the educational process by not protesting with comparable vigor evidences of inadequate education not related to race. Every year the University of California finds it necessary to assign more than half of the entering freshmen to a course in high school English. This fact is reported regularly in the papers, and has not yet inspired parents to question the teaching of English in the schools.

It is generally accepted practice to advance a student from one grade to another, even though he has not mastered the subjects. All that is required is that he attend school faithfully and not present school officials with disciplinary problems. As a result, a number of high school graduates are incapable of demonstrating any of the skills which the diploma theoretically represents. And little attention is paid to the fact that, even so, three out of ten of all U.S. students fail to complete a high school education.

As basic an item as school construction has been all but ignored. San Francisco voters recently passed a building construction program which would replace only two of the buildings that are more than fifty years old. The only protests concerning the inadequacy of the program came from civil rights groups, who were criticized for attempting to obstruct progress. Proposals to increase racial integration, ranging from redrawn district lines to busing, have produced an impassioned defense of the neighborhood school. The neighborhood school is a much misunderstood and misapplied concept. The arguments in its favor combine sufficient emotional appeal with fact to make any assault upon its universal applicability prima-facie evidence of deficient patriotism and a hatred of children. And yet, the neighborhood school is little more than a convenient symbol. Although there are decided advantages to having schools located close to home, much of what has been said favoring neighborhood schools borders on fantasy and stems from notions that are hostile to an increasingly democratic society.

We might ask: who are those who send their children to school out of the neighborhood? The answer is simple: those parents who feel that the education available at more distant institutions is sufficiently desirable to merit a little traveling time. Thus, in San Francisco, 21,000, or one-fifth of school-age children, attend parochial schools, most of them out of their neighborhood. The private school is the fastest growing type of school, and the cause of this growth is an increasing dissatisfaction with public school education.

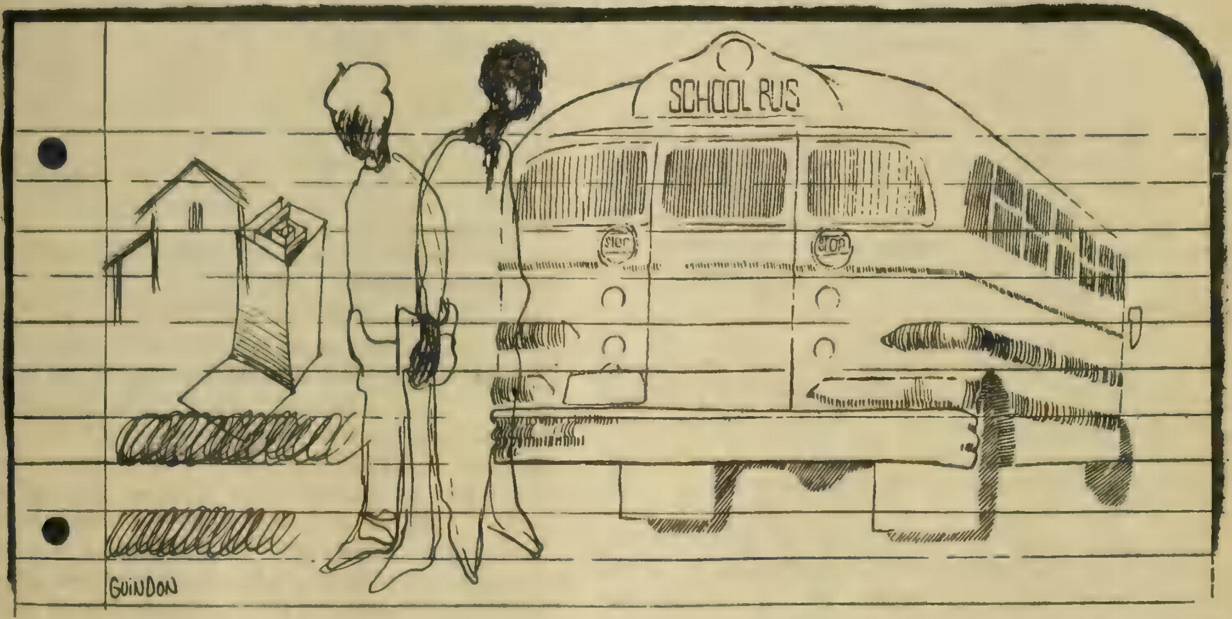
Within the public school system, also, many parents send their children outside the neighborhood. There is no question that some of these decisions are a response to the presence, or the threat, of Negroes in their neighborhood schools. But in the main, increased educational benefits, whether real or imagined, have caused a growing number of people to seek education away from the schools nearest their homes. The final invalidity of the neighborhood-school concept is its application to secondary schools, at which level, even in the most compact of cities, an overwhelming number of students use public transportation. Nevertheless, in San Francisco as in other cities, senior high schools are districted by neighborhoods, and this districting is defended on the ground of the superiority of the neighborhood school. A rigid neighborhood school policy can result only in the staking out of a territory, not the preservation of an educational standard.

The most direct way to increase racial integration is to integrate thinking about the entire educational problems of cities. Education must be geared to the needs of a future society which will be increasingly automated, industrially versatile and multi-racial. The successful school district, therefore, will be shaped to meet this future need. In such perspective, racial integration cannot be a temporary peace-keeping, token approach. It must be a long-term commitment to the future society. On a practical level, the school administration which takes this point of view will proceed to build a school district aimed toward total excellence of education.

The Negro neighborhood should become the focus of the drive for educational excellence, and the building of superior schools should start there. The schools themselves should embody every modern educational technique including team teaching, advanced placement courses, ungraded classes and intensive counseling. Class size should be drastically reduced.

A challenging atmosphere and the stated determination to make particular schools superior will attract teachers who derive maximum satisfaction from doing what they are best fitted for—teaching. They would be in sharp contrast to the present staffs of slum schools, which tend to attract self-denying educational evangelists, or drones who feel they have given their all by merely showing up for work. The very concept of slum school is self-defeating, and no teacher should ever become trapped in a school situation that makes him feel he is patching up society's failures. In a terrible denial of student potential, many teachers go to a particular school to help, rather than to teach.

One of the side effects of a rebuilding program will be immediate increased racial integration, as entire school populations will have to be reassigned during the construction period. Parents who fear that the introduction of non-white children into their schools will lower educational standards will discover that the performance of students in an integrated school will show improvement rather than deterioration. This was demonstrated in Berkeley, Calif., where a positive program to integrate schools stressed educational achievement. Without such an orientation, however, the introduction of Negroes into a school begins the process of neglect and unconcern that ultimately results in another inferior all-Negro school. It must be remembered that most all-Negro schools were at one time integrated.



Public education will never attain the dignity commensurate with its value to our society until schools are totally and completely severed from concepts of class, race or neighborhood. Every public school should be an excellent institution for learning, and we should build toward that goal. The first step is the elimination of the slum school, and the designation of the Negro neighborhood as the center for educational excellence, rather than the place where education is most urgently needed. To those who would call this program discrimination in reverse, the answer should be, yes, with the added observation that it comes not an instant too soon.

But the process of renewing a city's educational institutions should become a unifying factor, making it possible to view racial integration in proper perspective, as only one of the problems of urban education. Those who cling to the idea of the superiority of the neighborhood school, or the educational superiority of the all-white school, would now have to choose between their biases and the chance to benefit from educational excellence.

LATIN AMERICA III

The Changing Role of the Church

SMITH HEMPSTONE

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One of the causes of social stagnation and political discontent in Latin America has been the weakness of its basic institutions. Political parties, frequently no more than temporary groupings dedicated to the promotion of the political fortunes of a strong man, have been and are lacking in ideology. The labor movement has been and is weak and politically dominated. The universities, hampered by a shortage of funds and bound by a traditionalist educational approach, more nearly resemble extensions of the political parties than institutions of learning. Family life, characterized by free unions and illegitimacy, remains unstable. Socio-economic institutions such as credit unions have until recently been almost unknown.

In the flux of Latin American life, characterized historically by an almost anarchic individualism, one of the few institutions to display continuity, organization and universality has been the Roman Catholic Church. Accordingly, the influence of the Church on Latin American society, for better or for worse, has been profound. And today the Latin American Church, once rocklike in its inflexibility, is undergoing pronounced changes which promise to make it an even more effective instrument in the future.

Columbus carried the Church to the New World in his baggage. When Cortez's conquistadores hacked their way into the valley of Mexico in 1519, the priests who accompanied them smashed the idols of the prostrate Aztecs and "converted" the bewildered Indians by the thousands, a process facilitated by the coincidence that the cross also happened to be the symbol of Tlaloc, the rain god. The process was repeated in Central America, during Pizarro's cataclysmic overthrow of the vast Inca empire, and elsewhere across the length and breadth of Latin America (in Paraguay, the Jesuits created a closed, paternalistic theocracy over the Guarani Indians in which the Church *was* the state).

Once rooted in Latin America, the Church devoted all its vast prestige and considerable resources to the maintenance of a stranglehold over every aspect of colonial life. There was to be no tolerance of alien forces or liberal ideas. Late in the 16th century, the Dominicans introduced the Inquisition (in Mexico City's first *auto-da-fé* in 1574, one friar noted with satisfaction that "there perished twenty-one pestilent Lutherans").

Yet the early Church in the Indies was not a totally reactionary institution. Bartholomé de Las Casas, Bishop of Guatemala, made a concerted if unsuccessful attempt to protect the Indians of Mexico and Central America from the rapacity of their conquerors. And Las Casas was far from alone in his crusade.

But as the conquest receded into the past, so too diminished the missionary fervor of the Church. While isolated individual clerics continued to fight for justice and charity, the Church as an institution grew wealthy, degenerate and corrupt. Clerical concubinage became the rule rather than the exception, and the priesthood increasingly came to content itself with the formal ministrations of the sacraments, wringing gold and sweat from those whose welfare it was pledged to protect.

The thousands of priests, friars and nuns scattered across 18th-century Latin America (18,000 were in Mexico alone), many of them enjoying sheltered and unproductive lives in great monasteries supported by the labor of the Indians, lived beyond the law, subject only to the jurisdiction of their own ecclesiastical courts. The Church's wealth, expressed in terms of land, livestock and Indian *peones,* was immense and tax exempt. In Mexico alone, some historians estimate that the pre-revolutionary Church held title to more than half the nation's productive land.

Although the leaders of 19th-century nationalist revolutions which broke the power of Spain and Portugal in the New World had been strongly influenced by the European Enlightenment and Freemasonry, they were never able to shake the faith of the masses in Catholicism. Today, nearly two out of every five of the world's 580 million Catholics are Latin Americans. The Catholic proportion of the populations of individual Latin American countries ranges from a low of 72 per cent in French-speaking Haiti to a high of 97.7 per cent in tiny El Salvador. For the area as a whole, Catholicism is the faith of approximately 93 per cent of 200 million people.

Yet these statistics obscure a fundamental truth: despite its ubiquitousness and virtually absolute spiritual power in colonial Latin America, the Church failed in its mission to translate European Christianity to the New World. Even had the Church not been worldly and corrupt, the task probably would have been too big for it. Insofar as the Indians were concerned—and they form the common denominator of life in a dozen nations stretching from Mexico to Bolivia—pagan rituals and legends became intertwined in a twisted form of Catholicism which their ancestors had accepted almost in desperation as a last refuge in their destroyed world. It is no coincidence that the shrine of the Dark Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, occupies a site once holy to Tonantzin, mother of the gods in the Aztec pantheon.

The problem faced by the modern Church in regard to Latin America's larger and more evolved *mestizo* (mixed-blood) population, and in regard to the small but politically and economically powerful white group, is similar to that which obtains in some other areas of the world: Catholicism, when not antipathetic, has often seemed at best irrelevant to the lives and problems of the great mass of the people. Most younger Latin American priests are prepared to admit that the segment of the population that can be called Catholic in any meaninfgul sense of the word is not 93 per cent but somewhere between 5 and 10 per cent. While most Latin American children are still baptized (in Bolivia, the death of an unbaptized child is believed to bring crop-killing hail storms, thus exposing the offending parents to serious communal punishment), many do not marry in the Church or partake of the sacraments. There exists, then, a serious spiritual and moral vacuum in Latin American life into which both the Communists and a rejuvenated Church are trying to inject themselves as meaningful forces.

To a degree, the blame for this spiritual barrenness may be placed on the critical shortage of priests which has plagued Latin America since the late colonial era: today, there is only one priest for every 5,000 Catholics, as against a desirable ratio of one to 800 (in Honduras, and in many isolated rural areas, this ratio falls rapidly to one to 18,000). In many areas, the situation is becoming worse rather than better, with the number of seminarians failing to keep pace with Latin America's burgeoning 2.8 per cent rate of annual population increase.

But if priests have been too few, there are those who maintain, with some justification, that they have also been the wrong kind of priests: clerical concubinage, priestly drunkenness, and the charging of fees—small in themselves but desperately high in reference to the peasant's ability to pay—have done little to enhance the reputation of the Church. In addition, the Church's traditional posture as the political ally of the most reactionary elements of Latin American society has gone far to discredit it as a social institution in the period of restive awakening which has followed World War II.

Why was this allowed to happen? Why did the Vatican, with its extensive information-gathering mechanism, allow itself to become politically outflanked by the forces of anticlericalism in Latin America? One liberal priest in Peru, a country dangerously close to social revolution, places the blame on the Vatican's papal nuncios in Latin America: "The vast proportion of the nuncios historically have been Italian traditionalists. They reported no need for change because they were personally incapable of recognizing such a need."

Be that as it may (and the explanation is a little too facile), the Latin American Church, since the papacy of John XXIII and now under Paul VI, has been making vigorous and effective efforts to rehabilitate itself, to make its ministry meaningful to the broad masses caught up in a whirlpool of social, economic and political change. Impetus for this change has come not only from the indigenous priesthood but from an ecclesiastical "Point Four Program" which has resulted in the injection of large numbers of foreign priests into Latin America (Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis, for instance, has promised to send 10 per cent of his diocesan priests to help out). The consequences of such a development cannot fail to be profound. In Bolivia, as an example, only six of twenty bishops and 200 of 800 priests are Bolivians.

The foreign clergy in Bolivia is by no means uniformly liberal or reformist: in addition to a substantial number of American, Canadian, Dutch and German priests, there also are large numbers of Spanish, Italian, French, Maltese and Mexican clerics, many of them conservatives. But the basic point is that the contemporary Bolivian Church (and the same is true of the institution in every other Latin American nation) is no longer a closed, isolated organization: it is constantly exposed to a variety of ideas and influences from every quarter. In such a situation, inflexibility and stagnation are not only unthinkable but impossible.

Some critics, both within and without the Church, feel that the concept of regenerating Latin American Catholicism through the agency of foreign priests is ill conceived, that to be meaningful and lasting such reform must come solely and exclusively from the Latin hierarchies. But most observers maintain that this objection overlooks the fact that important elements of the indigenous clergy have demonstrated their desire for reform but lack the numbers or the technical skill to realize new goals without assistance.

The existence of such liberal Latin American priests is a matter of record. The Church in Chile, under the leadership of Raul Cardinal Silva Henriquez, has been in the vanguard of social change, voluntarily distributing its rich estates to landless peasants, associating itself with the Christian Democratic policies of President Eduardo Frei, injecting itself vigorously into such traditionally temporal matters as trade unionism. In Brazil, Archbishop Helder Camara of Recife, often only half jokingly referred to by Catholic laymen as a possible Presidential candidate, has awakened the depressed northeastern region of the country by encouraging reformist lay organizations, working among explosive leftist student groups, and instituting literacy courses for slum dwellers. Some of his priests have followed the Archbishop's lead with sufficient vigor to cause conservative President Humbert Castelo Branco to jail a number of them. In Central America, still a stronghold of clerical backwardness, Bishop Marcus McGrath of Panama, the son of a gringo father and a Latin American mother, is playing a major role in promoting social reform in an area long a battleground between communism and reaction.

While the pace of Catholic renovation has been too

fast for many clerics, change has come far too slowly for others. Camilo Torres was one of these. Torres, a blue-blooded playboy who found a vocation in the priesthood and an ideal in violent social action, fought long and bitterly for reform of the Colombian hierarchy headed by Luis Cardinal Concha, a traditionalist cleric of the old school. Already inclined toward Marxism ("I am a revolutionary because I am a priest and a Catholic," he told his superiors), Torres was packed off to Belgium for a period of reflection.

Returning unconvinced and unrepentant, Torres taught sociology and served as chaplain at Bogotá's National University, where he became the darling of leftist students. Despairing of peaceful change in the Colombian social order and stripped of his ecclesiastical duties, Torres late last year took to the hills as a guerrilla leader with the Castro-backed Army of National Liberation. Three months later, the handsome, 37-year-old priest died as he had elected to live, gunned down by an army patrol in a brief, bloody skirmish. His body lies in an unmarked grave near the Venezuelan border, but his name has become a slogan in the circles of Latin American communism.

But while the lives and deaths of priests like Camilo Torres dramatically point up the social inequities of Latin America and the failure of some Church hierarchies to combat them, they are personal tragedies rather than institutional ones. For the experience of such men as Father Torres is outside the mainstream of contemporary Church action. The young priest's death would have universal significance and value only if the Church had shown itself to be unwilling or incapable of renovation. Neither circumstance happens to be the case.

"The basic problems of renovation," asserts Monsignor Andrew Kennedy of St. Louis, assistant to the archbishop of La Paz, "has been and is to get the priest out of the sacristy into the daily lives of the people." Just this is happening all over Latin America today.

Church-run radio schools designed to eradicate illiteracy have mushroomed all over the continent, and now number more than 60,000. The credit union and home loan cooperative movements, triggered by the so-called "capitalist priest," Father Dan McLellan in Peru, have had equal success. Priests have assisted behind the scenes in the development of the Christian Trade Union Movement (CLASC) and in the formation of small but vigorous Christian Democratic political parties dedicated to social reform in a dozen Latin American countries.

Under the informal aegis of the Church, national unions of Christian businessmen (USEC in Chile, ACDE in Argentina) have been formed in an attempt to ameliorate some of the more rapacious aspects of Latin capitalism. Organizations such as Techo (Roof) in Chile have been created to help workers trapped by their own poverty to develop new skills and entrepreneurial habits.

The same Dominicans who introduced the Inquisition have helped to create the Bolivian Institute of Social Study and Action (IBEAS), an organization which challenges doctors, lawyers and peasants to create a new and less inequitable social order. Priests of various orders have come into the universities, begun a dialogue among students of all political persuasions, and encouraged the formation of leftist but non-Communist students' associations.

Priests everywhere are getting their hands dirty. They are to be found in the middle of leftist political demonstrations, out in the fields showing *campesinos* how to improve their crop yields, holding open-air services in the Red barrios, doffing their cassocks to join in a game of soccer, something unthinkable a decade ago in class-conscious Latin society.

The use of the vernacular in the mass now is widespread (many clerics maintain, however, that this has served to increase the fervor of the faithful, rather than to win new converts for Catholicism), and the churches, most observers agree, are much fuller today, even in traditionally anti-clerical countries such as Mexico, than they were ten years ago. But the process of renovation, often speeded by the increased tempo of Protestant evangelism, is by no means constant, steady or universal. With a few exceptions, the Catholic hierarchies of Mexico, Central America, Peru, Colombia and Ecuador remain fundamentally conservative and resistant to change.

In Argentina and Uruguay, renovation is taking place but the process is slow and hesitant. In Venezuela, the Church under Archbishop Arias Blanco is progressive but wields little influence in that oil-rich and most materialistic of all Latin American nations. In Brazil, the most populous Catholic country in the world, and in Chile, the Church is keeping pace with and frequently taking a lead in social and political developments. In Cuba, a nervous Fidel Castro has whittled down the number of priests in the country to 220, a backhanded compliment to the resiliency of Cuban Catholicism.

Many problems remain, one of the greatest of them being the lack of vocations among young Latin Americans: enrollment in major seminaries in Bolivia, for instance, fell from 204 in 1950 to 163 in 1964. If God can be dead in the United States, he also can die there, even if the Church does become a more popular and liberal institution. Despite the vigorous rear-guard action of clerical traditionalists, most liberal priests feel that the battle for reform and renovation is won, that the passage of time will deal with the problem of elderly priests and bishops unable or unwilling to conform to the wind of change blowing from Vatican II. In this the progressives, who hold the initiative, probably are correct. But time is short and of the essence.

Social and political tensions in countries such as Guatemala, Colombia, Peru, Brazil and Bolivia are building up every day. From the Andean *altiplano* to the jungles of Central America, men have heard enough promises. It is action they now want and action they mean to have. A Church not in tune with the times, not in the vanguard of change, could be swept away with other institutions in coming explosions.

The fact remains, however, that the Latin American Catholic Church, neither as monolithic nor as all-powerful as it may on the surface appear to be, is both experiencing renovation and promoting social change of far-reaching significance. A rebuilt and inspirationally recharged Catholic Church is likely to remain one of the keystones of Latin American society in the transition from an old and tired social order to that of an uncertain tomorrow, the dimensions of which can be seen only faintly today.

LETTERS *(continued from page 202)*

works and services so that they are to be used merely as one compensatory device after private consumers (together with investors and foreign purchasers) have finished "gorging" and "have had their fill, or their swill."

This is simply not true. My text is studded with statements to the contrary:

"I strongly recommend in this book a policy of doing justice to our needs in those [education, health, urban redevelopment, and other public-service] fields. Apart from the intrinsic merit of that policy, which is the real point, it would also provide additional employment. But it would not, by itself, give us insured full employment.

"The government may—I hope will—expand its public-services programs.

"A considerable permanent expansion of public services and public works is much to be desired as a matter of achieving a better balance in our economy and society. Personally I think that this should be obvious to anyone who looks about him to see where it is that our progress has been lagging." (At this point I devote several pages to illustrating the thesis.)

I don't think this is the place to do more than just highlight the basic misinterpretation of what my book proposes. . . . But perhaps I could give one more quotation to put matters a little more positively. On page 33 I again refer to "the too-low levels on which many of our public services are now functioning," and to the fact that any liberal administration could be expected to urge increases; I then go on to say that my proposed Presidentially recommended level of consumer spending would have to be raised if Congress failed to accept all those recommended increases in public works and services, and end up by summarizing my proposal in this regard as follows:

"In other words, the President would give Congress a choice of *proportions* between government spending and private spending, but not of over-all *levels* of demand and activity in our economy.

"There could be more government spending and less private consumer spending, or less government spending and more private-consumer spending. The President's own preference on this, in the given circumstances, would be made clear. But an inadequate total for the two combined would *not* be one of the alternatives presented." *John H. G. Pierson*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'He Made the Books and He Died'

THE FAULKNER-COWLEY FILE: Letters and Memories, 1944-1962. *By Malcolm Cowley. The Viking Press. 184 pp. $5.*

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. *By Michael Millgate. Random House. 344 pp. $6.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

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The literary world's recognition of Faulkner's genius was both shamefully slow and spotty. Perhaps that is why so many Faulkner studies strike one as penitential or, like Malcolm Cowley's pleasant but unilluminating correspondence, faintly elegiac. Nothing in Cowley's file adds much to our knowledge; the Millgate book, issued earlier, alludes to all the letters which are memorable.

That Cowley permitted Millgate to quote so extensively from private documents he was about to publish is only one sign of an endearing generosity. Cowley's file may tell us little about the great writer, but it casts a soft glow on him. Not that this was calculated; when we recall how crucial the *Viking Portable* was for Faulkner's reputation, the wonder is that Cowley can be so self-effacing. His brief account of the anthology's inception has a geniality which, under the circumstances, can only strike one as wonderful. When he first made the proposal, it "elicited some interest, but no enthusiasm." Faulkner was too lost a cause to seem worthy of such sumptuous commemoration: if only he were better known. Disappointed but undaunted by his publisher's response, Cowley took a friend's advice, divided the critical essay he had prepared for the volume, and issued the pieces in various magazines. Cowley tells us:

> Then suddenly, I had a call from the managing editor of the Viking Press. "It seems to us," he said, "that Faulkner is receiving a great deal of attention in the magazines." I modestly agreed.

The rest is history.

Cowley's geniality and Faulkner's cussedness make the file a couple of hours' tangy reminiscence. Millgate's book takes longer to read and gives rather less, but both volumes raise the same question. Isn't it too soon to turn Faulkner into a cultural monument?

In his commentary on the file, Cowley acknowledges that the *Viking Portable* introduction was only one crucial moment in the Faulkner revival. Though appreciative of Cowley's effort, Robert Penn Warren, reviewing Cowley's book for *The New Republic,* moved beyond its insights. Pointing out that Cowley's interpretation was a bit overly schematic, a bit literal-minded in its emphasis on Faulkner as Southern bard, Warren composed a list of topics for studying the master's fiction that has all but sustained Faulkner criticism for twenty years.

As Warren asserted, when Cowley published his collection the widespread view of Faulkner was of "a combination of Thomas Nelson Page, a fascist, and a psychopath gnawing his nails." Cowley altered this to a combination of Balzac, Hawthorne, and a rural fabulist, and Warren immensely sophisticated the valid, brilliantly timed, but slightly superficial rehabilitation which Cowley performed. Subsequent critics have behaved as if Faulkner did seamlessly join the 19th-century novel and American romance in the whole cloth of myth. They have analyzed, celebrated and genealogized his fiction as if the world he created were some vast synthetic vision with Biblical authority and few lapses from artistic grace.

In the last twenty years Faulkner has displaced Melville and James among American novelists as the main occasion for displays of critical ingenuity. Yet in the whole vast rite only two critics, Hyatt Waggoner and Walter Slatoff, have tried to understand Faulkner's fiction rather than merely explain or canonize it. Waggoner's book, the most large-minded of the general studies, is inconclusive and unassured, as one might expect in a period when most critics were losing their minds to atone for the bad old days of Faulkner's eclipse. Slatoff, more specialized in his approach, studies the rhetorical and thematic means by which Faulkner sought contradiction, but his findings too often reveal his own confusion.

For all their shortcomings, these writers should have pointed the direction to other critics, but a work like Millgate's shows how entrenched the complacency has become. *The Achievement of William Faulkner* is the sort of book one is always recommending as an introduction. It treats the work in chronological order, it provides scholarly background (comparison with manuscripts, source study, biography) without the thoroughness or method which might alienate the general reader, and it is both timid and conventional in its critical judgments. At this date, an introduction to Faulkner is more a venture in publishing than in intellection.

Both books are relaxed, accurate, thoroughly unoriginal, and designed for people who have entered the action where it is least dramatic. While critics and garrulous friends of Faulkner have been reducing him for twenty years into a known quantity—a boozy teller of tall tales and civic-minded tragedian—the main force of his work, with its roots in a tangle of perplexity and conviction that feeds every strong artist, has been ignored. What we need with Faulkner is not adulation, not even explication, but reconstruction: we need, by analyzing his texts, to reimagine the sensibility which created them. With temerity acknowledged, I want to indicate just a few areas in which his mind may be explored.

The Sound and the Fury, Faulkner's undoubted masterpiece, is nearly a perfect book. Only James's *The Ambassadors* can challenge its claim to supremacy among American novels in this century. But for all its complex scope, the commentators have served it well. *As I Lay Dying* remains to be fully explicated, yet it too keeps few essential mysteries. Critics of Faulkner, seeking to trace his inner dialectics, should start with those excellent novels of his second range: *Light in August*, *Absalom, Absalom!* and, in parts, the Snopes trilogy.

In these books one finds the anxieties, dilemmas and contradictions which the two supreme novels enshroud in the perfections of art. The most important passage in the Cowley correspondence comes as no surprise, but its implications remain to be fully grasped:

> I am telling the same story over and over, which is myself and the world. Tom Wolfe was trying to say everything, the world plus "I" or filtered through "I" or the effort of "I" to embrace the world in which he was born and walked a little while and then lay down again, into one volume. I am trying to go a step further. This I think accounts for

> what people call the obscurity, the involved formless "style," endless sentences. I'm trying to say it all in one sentence, between one Cap and one period. I'm still trying to put it all, if possible, on one pinhead.

For twenty years now we have had critics discovering Faulkner's simultaneous time, or "frozen moments," or present pastness, as if Faulkner himself had not been thoroughly aware of the phenomenon, had not indeed made it his main expressive device. Artists are least aware of ambiguities in their favorite methods. This axiom is no less true of Faulkner because his device expressed a vision so commanding.

The past's vitality in the present always threatens in Faulkner to become sentimental nostalgia (recalling the decline in the work of his greatest contemporary, T. S. Eliot). The depiction of simultaneous time can involve a deficient sense of causality, can indeed condemn the writer to makeshift, mechanical notions of causality such as the reliance in *Light in August* on a narrow behaviorism which detracts from Christmas' tragic stature. "Frozen moments" can become lifeless friezes, activated only by an external and progressively nagging rhetoric, as in the portentous stylizations of *Requiem for a Nun.*

These deficiencies in Faulkner's presentation of time parallel deficiencies in his presentation of selfhood. Any of Faulkner's serious readers knows both Judith Sutpen's comparison of life to a set of interlocked people trying to weave a rug and Faulkner's great portrayals of people destroying one another (through pride, as in *The Sound and the Fury*, or ideology, as in *Light in August*) when each attempts to weave his own pattern. Few writers have conveyed so devastating a sense of the ruthlessness in our inevitable quest for self-knowledge. Yet in a novel like *Absalom, Absalom!* this major Faulknerian theme seriously counters another.

To establish the epistemological warfare behind Judith's tangle of egos, Faulkner creates for each of his narrators a point of view both partial in its accuracy and exemplary in its distortions: from Rosa's self-exonerating melodrama to Mr. Compson's self-serving cynicism. But the novel also wants to create a Southern myth, a synthetic vision of the ritualistic essence of Sutpen's tragedy. To create that myth in a world blandly relativistic and impervious to agony, Faulkner pitches his novel in a nearly hysterical key. Every detail is turned through incantatory repetition and oratorical volume into a supreme instance, a symbol of all life. Finally, the two themes threaten to neutralize each other. To sustain the narrative passion, Faulkner makes each of his speakers a vessel for his own anguished scream, so that gradually we lose that sense of separate egos which made the scream a fit response. Just as Faulkner sometimes cannot separate any moment from the flux of time in order to fix its causal place, so he blends each person into one great synthetic sufferer and we lose the particulars of anguish.

Triumph in Faulkner is a victory over logical comprehension. When Quentin and Shreve, in *Absalom, Absalom!* vanquish human distance, merge with Charles and Henry, their victorious understanding is a mystic affair of the heart. But the glamour in this triumph should not efface its clue to deep-set divisions in Faulkner's mind. Over and over in his work, one comes upon a distrust of language, from the strained satire of high-class blather in *Mosquitoes* to Addie Bundren's superb tirade in *As I Lay Dying* in which she compares action to the earth and words to an evanescence which vanishes in the air. Faulkner's style is an attempt at rendering simultaneity and mystic perception, but the normal mind and the syntax through which it expresses its thoughts are characteristically temporal and fixated on discreteness. The fundamental fact about Faulkner's sensibility is that it hates its own vocabulary. His involved sentences and incantatory rhythms are a war against language, in which every victory—and some are stunning—must retain some element of the Pyrrhic.

Of all modern American novelists, Faulkner is at once the most philosophical and the most antipathetic to logical discourse. This accounts, I think, for those strikingly ambivalent depictions in his books of all characters who might be called thinkers. Hightower is notoriously

SWEET TALK

One language surely lets us,
more than another, get at the thing
itself, each other. Attic Greek maybe,
the undraped Sapphic say, or Provençal
like honey shining on a rosy lip
when men in speaking felt, so came,
much closer.
Karl von Frisch,
after some forty-five assiduous years
of "work in the field," assures us
that, did German bees and English
happen on each other, putting up
in the same hive (Germans have
ever been
notorious travelers),
if one of the Germans found a horde
of nectar, as it communicated this
to its countrymen, the native English
would appreciate at once the treasure's
whereabouts. But would the taste
itself, the pollen,
pleasure,
cling to that fat fellow's buzzings,
in its setting Vermeer-mellow? Might it
not resent betraying its lush secret?
Also, would one nation gladly share
the wealth or readily forsake it
to the other?
But I've allowed
the slightest, academic hint of honey
to divert me. Language, its capacity,
had been what I was after. So I ask,
Are languages meant for meaning,
some more acquiescent to the will,
the feelings,
and the senses?
Or are they, roughly, equal ways
of signaling? Certainly old lovers,
having tasted all the sweet and moved
on to the sting beneath, can quarrel
more precisely than mere foreigners.
Wars civil must be
the most telling.
Take an artist working many years
on one small painting or, dissatisfied,
a crowded series. Is it that he means
to be devoted to his primal vision,
unrelenting often as he wearies,
no sleuth hotter
on the scent?
Or is he bent on a mystery
he cannot know until the last
stroke, like a sudden period, locks
it in? Or is he desperately responsive
to the moment, inside and out,
submitting to it
while he woos
and thereby hoping, should he think
of it at all, that the completed work
will somehow, even as it resembles
nothing but itself, be a reality
to the degree that it resembles
nothing but itself?
Each sunset,
we are led to believe, the day's last
utterance, as well as the peculiar
colloquy of its moment's clouds,
winds, smog (and all the sunsets gone
before?), is unique—recognizable,
believable, because unique.

Perhaps
speech's primary function is to speak.

THEODORE WEISS

the great hole in *Light in August*, but he is just as clearly Faulkner's spokesman. For all its power, the book is intellectually confused, and Hightower is the emblem of that confusion. At no point in *Light in August* can we assert that a way of life was solely responsible for the crucifixion of Joe Christmas; his tragedy is also self-inflicted. Yet the dominant subject of the novel is a way of life for which Joe's death must serve as judgment. The Christ parallel in its very incompleteness highlights the troubled sense of causality and significance at the heart of *Light in August*, for Christ's passion points to a sin more metaphysical than any mores can embody. The atmospheric "Dry September," with its vague last scene, prefigures the novel's mixture of a social causation personified in the evil Percy Grimm, and a cosmic destroyer at which his namesake McLendon ultimately peers. But atmosphere alone cannot clarify the issues in a novel, and *Light in August* remains indistinct.

Just as it shuttles distractedly between word and that which no word can capture, Faulkner's mind swings agitatedly between mere fact and universals. What is inferentially linked in *Light in August* and passionately invoked in *Absalom, Absalom!* became for Faulkner more and more a matter of rhetoric. In his later work, Faulkner declines into portent and thence into rant. Actions once portrayed in language, with some urgency beyond language, now become stylized gesture, wish fulfillment, outrageous stage managing. The point about such failures as *Intruder in the Dust* is not that they are propaganda, half-baked sermons but that their action is false and dreamlike. Old Southern ladies and boys turn detective to protect a Negro's life, Mink Snopes becomes a crypto-revolutionary, killing Flem in behalf of human dignity, and Eula becomes a suburban housewife anxious to maintain her family's name. Tragedy itself becomes domesticated.

However, these well-known failures are not simply signs of debility or old age. From the start, Faulkner's soul is torn between a poised desire to render life's "frantic steeplechase toward nothing" and a need to offer solutions. *The Sound and the Fury* wears the stone face of a mourning statue, but *Light in August* pulsates with what reviewers call "social conscience." That is why one of the last judgments over Joe Christmas is spoken by Gavin Stevens. This account of Joe's life in terms of the propulsive force of white and black blood seems to be talking of whiteness and Negroness, but if read in such a fashion is shockingly racist. One realizes that Faulkner is thinking of black and white as Hawthorne might think of it, as a Manichean romancer, and suddenly the division in *Light in August* splits wide. As we all know, Faulkner was a romancer as well as a novelist, but we have resisted knowing how unstable was the combination.

When a problem has been admitted, too often critics have been casual in examining it. Almost all of Faulkner's books are unsteady mixtures of variously revised stories, yet few critics have tested the implications of indecision or disorder in this famous fact. Since Cowley's emphasis on the coherence of Faulkner's Golden Book, we have treated it like some large Jackson Pollock made coherent through technical distinctiveness. But both Faulkner and Pollock sold their canvas in chunks. The one-and-the-many problem in Faulkner, which I have sketched for his handling of time and personality, makes itself felt first as a question of artistic form.

When face to face with Faulkner's notoriously imperial disdain for inconsistencies in the Yoknapatawpha saga, Cowley berates himself as a fool for questioning the great man, but these inconsistencies are notable precisely because Faulkner did not always refuse to deal with them. One can't, in advance, be certain what would turn up, but some critic needs to compare the instances of revision with those occasions when Faulkner effectively hid behind his plow.

Though Faulkner appreciated Cowley's efforts for him, he feared the project as an invasion of privacy. For an epitaph, he desired the words: "He made the books and he died." Of all modern writers, Faulkner was supremely certain that his writing was his self. What we want to do is search out that self, but in a mood of rigorous criticism and not belletristic geniality.

Wells and the Cosmic Despair

RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Mr. Costa's critical biography of H.G. Wells will be published by Twayne this November. He is currently on leave from Utica College of Syracuse University as a David Ross Fellow at Purdue University where he is a reviewer on the staff of Modern Fiction Studies. *He is now writing a book on the late Malcolm Lowry.*

H.G. Wells died in his 80th year twenty years ago. To an older generation of science-fiction readers, the photographs of astronauts astride the universe in a kind of cosmic sleep-walk may seem, in some curious way, familiar, recalling imagery from *The First Men in the Moon*, written by Wells in 1901. And who can say that the reports of UFO sightings are not a response to the human urge for wonderment in an age of computers; an urge to return to anything-is-possible times like 1898, when Martians invaded London in *The War of the Worlds*, or, again in 1938, when Martians landed in Grover Mill, N. J., via Orson Welles's radio program? Martian invasions on the Wellesian model quickly became the archetypes for all those B-grade films which present giant other-worldly creatures armed with death-ray guns threatening earth's comfortable inertia.

Travel into past and future time, secrets of invisibility and interplanetary warfare did not originate with Wells, but his name is attached, more than any other, to the mythical expression he gave to such subjects. The Argentinian poet-novelist Jorge Luis Borges goes so far as to say that narratives like *The Time Machine, The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *The Invisible Man*, which he describes as the first books he ever read, "will be incorporated, like the fables of Theseus or Ahasuerus, into the general memory of the species and even transcend the fame of their creator or the extinction of the language in which they were written."

This is high praise, coming as it does from a major contemporary artist, but it is largely lost today in a general disregard of H. G. Wells. For more than a generation it has been fashionable for critics to accept Wells wholly on his own terms; to take to heart his last words to Henry James about his preference for being journalist over artist; and to remember only the image presented by the last thirty years of his life. That picture of a world-state trumpeter invoking God and men to follow his lead toward a promised land drew the scoffings of literati of existential bent who were coming of age even as the aging prophet still tried to hard-sell the world a hope which his earliest and best books could not support.

Lately, after decades of neglect, a small coterie of critics—Bernard Bergonzi and Colin Wilson in England; Anthony West, Mark Hillegas and Robert P. Weeks in the United States—has been reassessing the earlier works of Wells, especially the scientific romances, and finding that at their core they imaginatively project a deep cosmic pessimism. These critics dismiss the tons of public journalism—nearly all the lesser books churned out after 1915—and, along with the late George Orwell, evaluate his 1895-1910 production as among the richest of the Edwardian period.

It is easy for critics who have read Eliot, Kafka and Sartre to misread Wells. Actually, though garnished by story-telling virtuosity, Wells's best books are grave warnings to mankind. The major works form a catalogue of forebodings: the end of intellectual life in *The Time Machine*; the resort to something very like brainwashing in the short story, "The Country of the Blind"; the catastrophe of uncontrolled experimentation in *The Invisible Man* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau;* the charlatanry of modern advertising and the unchecked horror of publicity in Wells's finest novel, *Tono-Bungay*; the development of intelligence at the expense of human sympathy in *The War of the Worlds*; the destructive consequences of irrationality in *The New Machiavelli*, an early (1910) forecast of political scandal à la Profumo.

If Wells had written no more than *The Time Machine, Dr. Moreau, The Invisible Man* and *The War of the Worlds*, he, rather than Aldous Huxley or Eugene Zamiatin, would have been accorded the distinction of being the father of the inverted utopia. Writing at Wells's death, and at a time when he himself was planning *1984*, Orwell called *When the Sleeper Wakes*, written by Wells in 1899, a forecast of a highly organized totalitarian society based on slave labor, a work which "comes extremely close to what is happening now (1946). . . in the modern world . . . and is an astonishing feat of detailed imaginative construction. . . . The extent to which it anticipates Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and other pessimistic Utopia books has not been generally recognized." Wells has been frequently charged with wearing rose-colored spectacles, but he saw the failure of the human spirit to rebel forty years before Huxley and fifty before Orwell, and had sounded his warnings, sometimes using the same symbols they later employed.

In contrast to the tidy utopias created by the aging Wells, the early fictional landscape is a canvas by Bruegel. One glimpses, along with the first sight of the spearhead ship from Mars, a group of village urchins tossing stones at the cylinder that has fallen from the sky. One hears the bark of a cart driver as he pulls up at Iping Village with the luggage of the Invisible Man. One follows Mr. Polly into a roomful of similarly dispossessed tradesmen after his "bit of arson" has destroyed the Fishbourne Hotel but also made a lion of him for rescuing his landlord's mother-in-law. It is a landscape of disorder. Almost a casualty of the Victorian Establishment himself, Wells understood from first hand the private ordeals inherent in social struggle and extolled that struggle with a gusto second only to Dickens.

But the Bruegel landscape gradually blurs until by 1916, with *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, a wartime bestseller in the United States, the setting has dwindled to a conference room. *Mr. Britling*, essentially a document, albeit an invaluable one to students of the Great War, sounded the theme for Wells's future work: fewer and fewer Mr. Pollys and Artie Kippses, more and more theories. This was the H. G. Wells who for the final three decades of his career would write tracts disguised as fiction, in pursuit of an equilibrium, a world order, which the humanist in him knew was unattainable.

Thus Wells essayed the impossible: a leap over his shadow. For half his life the man he *was* conflicted with the man he thought he *ought* to be. The only value of his later idea-novels, of those symposiums where the main character is always on a platform, is to prove that to the day of his death H. G. Wells was never able to resolve the embattled claims of what Jung calls personae, those most cherished and private conceptions a man has of himself. Wells ushered in the century with an air of anything is possible. For a time his blueprints for new worlds, his heralding of a time when men's intellects would liberate them from the bondage of hereditary misery and the inertia of inherited comfort, caught the imagination of countless thinking men. "Later," Van Wyck Brooks sadly related in his memoirs, "the teaching of H. G. Wells lent itself to the saturnine jeers of an age that had lost all belief in the will and in progress."

By 1939, with the world on the brink of catastrophe, Wells roused himself for a last crusading voyage to the United States. Though Americans were disappointed in Wells's cockney squeak, his pleas for a world state were heard by thousands with the respect due an old man bearing a still famous name. Somerset Maugham recalled the twilight phase in a kindly memoir which concludes: "(Wells) was mortified that people looked upon him as a has-been. . . . When they listened it was . . . with the indulgence you accord to an old man who has outlived his interest."

So, almost concurrently with Hitler's invasion of Poland, Wells returned to London, his writing desk and his despair. In his late 70s, during World War II, Wells remained in the center of London, refusing to leave his home in Hanover Terrace. The world press' last pictures

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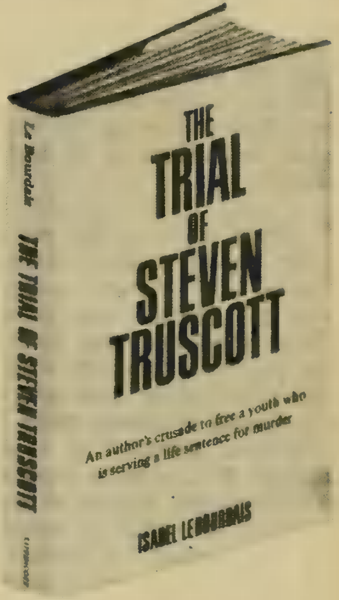
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ISABEL LEBOURDAIS

In 1959, in a small Ontario town not far from Detroit, 14-year-old Steven Truscott was charged with the rape-murder of a 12-year-old classmate. Sentenced to hang, he ultimately won a commutation to life imprisonment. Isabel LeBourdais is convinced that the case was a miscarriage of justice — and her carefully researched and documented book, in which she gives the reasons for her conclusion, has led the Canadian Government to reopen the case. A new hearing is set for autumn.

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of him were those of an adamant Briton shaking his fist at the invading planes. The novelist Elizabeth Bowen tells of calling on him late at night at the height of the bombings. A trembling Wells came to the door. "But you shouldn't be frightened at all this," Miss Bowen remarked. "After all you invented it." Wells looked at her and said: "It's not the bombs, it's the dark. I've been afraid of darkness all my life."

Wells suffered a physical breakdown in 1942, from which he never recovered. Although he continued to write, he appeared, after Hiroshima, to lose faith. In his 79th year he published a curious, misanthropic and disorganized little book which, in its 37-page course, seemed to repudiate all he had ever stood for as a writer. In *The Outsider,* Colin Wilson places this valedictory pamphlet, *Mind at the End of Its Tether,* beside T. S. Eliot's *Hollow Men* as "the most pessimistic single utterance in modern literature."

Thus, a close reading, not only of his last book but of nearly all the novels of his last fifteen years, serves as a preparation for Wells's return to spiritual country he had never left. Their heroes, each bearing a replica of Wells's own moral history, either contemplate suicide, as in *Apropos of Dolores* (1938), or bow to "incessant anxieties," as in *Brynhild* (1937). By 1932, when he began to write his autobiography, life was so oppressive that it was impossible "to assemble my forces to confront this problem which paralyzes the proper use of myself."

One of his most significant, though little known, jobs of writing in his final phase was to revise for a limited edition the ending of his most famous story, "The Country of the Blind." More effective than any other works, except certain scientific romances and the last pages of *Tono-Bungay,* this story blends the riches of the humanist storyteller and the mystic visionary. To the myth maker at the heart of Wells, no imagery proved more obsessive than in this story. From his student days under Huxley, to his deathbed conviction that mankind had played itself out, Wells envisioned mankind as a giant struggling in an evolutionary whirl to achieve a millennium of happiness and beauty, but always forced back into some sealed-off country of the blind.

Essentially "The Country of the Blind," written in 1904, is a pessimistic restatement of Plato's allegory of the cave. A mountaineer named Nuñez comes unawares on a fastness deep in the Andes, where for centuries the inhabitants have been sightless and where all knowledge of sight has disappeared. At first, Nuñez brazenly assumes the truth of the proverb, "In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king," and confidently expects he will become master. However, he finds that the blind inhabitants have developed other faculties; that in a land where no one sees, the sighted are the handicapped ones. Eventually Nuñez is forced to submit, and his submission includes giving up his eyes, seen by the blind as grievous and useless appendages. Nuñez rebels and endeavors to escape over the mountains, obliged to leave the woman, Medina-saroté, he has come to love. He dies, a worthless outcast, and the blind world goes on, self-satisfied.

Wells makes no major revisions until the final page when Nuñez, having made his escape, sees a fresh scar along the vast mountain. As certain of the impending collapse of the mountains as his creator was of the disaster the world was courting in 1939, Nuñez risks his life to rescue Medina-saroté from the valley of the blind. In a tacked-on epilogue, Wells reveals that the lovers escaped just before the mountain cracked. They live to tell their tale—among Nuñez's people. Then Wells, inexplicably, switches focus to Medina-saroté, now a mother of four. Her life saved by her husband's vision, she expresses no desire to see. Her last words are: "The loveliness of *your* world is a complicated and fearful loveliness and mine is simple and near. . . . It may be beautiful . . . but it must be terrible to *see*."

Wells appears to be saying that blindness is the only bearable antidote to the coming catastrophe. He has reversed Plato's allegory by letting one of the prisoners of the cave (or valley of the blind) return from the light—unchanged. Although Medina-saroté knows that sight saved her life, she still prefers the illusions of the cave: blindness.

The contrast between the versions of his best-known short story reveals more about the fatal ambivalence in Wells than can be learned from the millions of words of hack journalism that occupied him during the fallow half of his literary life. That Wells at the end of life should go back to one of the acknowledged classics of his golden period and rewrite it to conform to a growing misanthropy is one more index to the truth that he failed to resolve the conflicting claims of the artist and the public educator. Although he flawed his imperishable story, he also provided undeniable evidence at the eleventh hour that his dark concept of the world—the concept that pervaded *The Time Machine* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau* —could no longer be held at bay by the optimism of his journalism and would, in the end, overwhelm him.

THE TALL FIGURES OF GIACOMETTI

We move by means of our mud bumps.
We bubble as do the dead but more slowly.

The products of excruciating purges
we are squeezed out thin hard and dry.

If we exude a stench it is petrified sainthood.
Our feet are large crude fused together

solid like anvils. Ugly as truth is ugly
we are meant to stand upright a long time

and to shudder without motion
under the scintillating pins of light

that dart between our bodies
of pimpled mud and your eyes.

MAY SWENSON

Commentary

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Dahlberg: Aphorisms & Poetry

REASONS OF THE HEART. *By Edward Dahlberg. Horizon Press. 159 pp. $5.*

CIPANGO'S HINDER DOOR. *By Edward Dahlberg. University of Texas Press. 67 pp. $3.75.*

FRANK MacSHANE

A graduate of Harvard and Oxford Universities, Mr. MacShane is the author, among other books, of The Life and Work of Ford Madox Ford *(Horizon).*

Edward Dahlberg is distinguished among contemporary American writers for the orderliness of his intellectual and literary development. Where so many poets and novelists have repeated themselves or become flaccid in their mature years, Dahlberg has become increasingly firm and impressive, both in quality and range. He early abandoned the naturalistic novel with which he began his career because he wanted to pare away from his work everything that was trivial or secondary. His object has been to render his vision of life in an increasingly distilled and enriched manner. The process has been painstaking, involving a thorough consideration of the American literary heritage, a study which produced such books of criticism as *Can These Bones Live* and *Alms for Oblivion.*

The publication two years ago of his autobiography, *Because I Was Flesh,* revealed what Dahlberg had accomplished in his long period of relative quietude. The account of his childhood is an authentic contribution to American literature. Because he was impoverished and orphaned, Dahlberg could not look back with eyes half-closed in sentiment to a Tom Sawyer America of elm-lined streets, frame houses and home cooking; rather he realized that his experiences contained the realities of an epic. He saw his own story in terms of ancient legends and myths—like the centuries-old adventures of poor boys in Bagdad and Jerusalem, Athens and Alexandria—and thus attained an intensity that few personal narratives achieve.

In moving away from naturalistic writing, Dahlberg was following a definite aesthetic principle. He had become bored with books concerned primarily with external phenomena, and suspicious of their value. "We have had many subhuman journalistic novels acclaimed because they are true 'facts,'" he has written, "although they are without moral reflection, learning or compassion." Words for Dahlberg are not merely tools for information and sensation: "A word that arouses some sort of contemplative or physical activity is good, and one that does not is base."

This attitude may appear conservative and liable to lead to excessive didacticism, as though Dahlberg looked upon himself primarily as prophet or seer. The publication of *Reasons of the Heart,* which is a book of aphorisms, tends to support this supposition. No other writer today displays similar interest in following the path of Hippocrates, Heraclitus, Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, and books of maxims have not been in prominent circulation since the end of the 18th century. The aphorism itself, a pithy or gnomic utterance of a generalized truth, belongs to a more ordered and structured age than our own.

Although Dahlberg would therefore seem to be taking a considerable risk in publishing a book of this kind today, it is his great triumph that in *Reasons of the Heart* he is neither old-fashioned nor tediously moralistic. His maxims are not warmed-over versions of La Bruyère or Sir Thomas Browne; rather they are distinct personal statements. Pushing beyond the stage reached in *Because I Was Flesh,* he has stripped away the anecdotal and circumstantial from his language without, however, losing his individual voice. This is an extraordinary achievement and is due to Dahlberg's skill in handling words. His nouns confront his verbs in a fresh manner, and his adjectives and adverbs are true modifiers: "He who claims to be just has a granite bosom." "Morality is the convenience of the rich and the misery of the poor." "Could I understand my dreams no tomb could shriek my horror."

Not all of the maxims in *Reasons of the Heart* crackle with pithiness, however. Some of the best are relaxed and humorous, such as: "The easiest way to seduce another man's wife is to praise her husband after which she will find your character very attractive." Dahlberg ranges over a wide variety of topics, from literature to food, from futility to lust, from solitude to sloth. His purpose is to deal with man's physical, emotional and intellectual concerns in an illuminating and orderly fashion, though the prevailing tone is stricken and bleak.

That a number of the poems in Dahlberg's new book of verse, *Cipango's Hinder Door,* are also aphoristic is only natural for, as Allen Tate observes in his admirable introduction, all of Dahlberg's writing is the product of a "unified intelligence."

The first part of the volume deals with the history of America—the Cipango (or Japan) that Marco Polo heard of in his travels, and to which Columbus thought he was sailing. But the America Dahlberg presents is not the glorious and hopeful new world celebrated by Whitman; it is a land marred and spoiled by the encounter of old and new. Instead of a new Atlantisian race, there grew up the race of Cain, a lonely, isolated and rationalistic people. America is not the continent of the whole man but of the shattered and disjointed individual—a creature of constant movement, haphazardly influenced by his multiple heritage from Greece and Judea, Mexico and Peru. The poems in which Dahlberg presents this vision combine narra-

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tive with an evocative commentary which draws upon mythology, literature and natural history. The prophetic nature of the poems is emphasized by the employment of Old Testament rhythms and images.

Dahlberg's gifts as a lyric poet are most evident in the second part of the volume. Here the individuality of the poet's voice is more marked as it animates and unifies the material. The subjects, too, are more immediate and derive from felt experience. One poem opens:

> *I am sixty-three;*
> *I go slow,*
> *The bitter waters of dotage in my*
> *veins.*
> *I have died a little in your company,*
> *But so have you.*

Another begins with these lines:

> *I am galled and stung and wonder*
> *why.*
> *I am genial by accident,*
> *Gray and hulled as the sea at noon,*
> *And by evening rueful as a ditch*
> *With no twilight to salve my bruised*
> *gorge.*

Here language and form memorialize the experience and emotions. The poem becomes literature as it naturally incorporates extra-personal overtones and suggestions.

Together, *Reasons of the Heart* and *Cipango's Hinder Door* contain the distillation of a lifetime's experience. In technique, they reveal Dahlberg at a new level of artistic precision; in subject matter they show him still as alone and bitter as D. H. Lawrence told him to be—a prophet whom it is our folly to ignore.

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Grierson: A Strange Fish

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS. The Coming of the Civil War in Lincoln's Midwest: A Contemporary Account. *By Francis Grierson. Harper & Row. 277 pp. $1.95 paper.*

HAROLD P. SIMONSON

Department chairman and professor of English at the University of Puget Sound, Mr. Simonson has published a critical biography of Francis Grierson (Twayne). He is the author of Zona Gale *(Twayne) and of two textbooks, most recent of which is* Writing Essays *(Harper & Row). He has contributed articles to* Antioch Review, American Quarterly *and other journals.*

First published in 1909, Francis Grierson's *The Valley of Shadows* never really caught the wide attention one might expect of a book so thoroughly American in its subject. All the more is it reason now to applaud Harper & Row's decision to reissue the book. For Grierson's *The Valley of Shadows* superbly re-creates the psychological atmosphere presaging America's "irrepressible conflict." It is an atmosphere unique to the Illinois prairie and to the rustic seers and prophets living on it, which in strangely mystical ways testifies to the apocalyptic dimension of both the Civil War and Abraham Lincoln, the Moses-like savior of the people.

Clearly the book has an important place in the Lincoln legend. In his introduction to an earlier edition (1948) Prof. Theodore Spencer called it "a minor classic"; Bernard De Voto, in his Editor's Note to the same edition, stated that he preferred to delete Spencer's adjective. In the same year (the hundreth anniversary of Grierson's birthday) Edmund Wilson wrote in a lengthy review that the book must "be taken seriously as literature." And Lloyd Lewis, in still another review, asserted that "this haunting book deserved revival long ago."

Grierson wrote the book in London many years after he had left the Middle West of his youth. Earlier, when he was less than a year old, his English parents had emigrated to the United States and had settled in the heart of Abraham Lincoln country—Sangamon County, Ill. It was living in a log house, playing freely on the prairies, awakening to the religious and political excitement of the times, hearing the final Lincoln-Douglas debate in Alton, knowing his family's house was a station on the Underground Railway, witnessing torchlight parades in St. Louis on the eve of the November election in 1860, serving as a page to Gen. John C. Frémont—these were the experiences nothing could efface in Grierson's memories and which later shaped *The Valley of Shadows.*

Yet it is curious that he waited so long to write this book, unquestionably his best. From 1869, when he first went to Paris (he was 21) to the end of the century he seemed to have irrevocably put these memories aside. Instead he hobnobbed with Europe's royal families, playing weirdly beautiful piano improvisations in their palaces and salons. He made friends with literary and musical celebrities including Mallarmé, Verlaine, Arnold Bennett, John Lane, François Auber and Samuel David. He conducted séances with General Jourafsky in St. Petersburg, with Madame Blavatsky in Chittendon, Vt., and with the spiritualists in both Chicago and San Diego. He wrote essays—fragile, impressionistic, resembling classical French *pensées*—for California's *The Golden Era* and for his own subsequent volumes bearing such wispy titles as *Essays and Pen-Pictures, Pensées et Essais, Modern Mysticism* and *The Celtic Temperament.*

But at the age of 61 Grierson imaginatively returned to the American frontier to write his *chef-d'oeuvre.* According to Van Wyck Brooks, who saw him occasionally in London at that time, Grierson was "solitary, poor and all but forgotten." Brooks called him a "strange fish"—a tall man "with his worn old tweeds, his drooping moustache, pink cheeks, and crimson

THE HOMECOMING

Now it is time to be cut out
of the wolf's belly.

It is time to come back home
with what one has brought

For those who were neither charming
nor caring.

It is time to tell all the tales
to a better night

And to thank especially the extra-
human, the birds along the way,

The dove that led through the forest,
the duck that let first your sister

And then you ride across the
dangerous river. It is time

For reunions that are themselves
compromises. In the firelight

You see the jewels you brought gleam
on the dead as they go on talking.

DAVID RAY

necktie. The moustache was evidently dyed and he rouged his cheeks, and that he wore a wig was also apparent from the white hairs that straggled out over his ears; and later when he was caught by the rain and obliged to stay in my house I was sorry that I could not help him in the matter of cosmetics."

A strange fish indeed, and a strange book too. In it Grierson sought to depict the "silences" belonging to the prairies, and "the voices of preacher and prophet and a host of workers and heroes in the great War of Secession." In a series of scenes and incidents which, according to Grierson himself, "nothing but the term 'mystical' will fittingly describe," he attempts to imbue history and specifically mid-19th-century American history with supra-phenomenal meaning. Presentiments like a prairie fire and Donati's comet warn of strange powers moving over the land, of oncoming war, and of one (Lincoln) who will come to lead his people through the valley of shadows. Grierson saw Sangamon County as an Edenic garden, its inhabitants as heroic pioneers who, because of their mystic relationship to the land, endure this time of testing.

Grierson's literary success is not only in sensitive lyricism and use of symbol. There is also accurate detail. Grierson's ear for frontier dialect rivals that of Mark Twain. His characterizations of Kezia Jordan, Elihu Gest, Minerva Wagner and preacher Azariah James depict the rough-chiseled but indomitable pioneer of both fact and legend. Such richly evocative scenes as "The Flight," "The Camp-Meeting," "Abraham Lincoln" (a chapter Carl Sandburg quoted from at length in his *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*) and "The Torch-Light Procession" are indigenous Americana.

Grierson went on to write other books consisting largely of essays. They carry the same Victorian gentility, idealism and belated romanticism as before, but with a new tone of desperateness. Grierson now dared to envision what lay ahead in the new century. He saw the coming conflict as between not only ignorant armies but two ways of looking at life—the scientific and the metaphysical. And what he saw ahead was a civilization given over to a wholly scientific and mechanistic world view. Hearing the rumblings of war, he returned in 1913 to the U.S. In 1920, he moved to Los Angeles where, amid orange blossoms and occultists, he spent his last seven years and wrote a bizarre little book called *Psycho-Phone Messages.*

Francis Grierson will never be more than a minor figure in American literary history. Nevertheless, there is a place for him that no one else can fill. The same must be said for *The Valley of Shadows.*

Taking No Risks

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE. *By Heather Ross Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World. 119 pp. $3.75.*

BARBARA RASKIN

Mrs. Raskin is a professor of world literature at American University. Her special interest is in the contemporary American novel.

Although Heather Ross Miller's first novel achieved critical acclaim, her second, *Tenants of the House,* is a striking example of the bad fiction currently being produced by educated writers for a "trained audience." Equipped with the necessary Freudian presumptions and literary experience, this audience transcribes fictional shorthand into fully developed statements about contemporary life. Responsive to all the stylistic devices of modern novels, the readers collaborate with the author in assigning meanings, where none exist, to murky symbols and stereotyped characterizations.

According to a now well-established formula, Mrs. Miller selects her title from a poem by T. S. Eliot, an unmistakable emblem of her seriousness; raises an epigraph (from "Gerontion") as a key to be used in translation and composes a small Southern town (Johnsboro, N. C.) as an indicator of her wave length. Sleepy little Johnsboro, invaded by a large aluminum company from Illinois, is an instant-symbol of social conflict. The reader, well versed in the current tradition, immediately recognizes the pervasive threat of industrialism and, without being shown, knows that the smelting plant both supports the townspeople and smothers them with "dust." "You brush it away, but it comes right back with the next wind."

Mrs. Miller collects a conventional array of characters, each of whom receives "equal time." The narrator moves in like a helicopter to give aerial glimpses of

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familiar scenes. Following the route of the town's newspaper boy, we "fade in" on Linda Earl, a young housewife lying on the couch dreaming about her wedding day while the kitchen sink fills up with dirty dishes. Because *Peyton Place* provided detailed instructions on how to interpret and understand Linda's problems, it is no longer necessary to waste time proving a case about Linda's neuroses. Mrs. Miller simply presents the situation and subsequently moves on to Christa Kulp.

Christa, "ten-going-on-eleven," watches life from her window, romantically stimulated by some dark mysticism brought into her house by a fat Negro maid. Poor Christa, verging on womanhood, must remain forever underdeveloped because literary clues rather than blood course through her veins. Delivered with all the proper baggage of beloved goldfish and moody daydreams, Christa is a frozen allusion to someone like Frankie, in Carson McCullers' *A Member of the Wedding*.

Beatrice, the Kulp's maid, predictably snitches swigs of Mr. Kulp's bourbon while ironing Christa's dancing costume of "thin green gauze with a girdle of paper roses." Bea is depicted exclusively by such stereotyped details, while Mrs. Miller depends on the reader to know (from Faulkner) that ladies like Beatrice "mean" something. Bea, of course, has a 99-year-old mother named Jancy, who drops dead at the end of the book. She also has a niece, Sunday Jo, who sometimes plays with Christa Kulp and talks about spooks, ghosts, graveyards and other favorite Negro subjects that affect sensitive little white children.

Also resurrected from literature is a 17-year-old boy, Gene Boyette, who is "wilting" sexually (like the African violets that rot in his kitchen) due to a long and close association with his asthmatic mother, Elizabeth. (Everyone is expected to know about asthma.) "Elizabeth could not turn pale because she was always pale; even in her healthiest moments she was of a pallor, not ivory or porcelain, but of the death-white satin that lines a coffin." Elizabeth, naturally, takes her pills with water from a long-stemmed crystal goblet kept on her bedside table. We need only a few such stenographic symbols to discover the proper Capote archetype. Indeed, Mrs. Miller shows great skill in manipulating Wolfean-rich types with Fitzgeraldean restraint and control. Why not?

Aside from the fact that not one but *two* sets of twins appear in 119 pages, there are no surprises in *Tenants in the House*. Everything has been "done" before. It is not that previous treatment disqualifies a subject from further comment, but it is necessary that new insight be appended to existing constructs, if they must be used. Mrs. Miller's novel is a commonplace response of someone intimidated and inspired by the "contemporary tradition."

She has looked at reality through a screen of novels and paid her tribute to the masters by imitating their techniques. But the reproduction of a style that was successfully used in defining the American scene does not automatically produce a meaningful theme. Mrs. Miller's ambition to "equal" the major novelists caused her only to "echo" earlier achievements; she took her dictation from literature rather than from life.

Part of the responsibility for this kind of failure rests with the reader who is eager to contribute his skill decoding and deciphering standard literary shorthand. As long as we respond, with Pavlovean promptness, to the slightest suspicion of an ill-defined symbol, to any unformed character modeled after an awesome figure of universal significance, and to other fashionable "winning forms," young authors will never feel forced toward a truly personal stretch of imagination. Mrs. Miller was obviously sensitive enough to produce the skeletal outline for a panorama of life. She should be encouraged to take a few risks and let her stories be born.

THE GAME

And yet I've lived like this for years.
All since he quit me — caught the moon as round as aspirin
While, across the hall, the heartfelt murmurs
of the queers . . . I see my punishment revolving in its den:

Around. Around. There should have been
A lesson somewhere. In Geneva, the ferocious local whore
Lay peeled for absolution with a tricot membrane
Sticking to her skin. I don't remember

How it happened that I saw. The place was filthy. She would sit
And pick her feet until they knocked. Like Customs. She'd just wait.

LOUISE GLUCK

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The continuing screen vogue for portraits of heels very likely stems from a desire to capitalize on the notion of the anti-hero. If so, the film proprietors misunderstand the expression, as similarly they give us scenes of senseless violence under the impression that these are displays of the gratuitous act. An anti-hero is not a dreadful fellow in the role of protagonist; he is a mirror image of a hero, a man who confronts the overwhelming meanness of existence with the weapons of impotence. His is an elemental struggle in a drop of drain water and, as Kafka and Beckett have shown most memorably, he sets vibrating the nerves of our own experience.

The parade of egomaniac bastards who have recently been dominating the "serious" cinema have no such dramatic force. They appear in films of varying quality, but in every case that I can recall they induce fidgets from about the midpoint because they are too uncomplicated, too arbitrary, too predictable. In an opening scene or two you learn what vice this chap personifies—customarily it is lust or greed—and from then on you can confidently anticipate how every encounter will develop down to the final ironic comeuppance.

Alfie, directed by Lewis Gilbert and starring the standing-room-only attraction, Michael Caine (*The Ipcress File* and *The Wrong Box*), tries to make a virtue out of the moral flatness of this genre by instructing the protagonist to address the audience directly at every turn of the action. The effect here of this resurrected mannerism is as abashing as a temperance-society lecture on the horrors of drink, and if you don't happen to be burdened with Alfie's weakness—which is to seduce, exploit and degrade every woman who comes within arm's length—the sleazy record of his career is painfully banal. Such gents certainly exist, but dramatically speaking, who cares? An obsessive womanizer is no more rewarding in the theatre than an obsessive knuckle cracker. Scripts that employ tics as subject matter are doomed to futility.

The makers of *Alfie* have tried hard to overcome its essential triviality. For one thing the dialogue is energetically colorful and at times downright poetic, the result being that Alfie's IQ seems to fluctuate like the fever chart of a malaria victim. Then, too, some suspense is fabricated by giving Alfie "soft" moments, as when he shows affection for the child he has fathered on one of his "birds." But these moments are frustrating because they are merely grafted onto his callousness and fall off without effect. Symbolism is attempted, for example, at the beginning and end of the picture when we are shown a mutt whose main characteristics are a pleasing wiggle and an industrious lust—but the main effort is directed toward making plausible Alfie's mesmeric effect on the opposite sex. Women in the audience may feel the excitement, but it seemed to me that Caine lacked the charm of subtlety and was sweating rather freely. Fortunately for him, perhaps, only Shelley Winters among his ladies has any sense of humor and she, by exception, knows precisely what Alfie is good for. The picture comes to comic life when Caine and Miss Winters share the screen—two meat eaters prowling the same cage—but her participation is minor. For the remainder of its two hours, *Alfie* is sentimental, repetitious and for all its color and animation simpleminded.

Another heel's chronicle is *The Idol*, starring Jennifer Jones and Michael Parks, but I fled from that after an hour. It is a case of anti-acting by performers uttering anti-speech; running your fingernails down a blackboard would be enticing by contrast.

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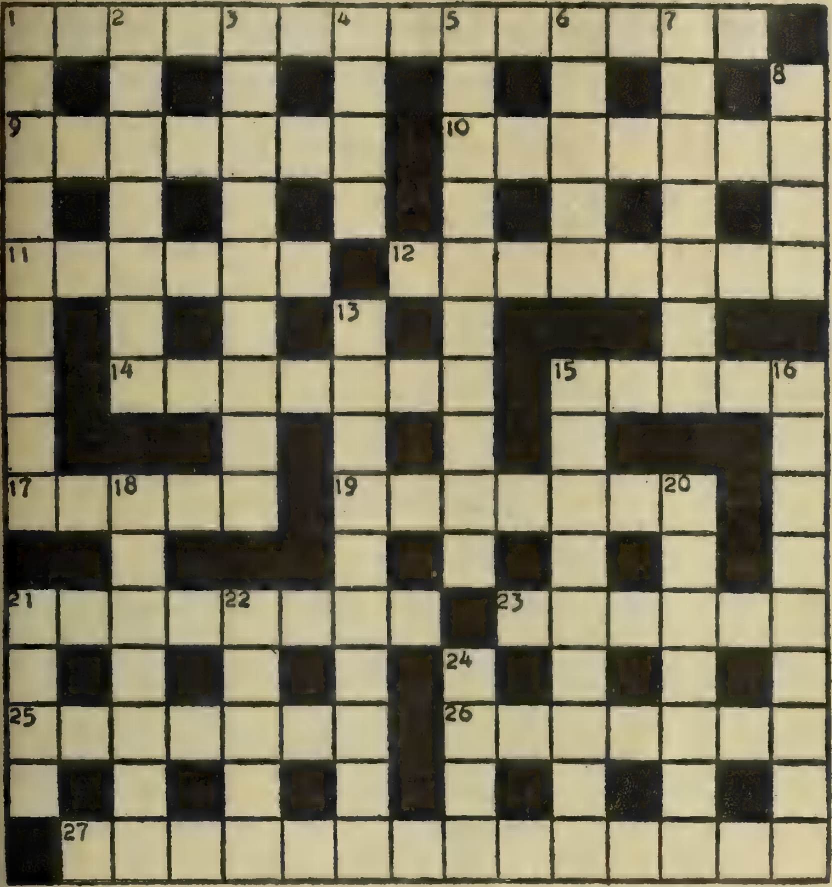
Crossword Puzzle No. 1166

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A writer might refer to it as water, in the spring. (6, 8)
9 Eggs, scrambled, since it so appears. (7)
10 Is it quite bright to rave about the backward help? (7)
11 and 17 Tidies up the nest when the beaver is gone? (5-6)
12 Handsome cape, considering the proportion of gold. (8)
14 Might be tending to hurry back and confess. (7)
15 Possibly unlit up to now. (5)
17 See 11 across
19 It's elementary for one reputedly good with the hammer. (7)
21 Where the film might be shown secretly. (2, 6)
23 Hold out your arms, by the sound of it, for the Japanese boss. (6)
25 Somehow it cries for the controversial. (7)
26 See 13 down
27 No matter how well written, a eulogy could hardly qualify. (9, 5)

DOWN:

1 This local disturbance would certainly not be immaterial. (9)
2 Uncle Andrew dragged away from it? It's not very nice! (7)
3 Snub someone and manage to get away with it? (3, 3, 3)
4 Ought to be new wine. (4)
5 Black ruler, not in the uprising associated with Booth. (10)
6 Part of the bird is missing a crest. (5)
7 Is "giddy-up" suggested, by foot? (7)
8 To get up is patriotic, if American. (4)
13 and 26 across Currently speaking of the past, French tennis balls for Henry? (10, 7)
15 Did he act as though he might inherit the earth? (5, 4)
16 Long-handled glasses? (9)
18 It might be a trailer about the brief account of a preventative. (7)
20 Rough game, not for one that should have spark. (7)
21 Composer? Inventor? Lithographer? (4)
22 Music to bring up in the old opera house? (5)
24 Copies of 7, but not the socially organized type. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1165

ACROSS: 1 Franciscan; 10 Rampage; 11 Instill; 12 In a pinch; 13 Evade; 15 Hosed; 17 Obfuscate; 19 Well water; 21 Rowel; 23 Romeo; 24 Outboard; 27 Alienee; 28 Oldline; 29 Hugo; 30 Wainwright. DOWN: 1 Fore; 2 Almonds; 3 and 6 Champions; 4 Sternpost; 5 Amish; 7 Okinawa; 8 Saltarello; 9 Assessor; 14 Shower bath; 16 Dew point; 18 First-born; 20 Limping; 22 Warning; 24 Opera; 25 Order; 26 Bent.

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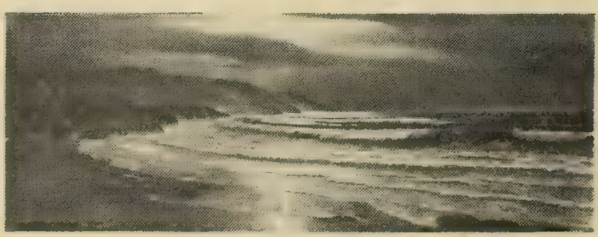
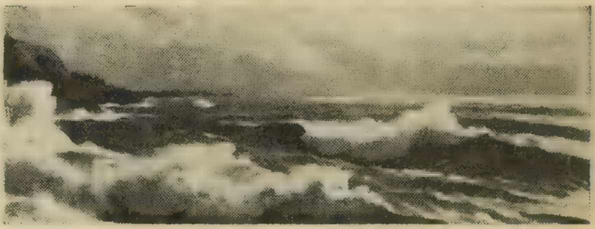


"Evening Tide," Maurice Myers



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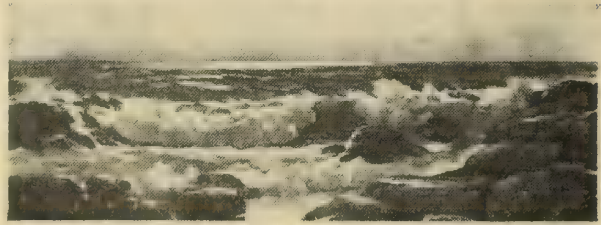
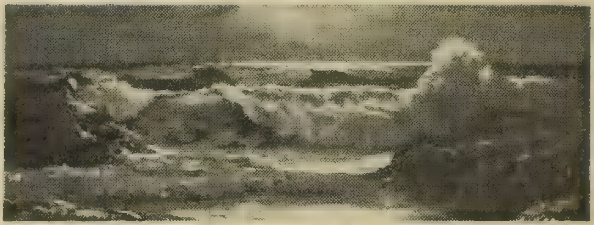


"The Sea in Sunset," Robert Wood



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subversive neutral

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs: In "Sniping at Dissent" [*The Nation*, Aug. 22] Melvin Wulf gives copious examples of interference with expression on the Vietnamese fiasco. I fear the sniping is more pervasive than he imagines.

In spite of the fact that Canada is supposedly neutral and thus without a view one way or the other on the Vietnamese situation, the police in Toronto regularly photograph all demonstrators. I had the fortune to be photographed, at which point I recognized the police officer behind the 35 mm. camera as a member of the morality squad for whom I was handling a legal matter.

A newspaper columnist inquired into the incident and was informed by the chairman of the police commission that:

> The taking of photographs of crowds or groups is not necessarily an indication that any criminal offense has been committed by those in the assemblage, but for purposes of:
>
> (1) Training procedures at the Police College.
> (2) A record of gatherings.
> (3) Identifying subversives.

(Take the first two "reasons" as you will.)

On being questioned on TV, the commissioner stated that the photos are supplied to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but he "did not know" whether or not they filtered through to the FBI or CIA.

Imagine being a subversive in a country which diplomatically has no views either one way or the other. We have moved beyond public sentiment against dissenters to police action, a very nice state of affairs for those who favor non-persons, non-countries, non-events and non-freedom.

John Sewell

virtue of consistency

Rochester, Mich.

Dear Sirs: From the editorials, essays and letters from readers, one gets the clear impression that *The Nation* does not appreciate President Johnson's real virtues, but sees only his vices. A recent letter, for instance, compared Johnson with Hitler.

The fact is—we should be greatly thankful for Mr. Johnson's extraordinary virtue of absolute consistency in lying. If Mr. Johnson were not a totally dependable liar, we could not be certain of anything we read in the newspapers. But as things are, one can be absolutely sure of all foreign policy positions of the Great Society (if you'll pardon the expression) by reading all statements negatively. If one reads Monday's *New York Times*, for example, in this manner, Wednesday's *Times* is sure to follow up with a total corroboration.

Only a few weeks ago, Cambodia complained that we bombed one of its villages. With customary Great Society seriousness, without even a giggle, we told Cambodia that they were quite wrong—the village was in Vietnam. . . . Only the other day, the *Times* informed us that the Great Society had announced that the bombed village "may have been" in Cambodia after all. . . .

The total absence of humor which also characterizes the Great Society is wondrously illustrated by its claim that the village "may have been" in Cambodia. Only in the Great Society are matters of fact abstruse metaphysical questions. Of course, it is always within the realm of the possible that Cambodia does not know its own villages. After all, the Great Society is never quite sure whether it is bombing peasants or Vietcong. . . .

Harold Fromm

EDITORIALS

On Timetables

General de Gaulle's proposal that we should indicate a timetable for the withdrawal of our troops from Vietnam has had as little success as previous attempts of his to mediate informally in the war. Some commentators thought that this approach offered hope for a positive response from the American side. It did open such a possibility, but the opportunity has gone unheeded and, in the light of American policy in Southeast Asia, no one should be surprised.

All that de Gaulle's initiative produced was a deepening conviction in Washington that he is America's enemy. The moral plea contained in his discourse is found especially objectionable. De Gaulle argued that we, a great power at war with a small country, could afford a measure of magnanimity. "Giving up an expedition in a faraway land," he said, "when it appears to have no profit and no justification, would in no way injure their [the United States'] pride, thwart their ideas or jeopardize their interests, if an international agreement for restoring peace and developing an important part of the world could be worked out."

Such a lecture, delivered in a forum openly sympathetic to the Vietcong-North Vietnam side, could only raise the hackles on Mr. Johnson's neck—a reflex to which he is prone on much lesser occasions. The United States, he said, has every justification — indeed obligation — and that unless it takes a firm stand in Vietnam the world will regard it as a country unable or unwilling to keep its solemn commitments. He told de Gaulle to speak to Hanoi.

The language in which the reply was couched precluded negotiation, however tentative. Vital treaties had been broken (by Hanoi). Men and arms had been moved illegally across an international boundary to conquer a small nation (by Hanoi). The aggressor had been chastised (by Washington). "Those troops will come home, those bases will be turned over or reconstructed for peacetime purposes," Mr. Johnson concluded, "as soon as that vicious aggression stops." Then, and only then, would he lay on the table the schedule for withdrawal.

But North and South Vietnam are parts of the same country. If we would settle for a unified, neutralized Vietnam, with all foreign troops removed, and its neutrality guaranteed as part of a general settlement for Southeast Asia, we could so state and couple this statement with some hint of a timetable. If, on the contrary, the Administration's intention is clear victory over North Vietnam and the Vietcong, then the rejection of de Gaulle's initiative is quite logical.

If any doubt remained on this point, it was dispelled by Assistant Secretary of State William P. Bundy. The first move for troop withdrawal was up to Hanoi, Mr. Bundy emphasized. Then he went on to discuss Thailand. We did have 25,000 troops in Thailand, he said—the first admission by an American official that we had any forces in that country—but all they were there for was to train the Thais to resist a threat of insurgency. He said nothing about the use of bases in Thailand for air attacks on North Vietnam, although all the world knows that this is going on. Reporting on Bundy's remarks in *The New York Times*, Richard Eder said that he "left open the inference, perhaps inadvertently, that the 25,000 United States military personnel were engaged in training a Thai military establishment that numbers about 125,000." Mr. Eder was being polite. Mr. Bundy was simply distorting the facts in Thailand in the same fashion as they have been distorted in Vietnam.

Between them, U Thant (whose replacement as UN Secretary-General is not desired by the United States) and de Gaulle may eventually succeed in prying open a way to peace. But the time is not yet.

The Falsification of History

Buried in the back pages of the Sunday *New York Times* of August 28 was a story which detailed the discrepancies between an official account, published recently by the State Department, and an unpublished account, prepared earlier for intra-departmental use, of the progressive erosion of Franco-American relations between 1958 and 1964. The two versions reached diametrically opposite conclusions about who was to blame for the estrangement.

The official account came as something of a surprise to students of the period because it seemed to demonstrate that General de Gaulle, while pretending to seek a reform of the Atlantic Alliance, had behaved in reality as if his motives all the time were to wreck NATO. Most students had believed, on the basis of the facts then available, that de Gaulle withdrew from the military structure only after his proposals for greater decision-making powers had been rejected. From the State Department account, it seemed obvious that this interpretation would have to be revised.

But the *Times* story shows that the State Department's official account was something close to a lie. What the account did was to omit conveniently all reference to meetings and letters that put any of the onus for the break on the United States Government. For example, the official account says that de Gaulle failed to respond to a specific proposal in 1961, but it neglects to mention that he soon thereafter sent two letters to President Kennedy raising broader issues. President Kennedy answered neither letter. The assertion made in the official account that the United States tried "to go as far as possible to meet the French request" for a greater role in NATO is thus patently false.

The question at issue here is not whether the United States should or should not have yielded to France's greater prominence in the decision-making process. Honorable men can have differences of opinion on that matter. The question at issue here is the lie.

There was a dispute during the Cuban crisis, when nuclear war seemed to hang in the balance, over whether official lying ought ever to be condoned. Since that time, falsehood has become a regular part of the government's information policy, particularly in Vietnam. So suspect have statements of the Johnson Administration become that the condition has even acquired a name: the "credibility gap." But the *Times* story, by its very academic quality, suggests quite clearly that the "credibility gap" has now assumed a new dimension.

It is one thing to lie about current policy, reprehensible though such lying certainly is; it is another to falsify the past. The "discrepancies" that the *Times* found in the State

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 203*
No. 8

Department's official account of the Franco-American rift constitute a rewriting of history—a practice for which we have scorned the Stalinists. The act could scarcely have been committed without some sort of sanction from the top. If the President or Secretary of State did not approve the text, one of them must nonetheless take responsibility for the atmosphere out of which these stupid obfuscations emerge. Falsifying history is everyday stuff in *1984*. Is the Johnson government rushing headlong to make Orwell's dateline?

Who's McGinty?

The truth, apparently, is not in Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester, who on other occasions has said the government has "the right to lie" and that he expects reporters in Vietnam to be "handmaidens" of the Defense Department.

Recently Sylvester went before Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee to deny having ever made either remark. He denied that he attempted to manage news out of the battle front. He denied many things. He also denied having anything to do with the transfer back to the United States of Col. William J. McGinty, former Air Force Information Chief who, in the words of William Tuohy of the *Los Angeles Times*, "ran afoul of the military high command information office in Saigon—where frankness and efficiency are in chronically short supply."

Under questioning by Senator Fulbright, Sylvester pooh-poohed the whole idea. He didn't know anything about the transfer of McGinty, and he left the impression very strongly that he didn't even know McGinty. In Sylvester's words, taken from the record, "I am not aware of what the case of the Colonel's—Colonel McGinty, is it?"

He might have gotten away with this latest duplicity except for a follow-up by William Hines of the Washington *Star*, who reported that it was well known among reporters who cover the Pentagon that McGinty had had "close and frequent" contact with Sylvester for several years, but especially during publicity duties relating to the controversial TFX fighter plane. After running through a history of their relationship, Hines concluded: "News of Sylvester's denial of acquaintance with McGinty was greeted with shock and incredulity" among Air Force officers.

Failure of a Mission

Eric Goldman, after a term as "intellectual-in-residence" at the White House, charged with promoting better relations between intellectuals and the President, has confessed the failure of his mission, surrendered the seals of office, and returned to Princeton University to write "the first critical appraisal of the Johnson Administration." This study may prove to be the one good thing that this misbegotten enterprise produced.

One gathers that, as an intellectual, Mr. Goldman left the White House with rather less admiration and affection for the President than he had on entering it. The President, Mr. Goldman reports, is suspicious of artists and scholars, "particularly in the East." Whether or not Mr. Goldman so advised the President, the fact is that intellectuals generally do not criticize Mr. Johnson because he lacks the style of President Kennedy or because he did not attend an Ivy League college. Almost all of them voted for him in 1964, largely in response to his repeated assurances that he would not escalate the war in Vietnam. More perhaps than other people, intellectuals are trained to compare script with performance; more perhaps than others, they resent deception.

Despite the disappointing experience with Dr. Goldman, Mr. Johnson has not given up; he is determined to embrace the intellectuals in a Texas hug of manly affection. To this end he has appointed John P. Roche, of Brandeis University, as Dr. Goldman's successor. Mr. Roche is a vigorous supporter of the Administration's policies in Vietnam, and should have little difficulty rallying to the Administration those elements of the intellectual community who approve of the war. The President will thus be spared the unpleasantness of having to listen to those who disagree with him. If that is what he means by cooperation, Mr. Roche can secure it for him. This summer the President dispatched three of his aides out across the country, charged with the task of putting certain questions to as many intellectuals as they could find. The first question was: "Where is the Great Society and where should it go?" The answer is that what was to have been the Great Society program is mired down in the muck of the war in Vietnam. It is a waste of time to talk about a Great Society as long as that war continues.

The pity is that the GOP does not attempt to win over the disaffected intellectuals, as well it might if it gave more weight to the thinking of Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy, John Lindsay and the other bright stars of the party. Recently Governor Scranton called a conference which sought to explore the possibilities of better relations between intellectuals and the GOP, but nothing much came of it. For the moment, the disaffected intellectuals are partyless but still not without influence. If they were without influence, the President would not worry about them.

The Painless War

Except for the radio and the newspaper headlines, no one could possibly guess that the United States is a country at war. "The affluence," writes the Washington correspondent for the *Times* of London, "at least for those with memories of Britain in the last war, is almost obscene." The Americans, as seen through his British eyes, are on a sybaritic hunt for every imaginable variety of pleasure and luxury. It is not sufficient to have a television receiver, or two of them; to be in the swim one must have color TV. It is not sufficient to have a late-model car, or more than one; cars must now be air-conditioned or the family is disgraced. A boat is *de rigueur* for the well-to-do family, whether they know how to sail or not; the result is that the Coast Guard can hardly keep up with weekend distress calls, and waters that were once swimmable are now full of garbage thrown overboard by happy sailors. As for eating, one has only to walk through the nearest supermarket, and the liquor stores tell the same story. "Live it up!" is the American motto of the sixties, supplanting all earlier injunctions to be wise or virtuous.

And yet the country is at war. An average of a hundred

Americans a week are dying in Vietnam, accompanied by about a thousand Vietcong and North Vietnamese, and some $24 billion a year is being spent to bring about this result. In addition, an unknown number of South Vietnamese civilians are killed, burned and crippled. None of this slackens the pace of the pleasure hunt at home. A thrill of horror went through TV viewers when, a few weeks ago, a number of American soldiers were incinerated in one of those unhappy accidents of war that will occur despite all precautions. It was as if American flesh and blood were not the same as Asian. But this sensibility was as transitory as the broadcast, and attention turned again to the length of skirts and the newest fashion in drinks.

Statistically, of course, there is no reason for excitement. Suppose we do lose 5,000 men a year in Vietnam—it is still only a tenth of the deaths on the highways. Suppose we do spend $24 billion a year to make South Vietnam safe for free enterprise—it is only about 3 per cent of the Gross National Product. The representative American believes what the President tells him: that these expenditures of life and treasure are necessary to preserve the nation from the sacrifices a really big war would entail. Thus Vietnam is a sound investment; or you can look on it as an insurance premium. And the soldiers themselves, if we are to believe the news reports, see it the same way. The only ones they are angry at are the draft-card burners.

There is another possible reason for the good-time-Charlie attitude which the American people have largely adopted. They sense that the Vietnamese war is indeed a good investment in the literal sense. American prosperity since the end of World War II—in fact, since the thirties—has been sustained by war and preparation for war. Without the cold war, thoroughgoing revisions of the American way would have been necessary. It was much easier to slide into a twenty-year cold war, with options to renew it as long as necessary. And of course a nation committed to a cold war cannot object to a little bloodshed now and then. Only "peaceniks" protest, and a few voices from the pulpit or the academy. Obviously there is something wrong with these dissenters, or they would be flocking to the discotheques or the beaches. Although in the aggregate there may be several million of these spoilsports, statistically, again, they are hardly more significant than the casualties in Vietnam, and their warnings of the wrath to come are drowned out by the rock 'n' roll from a hundred million loud-speakers.

Dick's in the Act

Across the Atlantic comes word that a tribunal in Geneva has issued *un mandat d'arrêt international* against "Ramfis" Trujillo, the eldest son of the late Dominican dictator. It will be recalled that while El Benefactor was raking in the swag and garroting anyone who asked questions, Ramfis, then a student at the U.S. Army Command and Staff School, was refused a diploma because he had spent more time in dalliance than at his books. "Papa" was furious, not at Ramfis but at the stupid Americans. Now Papa has gone to his rest, but his issue, which contains a large percentage of by-blows, lives after him. Some of these *enfants adultérins (mère inconnue)*, residing in Miami, complain that Ramfis and other accredited heirs have deprived them of their rightful share. Four times Ramfis was summoned, and four times he failed to respond, finally exhausting the patience of the court. But now the silver, indeed golden lining of the cloud is emerging. Among the eminent Swiss and American counsel in the case is Richard Nixon. The presence of the noted jurist and television personality insures that legitimate and illegitimate alike will get all that is coming to them — and the lawyers likewise.

CHICAGO SUMMER

BOSSISM, RACISM AND DR. KING

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting the progress of the civil rights movement.

Chicago

A Nobel Peace Prize winner pits his strength against a political boss and in a test between old and new sources of American power, the boss gives ground. A band of Negroes split off from the main civil rights leadership marches into the sinister suburb of Cicero and predictions of another Balaklava prove somewhat exaggerated. It has been quite a summer in Chicago.

August produced a comprehensive fair-housing agreement between the forces of Dr. Martin Luther King and the power blocs of the community. But accord came only after the threat of violence had produced intolerable tensions; there was no assurance that it would prove workable as internal pressures on black and white mounted even in the moment of agreement. Friday, August 26, may prove a date of historic racial progress in Chicago, or it could mark an unsuccessful effort when there is no time left for failure. On that Friday, Mayor Richard J. Daley, whose Democratic machine was already shaken by weeks of white attack on civil rights demonstrators and by two racial riots, saw Armageddon looming. Dr. King planned to take 3,000 followers into Cicero, a bleached community of 70,000 that in 1951 had violently expelled a Negro couple who tried to move there. Influential white Chicagoans, trying to live down a civic reputation for thuggery and political skulduggery, demanded action.

A conference of white and black leaders, called by the Chicago Conference on Religion and Race, produced an agreement which permitted Dr. King to defer his march. The Mayor hailed the moment as a "great day in the history of the city"—an odd appraisal from the man who had fought for months against making any concessions to the Negroes.

That wasn't the only odd thing about the Chicago situation. Dr. King was extravagant in his praise of the settlement. "The total eradication of housing discrimination has been made possible," he said. "Never before has such a far-reaching move been made." But Black Power advocates and some grass-roots leaders who took it upon themselves to speak for the city's most abject black people cried sellout. Their threat to go it alone had a built-in potency because about the only place they had to go was toward violence.

Other contradictions abounded. Catholic Archbishop Cody, with a billion-dollar temporal property under his jurisdiction and a spiritual treasury of 2.5 million souls, stoutly pledged his support of the pact. Yet white mobs who had been attacking Negro demonstrators were predominantly Catholic and some members of the archbishop's flock carried signs vilifying "Archbishop Cody and his Commie coons." The Chicago Real Estate Board pledged itself to the principle of open housing. In the same breath, it announced that it would continue its legal attack on Illinois Governor Otto Kerner's state executive order banning discrimination in real estate listings.

Caught in these cross fires were the future of Daley's political machine and the future of a million Negroes, a third of the city's population. Almost all of them live in ghettos that range from handsome middle-class dwellings to impoverished horrors where the infant mortality rate is even higher than in black Mississippi and unemployment runs to 25 per cent. Almost solid Negro backing elected Daley to a third term, but now rebellion was stirring.

Clearly, nothing about Chicago was clear—particularly the agreement of August 26. The conferees were not simply a grab-bag collection of dedicated but ineffective men of good will. Across from Dr. King and other substantial Negro leaders were powerful white men like Thomas G. Ayers, head of the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, and Ben W. Heineman, chairman of the Chicago and North Western Railway, who served as moderator. And supporting them were bankers, realtors and religious leaders who could exert meaningful influence, if they wanted to. The document they produced had its good points. It ranged beyond open real estate listings to put the Chicago Housing Authority on record against building any more high-rise, vertical ghettos. CHA was also committed to lease the best housing available for welfare cases without regard to race and to homely touches like limiting project housing for families with children to the first two floors. ("No more," said a speaker, "will your children have to pee on the elevator.")

Chicago mortgage and lending associations said it was their continuing policy to lend money without racial restriction for home purchases anywhere in the metropolitan area. This brought some black smiles of incredulity. The U.S. Community Relations Service boldly vowed to inquire into support by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation of institutions that practice discrimination. Unfortunately, CRS has no muscle. Last month, it stood by helplessly in Grenada, Miss., when two white men who had tried to machine gun its representative there got off scot-free.

The Chicago Human Relations Commission, which has a do-nothing reputation among Negro house hunters, promised to beef up its staff and begin initiating complaints against realtors guilty of discrimination. Negroes like Marion Montgomery who this year went to thirty-three white brokers and fruitlessly protested to the commission when he was turned away wondered why any promise was needed to enforce an existing law.

But the behavior of the Chicago Real Estate Board aroused gravest suspicions among critics of the agreement. Its promise to ". . . withdraw all opposition to the philosophy of open-occupancy legislation at the state level" carried the proviso that it be "applicable to owners as well as to brokers. . . ." Everyone agreed that a state law with teeth was vital, but the board was saying that the state legislature —which had failed consistently to pass any kind of occupancy bill—would have to do better than the federal Congress to merit its cooperation. The pending Washington bill excluded home owners and with them 60 per cent of available housing. "The Real Estate Board is a prisoner of prejudice," said veteran Chicago newsman Len O'Connor, now at WMAQ-TV. "Its major source of supply and demand is prejudiced. So this compromise is spurious."

The good intentions of white men in a generally permissive agreement were critical. Chester Robinson who runs the West Side Organization was unconvinced and angry. Three hundred thousand persons are jammed into 800 square blocks in his area just east of Cicero. The majority are Southern migrants making their first—and sometimes last—stop in the North. The West Siders, their lives circumscribed by ghetto boundaries, their hours idled away in chronic joblessness, the very air they breathe stale with historic black failure, rioted in mid-July. It had cost the Illinois National Guard $100,000 a day to put the violence down; it had cost the ghetto heavy property damage and two dead. Now Robinson said:

> This agreement is a lot of words that give us nothing specific we can understand. We want it to say: apartments should be painted once a year. Community people should have jobs in their community. There's a Poverty Program training people to be punch-press operators and the presses are all getting automated. The situation is just pathetic. We're sick and tired of middle-class people telling us what we want. And we're gonna march in Cicero on Sunday. We have the right.

Robinson was backed by two Black Power organizations —SNCC and CORE—both small, relatively ineffective and alienated from the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations (CCCO), the omnibus civil rights group working with Dr. King.

Despite such dissatisfactions, the King and CCCO forces called a "Victory Rally" in a Baptist Church on the West Side. Just two short blocks away on Roosevelt Avenue, dozens of store fronts were blanked with boarding, the glass from windows smashed in the riots still glittering on the sidewalks. From a crowded bar of the defeated, a juke box blasted a new hymn to despair—"Let's Go Get Stoned." It did not refer to parading in white neighborhoods.

In the church, people were singing, "This Little Light of Mine, I'm Gonna Let it Shine." A white minister began his invocation: "Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is injury, let me sow pardon. Where there is sadness. . . ." To a writer who had covered much of the early

Southern movement, the atmosphere was heavy with those simpler days when the thrust of spirit had seemed enough and the complexities thrown up by unyielding white power had not betrayed black trust and divided the movement. But now it was a different and complex day, and most Negroes were interested in reaping an overdue harvest.

Speakers gave pep talks on the agreement. They stressed that rent strikes already under way and involving 1,000 Negroes would expand. They said that nothing in the agreement could curtail protests against inferior schooling or stop boycotts already successful in opening jobs for Negroes. But there was the impression of something forced, like a cheer leader managing only a half leap off the ground.

Then Dr. King appeared; he looked imperturbable. His basic role is that of a prophetic leader, but here he was also a practical politician struggling for the survival of himself and his philosophy.

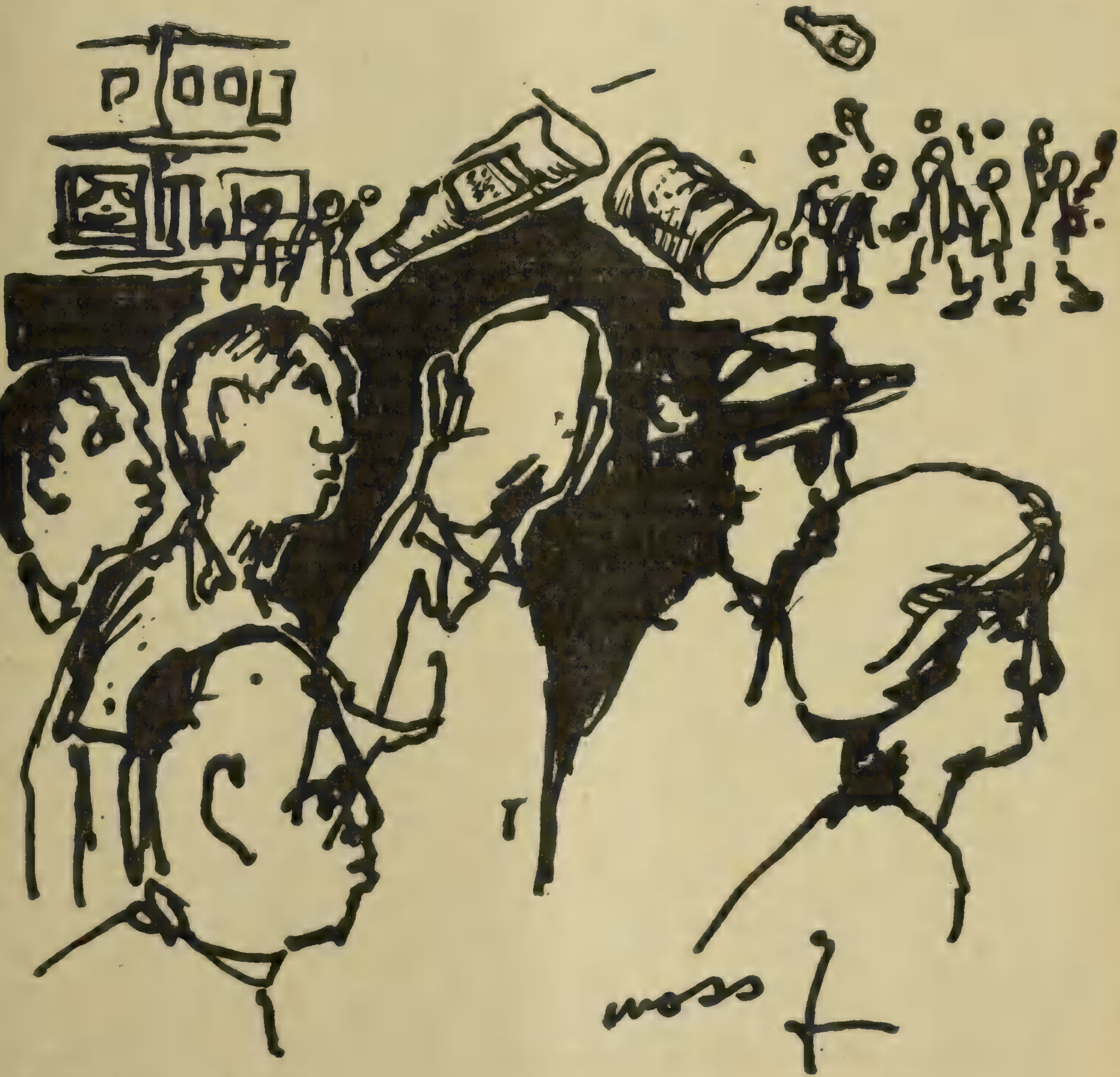
"Some people tried to frighten me," he said. "They said nonviolence couldn't work in the North. They said you can't fight city hall; you better go back down South. But if you look at what happened here it tells you, nonviolence can work. . . . But if these agreements aren't carried out, Chicago hasn't *seen* a demonstration."

Dr. King and allies like Bayard Rustin are presently intent on crushing the Black Power concept without emasculating black militantism or alienating Negroes for whom Black Power has deep appeal. It's a tricky line. King said:

> The white man who threw a brick at my head the other day had to face the fact there was a white man marching right beside me. I'm not going to subscribe to the theory that every white man is a devil. We've got some black devils too.

But in the next breath he said that if there were those who felt they had to march to Cicero, they went "with my prayers and high hopes." And toward the close, he offered some hardheaded appraisals of the future which were free of his customary and sometimes extortionate emotionalism:

"Let's face the fact: Most of us are going to be living in the ghetto five, ten years from now. But we've got to get some things straightened out right away. I'm not going to wait a month to get the rats and roaches out of my house." The audience cheered the defiant tone, but he con-



cluded soberly: "Morally, we ought to have what we say in the slogan, Freedom Now. But it all doesn't come now. That's a sad fact of life you have to live with."

This admission that there are limits to moral power in a material society is a key to understanding what happened when Dr. King went to Chicago after deciding to broaden his Southern base more than a year ago. Awaiting him was Mayor Daley, the very model of big-city bossism. Daley had never encountered anything like Dr. King.

"The city hall attitude," said one long-time Chicago observer, "was that he was just a little nuisance. They couldn't comprehend that he couldn't be bought off. . . ."

By the same token, Dr. King had never run into anything like Chicago and Daley. The city itself is a nest of paradoxes—dynamic, static, ugly, beautiful, outgoing and inbred. The Daley administration had efficiently, even boldly, helped engineer a transportation, building and utilities renascence. But the underpinnings remained squalid. Virtually everyone you talk to acknowledges that Chicago remains the crookedest city in the country. The stench rising from hoodlumism permeates vast areas of politics, labor and industry, and fosters a cynicism about anything (a civil rights movement, for example) that does not depend on pull, pay-offs or raw muscle to achieve its ends.

Where else in America would someone try to blow up a sewer chief? It happened during the climactic week of the civil rights negotiations, and the story illustrates the political atmosphere that Dr. King had wandered into.

Vinton Bacon, superintendent of the Metro Sanitary District, stopped in a gas station on August 22 and an attendant found under the hood four sticks of dynamite that had failed to explode. Bacon's department is the largest of its kind in the world and and harbors, as former Chicago *American* reporter Ted Smart puts it, "de Mille-like fraud." Relatives of mobsters appear on its payrolls and depredations running into the millions turn up in contracts. Fraud flourishes whether its board of trustees is Democratic or Republican. It was Democratic when the *American* and the *Tribune* broke a series of scandal stories. Mayor Daley promptly appointed Bacon, an honest man, to restore public confidence, and Bacon was investigating rigged civil service exams when someone tried to rub him out.

Daley's responsiveness to public outrage over the sewers is typical of his "enlightened" bossism. It is in the erratic style of a man guided not by principles but by expediency, the threatened loss of votes and power. Daley had kept his eye trained on renewal of the Lake Michigan shore front, overlooking backwaters of despair in the ghettos. While need grew, particularly among underemployed Negroes, his Welfare Department was the only major one in the country to reduce its rolls. Critics charged that the ignorant poor were bamboozled.

For the fact is that Daley, through his Negro lieutenant, Rep. William Dawson, had 90 per cent of the Negro vote in his pocket, ghetto wards accounting for his entire 1963 plurality. Why respond to a few black critics when you owned the majority of blacks? Dawson was mum during the summer, but his Negro Republican opponent this fall, David Reed, who is outspoken on civil rights, has no chance. The GOP is torn between its traditional conservatism and the new look of a leader like U.S. Senate candidate Charles Percy, who defends the Negro right to demonstrate and condemns the white mobs. As for the Democrats, about the time that Dr. King first arrived in the city some rebellion became manifest, and loose bolts began rattling around in the Daley machine during last spring's Democratic state Senate primary. Two Negroes—running as independent Democrats —beat machine-backed candidates (one white, one black).

Dr. King was confronted with these complicated facts of political life when he reached Chicago—a metropolis that has usually shrugged off demands for white or black reform, an unresponsive Democratic machine, and Republicans of dubious value as allies. His past record for rousing the nation to demand federal legislation against racial injustice was magnificent, but he has always been able to motivate better than he could consolidate. City after city that had given him stirring national victories—Birmingham, St. Augustine and to a lesser extent Selma—were substantially unchanged in basic areas like jobs and housing after he left them. The truth was, he had small talent for organizing outside or inside his own group. Now, with growing white national reaction pressing him from one side and Black Power from the other, he could not afford a failure.

Chicago had the framework for his talents—the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations. It embraced forty-odd groups, including NAACP, the Cook County Bar Association, American Jewish Congress, Catholic Interracial Council, and one of the best Urban League branches in the country. CCCO director was Al Raby, a young Chicago schoolteacher, who had been trying hard to chip concessions off the Daley monolith.

"We don't want to wreck the machine," he said. "We want it to be responsive. I think those two independent victories for state Senate might help shake up things. The aldermanic (city council) elections are next February and the fact they won opened up a wound and guys are smelling blood. They won't be so easy to control. The problem is, we're not organized politically and we don't have tangible rewards to offer. Most aldermen get a rake-off for favors but I can't offer anything to replace that."

Dr. King and Raby were natural partners in the creation of a new kind of Chicago power, but they spent many months vainly looking for a catalyst to set the retort bubbling. In April, Daley had responded to King's amorphous demands for racial justice by making an absurd and callous promise to end slums by 1967. Dr. King and Raby kept plodding, building strength through churches and beginning Operation Breadbasket, a program to force the hiring of Negroes through persuasion or boycott that produced about 400 jobs worth more than $2 million.

Daley used federal poverty funds to kill ghetto rats and roaches, boasting the best extermination program in the country. On July 10, Dr. King—emulating his namesake—affixed a 12-page list of explicit demands to the door of City Hall. It skillfully covered housing, education, jobs and welfare. The Mayor ignored it, but he could not ignore the West Side riots which came a few days later, only a month after ghettoized Puerto Ricans had hit the streets. Dr. King, pleading for concessions to end violence, appeared outmaneuvered again as Daley attempted to buy peace for the price of one portable swimming pool and ten hydrant sprinklers. West Side kids had been complaining over lack of recreation facilities and Daley probably thought that improvised water sports would cool it. He is said to be shrewd, but his shrewdness is narrowed to the breadth of his prior political experience. The Negro mood went deeper than he could probe. And King, in the meantime had found his catalyst.

It was housing. Except for the area around Chicago University, only the Oak Park community was integrated —with nine Negro families out of 64,000 persons. So immediately after the riots, the King-Raby team began marches into the white middle-class communities that boxed Negroes into their decaying enclaves. Gage Park, Bogan, Belmont-Cragin, South Deering, Marquette Park, all greeted the marchers with stones, firecrackers and insults. The flotsam of professional haters—Klansmen and the American Nazi Party—drifted in. But most of the abuse came from plain folks in their boxy frame and brick houses with mini-lawns and a good car out front.

"Wallace for God!" cried a man in Bogan.

"Hate, hate, hate!" chanted a group of teen-agers.

These people, depending on the section, were first- and second-generation Polish, Irish, Italians and East Europeans. They had fled their old South and West Side neighborhoods when Negroes started moving in years ago. They felt that the blacks had chased them once and vowed they would not retreat again. The ghost of Studs Lonigan with his family moving off Prairie Avenue was among them. Poor, frustrated Studs. Had he lived, he would have been watching, bleary-eyed and pot-bellied, while his sons, perhaps a grandson, threw rocks at the marchers.

The main argument of these white Chicagoans was remarkably similar to what people of the same class had said in Brooklyn or Los Angeles. We made it where we are on our own hook and now the Negroes want everything handed to them. Chicagoans were only acting out what many of their white countrymen felt. Their public (or parochial) education had not prepared them to deal with anything so complex as race. Cheated of history, strangers to logic, they honestly could not see that Negro denial had been different from theirs, infinitely more rigid, and so each march was a coercive attempt of black to force its inadequacies on white. Was there something in the process of bourgeois success, in the grubbing fight for security, that brutalized the human response? We made it on our own hook. . . . Even if this self-glorifying appraisal were wholly true, what they had become in the process argued that it might be wise to consider some alternate way to the good middle-class life.

During those crazed July and August days, the bone of Northern racial attitudes was laid bare and it was understandable that the South relished the spectacle—all the bitter things it had said about Northern hypocrisy when it was under attack in the fifties and early sixties was now publicly confirmed. Except in St. Augustine, there had been no public violence in the South to equal Chicago's. Otherwise, the Northern accent marvelously mirrored the Southern clichés. *The New York Times* quoted a lady hardware clerk:

> No one was prejudiced against the Northern niggers. It's the Southern ones. The Northern niggers were satisfied until that Luther King brought in his troublemakers from the South.

After a slow start, Chicago police did a professional job, wading into rock throwers with clubs flailing. White signs appeared saying: Don't Vote for the Democrats. An alarmed Daley ordered precinct leaders to head off the violent white reactions that made the cops swing the clubs that jeopardized the votes. Belatedly, he sought to come to grips with the new variety of power.

An aide to Dr. King has a letter that a City Hall intermediary allegedly brought in early in August. The concessions it offers in exchange for ending the demonstrations have the ring of the ward heeler's art. Three hundred quick jobs would be created by hiring housing-project guards from among the tenants. A few hundred new ghetto units would be built. There was even an inadvertent pun: "A Negro journeyman glazier should be hired by the Housing Authority. (This will be the first break in the glazier's union.)" The letter even included pre-packaged quotes that Dr. King was supposed to sign. One began, "Today, Mayor Daley has again demonstrated his leadership. . . ."

Only the threat of the Cicero march eventually brought realistic bargaining and the final agreement. Moderator Heineman conceded that some Negroes would feel the words were fine but only more white words. "My own view is," he said, "that we have been too far committed by the leadership of the entire community not to have moved. . . ."

Al Raby added a cautious second: "You ask at a point of strength for what you can get. I honestly feel there is some concern that didn't exist before. But I'm still ready to go back to the streets and it may well be necessary."

Chester Robinson was dissuaded by Dr. King from marching his West Siders into Cicero on the promise that a standing committee created by the agreement would take up his specific recommendations. But Robert Lucas, CORE chairman, seized the moment. He denounced the agreement as just another in the line of promises "Negroes have received since Emancipation."

On Sunday, September 4, he led 200 marchers into the lion's den. Two thousand National Guardsmen were mobilized. Roving white mob reaction was brisk, but Cicero and state police kept things under control until almost the end, when a black-white clash seemed imminent. Then the Guardsmen responded with a bayonet advance that nicked a few rioters and dissuaded the rest. For the first time, Negroes had marched into Cicero and marched out again.

But the end of the Labor Day weekend found Chicago ridden with anxieties. The power represented by Dr. King's "coalition of conscience" had demonstrated that it could move machine power in a test of strength. But the problems of Dr. King and Daley, unlikely as this might seem, had become curiously intermingled.

The civil rights leader had neither inclination nor ability to get rid of the boss. Dr. King needed continuing victories to maintain his position and Daley's help was needed to get them. King had disengaged short of Cicero for reasons he believed valid, but Negroes were aware that Lucas and Black Power had risked the fearful step. Should the agreement prove a deception, Black Power would be the gainer.

For Daley's part, white resentment over the city's role has hurt him politically; the November elections and the aldermanic contests in February will indicate how much. His machine is tough and resilient, but one constant it requires is black support. So Daley must keep responding—unless he still misreads the basic Negro mood and believes he can coast for a time.

The danger is that even with cooperation by all concerned, Chicago still cannot achieve significant, meaningful change in the lives of lower-class Negroes. Operation Breadbasket, laudable though it is, is also Operation Drop-in-the-Bucket. The monumental job of repairing the neglect of half a century in employment, housing and education is beyond the resources of Chicago or of any other major Northern city. It is tiresome to reiterate that the federal government must do it, and frightening to think it may not. Opposition is growing to the kind of commitment needed. Ten billion, 15 billion a year, who knows? The Neanderthal *Chicago Tribune*, even as settlement was reached, editorialized against aid for cities under the headline: Beggars in Search of Billions.

THE GOOF-BALL SET

ADDICTION IN THE SUBURBS

MARTIN SCHRAM

Mr. Schram is a reporter for Newsday. *His series on addiction, written with Robert Greene, won the James Wright Brown Memorial Award (1965-66), presented by the New York chapter of Sigma Delta Chi for the outstanding public service by a newspaper in the Metropolitan New York area.*

The problem of addiction has crept out of the city slums and into the split-level world of suburbia. Well-fed youths from respectable homes are now trying drugs for kicks in alarming, ever increasing numbers. In a sense, the suburbs have lent gentility to addiction. Now it is more than just a malady of the deprived and moneyless; it has become a middle- and upper-middle-class affliction, as well. Suburban youth—the high schooler, the collegian, the dropout, the pushout—these have all grown up on the fringes of big-city junkie empires, yet the syringe and bent spoon equipment of the heroin addict is unfamiliar to most. Instead, these kids get their kicks from drugstore drugs: modern formulas designed to stop coughs, ease tensions or trim unsightly fat.

Today's suburban addiction usually begins with a cheap, dime-store high—on habit-forming, non-prescription codeine cough medicine. Two ounces of these powerful syrups have the belt of a half-fifth of whiskey. Next come the pills. In the pharmaceutical trade, these are useful compounds called barbiturates (sedatives), amphetamines (stimulants and diet pills) and tranquilizers. But on street corners and in parked cars and drive-ins and behind shopping centers, they're known variously as goof balls, red birds, yellow jackets, blue heavens, bennies, pep pills, co-pilots, hearts and footballs.

Lately the incidence of teen-age drug abuse has been rising in suburban communities coast to coast. But nowhere, perhaps, is the problem more evident than on Long Island, a thin spit of land whose 2-million-plus population makes it America's largest suburb. Last November, Robert Greene and I began investigating for *Newsday* the scope of the drug problem there, following the unrelated overdose deaths of three youths within a month.

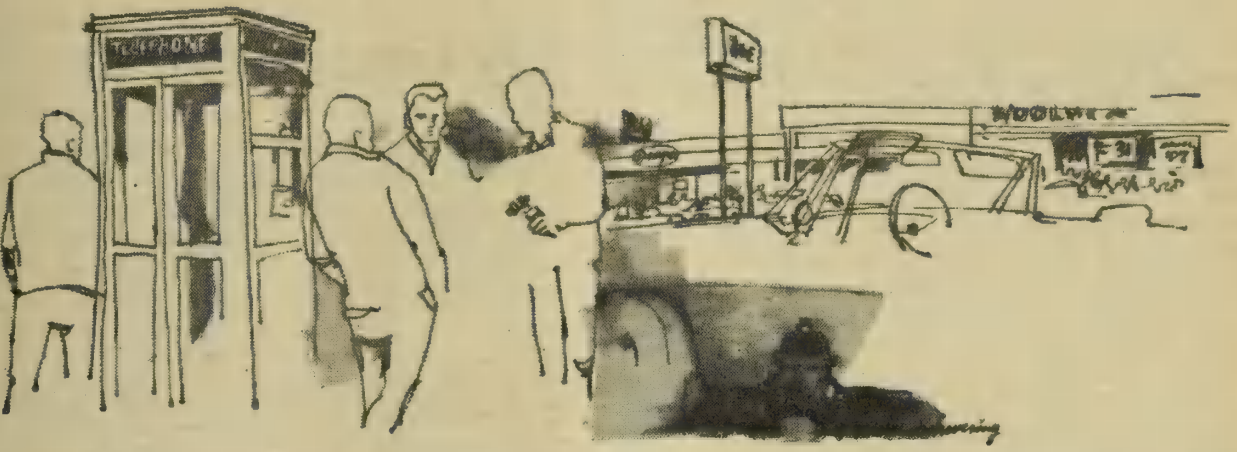
Five addicted Long Island youths took mortal doses of drugs in 1965, and another died a few days after the New Year. Many more, found slumped unconscious in parked cars and on residential streets, were revived by police, rescue squads or hospital emergency-room teams. One of the certified overdose deaths, incidentally, was attributed merely to too much codeine-based cough medicine. Some authorities now call such addiction the deadliest of habits, even worse than heroin. Sudden withdrawal can cause the barbiturate addict, for example, to go into convulsions, delirium, and eventually, death. Quick heroin withdrawal results in the unpleasant runny nose, fever and shakes; but eventually they will pass, leaving the addict sick, weak, but nevertheless alive.

During the course of the newspaper research, Greene and I interviewed pushers, addicts, law enforcers and law breakers; young people who are hooked and others who are clean. Posing as an addict, I attached myself to a group of pill pushers in their late teens and early 20s; I was accepted as an in-man only after several toughs had slammed me against a wall and frisked me to make sure I was not a cop. Later, Greene was beaten and stomped by this same pack when he attempted to buy some of their illegal pills.

These were the hard-core tough guys of the suburban pills-for-kicks movement. They peddled pills at the standard black market price of 50c apiece. For every one of them, however, suburban Long Island has many more who are just average, middle-class kids: would-be mystics seeking some euphoric truth; would-be wild ones who must get their courage from capsules; and the just plain bored.

Often, the toughs supply the clean-cut types. In one Long Island neighborhood, the pill merchants had an organization that was complete right down to a mimeographed chart of the pack hierarchy—for pill distribution purposes. It listed about thirty names and was in pyramid form, with the number-one kid securing the pills and doling them out to his two lieutenants, who would then pass them on to their own subordinates, and so on down the line.

U.S. Food and Drug Administration officials estimate that about half the barbiturates and amphetamines produced in America are siphoned off into the underworld. Long Island authorities estimate that 80 per cent of the pills used by suburban youth are supplied from illegal sources in the city—in Harlem, the Bronx and Brooklyn. The remaining 20 per cent come from the addicts' own schemes. Drugstore burglaries have increased markedly in recent years, and in most of these the cash register was untouched, while the rear prescription drug shelves were rifled. Thefts from doctors' offices are also rising—often only the prescription pads are taken. The thief forges the doctor's name and cashes his slip at the local drugstore.



Police, commenting "for the record," have long insisted that Long Island has no major drug problem. But in Nassau County alone, the narcotics squad that started with two men in 1962 now employs as many as forty, who divide their time between undercover work and public lecturing on the dangers of drugs. One experienced Long Island police official has said privately that he estimates one out of every ten suburban teen-agers is an occasional or frequent user of marijuana, capsule drugs or codeine cough mixtures. A probation case worker assigned specifically to narcotics problems believes that 40 per cent of the youth between 15 and 25 has experimented at least once with marijuana or drugs.

Long Island's drug abusers are for the most part white, not Negro; from good backgrounds, not the cliché "broken homes." Most switch indiscriminately from the calming, drunklike high of the barbiturate to the amphetamines, which produce a false sense of elation, power and unending stamina. One 17-year-old Long Island addict described the addiction cycle like this: "You start with cough syrup and you get high. So you keep it up. Pretty soon, you don't get the same feeling, so you try mixing it with pills. Then more pills—as much as it's safe to take without killing yourself. But eventually even that doesn't give you the same high. So you take the hard stuff—heroin. You just can't seem to stop."

The teen-aged addicts are not a particular group. They take their highs wherever they can—wherever adults aren't. Parked cars; drive-in movies; behind shopping centers; but best of all, in someone's home when the parents are away. "The parties in the houses were the best," recalled a Northport, L. I., youth who escaped being nabbed in a recent dope crackdown there. "You had more room, more privacy. You could let your hair down and stay a couple of days. Usually, we'd start off listening to folk music and then we'd turn on. Later, we'd get to talking about personal philosophies and hang-ups."

For the brave, tough or foolhardy, there was still another place to turn on. One teen-aged addict said: "It's being taken in [school] bathrooms and in the backs of classrooms when teachers turn their backs. And sometimes, right in front of their eyes. . . . Girls are even bringing pills in for their boy friends right in their brassieres—who's gonna search a girl's bra?" And New York State Sen. Bernard Smith, who until last year was Suffolk County's district attorney, said his investigations led him to believe there is as much drug abuse in school as out.

Yet officials from most of Long Island's more than 100 school districts told reporters they had no knowledge of drugs being taken in their schools. Finally, however, one school superintendent agreed to talk on the condition that his identity be withheld:

> I'm sick and tired of people in government and school administration saying there is no drug problem. We have a problem and the schools are not doing their jobs. . . . School districts find it easier to look the other way because it's a tough problem to face. They think that if they admit they have a drug problem, the good teachers won't come to their district.

Of his 5,000 junior and senior high students, he said, his administration knows of about 100 who are using drugs —"and you can double that, maybe triple it, to find the number who aren't known."

College officials on Long Island were also reluctant to discuss pills. "We have our reputations to think about," said one college dean. However, Randall Hoffmann, dean of students at Hofstra University, talked frankly about the problem at his institution. "I'm sure some experimentation takes place among our students with marijuana, LSD, pep pills and that sort of thing," he said. "We have about 5,000 full-time day students, and I'd guess that 6 or 7 per cent of them (300-350) experiment. I doubt we have any addicts per se. But it's very easy here to get marijuana and pills on the black market. It's a word-of-mouth sort of thing. One friend tells another." Hofstra is by no means Long Island's most infected campus, police say, and the Hofstra situation is typical of many American universities. Moreover, Dean Hoffmann is to be commended for not sweeping the problem under the ivy. (He has since left Hofstra to become assistant to the provost at Long Island's C. W. Post College.)

With all the talk about the frequency of drug abuse among suburban youth, the question naturally arises: Pills for kicks—why? Why should suburban children from allegedly happy homes turn to a senseless menace like drugs? The answer, most psychologists agree, lies in their very contentment. "Most of today's suburban youths have never wanted for anything," said one expert. "These are fairly well-to-do kids. They've already had everything and experienced everything—liquor, cars, sex—by the time they are teens. This is what's left: drugs for kicks."

The dreamy, detached sensation given by today's drugs has also been interpreted as merely an extension of the entire contemporary teen-age pattern of values. It is ecstasy by yourself, just like dance by yourself and (at a Beatle concert) shriek by yourself. Everyone's doing it, but each is doing his own, individual thing.

School officials, moreover, notice a strange phenomenon about drug abuse. Unlike other forms of juvenile delinquency, pill popping seems to have the tacit approval of even the well-behaved student leaders. Those who have come out in open criticism of contemporaries who steal hub caps or vandalize property have remained quiet about drugs and marijuana.

Many of the users get almost as big a charge out of outsmarting cops as they do out of pills. It was this way with Little Marco, 21-year-old leader of a Plainview, L. I., pills-for-kicks gang that used a luncheonette in the Great Midway shopping center as its meeting place. After several days of hanging around, looking like a user in need of drugs, I had been tipped that Marco was the man to see. And Marco didn't like that one bit.

"I wanna know who fingered me for you," he said, watching as two members of his pack gave me the rough frisk treatment. "I don't like my guys fingering me as a pusher to everyone they meet. You could be Uncle" [slang for undercover agent, taken from TV's *Man From U.N.C.L.E.*].

Eventually, Marco and his boys believed I was what my credentials said—an overage, out-of-state college student. I was in, and Marco even apologized: "You gotta understand why we're jumpy. Man, I run things in this town and these guys know it. Dozens of guys know it. If you play ball, I can get you at least 400 pills at a nickel apiece. You buy 400 and give us half." (He later said he meant 50c each, not a nickel.)

It seems I'd caught the gang a little short of pills that night, so they agreed instead to take me around to the "soft-touch" drugstores, where one after another we could buy codeine cough medicine, presumably without the owners' getting suspicious. State law required that every person buying cough medicine sign his name and address in a register book. These stores, the gang said, never checked identification. "Give them any name," they said. They were right. And we all bought our first bottles of 4-ounce Robitussin A-C codeine cough mixture.

"If you're really People, buddy, and you ain't no Uncle, you swig first," said Marco. And gesturing with his finger he added: "Down to here." Well, being People is good, being Uncle is bad, and when you're outnumbered four to one, being chicken is downright unhealthy. So I swigged big. Marco, with a flair for the extravagant, emptied his bottle and crashed it to the ground outside the car window. "No fingerprints," he said. And we all thought that was pretty smart.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Later, when Marco offered me a barbiturate capsule, I put it under my tongue, pretended to swallow, and later spat it out. Meanwhile, my pill-popping companions that night burst into a medley of hit rock 'n' roll songs. And Marco continued to brag: "We've got guys in seven precincts who let us know what to expect from the other cops. They'll get us for fighting, but not for pushing." Within several weeks after the *Newsday* series ran, however, Marco and seven of his followers had been arrested separately for having as many as 800 barbiturates on their persons at one time. We had identified Marco only as Joe, but one detective said, "There wasn't a guy in the station house who didn't know who Joe really was."

There is also hard stuff in the suburbs. The heroin business in suburbia is better than ever, according to one of the Island's top pushers. We located a suburban junkie and, on the promise that he would remain anonymous, persuaded him to talk. Suffolk police have never been able to obtain evidence against him, yet they too describe him as one of the major pushers on Long Island. Said the pusher:

> I've been operating in different parts of . . . town over the past couple of years. But business has gotten so big that I rented a room for an office so that people wouldn't bother me at home. I got about 100 customers, sometimes more, sometimes less. There are about nine other

> pushers in town that big. Between us we got 300-350 customers. They bounce back and forth.
>
> My customers are all kinds, man. I got women in furs, square guys with neckties and all that, bums, kids, all kinds. They're all hooked. . . . I never hooked anyone in my life and I don't have to. The customers are already there, more than you can handle. Set up in business, make one sale, and the junkie grapevine is really working. Next thing you know, they're knocking you down in a rush.

The pusher said some weeks he makes as much as $700, tax free of course. Asked if he deals in cough medicine or pills, he said crisply: "I don't touch it. That's for kids. All over the place the kids are talking about it. I'll get a few of them later."

As in most vices, addiction can in part be measured in terms of dollars and cents. All told, Long Island taxpayers spend more than $1 million a year to fight addiction with police, probationers, medical care and counseling. At the same time, a veteran Long Island narcotics detective says: "One-third of all our crime stems from narcotics and drugs. This is not sex crime, it's mainly petty stuff. Most of it is boosting [shoplifting] because it's usually the easiest to pull off."

The average Long Island addict needs between $15 and $25 a day to feed his habit, the detective said. Thus even the working addict often must steal on the side. For the kids, pills are not usually that expensive, but then most have little or no income. So many of them steal. "We've had cases where addicts have actually been taking orders from their own neighbors for toasters, records, cigarettes and even TV sets," the detective said. "Then the addicts would go out and boost the items and sell them to their neighbors at the lowest prices you ever heard of."

Society also bears the indirect costs of drug abuse. Nassau Medical Examiner Dr. Leslie Lukash explained it this way: "When these kids are on drugs they lose their reflexes and have no sense of danger. They become reckless. Many get behind the wheel of a car and get into accidents, maiming innocent people. We'll never know how many such accidents were caused by kids high on drugs, because most policemen can't tell a drug high from accident shock."

State and national legislators have been struggling to keep abreast of the quiet spread of addiction. New federal and New York State laws that went into effect this year require all manufacturers, retailers and middlemen to keep a record of every pill that crosses their counters. Another state measure requires prescriptions for all persons under 21 who buy codeine cough medicines. And the legislature recently passed Governor Rockefeller's bill calling for compulsory treatment of all narcotic addicts.

And while all the costs of addiction are tabulated, there is one other that knows no dollar value. Emotional suffering, anguish, helplessness. One young Long Island housewife recently recalled how her brother climbed the ladder from cough syrup to pills to heroin: "I tried to stop him and get him help, but he wouldn't help himself and no one would help him. Then he married a girl; she was hooked too. Now they spend a wretched life. She walks the streets of Greenwich Village, prostituting to get them both money for heroin.

"It tears you up, but what can you do?"

REPORT ON FOOD

Prescription for a Sick Industry

JENNIFER CROSS

Miss Cross is a British free-lance journalist now living in Berkeley, Calif.

On June 27, the report of the National Commission on Food Marketing went to Congress, after two years of diligent study on every major facet of the food industry. It had been rather like the rigorous medical examination of a patient who believed he was healthy, but whose doctor thought he detected dangerous symptoms. Is America's largest industry as well as it claims to be, or is it malfunctioning, and if so, where, and what can be done about it? Predictably, the 113-page diagnosis (plus ten separate studies) has a lot to say for both sides. The patient is in pretty good shape, but there are no grounds for complacency: enough is wrong to warrant a good deal of concern, some government action and a lot more investigation.

The maladies, says the report, are nobody's fault, and are certainly not caused by attempts of manufacturers and retailers to bilk either the farmers or the public. Rather, they stem from new facts of economic life of the last twenty years: the swing from a production to a marketing orientation, the startling technological changes in agriculture and food processing, the population growth and the emergence of a new, wealthy consumer who uses food not merely as something to eat but as an outlet for affluence.

The first result has been to threaten the traditional balance of competition within the industry. The commission reported an increased concentration in retailing and manufacturing, shown in and aggravated by the extinction of 133,000 small-to-medium-sized stores during the period 1948-63, and by the rising number of horizontal and vertical mergers. Large firms have been gobbling up small or medium ones; retailers have been moving into food processing, processors into food production, and all at an accelerated rate since 1954. Today, concentration is most extreme among retail and wholesale food buyers, and manufacturers of baby food, soap, coffee, cake mixes, shortening, crackers and cookies, where 50 per cent or more of the market is held by the four largest firms. Some of the biggest companies, especially among retailers, have grown beyond the size needed for maximum efficiency. Medium-sized firms are just as competent to process and distribute, and the only edge held by the giants is in advertising, promotion and sales, where their superior resources affect competition, placing the smaller retailer or manufacturer in an increasingly poor bargaining position.

While the industry is regarded as generally efficient, there is considerable room for improvement, notably in retailing. Gross margins—the spread between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays—have gone up from 15 to 17 per cent of sales in 1954 to 19 to 22 per cent ten years later. This is partly due to inflation but also to higher operating costs. The main items in this overhead are advertising and promotion, including trading stamps, labor, the cost of owning or renting store facilities, plus services (check cashing, parking space, etc.). And, unlike similar costs in many other industries, they are not being offset by a comparable boom in productivity.

Drawing the line between legitimate effort and extravagance is not easy, but the commission has left little doubt that it would place a good deal of advertising and promotion in the latter category. To put it bluntly, the high cost of selling is being passed on to the consumer, with no equivalent enhanced value in return. Food manufacturers' advertising, now running at $2.2 billion, wastes too much money simply urging housewives to buy brand A instead of brand B. New products, notoriously difficult to launch, often cost 57 per cent of their first year's sales in advertising, without guarantee of a long or successful life. While the manufacturers absorb the cost, they can do so only at the ultimate expense of other products, so one way or the other the public pays. The public also pays for the privilege of saving trading stamps, almost unknown in 1955, but now distributed by 47 per cent of all food stores. This gimmick adds an annual $680 million to the national food bill.

Apart from these little extras, which he may or may not be delighted to pay for, the consumer gets a good deal for his money. A note of cautious praise runs through the whole diagnosis, though the report soft-pedals the industry's boasts about being the envy of the world, and squashes the idea that the declining percentage of the family budget being spent on food is necessarily a sign of industry efficiency. The only other major consumer gripe is packaging—the report endorses the evidence of Sen. Philip A. Hart's Truth in Packaging hearings that the consumer is frequently confused, sometimes misled, and generally hindered from getting the best value for his money. (See Jennifer Cross: "Truth in Packaging, The Supermarket Caper," *The Nation,* February 21.) Also, the low-income shopper does not fare well. A special price survey done by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in six major cities proves that in certain circumstances the poor do pay more. Owing to the scarcity of supermarkets, they patronize "mom and pop" stores, where prices average 2.8 per cent higher, and, lacking cash, buy smaller, more expensive quantities.

The farmer, however, is unequivocally in a worse position than formerly. With retailers pooling their buying, and with their entry into food processing, plus the expansion of some food manufacturers into cattle feeding and egg production, the grower's bargaining power is substantially weakened. Terminal markets are declining, buyers are becoming fewer in number and powerful enough to get away with sloppy, informal and sometimes unfair bargaining. This, combined with lack of reliable and up-to-date information about price futures and market conditions, is eroding the whole idea of price as the basis for negotiation, besides leaving farmers at the mercy of the spasmodic overproduction fostered by today's agricultural technology.

The remedy for these various ailments is some fairly harsh medicine, at least for the manufacturers, retailers and advertisers, who traditionally detest any extension of federal authority ("interference") unless it is for their benefit. The report makes it clear that traditional legislation and the limited powers of regulatory agencies are inadequate to meet the new situation. Therefore, the growing degree of concentration, particularly mergers not in the public interest, should be met by legislation requiring compulsory pre-merger notification; temporary cease and desist powers for the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice to enable them to halt mergers pending legal investigation; and firmer guidelines for the more effective enforcement of the antitrust laws.

For consumers, the report suggests a special agency in the Executive branch of the government to take over the protective functions now exercised by existing federal agencies, represent the consumer at law, and attempt the vital but herculean task of teaching him to be a more intelligent buyer. The FTC and the Food & Drug Administration should make a more determined effort to prevent deceptive labeling and packaging, aided by legislation if necessary. Finally, consumer grades and standards of identity should be established for, and appear on, all foods where feasible.

Government help is recommended to improve farmers' bargaining power by creating agricultural marketing boards, strengthening farmers' cooperatives, and authorizing federal marketing agreements and orders. Better current and future price reporting should be carried out by the Department of Agriculture, with the authority to extract the necessary information from buyers and growers, along with timely market reports of selected perishable farm products. The department should also develop a model code for the licensing and operation of local livestock markets, and study the effects of transportation costs and of trade barriers affecting agriculture.

The main weakness of the conclusions is that the fifteen commission members fell out among themselves, so that the report presents the views of the majority of nine, followed by separate statements of the six dissenters. The split occurred not along party lines but roughly between liberals and conservatives, with the liberals (chairman Phil S. Gibson, former California Chief Justice; Fred J. Marshall, farmer and former Congressman from Minnesota; Elmer R. Kiehl, dean of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture; Senators Warren G. Magnuson, Gale W. McGee and Philip A. Hart; Congressmen Leonor K. Sullivan, Glenn C. Cunningham and Benjamin S. Rosenthal) in the lead. Still more unfortunately, the dissenting minority (William M. Batten, chairman of the J. C. Penney Co.; Albert K. Mitchell, New Mexico rancher; Senators Thruston B. Morton and Roman L. Hruska; Congressmen Graham Purcell and Catherine May) disagreed with practically all the majority proposals, accusing their colleagues of arriving at their verdict before all the technical evidence was in, and of exceeding Congress' brief by recommending changes in government and legislative policy.

Obviously, many of the majority conclusions are open to challenge, especially the recommendations about food-industry concentration and the wisdom of establishing a department of consumers—about which even a handful of the President's Committee on Consumer Interests lately could not agree. However, the accusations of jumping the gun on the evidence have been publicly denied by Dr. George E. Brandow, NCFM executive director, while the commission brief, as set out in public law 88-354, specifically asked for findings *and* conclusions on legislation and public policy. Otherwise, the minority statements contain suspicious echoes of the food-industry line as laid down by retailers, manufacturers and trade associations . . . the industry is fine, let it alone; government intervention stifles initiative and flexibility; consumers are sovereign, rational and efficient, they don't need protection.

Profiting by the doctor's dilemma, the patient has loudly expressed his dislike of any advice which strikes him as misplaced or unpalatable. Ever since the end of March, when the draft report was mysteriously leaked to *Advertising Age*, it was clear that the industry was going to clobber it. While some, particularly food chains, have wisely refused to comment until they have thoroughly digested the evidence, others have expressed their shock, disappointment and disapproval of the main conclusions, taking their stand on the minority tribute to the *status quo*. All these views have subsequently made headlines in the advertising and food trade press, and been given a comprehensive roundup in *Progressive Grocer*. The only dissenting voice has been that of the National Farmers Union, which was relieved and gratified to find many of its views confirmed, especially the need to protect farmers from marketing abuses.

That the report's recommendations will be carried out is, to say the least, uncertain. Industry critics plainly hope and expect the whole thing to fade away and die. "Indications are," said *Supermarket News*, that "it may stay in the 'fuzzy' realm for years without having a direct or significant effect on federal legislation affecting industry." The press consensus was that the President's reception of the report was distinctly chilly, though his remarks could better be interpreted as noncommittal rather than hostile. It should also be noted that the press was given, if not its orders, at least a very strong hint by the president of General Foods, who urged the National Editorial Association two years ago to identify "the fiction that comes out of Washington," and use their "critical editorial judgment" on the report, in the interest of truth, of course, and to prevent the innocent public from getting the gripes.

The chance of legislative action this session is almost nil, since the report is currently being studied by the Bureau of the Budget; as for the future, the fate of the recommendations depends on how the Administration views the wisdom of backing the considerable extension of federal power that will be involved. Undoubtedly a good deal of political capital will be made out of it during the Congressional elections. However, the report will fare better in the long run if its suggestions are carried out piecemeal by the appropriate agencies. Already the FTC and the Department of Justice are taking a more active interest in mergers which might violate the antitrust laws (e.g., in the dairy industry) and the possibility of strengthening Title 7 of the Clayton Act is currently being discussed in Washington. The report will certainly give a boost to pending consumer legislation, particularly Truth in Packaging, which may pass the House this session, and a bill (HR 7179) proposed by NCFM member Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) to create a department of consumers.

Another side effect may well be the incentive to certain sections of the food industry to plug the gaps in their performance, if only to forestall government action. The issues were squarely put in a speech in May to the Magazine Promotion Group by Edward L. Bond, Jr., president of Young & Rubicam. "You and I know that not everything is right in the market place—or in advertising, either. And the problems that exist are creating increasing demands for government attention. The question, however, is whether we are going to sit back and abdicate to the government—or whether we're going to face up to our problems, where they exist, and engage in more self-regulation and self-policing. . . ." Packaging already engages industry attention. Consumer education may be the next—though, as industry people rightly complain, consumers make exceedingly poor use of what is available. Trading stamps, now regarded as a mixed blessing, will probably get yet another critical look. Last year some 800 supermarkets, mostly chains, stopped giving stamps; others, like Safeway, dislike them but bow to consumer demand.

Even the vexed question of how to increase the number of supermarkets in low-income areas may be reconsidered. Mrs. Esther Peterson, special assistant to the President for consumer affairs, has issued a personal appeal to food chains to "immediately re-examine their expansion plans," while Dr. Brandow tossed in the suggestion that they might operate a "no frills" service in poor areas under a different name. The main obstacles, according to Clarence G. Adamy, Na-

tional Association of Food Chains president, are technical: local tax laws make property improvements in low-income areas financially unattractive, while many chains have encountered enormous problems in clearing title to sufficient land to hold a store large enough to generate the volume necessary for low-margin selling. But, he added, the interest is there.

While the food industry ponders the NCFM prescription —which, with the technical data, will become the standard textbook in marketing, agricultural and university circles for some time to come—consumers would do well to consider some of the points that have been raised. The housewife pays for a lot of incomestibles along with the family food: packaging, processing, advertising, trading stamps, bonus bingo, larger, enticing stores with ancillary services. Most women, if they think about it at all, regard this as money well spent. But the minority who want to buy only the best food at the lowest price, or are on a tight budget —and this includes some middle-class intellectuals, some young marrieds and many of the poor—will be interested to know that alternatives are available. Scattered about the report is material which could be turned into excellent shopping advice; for example, avoid trading stamps, buy store "specials" and retailers' own brands instead of nationally advertised products.

Most of it, alas, will probably fall on deaf ears, since the average woman is a sloppy shopper and appears to like it that way. Consumer education is still in its infancy, at least compared to commercially financed techniques of persuasion like advertising and public relations, but the situation is changing. Spreading out from Washington is an upsurge of interest in teaching the public how to be more discriminating consumers. This type of education is becoming an integral part of the anti-poverty program, and if Esther Peterson has her way it will be extended to the high school. Here, the NCFM report will be of value—a timely contribution to the complex art of consumership which is our best defense against drowning in our affluent society.

LATIN AMERICA IV

Labor Between Bread and Revolution

SIDNEY LENS

As a writer for many publications and newspapers Mr. Lens has visited eighty-one countries. His most recent book is Radicalism in America, *published last May by Thomas Y. Crowell.*

The problem confronting Latin American labor can be defined in one estimate and one fact. The *estimate* is that by the year 2000 the population of this area will be 600 million, two and a half times the present figure. The *fact* is that the grain situation is today drastically worse than it was in the 1930s. Thirty years ago, the twenty nations of Latin America exported more grain than any other area in the world; today they are net importers and their per capita output has declined by 16 per cent.

Therefore, no matter how quiescent the area may appear to be from time to time, explosions are inevitable; artful maneuvers and military suppression can cap the pressure just so long. Thus the decision confronting each Latin American union is how much energy it should apply to bread-and-butter issues and how much to social revolution. If the workers concentrate primarily on winning higher wages and allied benefits, will they eventually whittle the power of the oligarchies and achieve an adequate way of life; or, while continuing to fight for wage gains, must they determine to destroy the oligarchic structure itself?

Favoring the first course are those unions comprising ORIT (Inter-American Regional Labor Organization) which are linked to and guided by the AFL-CIO. Favoring the second course are the Communist unions, and more recently the nationalist, neutralist organizations grouped in CLASC (Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions). The story of labor in this area is told in the churning conflict of these strategies.

There are 90 million to 95 million urban and rural toilers in the nineteen republics south of the Rio Grande (leaving out Cuba), of whom 15 per cent or 13 million carry union cards. The proportion varies widely from country to country. In Bolivia, where a social revolution took place in 1952, almost the whole working class is organized. In Paraguay, Brazil, Ecuador, Haiti and most of the Central American nations, the ratio is under 5 per cent or 10 per cent, and most of these are only nominal unionists, since they cannot engage in strikes or true collective bargaining. In Peru, 400,000 are organized out of a labor force of 5 million, and in Chile, where labor does have a degree of power, only 10 per cent of a potential 2.5 million are enrolled. Argentina, whose unions were built artificially by Peron, has a considerable movement. So does Mexico, which still benefits from the legacy of Cárdenas in the 1930s.

But size is of secondary significance, for power rests not in picket-line effectiveness or real bargaining but in politics. One can say that unions exist in Haiti, Nicaragua, Brazil, Honduras or Paraguay, but in fact they are impotent under the prevailing dictatorial governments. After the overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz, Guatemalan unions went a decade without a single general wage increase. The unions in Brazil, despite glowing reports by the AFL-CIO, were emasculated by the military *coup d'état* of two years ago, when hundreds of unions were placed under trusteeship by Castelo Branco in order to remove the influence of former President Goulart and the Communists. The same thing happened in Ecuador during the military regime that was recently overthrown.

The Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM) claims 1.25 million members and functions in a more stable milieu that may be called—stretching things a bit—a "democracy," but it is not really an independent organization. As part of the ruling party (PRI), which has been assured of electoral victory for more than three decades, CTM *controls* labor rather than represents it. Its leaders are in the legislature or in fat government jobs, and though they do win some gains for the workingman, they are far more servile to the government than the union leaders to whom we are accustomed. What there is of an independent force in Mexico functions outside the CTM framework and is small and fragmented.

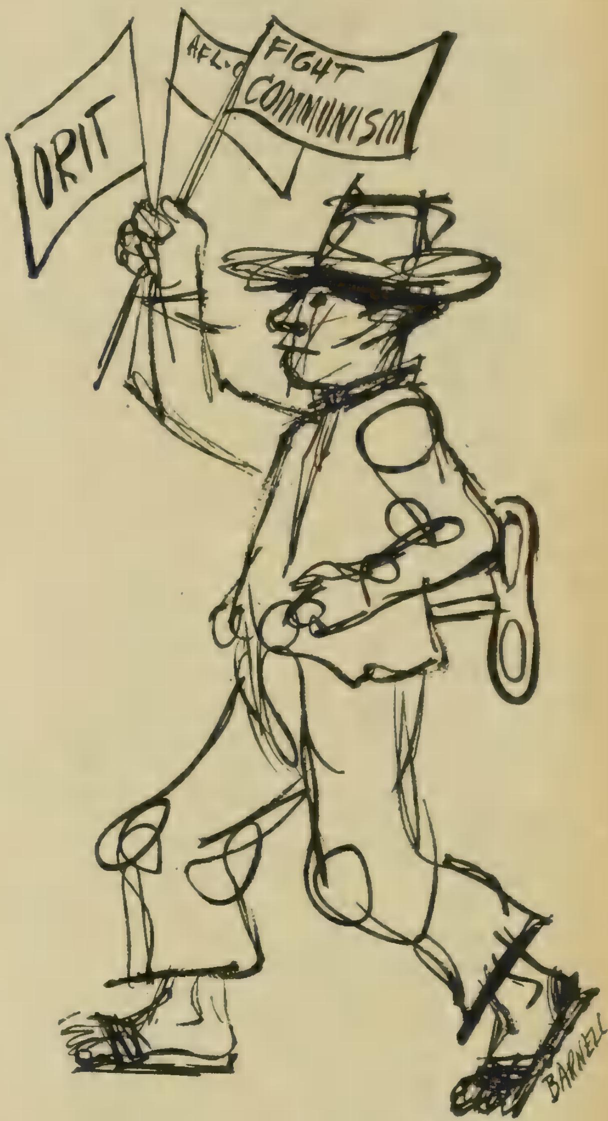
The situation in Venezuela is somewhat more fluid, but there too the movement relies heavily on the approval of the reigning party. More closely approximating the trade unions we know are the labor organizations of Chile and Uruguay, where there is political democracy, and those of Argentina which Peron shrewdly fostered as a counterforce to his political enemies.

It is thus exceedingly difficult to generalize about Latin American labor—as one might, for instance, about British or German or American labor. What traits they have in common are negative. Almost without exception, they are weak in the rural areas where a majority of the laborers and *campesinos* desperately need organization. They struggle defensively to preserve what they have, rather than take the offensive to improve standards. Brazilian labor, for instance, confronted with inflation of 40 per cent to 80 per cent a year, fights constantly to keep wages abreast of prices.

Collective bargaining is limited. Argentine labor has won nation-wide agreements that deal not only with wages but with grievance machinery and similar facets of traditional unionism. Similar agreements exist in Mexico and to a limited extent in Chile, where national bargaining has been in operation with the copper companies since 1956. But most Latin American legislatures have passed labor codes that restrict collective bargaining. These deal with minimum wages (which all too often become *maximum* wages for the majority), overtime, housing, union security and such items as "seven days' pay for six days' work" which was enacted some years ago in Chile. In Brazil, where the labor law of the old Vargas regime has never been formally dismantled, there is some collective bargaining in the big cities, but many of the wage rates are set by labor courts rather than in free talks between labor and management.

The overriding fact about Latin American unions is that they are shaped more by the fortunes of politics than by their own economic action. Each change of government means a change in the leadership, character and strategy of the labor federations. When dictator Odria left the Presidency of Peru in 1956, union leaders were released from jail and the movement was able to hold its first convention in a decade. Conversely, when General Aramburu took the helm in Argentina he appointed overseers, at first mostly military men, to run the unions. When constitutionalist soldiers took to the barricades in the Dominican Republic on April 24-28, 1965, in an effort to restore democratic government, they were joined by leaders and rank and file, both of the Bosch unions and, above all, of the Left-Catholic CLASC. The U.S.-dominated CONATRAL, on the other hand, stood sullenly on the sidelines and later refused to participate in the general strike protesting military brutality. Each group was seeking a government under which it could function best—or function at all.

The story of Latin American labor must therefore be written in a political perspective. It is not so much what unionists have already accomplished—admittedly, that is all too little—but what they hope to do in the future, and how they hope to do it. In terms of the area as a whole, there are the three distinct tendencies mentioned briefly at the beginning of this survey: the pro-American and violently anti-Communist ORIT, the nationalist, neutralist Christian federation, CLASC, and the Communist groupings, both pro-Moscow and pro-China.



ORIT claims 28 million members, half of whom are in the AFL-CIO. It is affiliated with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, but because it is so inextricably bound into the George Meany machine of the AFL-CIO (with Jay Lovestone guiding the international strategy), it is, like its mentors, often at odds with the international body. At a young workers' seminar in Mexico last October, European union leaders burst out in protest when ORIT's general secretary, Arturo Jauregui, introduced a Cuban speaker who had been a government minister under

Batista. In the strategy of ORIT and the AFL-CIO the focal point of union behavior is anti-communism.

There is also some uneasiness, both in Europe and in the Walter Reuther wing of the AFL-CIO, because ORIT collaborates so closely with the U.S. State Department. The American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), established by the AFL-CIO and American business leaders, is financed to the extent of tens of millions of dollars by Washington's AID. Its money is spent on social programs and education to buttress "anti-Communist" unions friendly to ORIT, and personnel sometimes moves back and forth between ORIT and AIFLD. Morris Paladino, for instance, became assistant administrator for AIFLD after serving as assistant secretary for ORIT. In the minds of many labor leaders there is no difference between ORIT, Jay Lovestone and the U.S. labor attachés in the embassies of South America.

This does not mean that all the affiliates of ORIT are in Lovestone's pocket. Many of the metal workers' unions are closer to Walter Reuther than to the Meany-Lovestone entourage. The Venezuelan unions refused to endorse ORIT's resolution on the Dominican Republic. Last May, Mexico's CTM issued a statement decrying aid from AIFLD and seeking to dissociate itself from "foreign" interference.

Despite such scattered signs of independence, however, the thrust of the ORIT-AIFLD-Lovestone combine is toward simple unionism on the one hand, and anti-Communist politics on the other. Again and again, this force calls on its people to be "apolitical," which means in effect to support the U.S. *status quo*. The Alliance for Progress is endorsed with little criticism. Every victory "against communism" is hailed as if it were the millennium, and every "Communist," "neo-Communist," and neutralist success is decried in shrill headlines. "Communists Capture Labor Arm of Juan Bosch's Dominican Party," is the main headline of the February, 1966, *Inter-American Labor Bulletin*, the monthly publication of ORIT. The May issue announces in strident tones that Uruguay's central labor federation, 220,000 strong, has been captured by the Communists, but reminds its readers that there are still fifty "free" unions with 64,000 members.

In the same issue, William C. Doherty, Jr., AIFLD administrator, offers the opinion, in which ORIT evidently concurs, that had the "revolution" (that is, the military coup) of March 31, 1964, not occurred in Brazil, the "free" labor movement there would have been dominated by the Communists. To counteract the Havana tri-continental Congress held earlier this year, ORIT called a special conference in Miami at which all and sundry were urged to "face up to the emergency affecting the American continent, in view of the new threat posed by Castro's totalitarianism."

A "political fever chart" in the February, 1966, issue of ORIT's paper lists "Communist terrorist activity" in Bolivia, Colombia, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Panama, Paraguay, Peru and Venezuela. It also lists countries where there are "labor unrest," "repression of free labor," "threat of military coups," and notes three others that are under "threat of leftist take-over." Reading the *Inter-American Labor Bulletin*, it would be easy to assume that Latin American labor's most urgent task is to repel a Communist seizure of the whole area. There seems to be no menace from any other quarter: oligarchy, military or U.S. domination. The paper offers almost no information about genuine labor struggles such as strikes—perhaps because there are so few.

ORIT schools conducted along these negative anti-Communist lines have trained 30,000 unionists since 1960, and AIFLD has added tens of thousands more—including 400 or 500 brought to Washington for advanced courses. Three thousand Brazilians had been "educated" by AIFLD as of the end of 1965. Carefully discouraged are such militant elements as those among the Bolivian miners, some of whom are Communists and Trotskyites.

On the economic front ORIT seeks to confine activity to simple union objectives such as wages, hours and grievance machinery—a carbon copy of North American union objectives. But since the right to strike is severely curtailed in so many Latin American countries, and bargaining must take place under the watchful eye of the Minister of Labor, this is not too impressive an activity. There is no question that the AFL-CIO wants its ORIT affiliates to gain higher wages and shorter hours, and is willing to spend money for that purpose. But present conditions in Latin America do not lend themselves to any massive campaign in that direction, and the result—as Joseph J. Palisi, a former staffer of AIFLD points out—is that ORIT "has tended to serve the needs of worker 'aristocracy' within Latin American labor." Understandably, it also has a "weak 'revolutionary' image," which under present circumstances "is an important deficiency."

The Communist-led unions, of course, search for a more militant role in economic affairs and stand—at least abstractly—for a revolutionary reconstruction of society. In Chile and Uruguay, Communist leadership is predominant. In Argentina and Bolivia, though excluded from top leadership in the unions, the Communists are a formidable bloc. But communism is no longer as formidable as in the days when the Mexican, Lombardo Toledano, headed the Confederacion de Trabajadores de America Latina (CTAL). Lombardo has become more moderate, and many of the pro-Communist affiliates have either changed leadership or lost interest. CTAL has been in limbo for almost a decade and a half. After Castro merged with the Communists he sought to rebuild a leftist international federation, together with unions in Venezuela, Bolivia and the Peronista faction in Argentina, but the effort was abortive.

Today, communism is fragmented. The pro-Chinese elements prefer to spend their energies organizing in the rural areas, and the pro-Moscow and pro-Fidel segments have lost much of their aggressiveness. The pro-Moscow wing, in particular, is weakened by the fact that some of its comrades served in dictatorial governments such as those of Batista. For the most part it, like ORIT, lacks the "revolutionary" image (see "Revolution Without Revolutionaries" by Norman Gall, *The Nation*, August 22).

The new force that seems to be on the upgrade in Latin America is CLASC, which has international headquarters in Santiago de Chile. Formed a decade ago and still the smallest of the three forces in Latin American labor, CLASC seems certain to become a formidable challenge to ORIT and the AFL-CIO, even though it is excoriated by some right-wing priests as too radical, and two or three Christian union centers have as yet refused to join

it. Its affiliate in Chile enjoys the friendship of President Eduardo Frei, and in the Dominican Republic it has recruited 60 per cent of the currently organized unionists. Like ORIT, CLASC gets outside financial help (though it is very little by comparison). The money comes from the Christian Democrats of West Germany and the international Christian union body.

More significant than its size is the fact that CLASC enters the arena as a revolutionary force which is neutralist, and offers a "third way" that is neither pro-Communist nor pro-American. It insists that Latin American unions coordinate their economic activity with the movement for fundamental social change. For this it has won the unyielding hostility of the AFL-CIO's Lovestone group and ORIT.

"Influenced by United States labor leaders," says Emilio Maspero, CLASC's secretary-general, "various Latin American trade unions appear to operate on the belief that by negotiating collectively agreed upon contracts . . . they can achieve a higher standard of living for the laboring masses and effect meaningful reform. There is no basis in reality to justify this assumption. The only feasible goal for labor in Latin America is to organize the working forces in a decisive manner as an instrument for affecting social revolution."

Maspero derides both U.S. unionists who preach "the advantages of free enterprise and popular capitalism" and the Communists who "have always preferred to penetrate, infiltrate and dominate the existing trade unions." (CLASC, however, has warmer feelings toward Walter Reuther and his brother Victor.) Maspero, heading an organization of only a few million members, points out that "there are more than 80 million peasants and workers who are not organized," and makes it clear to ORIT that he does not intend to "steal" their members, but to organize that 80 million. Whether he and his associates can do it remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that they offer an attractive nationalist and neutralist alternative to the two forces that have hitherto been in the saddle. By condemning U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, U.S. control of the Organization of American States, and its support of militarist regimes, CLASC is creating a strong undergirding of popular support. If it can make headway in the rural areas, currently its first priority, it will become formidable.

An intelligent United States policy would embrace this "third force." It is the only one that offers any hope because, whatever its weaknesses, it at least points the way to what Latin America—with its ballooning population and its relative decline in food production—desperately needs. If this opportunity is thrust aside (as France and the United States spurned a similar one in Vietnam) the people of the nineteen republics will have little choice but to align themselves with Peking-minded guerrilla movements.

Here, alas, the AFL-CIO and the State Department have been until now maddeningly shortsighted. They prefer a futile crusade against communism to support of the nationalist-neutralist forces that offer Latin American toilers an opening into the future.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Third World In The Real World

THREE WORLDS OF DEVELOPMENT: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification. *By Irving Louis Horowitz. Oxford University Press. 475 pp. $8.50.*

JOHN GERASSI

Mr. Gerassi is the author of The Great Fear in Latin America *(Collier) and a sociological study,* The Boys of Boise, *which Macmillan will publish in October.*

Usually, the first problem tackled in freshman philosophy class is the relationship between the individual and society, the One and the Many. If it is honestly stated, the problem remains unsolved, for how can the One ever retain its individuality if it is combined into the Many, and how can the Many survive if the One remains unique. Ah, but there is the glory of philosophy: it does not have to furnish solutions, only the right questions.

In the harsh, cruel world of reality, however, speculation is a luxury, and experts are expected to come up with quick answers. Thus some claim that the One must be preserved at all costs, others that it is the Many who count. The result is a clash between egoism and altruism, between liberty and equality, or, in political-economic terms, between capitalism and socialism.

The Socialists view capitalism as a phase in the historical economic process. The capitalists scoff at socialism as an excuse for elitist authoritarianism. Both admit that "compromise" is possible, but they look upon it as an unnatural offspring—a *mixed* economy. And since every nation—including Soviet Russia—wants to "catch up" to the United States, there is an underlying assumption (which, of course, is highly stressed in the West) that everyone ultimately respects American values the most.

Sociologist Irving Horowitz agrees with neither the choice, nor the analysis nor the assumption. He knows full well, of course, that every country strives for development, envies the United States and lusts for its affluence. But in this brilliant study of the *Three Worlds of Development,* he explains that equal goals do not necessarily mean equal values, and that to seek someone else's technological advancement is not inevitably to seek his ideology. By treating development as a sociological problem, which involves not only economics and politics but also geography, history, religion and psychology, and by approaching the Third World —the underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America—from its own context, he shows that the "system of false alternatives with respect to the 'East-West conflict' " leads only to inadequate "oversimplified ideologies" and inapplicable "over-complicated models."

Undoubtedly, the East-West conflict did focus attention on the problem of development in the Third World. When everyone in an isolated sector is both poor and without hope, or as Horowitz puts it, when "there is a relative balance between life expectations and life-styles," the *status quo* is not threatened. But once comparisons become possible and once promises are made, hope for a better future is generated. That hope unleashes the pressure for change. Nevertheless, Horowitz insists, it is wrong to deduce that because two antagonistic sides are making the promises and are stimulating the hope, the newly awakened poor will therefore opt for one or the other. What guides them, he says, is neither propaganda nor ideological reasoning, but their own needs, their own history and their own conditions.

The Third World's history is neither Russian nor American, neither libertarian nor equalitarian. Its various nations were either primitive or isolated, then, either economic or political colonies. Because Soviet Russia is a 20th-century state which managed to skip various stages of development to reach in a few decades its current status as the world's second power, the Third World cannot hide feeling a certain kinship for it. But that admiration is not obedience, just as the Third World's craving for American affluence is not envy for its voting booths. The Third World doesn't know very much about liberty—or equality. It wants to consume like Americans and like Russians, and it wants to be able to do so fast—as the Russians did. Thus the choice facing the Third World is "not simply between freedom and slavery, as free enterprise apologists maintain," says Horowitz, but between speed and *status quo,* that is, between some form of socialism and colonialism. He adds:

> To expect any more is simply asking for utopia. The Cuban Revolution of 1959 did not "crush" democracy, as there was precious little of it to crush. The Algerian Revolution did not abolish personal freedom; under the French colonialists there was none to guarantee. The Egyptian Revolution did not deprive the bourgeoisie of the free trade it did not possess.

But the Socialists are wrong if they think that the Third World chooses its structure out of ideological sympathy. What motivates its choice is its desire to catch up to the rich. It is aware that the gap between the poor and the rich nations is increasing every year, that the rich keep getting richer because they sell manufactured goods, and that the poor keep getting poorer (comparatively) because they sell primary goods at prices set by the rich. To break the cycle, the poor have to industrialize. But that takes capital, which means savings. And the United States, which controls the money market, "is able to raise interest charges at will; and even when it does not do so, its credit position provides it with a constant economic edge, since, given the unequal starting point of the Third World, its member nations can barely repay the interest, let alone the principal on loans issued." Besides, American aid is to a great extent military; of the rest, most is in the form of credit for specific goods purchased from American companies and repayable in dollars, or in the form of surplus commodities (Food for Peace) "which would otherwise remain idle and be subject to storage costs or deterioration."

The only other way to accumulate capital is through taxation and/or expropriation. But to be meaningful, both of these measures must hit hardest the big property owners and the big investors who are either Western capitalists or members of the traditional elite, who do not want to upset the *status quo.* The underdeveloped country bent on industrializing is therefore forced to use coercion against the private sector, which defines it as anti-capitalist. The irony is that this is due mostly to the absurdly rigid pro-capitalist policies of the United States, which was strikingly demonstrated to all at the 1964 United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, when the United States consistently voted against every proposal meant to help stimulate the development of the underdeveloped world.

But the Third World also seems anti-

Western in that it is generally anti-parliamentarian. Horowitz explains that:

> The consciousness of impoverishment gives an aura of frenzied immediacy to the process of social change. To catch up with the "fully developed" societies becomes a definition of national purpose. To introduce doubt as to the value of this contest becomes a form of intolerable subversion. This is one primary reason why pluralistic and parliamentary politics have become increasingly scant in Third World nations. Controversy has itself come to be viewed as a luxury which only advanced nations can afford.

And so, the Third World ends up with a *de facto* Socialist structure (or, at least, it is heading toward it). But the rationale is not Socialist. What the Third World wants is "the commodities which result from development rather than a part in the ownership of these products." It wants capitalist affluence, which it knows it can achieve only through a Socialist developmental process. It is in this sense that there can be talk of "mixed" economies. Contrary to most analyses of the elites of the Third World, Horowitz documents the fact that these elites are not dogmatic copyists but pragmatic leaders whose most vivid characteristic is impatience. They are neither anti-American nor anti-Russian, but simply non-capitalist and non-Communist. Their sympathies and jealousies are determined by the examples of these two developed worlds, but their choice of which to follow is determined by these worlds' policies.

Horowitz scrutinizes not only these policies but the examples themselves. He shows that there are stunning similarities between the development of the First World—the capitalist West headed by the United States—and of the Second World—the Socialist East led by Soviet Russia. Both launched their modernization and industrialization processes after civil wars, the United States in 1865, Russia in 1922. Both relied on cheap labor for their success: "Russian conscript labor may be considered a substitute for the immigrant labor flow in 19th-century America."

But there the similarities end. The United States developed "in a military atmosphere relatively free from foreign pressures toward conquest." Soviet Russia, born in war and always in danger—from the "imperialist *cordon sanitaire*" of 1920 to the "ring of bases" which Stalin saw in 1950—developed "with the fact as well as the psychology of being surrounded by hostile military forces." The resulting laissez-faire economy of the United States was understandable; the rigid planning of Soviet Russia was necessary. Today, the Third World does not have the time or the isolation to follow America's path. Nor is it continuously threatened by armed invasion to justify the degree of coercion used by Soviet planners. (Horowitz readily admits, however, that the Third World does feel threatened by the United States: "For Latin America the main fears tend to be economic encroachment; in Africa, political encroachment; in Asia, direct military encroachment.")

Crammed with information, daringly fresh in outlook, Professor Horowitz's book is a crucial work of sociology. Believing that social science must be an applied science, it offers a practical theory of development, a "model of models," based on the interplay of "social order and social change," on the interrelation of process and structure. Thus its subtitle: *The Theory and Practice of International Stratification*.

In order to posit such a theory, Horowitz has to cope with the various theories advanced by his contemporaries. With incisiveness and consistency, he dissects them and discards them, including Walt Rostow's capitalist utopianism, John Kenneth Galbraith's salvation-through-knowledge sentimentalism, and John J. Johnson's reverse Marxism where class elitism is heralded through the bourgeoisie or the military or both. Horowitz explains that these theorists are insensitive to the fact

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that the underdeveloped condition of the Third World "results from structural deformities and not simply from a historical lag or backwardness."

These theorists, he concludes, are unwilling or unable to understand that "the Third World's position is that the anachronisms of capitalism offer no real option to the aberrations of socialism. If they have not yet arrived at any unified formula, it is not because these nations do not know where they are going so much as they are worried about how long it will take to get 'there,' and at what price. The essential pragmatism of Third World spokesmen lies in their capacity to define goals heuristically rather than hysterically."

Common-Sense Communism

THE COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Charles Nordhoff. Schocken Books. 439 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.*

GEORGE KATEB

Mr. Kateb is author of Utopia and Its Enemies *(Free Press). He teaches political science at Amherst College.*

To read today Charles Nordhoff's account of his travels in 1874 is to renew acquaintance with the Communist ideal. The more we hear the word "communism," the less sense we make of it. Except maybe for the poor Chinese, most everybody has forgotten or never understood what communism meant to its founders. This is not necessarily to praise the Chinese; it is only to say they alone still seem in touch with the notion. When one considers the hopes of simple people and zealous intellectuals in England, France, Germany and America, in the first part of the 19th century, one easily sees that not only Red-baiting and Soviet apologetics but also neo-Marxist humanism are all far away. Neither propagandist crudity nor philosophical refinement bears much relation to original communism. And as time goes on, the ideal will grow more spectral. The irrepressible increase of knowledge and technique will render communism increasingly archaic, and make of it something amusing, fit only to entertain jaded sensibilities, part of the record of pastoral, as distant from reality as the old stories of the Golden Age. Modernity has killed the idea; wealth and power have killed the idea; rationalism has killed the idea. Is there any reason for regret? There is little in Nordhoff's book—or in other descriptions of American Communist societies—that would lead one to think so.

America, itself supposedly utopia, became the haven for nearly a hundred literal utopian efforts in the 19th century. Altogether a few thousand people took part. The sources of inspiration were German piety, Anglo-American evangelism, Owenite and Fourierist socialism, and transcendentalist idealism—an incredible mixture of impulses, occasionally in conflict with one another. Some utopian communities were made up of native Americans, some of recent immigrants (mostly Germans). Some were enthusiastically religious, some wanly philosophical. Some were ascetic in their style of life, some ventured to permit the senses a fuller indulgence. Some sought to move from poverty to sufficiency, some sought to escape from the prevailing materialism. All were built in defiance of selfishness, self-seeking, self-assertion—almost in defiance of the very self. It is precisely the assault on individuality, healthy and diseased, that defines communism and that establishes its remoteness from most later humanism, and most later practice and desire in the advanced social systems.

In 1874, Nordhoff, a New Yorker, visited the "communes" of eight of the main kinds of surviving American communism, and tried to see what these curiosities contained. He went, he says, ". . . to see if their experience offers any useful hints toward the solution of the labor question." Nordhoff was appalled by the growth of trade unions and "International Societies," because they sought "to eliminate from the thoughts of their adherents the hope or expectation of independence," and threatened to disrupt and depress the entire economic organization of capitalist society. Out of a passionate regard for the viability of capitalism, and of the capitalist principle, Nordhoff took his tour, hoping to find some alternative to unions, some substitute for the frontier as a safety valve "for the enterprise and discontent of our non-capitalist population." Though the communities were not as numerous or well populated as they had once been, Nordhoff thought that they still stood for something important. To be sure, Brook Farm and many of the Fourierist phalanxes—the communities with the most imagination—were no longer in existence. But from the point of view of a man like Nordhoff that was all to the good. Most of those who had abandoned communism had been playing at it only neurotically. What was wanted was something down to earth, something that worked, and worked to the same end as society at large, whatever the eccentricity of the means. Nordhoff was not searching for crystallized expressions of radical social criticism. He wanted serviceable utopias. And he found them. The oddness of utopianism in the land of plenty was offset by the Americanization of utopia.

By a rich fast moving stream
I
saw
the
dragonfly
become a
dragon and
then a poem
about a dragonfly
becoming a dangerous
reader in fast pursuit
of summer transformations.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

Nordhoff spent most of his time with those communities that derived from Christianity—Protestant, simple, severe and full of the spirit of mutual aid. The fact that his book is continually depressing is accounted for by his omission of the intellectualist communities—except for Oneida, on which he is unfortunately quite brief. Dutifully, he makes much of the longevity of the Communists: where else should a realistic observer begin but at the unusual accumulation of years that most of the inhabitants had managed? And the years had certainly not been wasted. Nordhoff records that the typical commune had, in fact, made a tidy profit, had worked its land well, had engaged in small industries. It is marvelous to hear Mr. Worldly Wiseman pass such favorable judgment on Mount Zion:

> It is probably a low estimate of the wealth of the seventy-two communes to place it at twelve millions of dollars . . . if it were [equally divided], the members would be worth over two thousand dollars per head, counting men, women, and children. . . . I am satisfied that *during its accumulation* the Communists enjoyed a greater amount of comfort, and vastly greater security against want and demoralization, than were attained by their neighbours or the surrounding population.

Totally without competitiveness, they had passed the capitalist test of survival. The Communists were also superior in their general cleanliness.

Nordhoff makes it quite clear that all the Communists rejected the life of unlimited acquisition. Though they were more than able to earn their way, they contented themselves with sufficiency; they did not aspire to a compulsive addition of wealth. They did not practice worldly asceticism, in Max Weber's sense: they knew the meaning of enough. The image which emerges from Nordhoff's book is that of Protestant monasticism—not so much an order as a fraternity or extended family, in which both sexes had a place; the world in perfected miniature, rather than an agency of the spiritual rulers of the world.

Nordhoff is interested in demonstrating the plausibility of communism; he hopes the examples he selects will prove sufficiently contagious to diminish the insurgent threats to the capitalist system. The absurdity of his task becomes apparent as he describes the radical aspects of the communal life. Many of the Communists he visited were celibate on religious grounds. Nordhoff tries hard to treat celibacy as if it were one more, though doubtlessly significant, custom. In addition, so eager is Nordhoff to show the common sense of communism that he takes issue with those who had maintained that without a fanatical attachment to religion no Communist society could hold together. Nordhoff is convinced that *some* religion is necessary; provided all the membership of the commune share it, its specific content does not matter. For Nordhoff, the really major precondition of utopian success is the prior experience of terrible deprivation: the memory of suffering is the sustaining emotion. (Nordhoff is harsh toward the comfortable transcendentalists, who did not know the meaning of work or the connection between working and having enough to eat.) But suffering and *any* kind of religion did not lead to communism. The nature of the religion was decisive. Not all the Christian Communists carried their fanaticism to the point of insisting on celibacy; but common to all of them was an intensity of religious commitment that a conventionally Christian society found simply unacceptable. In turn, the religious commitment was made possible by a primitivity of understanding, an immaturity of mind, that the rest of society was drawing away from. Of course, the communities made up of "philosophers" were short lived: Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance* is eloquent on the incompatibility of communitarianism with everything that permits and accompanies sophistication, with study, solitude, sensitive nerves. Nordhoff himself laments the lack of intellectuality in all but the Oneida community.

The sad truth is that once the intended beneficiaries of communism pass beyond their initial low level of human development, the Communist ideal ceases to have any relevance. Their suffering may still vaguely incline them in a Communist direction; communism may even provide them a temporary solace from their suffering. But the communism of the early 19th century checked energy, retarded self-realization, killed mind. By praising communism and advocating its increase, Nordhoff was condemning the lower classes to an inhuman though well-fed existence. And by not realizing the dependence of communism on fanaticism, he was indulging his fancy. Communism is dead in the West; the family cannot be the paradigm of extended social relationships; talk about solidarity or fraternity or community is just that—talk. Communism may live in China, as long as fanaticism and poverty survive. Once they go, communism must go. Marx himself, in his early Paris manuscripts, had already reached beyond the movement that emerged in his name. He said: "Communism is the necessary form and the dynamic principle of the immediate future, but communism is not itself the goal of human development—the form of human society." It is the real merit of Nordhoff's old book unwittingly to make these considerations vivid.

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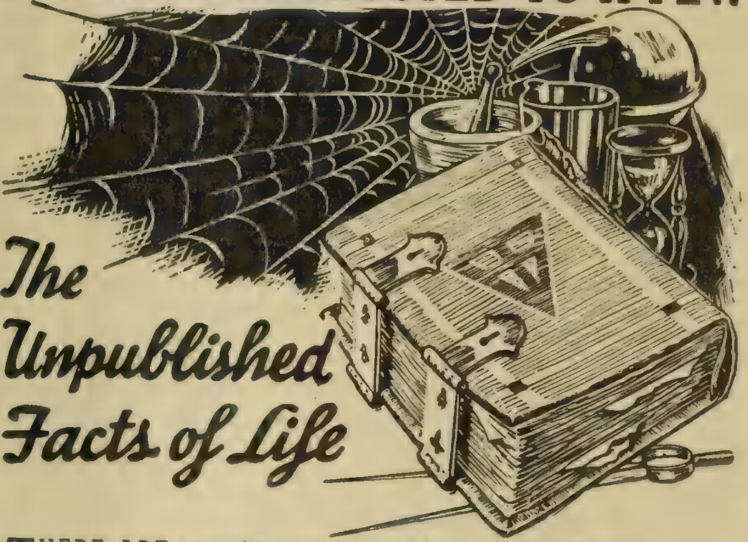
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The Actor's Workshop Is Dead

FREDERICK H. GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a free-lance writer based in San Francisco.

The Actor's Workshop lies dead in a pool of red ink. For years *The Chronicle,* San Francisco's pro-enlightenment paper, warned that the demise of the Workshop would mean "a loss of cultural face." The head of the city's Arts Commission said "it would place us on a cultural par with Salinas." (The Mayor of Salinas, a nearby town, demanded an apology and got it.) When the final curtain fell on July 23, a Chamber of Commerce spokesman announced: "We've still got the ballet, the opera and the symphony. Our image is O.K."

The image may well be O.K., but the reality has driven creative people in San Francisco to form an Artists' Liberation Front. One revolutionary aim of the ALF is to help artists help themselves instead of begging the city and the local gentry to subsidize their performances and exhibitions. Another is to lead the fight against censorship, the banning of shows from the parks and the closing of clubs under all the pretexts known to the police.

Prime movers in the new group include Tillie Olsen, the skillful short-story writer; Ron Davis, head of the San Francisco Mime Troupe; Bill Graham, a folk-rock impresario; and Alan Meyerson, director of the cabaret called The Committee. These artists see in the rise and fall of the Workshop a parable that illustrates the hazards of establishment patronage.

Herbert Blau and Jules Irving founded the Workshop in 1952 and were thanked by official and semi-official San Francisco for doing so. In 1954 a *Chronicle* critic wrote that the local production of *Death of a Salesman* proved that "we can produce, right here in the Bay Area, shows as well-acted and well-directed, if not quite so plushly mounted, as those on Broadway at their best." Four years later, when the State Department asked the group to do *Waiting for Godot* at the Brussels World's Fair, Mayor George Christopher headed a citizens' committee to raise money for their trip. The State Department asked the Workshop to leave behind their stage manager, a member of the Teamsters Union (he worked as a warehouseman by day), who was thought to have unsavory opinions. Blau and Irving protested, but finally went without him "in fairness to the citizens of San Francisco." En route they played New York and drew plaudits from Brooks Atkinson. They were a hit in Europe. Without a doubt the Workshop had become the most prestigious theatre company in the hinterlands.

In 1959, the Ford Foundation had promised $52,000 a year for the next three years—with the stipulation that the city match the sum—so that the company could import ten Broadway actors at $200 a week. Identical grants went to the Phoenix Theatre in New York, the Arena in Washington and the Alley in Houston. Ford's dual purpose was to decentralize United States theatre by encouraging resident companies, and to call the bluff of Broadway actors who complained that they wanted to work in a variety of plays, especially classics, but couldn't earn a living at it.

Patrons of the arts in New York, Washington and Houston quickly matched Ford's outlay, but their San Francisco counterparts were tightfisted. With Ford's deadline a month away and $39,000 of the first year's $52,000 not yet raised, four prominent Bay Area businessmen pledged to raise the balance. Ford waived its rule about cash on the line and gave the big shots those easy credit terms they've given us all along.

As it turned out, however, Ford's first venture into theatre was about as successful as the Edsel. The presence of ten New York actors earning $200 a week didn't boost the morale of the old-timers who still earned from $40 to $80. Blau and Irving, juggling four shows a week between the large Marines Memorial Theatre and the tiny Encore, had to dispense with the traditional company meetings that Workshop veterans considered instructive and inspiring. Audiences grew—from 54,000 in 1959 to 85,000 in 1962—and Irving was told that the next Ford grant would enable the Workshop to build its own 600-seat theatre on tax-free land. But the company had lost its familial spirit, unity of style and the respect of some good friends.

Ron Davis, now director of the Mime Troupe, joined the Workshop in 1960. Mime being his first love, Blau and Irving let him stage his own shows at the Encore Sunday nights at eleven. Davis quit in 1962, not grateful enough to stick with a company he thought was exhausted physically, and almost defunct theatrically. "It was a case of overextension," he says in retrospect. "The Ford grant did it.

"But you can't just blame it on the terms of the grant," he adds. "There was a meeting, a midway meeting between a grant that was bad for the theatre and two men willing to accept that grant. It's never just the grant, or just the men for that matter."

Blau and Irving went to the big grant daddy of them all, Lincoln Center, early in 1965, and no one who had followed their financial travail was surprised. The public appeals for funds had grown increasingly desperate as the production schedule became more and more ambitious. A few parochial citizens regarded the departure of the Workshop directors as an insult to San Francisco, a throwback to the days when this was a Triple-A minor-league town and the stars, like DiMaggio, all disappeared to New York. Ralph Gleason, a *Chronicle* columnist who is in close touch with the city's artists, had to remind his readers: "It is the constitutional prerogative of Messrs. Blau and Irving to quit and take a better job."

By way of consolation Gleason observed: "The Workshop, while it may be a big thing with the Chamber of Commerce handouts, has been a good deal of a bore over the years. . . . Actually the last thing the Workshop did that was absolutely essential was the Ronnie Davis mime presentation at the Encore." Gleason suggested turning the Encore over to Davis, who wouldn't have accepted it, he says, because "the audience I want goes to the park on Sunday, but wouldn't go to the Encore."

Davis is so keen on going to his audience artistically as well as geographically that he incorporated words and music into the Mime Troupe routine. Last year the troupe played to some 50,000 people in the parks, although the Parks and Recreation Commission wouldn't let them drop their platform on the most favorable sites. Davis hopes that the Artists' Liberation Front will take a cue from his own group and "distinguish the people of San Francisco from the Peninsula people. That's what the Workshop forgot to do. Their audience was 60 per cent Peninsula people: college graduates, professionals who live down there where it's warm all the time, near Stanford, near the electronics companies."

When Blau and Irving left they took their staff and leading actors and actresses with them. Ken Kitch, who had joined the Workshop in 1959 as an actor, became managing director. As artistic director he hired John Hancock, whose credentials included a successful Off-Broadway version of *A Man's a Man.* The two young administrators found that former backers, Ford included, would not contribute until the Workshop proved itself. But how is that done with no money to stage shows?

Hancock, trying to keep the deficit down, assembled a company of people willing to work for less than $80 a week. He directed them in the United States première of *Edward II* and a widely praised *Midsummer Night's Dream.* His co-worker, Marc Estrin, staged *A Man's a Man.* All three productions were well attended. Even so, when Hancock made an emergency plea for $150,000 to erase the deficit and provide operating capital for a new season, only $49,500 was forthcoming. The city offered $25,000 of this sum from its hotel-tax fund. (Hancock thought it all should have come from the hotel tax, which was created specifically to support cultural activities. The fund has been used crassly to promote tourism. The artistic event of the decade, the 1964 Republican Convention, was lured with $200,000 from the hotel-tax fund.) Another $22,500 was promised by the federal government, and only $2,000 came from private patrons and local corporations.

Hancock has now left San Francisco for Pittsburgh. His budget for the 1966-67 season will be $700,000, and almost all of it comes from corporate sources. After a year of begging by the Bay, Hancock was so stunned by this beneficence that he asked a Pittsburgh city father to explain it to him. "We need to attract engineers, scientists, top executives," he was told. "When people think of Pittsburgh they think of smoke. So we've got to do something to make people want to live here."

"San Francisco doesn't," says Kitch, following the Pittsburgher's line of reasoning. "People will always want to live here for the view."

Kitch has ample reason to be bitter. The Chamber of Commerce refused to meet with him for months; then it issued a statement, after the Workshop's finale, saying if only Kitch had come to them sooner they could have saved his company. Mayor Shelley won't do anything on behalf of culture except promote a Lincoln Center type of construction project that few artists want. Governor Brown was "actively unfriendly," according to Marc Estrin, when the Workshop made a last-ditch appeal for his help. Estrin says he would like to see Ronald Reagan elected governor on the theory that things must get worse before they get better.

Leaders and rank and file of the ALF share this apocalyptic feeling. They see the traditional backers of the arts as their present enemies; and they identify these backers with the liberal establishment. They are convinced that art can thrive only by ignoring and inevitably offending the establishment.

Davis holds up the progress of the Mime Troupe—which is as popular and as broke as the Workshop was eight years ago, but vastly different in its attitude toward patronage—as a test case for the ALF approach. Instead of seeking subsidies when the troupe needs money, Davis will take them out of San Francisco on tour. One such jaunt is scheduled for this fall. It will enable his actors to pay their milkmen, and might even remind people that politicians who harass artists make the city a duller place in which to live.

Art and Argot at Karamu

BENNETT KREMEN

Mr. Kremen is a free-lance writer and an associate editor of Holiday *magazine. He was both a teacher and social worker in East Harlem.*

When I told the cab driver at the Cleveland airport to take me to a hotel near Karamu House, he spun toward me from the wheel: "You don't want to stay around there, mister!" As he looked over my tweeds, my typewriter, his voice became emphatic: "It ain't safe around there. Why don't I take you to the Statler?"

"Near the Karamu House," I repeated, and he pulled away silently toward 89th and Quincy, toward that "nigger theatre" on the east side of Cleveland. As we drove on I kept watching for the decay and squalor, brassy bars and red-eyed Negroes shuffling in doorways that had been implied in my driver's reaction. *The center of the community, a place of joyful gathering* — Karamu! The Swahili word seemed an irony. If it were really another Brownsville, another Bedford-Stuyvesant, I had no expectations of joyful gatherings. As we moved deeper into the city, I kept watching for the symptoms.

But the hotel where I stayed faced a block of small houses with large lawns and dogs barking in the back yards. There was nothing rich along that street, but it was solid, stable, homes of churchgoers, civil servants — people who paint their fences and try hard not to get involved when the youngsters threaten the peace with pickets and demonstrations. Like many others I met in Cleveland, the cab driver had simply failed to discriminate among Negro neighborhoods.

This time I was puzzled and disappointed by the error. For Karamu, the oldest Negro, now integrated theatre, art school and dancing group in America, with former members on Broadway and television, in the opera and the movies, seemed on those bland side streets cut from its sources and abandoned. Karamu had begun in 1915, when a settlement house was opened by Russell and Rowena Jelliff in an area of Cleveland called the "Roaring Third." Most of Cleveland's Negroes lived there in uneasy harmony with Italians, Bohemians, Irishmen and Jews. The Jelliffs established themselves in two old cottages, one of them used as a neighborhood center. When it filled too slowly, Russell Jelliff would play his guitar on a park bench, thus drawing his neighbors around him — the beginning, perhaps, of the arts at Karamu House.

But very early, when Karamu was still called the Playhouse Settlement of the Neighborhood Association, the Jelliffs became convinced that the Negro had unfettered expressiveness and unique "natural body movements." They decided that, through exploitation of these gifts, the Negro could demonstrate his worth, find elevated values and make his way into American society. A program was soon shaped by the Jelliffs around the arts. And despite their daily experience with swarms of children in dance classes, many of them awkward, certainly, or fumbling like children anywhere, the "natural body movements" of the race

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remained an *idée fixe* for the Jelliffs — a disquieting echo of "Yeah, they sure can sing and dance." But their beliefs were sincere, and they wanted to help.

For more than fifty years they did so, their labors culminating in today's Karamu House built at a cost of $500,000 in 1949, ten years after a fire destroyed the original, a rat-infested poolroom converted into a theatre. But the brown-brick institutional buildings of the new Karamu House don't stand in the "Roaring Third" or the Hough area, a scene of utter poverty, violence, rioting and defeat, in desperate need of "a place of joyful gathering."

Describing the settlement program at Karamu, Mrs. Jelliff said pointedly: "We serve all of Cleveland, but not as a settlement house—we're an art center." This confused me, for despite its drama program, opera, art studios, concert dance group, quartet, poetry workshop, its children's theatre, musical instruction, photography club and art galleries, Karamu is listed as a member of the National Federation of Settlements. Each year it submits a budget to the federation and receives funds from the Red Feather Drive to run a nursery, a golden age club, a club for the blind — these services all explained at Karamu in settlement-house jargon.

When I asked, "What are you trying to do at Karamu?" a theatre technician, warbling in the same key, explained: "We're concerned with the growth potential of people — with the total personality." "Art to define goals and values" was stressed by a dancer resting off-stage; "the creation of a therapeutic milieu," said a vocalist; "aiding the Negro," added one of the principals in an opera; "advancing integration, social mobility, helping people actualize themselves," recited a boy moving props.

This argot, a hybrid of social psychology and the civil rights movement, staggers the ear, but it plays back in modern idiom the same religious humanism, sentimentality and zeal that sent young Oxonians in Victorian times off to London's Toynbee Hall, the first settlement house. They too set out to help the neglected find elevated values, their worth, a way upward in England's society. Success drove Karamu out of the slums and ambition keeps it away. Like old baggage, the settlement-house title was left behind, but its habits and language went along to the new project on 89th and Quincy — to the art center.

As far back as the twenties, the theatre at Karamu began to draw attention. A group called the Dumas Dramatic Society was formed in 1920 in the Jelliff's Playhouse Settlement. In 1923, after a visit by Charles Gilpin, a Negro actor acclaimed for his role in O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*, this group of amateurs took the $50 he gave them and changed its name to the Gilpin Players. Without a theatre, with little money and no wages, they managed to perform in borrowed halls and school auditoriums. When a poolroom near the settlement became available in 1926, the Gilpin Players, the Jelliffs and their neighbors worked late into the night, gutting, painting, hammering it into shape with nails drawn from a donated keg. The lights were shaped from alcohol tins cadged from the local bootleggers. They named this little theatre Karamu.

The all-Negro casts avoided plays on racial themes — the reality of the black man in America was too painful, too embarrassing for the Negro of that time to illuminate it on stage. Except for a few musicals, the only openings that the commercial theatre of the twenties had for the Negro (and then only when he wasn't forced out by burnt cork) were the "singin' and dancin' " of vaudeville and the minstrel show. At Playhouse Settlement, these too were avoided. White plays were done, one of them set in Russia, the cast hidden behind long beards.

The old, bone-wearing church pews seating 120 were often filled for the 160 plays produced during the next thirteen years. And in the security of this new home, the Gilpin Players began to chance the anger of Cleveland's Negro clergy and press by offering plays on contemporary Negro life. In 1935, after the opening of *Stevedore*, an editorial in the *Gazette* accused Karamu of catering "to a class of poor whites who enjoy seeing and hearing our people ridiculed, derided or 'made monkeys of.' "

Karamu flourished in this cross wind, its players unique in America: all of them Negro, none of them paid, performing constantly. Cleveland reviewers and novelty seekers began to notice the playhouse in the "Roaring Third," then theatre magazines and the carriage trade. Many of the plays offered in that period were humorous and accurate accounts of his fellow Negroes, written by a young Karamu playwright, Langston Hughes.

But Karamu was not limited to the theatre. Painters, sculptors and print makers made their way to the settlement, one of them from a Mississippi chain gang. They, too, brought fame to Karamu, exhibiting in 1934 at the annual May Show, Cleveland's major art competition. Eight years later, Karamu artists dominated the largest exhibition of the work of Negroes ever shown in an established New York gallery. The critics were enthusiastic and other cities quickly invited Karamu's artists to exhibit.

The ultimate success had come two years earlier, when Karamu was written up by *Time* and photographed for *Life* by Gjon Mili, the occasion being a performance by the Karamu Dancers at the New York World's Fair. Their program reflected Negro culture from its African roots to the jitterbug. It excited the critics and brought Billy Rose and Katherine Dunham on talent raids. Yet for the Jelliffs, now veterans of twenty-five years *down in the quarter*, that presence on the fair ground was another attempt "to weave the Negro body movements in dance forms and symbols." However, they were caught by the vision of success, and decided not to rebuild the theatre that had burnt out the previous year, but to move on to a better neighborhood. In 1949, the move was finally made.

Sixteen years later, *A Streetcar Named Desire* was revived at Karamu. After walking through hallways like hospital corridors, I was surprised by the rough-bricked elegance of the Proscenium Theatre, its walls hung with tapestries in mute African motifs. Modern equipment, an ample stage and 223 well-placed seats make it a theatre of unusual excellence. The tickets that night were $1.50; a cast of eleven, a theatre and production staff of forty-six, were announced in the program, which also carried advance notices of a dance concert, a musical, a Pinter play and two chamber operas.

As the lights dimmed, social work and settlements were almost forgotten. I thought only of an art center, a theatre — like the old, masterful Habimah, the pride of every Jewish tailor yanked by the beard in Russia. Why not a Negro Habimah? What an argument, a tool, a weapon it could be! It is cruel that it's needed, perhaps, but it would be crueler still to neglect that need. If not a Habimah recruited in the black ghettos, then an integrated Karamu, as now, but a brilliant one in which leading ladies, white or black, but talented, could fight it out at casting for a role opposite a Romeo from Harlem or an Oedipus from Hough. If the genius could be dug out of the neglected creases of the country, then money could be raised for salaries, scholarships, a touring group, an Off-Broadway theatre. . . .

Then the curtain went up and the stage stood in semi-darkness, its New Orleans set lost in the gloom. For more than twenty minutes, Blanche and Stella struggled with their feelings, and their lines. And no wonder, for the long-parted sisters were meeting again in a tenement even Williams couldn't imagine, lit as it seemed to be by candlelight, its windows painted with tar. When one of the forty-six theatre and production staff managed to bring the lights up, Stanley was on stage, fuming and exploding, his lines coming out like buckshot. After the intermission, the pace slowed, the faces softened, and I was reminded of how good a play *Streetcar* is. At the final curtain, the audience and the cast, an interracial one, adjourned for coffee and conversation to an art gallery, its show of oils on animal hides so impoverished that I wondered what had palsied at Karamu in the twenty-three years since those pioneers coming from the old settlement had made their mark in a New York gallery.

I had hoped an opera by Seymour Barab called *Little Red Riding Hood*—a Karamu discovery—would dispel the critical cloud growing each day darker in my mind. The performance I was able to attend was given before patients at a mental hospital, its cast of three supported by a single piano. A Chaliapin would have stuttered before members of that audience, trapped in worlds of their own. But even so, the antics of a too lively Wolf and a Red Riding Hood with a voice as timid as her soul seemed better suited for children, the few *naughty* lines intended to lift this flimsy vehicle to the level of satire being entirely expendable.

More than any of the other arts at the new Karamu, the opera theatre has gathered praise from professionals and the press. But it also suffered the most when talent scouts descended on Karamu during the casting of a *Porgy and Bess* company that toured Russia in 1955. The opera program began with the arrival in 1948 of Benno Frank, a small, talkative man with a Reinhardtian temperament. Before fleeing Germany, Frank had worked at Hamburg's Schiller Oper, and though his imagination is often excessive, his theatrical instincts are correct. His first production, Karl Orff's *Die Kluge*, set a precedent for doing unusual and original chamber operas. Since then Gluck's *Pilgrims of Mecca*, Benjamin Britten's *Let's Make an Opera*, Kaufmann's *Robe of Pearls*, Debussy's *Prodigal Son* and Hayden's *Foolish and Fickle* have all had their American premières at Karamu's Arena or Proscenium theatres.

The musical director, Helmuth Wolfes, is a huge, blue-eyed man, devoted to wit and the classics. He would be a musical master anywhere; at Karamu he is a colossus. After conducting at L'Opéra de Monte Carlo, and later doing scholarly work leading to the uncovering of a Rossini opera, *Un Turco in Italia*, which he adapted for the stage with Boris Goldovsky, Wolfes came to Karamu in 1952, where he helped train Elizabeth Foster, now with the Viener Volk Oper, and William Ray, the Oberon recently in an East Berlin performance of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In 1949, Wilhelm Furtwangler asked him to assist at the Berlin Philharmonic, but Wolfes, unable to live again in a country that had done its best to disgrace him, turned it down. It was painful to watch him playing at that lone piano for Little Red Riding Hood, the Wolf and Grandma.

Karamu productions, some skimpier even than the Barab opera, have been handled gently by Cleveland's reviewers, who are restrained, perhaps, by concern for a cultural asset or by awareness of Karamu's noble ends. Nonetheless, the box office has been slipping, and for an obvious reason. But why this dearth of excellence at an institution that has given us Clayton Corbin, recently the General in *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and Ivan Dixon, the lead in *Nothing But a Man*?

The question was answered by Reuben Silver, a husky, generous man, university trained as a director: "I've had some trouble with *Streetcar*—with Stanley. It's not easy for any of them to work all day at jobs and rehearse at night like professionals. But our purpose is not to create professionals at Karamu; it's to help people grow." Each word he spoke resurrected the settlement buried in Karamu. And settlement-house goals are no justification for a poor theatrical performance—not if that performance is sold at a box office and open to the critics.

The soaring and plunging of Karamu's artistic achievements is not unique. Since the first piano was moved into Jane Addams' Hull House, those settlements that involved themselves in the arts have seen their staffs divided in conflicts between social work and artistic ambition—the artist often being the loser. Settlement houses use music, painting or theatre to heal; the artist uses them to achieve an excellence that is at once impersonal and imperiously demanding. Between the two, Karamu must choose.

Stratford and Ypsilanti

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick recently completed a survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, *based on a Ford Foundation grant.*

Before July 13, 1953, the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, was the crazy idea of a small-town civic booster. This year it offers five plays, an opera, a full-length ballet, thirteen classical concerts, two jazz concerts, two exhibitions and two seminars. Located in an unpretentious town containing a population of 23,000, the festival expects this season to sell upwards of 300,000 tickets.

I cannot speak for the jazz concerts or the seminars, but I can testify that as a theatre the festival deserves its success. It offers a well-chosen repertory of plays based on but not confined to Shakespeare. It has one of the most exciting theatre buildings in the world (and also maintains a second theatre with a conventional proscenium stage). Its acting company is remarkable not for one or two stars but for an extraordinary number of extremely talented, highly versatile performers (fourteen of whom have been with the festival for five years or more). Its directors are men whose abilities seem to be stimulated by their respect for their material, and who have long since justified the once revolutionary thrust stage by their skill in the use of it. And its management is ambitious, audacious and practical.

At Stratford, in Stanislavsky's phrase, they seem to love the art in themselves, and not themselves in the art. Because producing plays is always a perilous business, fiascoes happen at Stratford as they do elsewhere. (I remember a *Comedy of Errors* three seasons ago. . . .) But even aside from the potent charm of its surroundings on the banks of the Avon, I would rather spend an evening in the Festival Theatre than in any other theatre on this side of the Atlantic.

In the summer of 1965 the great event at Stratford was the North American première of *Mahagonny* by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill (still unperformed south of the border, except in concert form). This summer's great event is an even less familiar work: Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, which the festival is presenting in John Barton's adaptation. (The Barton version, made for the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at the English Stratford, condenses Shakespeare's trilogy into two plays, which Mr. Barton calls *Henry VI* and *Edward IV*. The first of these is being given this year in Ontario, as a companion piece to *Henry V*; the second will be done next season along with *Richard III*, as the festival completes its four-year progress through the histories.)

The *Henry VI* trilogy was probably Shakespeare's first work for the stage, and it has traditionally been dismissed as a

AT 35

Father, what would you make of me? I wear your face.
I hear my cough and think the worms have sent you home.
Here at my table in my insubstantial house,
your myth of hope,
the piece of man you left,
I live your death
stroke for stroke.

There are no vows you did not keep I will not break.
I leave no darkness unacknowledged for your sake.
You are the school I teach. The course I take.
I move toward age, and you become my son.
Along the path ahead
you lift aside
the branches.

BARRY SPACKS

piece of juvenile hack work. It does contain a good deal of blunt, splenetic language—"Presumptuous prelate!" "Saucy peer!"—from which I personally derive great pleasure, but which is difficult to take altogether seriously. But as edited by Barton and directed by John Hirsch, without gimmickry or updating, it is a powerful and lurid picture of a world in chaos, startling in its contemporaneity.

In a program note, Hirsch quotes Yeats:

> *Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;*
> *Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .*
> *The best lack all conviction, while the worst*
> *Are full of passionate intensity.*

The 20th-century poet has provided an exact description of this 16th-century play. Poor Henry VI, the weak son of a hero-father, is a good youth, but his goodness is no match for the passionate intensity of his self-seeking barons, each of them eager to chance the wreck of the kingdom in order to gain control of it. Henry lacks even enough conviction to save his most loyal servant, the good Duke Humphrey, from men who are the enemies of king as well as duke. And so the kingdom, the social structure, falls apart, and anarchy is loosed upon the world.

Shakespeare's vision extends further than the political and military arenas; in one brilliant scene, he brings on a crippled peasant who proclaims that his sight has been miraculously restored after lifelong blindness. King Henry, poor saintly boob, immediately begins thanking God for His goodness. But Duke Humphrey, who knows how the world is, promises to perform another "miracle," and "restore this cripple to his legs again." "Now, sirrah," he says, "if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away." The poor fellow protests piteously, but as the beadle brings the whip down on him, the supposed cripple springs up and runs off like a hare. It is a world where nothing is sure.

As a boy, Hirsch spent the years of World War II in the chaos of Eastern Europe, barely surviving, and that perhaps gives him a special closeness to this material. He contrives particularly vivid images of cruelty and violence, not with the nasty ingenuity of a Bond movie but in order to evoke a cruel and violent world. His production is unflinching, vigorous, swift and extremely well acted.

There is always the danger, as with several of Shakespeare's histories, that this play will dissolve into a welter of more or less interchangeable mail-clad lords with geographical names, but at Stratford most of the characters in *Henry VI* are quite sharply individualized: bluff Duke Humphrey (Tony Van Bridge), whose goodness is not weakness; tough, clever Suffolk (Leo Ciceri); the openly villainous Bishop of Winchester (Powys Thomas); York (Barry MacGregor), a surly boy, easily manipulated by insidious, subtle Warwick (William Hutt). Briain Petchey makes an affecting King Henry — young, self-doubting, transparently eager to please. Frances Hyland, as Queen Margaret, is both attractive enough to make credible the young king's sudden infatuation and strong enough for Margaret's bloody-minded plotting and hysterical grief. This is the play that contains Shakespeare's portrait of Joan of Arc as a screaming, cursing upstart whose power comes from witchcraft; Martha Henry plays her with sympathy, but without whitewash.

Henry VI, with its unexpected pertinency and power, somewhat overshadows Michael Langham's fine production of *Henry V*. Langham's program note suggests that he meant to show us the seamy side of war, instead of stressing the play's romantic, recruiting-poster aspects. And in fact his battle scenes, like the ones staged by Hirsch for *Henry VI,* make fighting look like the sweaty, ugly, agonizing business it is.

But Langham presents Henry V as sincere in his belief that his war with France is just, and the seamier elements in play and production are not strong enough to overbear this view of the matter. It is in this respect a conventional production, but admirable in its way, forthrightly staged and strongly acted. My only serious reservation is that Douglas Rain's personable and soldierly King Henry lacks the animal magnetism to make the most of his great speeches.

The third of this year's Shakespeare productions at Stratford is a lyrical, light-footed *Twelfth Night,* directed by David William, about which I have no serious reservations whatsoever. William has a lively comic imagination; he has hung a swing in Olivia's garden, for instance, and both Malvolio and Sir Andrew tangle hilariously with it, each in his own distinctive and characteristic fashion. He makes clever fun of the love-stricken Orsino, but is never insensitive to the poetry of the play; and though a newcomer to Stratford, he uses the thrust stage with authority and boldness.

While the three Shakespeare plays share the main theatre, the festival presents a varied repertory on the proscenium stage of the Avon Theatre in downtown Stratford. Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* opened after I left Stratford; so did *Rose Latulippe,* a new full-length ballet, based on a Quebec legend and performed by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. The festival's production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* directed by Jean Gascon, had its shortcomings, but still made a good deal more sense dramatically than most productions of this difficult work. And, as it has not often done in the past, the festival also presented a new play, *The Last of the Tsars,* commissioned from Michael Bawtree at the last moment, after another new play about the Russian Revolution was tried out (in Winnipeg) and found wanting.

Bawtree has been influenced by *A Man for All Seasons,* and by the work of Wilder and Pirandello; his characters constantly stop what they are doing to address the audience directly, and the play keeps jumping backward and forward in time. These devices increase the facility with which the author can control and comment upon the action, and Bawtree uses them often effectively, often self-consciously, sometimes clumsily. He also uses documentary technique, bringing political and military events into his picture by the simple and effective device of having someone announce them, headline style. Bawtree is a witty and promising writer, full of ideas, working on significant and highly charged material.

Yet his play is not, I think, a generally viable script. He concedes that the Romanovs had to go, but he is in love with their glamour; he believes that something splendid, like Cyrano's white plume, went out of the world with them. But the language in which he writes about the Romanov glory is often hackneyed, and in spite of all his rhetoric he shows us an empire lost not through grand, splendid, outdated chivalry but through mere petty stupidity. Furthermore, Bawtree's protagonist, the Grand Duke Michael (who became the last of the czars when his brother Nicholas abdicated), never comes into focus. He has much to say but little to do, and he reveals little of himself.

In Michael Langham's splendid production, however, *The Last of the Tsars* makes an interesting evening. Leslie Hurry's sets and costumes are spectacular but not oppressive, and the acting (as usual at Stratford) is excellent.

It is good to see the festival putting its tremendous resources at the service of a new playwright, for a change. Bawtree has had his problems with *The Last of the Tsars,* but this is his first full-length play, and as such it is a remarkable achievement. As with any new playwright, it is an open question whether or not his defects will end by crippling his qualities, but the qualities are there. If the festival continues to encourage him, it may some day turn out to have made yet another significant contribution to the English-speaking theatre at large.

In Ypsilanti, Mich., a small and hitherto undistinguished city near Detroit, some people seem to have taken note of what has been done at Stratford. A Mrs. Clara Owens decided that Ypsilanti ought to have a festival of its own, devoted primarily to Greek drama; and, like Stratford, Ypsilanti determined to have the best. The Ypsilanti Greek Theatre was launched with a budget of $800,000. The new organization hired as its artistic director Alexis Solomos, for fourteen years the artistic director of the National Theatre of Greece; it recruited a distinguished company headed by Dame Judith Anderson and Bert Lahr (unfortunately the two do not appear in the same play); and it spent $100,000 to convert a small baseball stadium into a reasonable facsimile of a classical Greek amphitheatre, with the traditional circular space marked out as the main playing area, and the traditional rectangular platform behind it. Finally, on June 28 and 29 of this year, it unveiled the two productions that comprise its first season: the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus and *The Birds* of Aristophanes.

If the Ypsilanti festival survives, it will be the only professional theatre ever to give sustained attention to the difficult question of how—and whether—Greek drama can make great theatre in English.

It may be that W. H. Auden's view — that the Greek classics in English have more historical and anthropological than aesthetic interest — applies especially to the theatre. Having been raised on Shakespeare, we love particularity in our dramas, details of character, quirkiness even, but the Greek plays are remorselessly general. We love swift action, but the Greek plays are stately and slow (being frequently brought to a dead halt by choruses with a fatal gift of platitude). The plays deal cogently with questions that are highly pertinent to our own lives, but the symbols and conventions by which they deal with them have had 2,000 years in which to lose their ability to rouse our emotions. And, in addition to all this, there are the difficulties of translation, which Greek speakers tell us are well-nigh insuperable.

Solomos' two productions this year are interesting as curiosities (so *this* is the *Oresteia* . . .), but as aesthetic experiences they are less than overwhelming. The *Oresteia* is by far the better of the two productions, but even so I was reminded of the dictum of that great critic Christopher Sly: "This is a very excellent piece of work; would 'twere done." Solomos has condensed Richmond Lattimore's translation of the trilogy into a long evening's playing time; it was half over when Karen Ludwig as Electra recognized that Orestes was nearby, and I was touched by emotion for the first time.

Miss Ludwig is 23 years old, and a find; she plays Electra with plenty of strength and an appealing girlish awkwardness. Donald Davis makes an imposing Agamemnon, and Richard Mangoode brings a welcome touch of ordinary humanity as a breezy Herald. Dame Judith Anderson, with her splendid bearing and her defiant air, appears in all three parts of the trilogy as Clytemnestra, but her reputation led me to hope for a great explosion that somehow never came.

The Chorus of Elders in the *Agamemnon* was a bit of a washout, since behind their beards the Elders were obviously very young; the female chorus in the other two parts of the trilogy was much better. (The Furies, however, could hardly have scared a child, though we are told that in the first production of the *Oresteia* they were so terrible of aspect that a woman in the audience had a miscarriage on the spot.) Helen McGehee, the choreographer, evidently felt more at ease with the women; Miss McGehee is a member of Martha Graham's company, and the Graham idiom is quite appropriate to Aeschylus. Solomos' staging is dignified and formal, with no directorial hocus-pocus, no attempt to get the play even part way down from its pedestal, or to transpose it into terms more comprehensible to the 20th century. And perhaps that approach is what Aeschylus needs.

It is without doubt what Aristophanes needs. He is the most topical of dramatists; were he writing today, *The Birds* would be full of LBJ and Elizabeth Taylor. Solomos' efforts at topicality are few and feeble, and so are his attempts at

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slapstick; if the play meant anything to him at all, there was no trace of it in his direction. The scenery and costumes by Eldon Elder and the choreography by Gemze De Lappe are similarly unimaginative; much of the acting is merely annoying. Bert Lahr bravely gives his usual performance, but even he cannot make much headway against so many obstacles. (William Arrowsmith's unidiomatic translation, full of painfully bad jokes, is another obstacle.) The play is short enough, and the whole experience is odd enough, so that the proceedings never become entirely boring; but surely a better case can be made for Aristophanes than this.

Blowup in Cincinnati

ROBERT PASOLLI

Mr. Pasolli worked at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

> Mrs. Murray: *All men are a challenge, Mr. Price.*
>
> Price: *They may be to you, Mrs. Murray — in fact, I can well imagine it — but this one's a dare.*

Price is talking about Valentine Brose, the hero of *Eh?*, a wonderful play by England's newest export, Henry Livings. What plagues Price in the play is what plagues me about the play. *Eh?* is as nonconformist as its hero and keeps breaking the molds I put it in. More precisely, it keeps breaking the molds it taunts me to put it in. Rather than delineate the frustrating argument I've been conducting between the play's claims for farce versus *comédie de caractère*, and for serious intent versus idiot's delight, I'll let it go by saying that *Eh*? is a mix of these and an original.

I met Mr. Livings on his way through New York to rehearsals for the American première of *Eh?* at the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park, and remember his fondness for shaking up people's convictions. He calls it "surprising them with the truth." At the time I didn't realize that he had accomplished with the play what Valentine Brose accomplishes in the play.

Not that either playwright or hero goes about it very deliberately. On the contrary, it seems entirely natural and, in Val's case, even unconscious. Val is the night shift in the boiler room of a provincial English factory, the bane of the works manager (Price), the personnel lady (Mrs. Murray) and the local parson, a champion of smoke abatement. The boiler's demands are minimal—"*Be* here, *watch* the thing, *press* the button, *oil* the bearings," is the way Price puts it—but Val is too disoriented to cope. The opposition organizes to get rid of him, but Val has been cultivating some giant mushrooms which provide a hallucinatory diversion, and the untended boiler blows up as the play comes to its end.

The title of the play represents the characteristic tacit reaction to Val's behavior and suggests the most significant thing about him: his eccentricity unnerves the others as much as his incapability infuriates them. Unable to function in the world of operatives, Val represents the individual awash within the collective. He simply doesn't (won't?, can't?) play the game. Because *Eh?* is a comedy, he wins the immediate contest.

The outrageousness of the ending strikes me as something of a cop-out, but it is only one factor whereby the serious intention of *Eh?* sits uneasily in its nest of comedy. The play is really a constant surprise; just as you think you know what it's up to, it turns a new corner and you're lost again. But as Mr. Livings obviously believes in the salubrity of surprise, I won't question the play further on that point.

I do think that it must be produced with every concern for hilarity. Only if the action is uproariously funny will the audience overlook the fact that it really doesn't understand what's going on. The Cincinnati production, although generally good, tended to bog one down in the uncomfortable sense of how queer the play is.

The error lay in the direction, I think, which failed to integrate the play's disparate actions and which paced the action much too slow. A director has to contend with actors, of course, and a few in this company gave the impression that they couldn't have moved faster if director Melvin Bernhardt had snapped a whip. The speech, while admirably imitative of North Country English, tied up more than one tongue, and that also slowed things down. (I would like to see *Eh?* Americanized throughout for productions here; the regional locutions and topical references seriously diluted the impact of the play.)

Sam Waterston played Val with the youthful flair one expects of him, but his manner was somewhat light for the full articulation of the character. Although he succeeded in winning sympathy for Val, he didn't solve the main problem of the role: to integrate Val's disconnected, seemingly gratuitous outbursts into the characterization. But Mr. Waterston provided many delights, including a wonderfully facile movement that proceeded all in twitches and trembles.

Charles Cioffi was a superb Price, as one would expect of this impressive actor. Conveying the fullness of the gruff, pushy, but vulnerable character, Cioffi won good will for Price without alienating the audience from Val. Price is a beautiful character—Livings' best, I think—and it was a pleasure to see him done by Mr. Cioffi, who is a fine example of the young actor polishing his talent from the wide experience available in the burgeoning regional theatre. Among the other actors, I liked Linda Segal as Val's fiancée once I got used to her angular characterization. The production was cleverly designed for Cincinnati's tiny three-quarter stage by Douglas W. Schmidt, and Mr. Bernhardt made facile use of the area in blocking the complex action.

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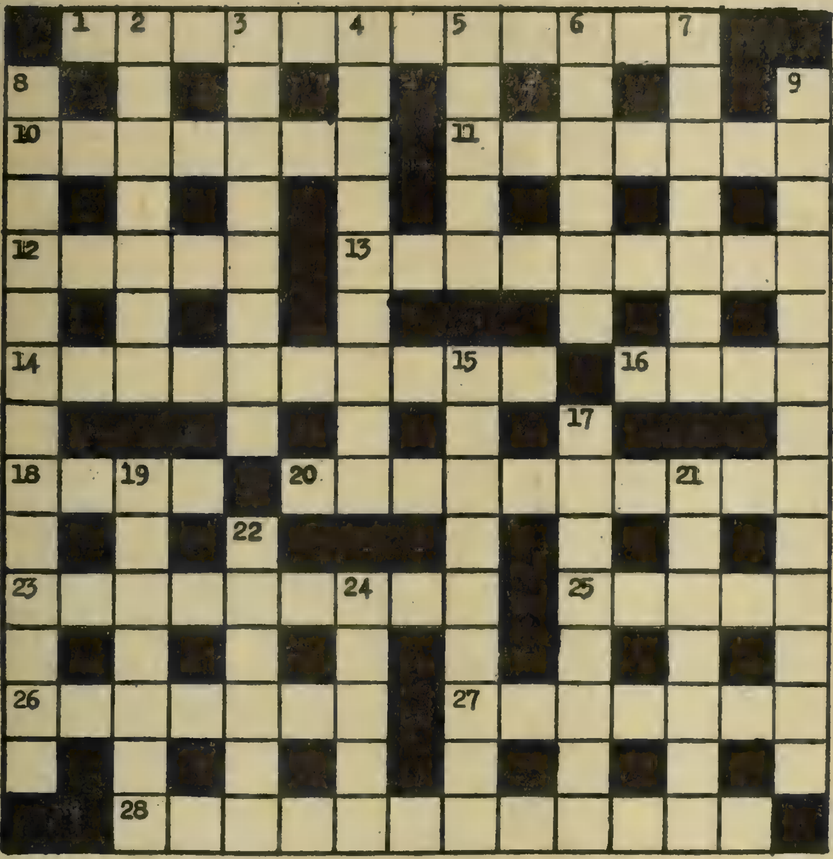
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A fine lad in Ireland; Ireland rule is only relative! (7-2-3)
10 The half-size type, competing as the covetous might be. (7)
11 Bring back an animal boat in agreement with another animal. (7)
12 Evidently an occupied base of opera. (5)
13 The part of London where I throw a lot of weight. (9)
14 Where women pick up some of their habits. (5, 5)
16 Could be considered dead writing. (4)
18 Takes the starch out of fools, colloquially. (4)
20 and 7 down It might be suiting Schubert's work to get beaten. (10, 7)
23 Right there in some kind of trouble. (2, 3, 4)
25 Her early crossing may have been rough, but her newer vehicle ran very well. (5)
26 See 4 down
27 Things might turn on the way one carries himself. (7)
28 Not the ones lit by neon? (Their sentiments may be less dear, with less timely delivery.) (5, 7)

DOWN:

2 Bacon pronounced it a kind of wild justice. (7)
3 Spare property? (8)
4 and 26 across People eagerly competent, ready for a spin? (7, 2, 3, 4)
5 Press a sort of fruit with a soft center? (5)
6 Beating, or just tying? (6)
7 See 20 across
8 Movie travelogue featuring island dress? (7, 6)
9 For flag measurements, on the line? (8, 5)
15 Negative description, if good — and not too shocking! (9)
17 Former French D. C. native. (2-6)
19 A model of clever speech, right to the point. (7)
21 More like Ainu. (7)
22 Little Nancy takes little Margaret around the island. (6)
24 One in a secret plan — possibly the leader. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1166

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NEWSPAPER I

LETTERS

good start

New York City

Dear Sirs: Ivor Kraft's article ["Head Start to What?," *The Nation*, Sept. 5] served to indicate that Mr. Kraft has never been in a slum. Indeed only the most naive would consider Head Start "a major means of salvaging Americans from poverty." Perhaps Shriver views Head Start in this way—but those running a Head Start program do not.

Mr. Kraft states that "we have no evidence that preschool contributes anything essential or particularly valuable to the child's development. . . ." Nowhere does he mention the role of parent education or parent and community participation in a Head Start project. Nowhere does he mention the role of the family workers, the family assistants ("indigenous workers"—yes, Mr. Kraft, probably some of those "welfare workers") who set up sewing and carpentry classes in the evening, who hike up and down stairways visiting, talking with parents, getting them interested and involved, or referring them if necessary to the project's social worker (God forbid!) or psychiatrist or psychologist.

If Head Start is a good project, it is much more than a kindergarten. Such a project can serve as a basis for organizing and mobilizing a slum community, and maybe saving some of the people in it. . . .

John Hill, Glickenhaus Workshop

surface trap

Toronto, Canada

Dear Sirs: After watching the Minnesota Theatre Company production of *The Dance of Death*, Julius Novick concludes [*The Nation*, Sept. 5] that Strindberg's play is not really good. But from watching a production of that same play this summer at the Avon Theatre in Stratford, Canada, a theatregoer reaches exactly the opposite conclusion.

Having seen both productions, I suggest that Mr. Novick has fallen into the familiar trap for imperceptive critics of confusing the performance with the text. In simple fact, the actors at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre and their director only scratched the surface of things. . . . In Stratford, where a group of actors repeated, in English, a production first given by them in French in Montreal . . . there was no doubt of the characters' reality, the intensity and enormity of the conflict between husband and wife, above all no doubt of the excellence of the play.

Nathan Cohen, Theatre Critic, Toronto Star

living off the surplus

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his review of several publications on the New Left [*The Nation*, July 4] James O'Connor asserts that "for the first time in the history of any society, the economic surplus in contemporary America exceeds necessary costs of production. . . ." But however "economic surplus" may be defined, has surplus, small or large, not always exceeded necessary costs of production? Mr. O'Connor claims that many people today live off the surplus which, he suggests, raises the probability that the struggle between the "propertied and propertyless" must be pursued on basically different lines than labor conflict of the past. On what lines? The most basic fact of capitalism—the enormous inequality in the distribution of income, which Marx's concept of surplus value so masterfully explains—has not changed; if anything, the inequality may have become even greater than before. . . .

Otto Nathan

EDITORIALS

The 'Election'

The polling in South Vietnam on September 11 was a demonstration, not an election. In the September 13 *World Journal Tribune*, Bob Considine quoted a high-ranking American source in Saigon in a candid appraisal: "The people clearly decided that, in any contest between the government and the VC, they favored the government *because it had more clout.*" (Italics added.) He should, of course, have limited his observation to the areas controlled by the Ky government. If an election were declared in areas where the Vietcong collect taxes, draft men, punish defection and are in effect the government, the people would as readily turn out at their behest and vote for their candidates.

There are other reasons for discounting the bipartisan elation that has greeted the surge of voters to the polls. Contrary to the impression created here that they were tasting the joys of democracy for the first time, they have been subjected to eleven elections prior to this one. In August of 1963, some 92 per cent of the electorate went to the polls to express their enthusiasm for Ngo Dinh Diem, a heavier turn-out than the 80.8 per cent which has made Nguyen Cao Ky so happy. The American press reported the results of the 1963 election with the same joy it has shown for the current test of strength, but soon thereafter Diem was on the skids and no one tried to save him except Madame Nhu.

The Ky government began to prepare for the test months ago. The techniques were described in detail by Robert Keatley in *The Wall Street Journal* (September 9). The aim was to raise what one analyst called the "anxiety level" of the people. Military commands were ordered to conduct a whispering campaign to the effect that "refusal to vote will someday cause a loss of civil rights." This was probably less of a threat than the impression that somehow, soon, citizens would be in trouble if they did not show up at the polls to select someone. Whom they selected was of little importance, since all the candidates had been hand-picked by the military. All VC sympathizers, neutralists, dissenters, et al., had been ruled off beforehand. Anti-Ky hard liners had been jailed with the suppression of the Buddhist campaign in the spring. The Ky government in Saigon, and the Johnson government in Washington, had nothing to lose and something to gain.

No issues were presented to the voters. The election, so-called, was totally nonpolitical. Among some 4.25 million voters it is likely that after twenty years of carnage a substantial number would have much preferred to cast their ballots against the American presence in Vietnam, but they could vote only for candidates whose lives depended on the American presence. Under these conditions, it was stupid for the Vietcong to contest the election by terror. In the government-controlled areas they could not succeed, and the conditions of the election could have been allowed to speak for themselves.

The military are now in a position to cloak themselves in legitimacy—how spurious it is does not matter. They are probably assured of control for a year or more. The assem-

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bly can convert itself into a parliament by so providing in the constitution it is to write, but the members do not have anything resembling a free hand—Ky and the generals saw to that. The military can offer any number of amendments to the constitution. Such amendments will take effect unless voted down by a two-thirds majority. The military have firm control of all but a handful of the delegates, so there is no possibility that the situation will get out of hand. Besides, if the debate becomes too lively and someone forgets his proper role, they can always resort to real muscle. This is Vietnam.

Beyond these immediate results, a thin ray of hope may be discerned. There is always danger in pretending to democracy—it may engender a desire for the real thing. Unless Ky and Johnson can produce a quick, decisive military victory (and the odds against that are little influenced by the results of the election) the yearning for peace will continue to rise, except, of course, among the direct beneficiaries of the war. As one diplomat put it, no one can tell at this juncture whether the assembly will function as a safety valve, which was Ky's intention in agreeing to an election, or as a pressure cooker. If the latter, the generals will have to dismantle it. But that would be a setback which might prove disastrous. On the other hand, even a slight measure of free speech could be dangerous. The generals and their American colleagues have gained something, but how much, and for how long, remains to be seen.

Secret Research at Universities

The question of whether universities should accept government grants to engage in classified research of a military character needs to be clarified. Such contracts are tempting. Financially they may be of substantial benefit to the university, and they are eagerly sought by career-minded professors, some of whom are more interested in research than in teaching. The less pleasant aspect of this academic opulence is that at some undetermined level of secrecy the institution ceases to be a university and becomes an adjunct of the military.

Faculties have become increasingly uneasy on this issue. It has been heatedly but inconclusively debated at Stanford. Recent action at the University of Pennsylvania holds out hope of advancing the discussion. Pennsylvania has come under faculty criticism for its involvement in research dealing with chemical and biological warfare. Now it has announced a new policy. Existing contracts for classified work will not be canceled, but a committee of eight will be set up to screen proposals. Four members will be selected by the university senate, four by the president; the eight will select a chairman. The guiding principle will be to avoid contracts that limit publication of the results of the research. This is calculated to rule out work dealing exclusively with weapons and seems like a step forward.

However, in a letter to *The New York Times*, Herbert J. Spiro, professor of political science at Pennsylvania, raises a good point. The Pennsylvania policy, as stated by President Gaylord P. Harnwell, is that "the results of all research must be freely publishable." Professor Spiro points out that publication may be a side issue. For a variety of reasons — decorum, consideration for living persons, scholarly cau-

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 203
No. 9

tion — researchers, including those in the humanities and politics, may choose to defer publication or not to publish at all. Their obligation is to promote the development of knowledge and, while publication is certainly an important means to that end, it is not the only one. Do we need to be reminded that teaching also promotes the development of knowledge?

Broadly, the development of knowledge is always a *collegial* process, and it is hindered when the university becomes the guardian of classified material and obligates itself to apply nonacademic standards, such as national security criteria, to its collegium. Those scholars—engineering professors, for instance—whose hearts are set on military research have a simple remedy. They can resign from the university and work for the military services directly, or for arms contractors. They will sacrifice job security, of course, but surely that is a minor consideration.

Spiro feels that academic integrity can best be maintained by establishing safeguards on the *input* side of research contracts rather than at the output. This is the Harvard policy. As stated by McGeorge Bundy (when he was dean) before the Senate Committee on Government Operations, except in time of all-out war, Harvard has engaged only in "open research on basic subjects," has avoided engagement in secret government research, and has declined to "accept responsibility for the administration of security clearances of any kind." This is clear-cut, and other universities would do well to follow Harvard's lead.

Backlash in the Bay State

Politics can make not only strange bedfellows but some pretty strange beds as well. Ex-Governor Endicott H. Peabody appears to have won the Massachusetts Democratic primary for Senator by being more agile than his principal rival, former Boston Mayor John Collins, at avoiding the major local issue of school desegregation. In view of Peabody's vigorous support of civil rights in the past, his failure to declare himself in this area may at first glance have seemed surprising.

But a possible reason is easy to surmise. The biggest vote getter in the Boston area for some time has been School Committee Chairman Louise Day Hicks, an implacable foe of integration, school busing, or any other gesture to redress the racial imbalance in quality of schooling, which Boston shares with other major cities. By his silence, Peabody wooed and won Mrs. Hicks's backlash vote.

Now he will have to change beds rather quickly. His Republican opponent, Edward Brooke, would, if elected, become the first Negro in the U.S. Senate since Reconstruction days. Whether he has other qualifications seems beside the point; in Massachusetts he is a showpiece of racial tolerance—a role he has played most gracefully as the state's attorney general.

The only exception to the bedfellow aphorism in this sad campaign was Thomas Boylston Adams. He ran principally as a "peace" candidate (we sometimes wonder if those who use that phrase pejoratively really consider peace a fringe issue), and was the only one of the three aspirants to express himself forthrightly on all the major issues. A political newcomer, he captured nearly 10 per cent of the vote.

Johnson and His Jewish Critics

It was a strange and disturbing story that American Jews read on the eve of the Jewish New Year. The President, they were told, could not understand why many prominent Jews were among the critics of his Vietnamese policy. One reason given for the President's mystification was that he knew Jews to be moral, compassionate and well informed in foreign affairs. This would seem rather to account for opposition to an inhuman course of action, as many Americans, Jews and non-Jews, have come to regard the Johnson policy in Southeast Asia. But to the President anti-communism justifies any and all measures, and since American Jews are predominantly anti-Communist, his feeling is that they should go along with him and not raise questions. More than that, the President was represented as feeling that Jews should be especially eager to have the United States fulfill commitments to small nations like South Vietnam, since they had a natural interest in the welfare of another small nation—Israel.

The first question is whether the President was accurately quoted, as in the story which appeared in the September 11 *New York Times*, beginning, "President Johnson had another opportunity this week to raise with Jewish visitors one of his persistent plaints about some members of the American Jewish community." The visitors were Malcolm A. Tarlov of Norwalk, Conn., the new national commander of the Jewish War Veterans, and several associates. After a vigorous debate at the national convention in August, the Jewish War Veterans had voted in favor of the U.S. Vietnamese policy and the delegation came to assure the President of this support. They came away, the story went on, determined "to persuade Jews that they could not expect the United States to live up to its commitments to Israel if they opposed respect for much more explicit commitments in Southeast Asia."

This blunt statement caused anxiety both in Israel and among American Jews. It seemed not only to question their right to differ with the President on a crucial question of foreign policy but it carried the implication of arm twisting, with Israel used for increased leverage. In a follow-up story by Max Frankel in the *Times* of September 13, Dr. William A. Wexler and Rabbi Jay Kaufman, president and executive vice president, respectively, of B'nai B'rith, reported that they had seen Mr. Johnson at the White House on September 10 and had found no justification for such an inference. The President was either misunderstood or poorly interpreted by other Jewish visitors, they said.

As far as Mr. Tarlov is concerned, the President was not misunderstood or poorly interpreted. Mr. Tarlov told *The Nation* on September 13 that the *Times* story of September 11 was correct. Mr. Johnson had held a press conference at which Mr. Frankel was present, he had said substantially what the story reported, and subsequently he had not retracted or qualified it.

That the President has been employing this tactic for some time can also be substantiated. Back in June, Marianne Means, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Herald Express*, reported that Mr. Johnson was speaking out on Vietnam in increasingly blunt, aggressive terms. As an example, Miss Means reported that, speaking to a friend, Mr. Johnson had remarked that he could not understand why those who were interested in another small country (Israel) that we were also protecting should be so critical of our policy in Vietnam. The friend was a wealthy Jewish businessman from New York. The President had related this conversation to a group of state legislators meeting in the Rose Garden.

Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg is now using his good offices to smooth the matter over, if possible. He will hardly be able to remove the bad taste that the affair leaves in one's mouth. What Mr. Johnson has said publicly on this subject, not merely what others reported him to have said, is, as Senator Javits characterized it on N.B.C. September 14, truly "deplorable." And what he has said publicly—as to the state legislators in the Rose Garden—tends to confirm what Mr. Tarlov quotes him as having said privately. Because an issue has now been made of what the President has said, more is needed than private assurances relayed by Ambassador Goldberg. The President himself should confirm or deny the remarks attributed to him and he should then clarify what he intended to convey by these remarks. The best answer to Mr. Johnson was given by Dr. Abraham Joshua Heschel, professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and an outspoken opponent of the Vietnamese war. Said Dr. Heschel: "If Abraham had no hesitation about challenging the judgment of God over Sodom and Gomorrah, lest it should sweep away the innocent with the guilty, should not an American have the right to challenge the judgment of our President when horrified by the war in Vietnam?"

The Limits of Horror

The New York Film Festival, now in its fourth season, has established itself as the opening non-event of the city's cultural season. It is that because the core of its offering, embellished with attractive shorts and glamorous personal appearances, is a group of foreign films which are in any case scheduled for early showing in New York and elsewhere. Offering them in a package at Philharmonic Hall produces an aura of excitement, much as does the annual showing of new car models at the Coliseum. It is probably good for the future box office of these pictures to be screened at Lincoln Center, but a showcase is not a festival.

An exception to the above this year was the American première of *The War Game,* made by Peter Watkins for the B.B.C. but suppressed by that agency as being too gruesome for the home screen. The festival screening may win the picture a theatre run in this country.

It is worth seeing, but perhaps more as a tour de force than as a warning. The form of the picture is a screened feature story — what is called in America a TV special — on the events leading up to and following for some weeks upon a Russian nuclear attack on Great Britain. The footage intersperses scenes of terror, destruction, crime, shock and hideous pain with official instructions and observations (used for maximum irony) from the world's spiritual leaders on the morality or necessity of war. It is certainly a harrowing fifty minutes. More important, it is utterly convincing: your eyes assure you that these frightful scenes could not have been faked, and you must rely on your mind to remind you that only cameramen with the gift of prophecy could have been so consistently at the right place at the right time (and immune to the devastation). Orson Welles was an amateur at this sort of electronic trickery.

But that it would have "awakened" the British public if the B.B.C. had dared to broadcast it is another question. Oddly enough, for all its excruciating detail and atmosphere of general devastation, the film is essentially hopeful. And that is because it must make certain basic assumptions in order to tell its story. It must assume that the B.B.C. withstands the attack, that enough of the forms of society are preserved for the camera teams to do their jobs, that survivors with intact receivers remain in sufficient numbers and in a state of sufficient sanity to make the broadcast worth while.

With sinking heart, one realizes that this picture is projecting the very kind of aftermath that Herman Kahn and the other high priests of the war game predict: yes indeed, a nuclear attack would be highly unpleasant, but civilization would survive (or, as this film suggests, Anglican priests would still pray over the condemned and *Holy Night* would be heard on Christmas Eve). And television itself has a softening effect on any horror: by the time you see it, it is over, and—more important—it didn't happen to you. The film never suggests what anyone looking at it might have done to prevent such ghastliness, and it evades the fact that an atomic attack on an industrially advanced country means quite simply annihilation. It projects a major disaster which is different in size but not in nature from, say, the bombing of Dresden or a volcanic eruption. It could not project the total deadliness of atomic warfare; that is something a man must evoke for himself in the sleepless hours of the night.

Condon for Regent

Colorado is in a position to honor itself, and advance its own comparative standing in the field of higher education, by choosing Dr. Edward U. Condon as a regent of the University of Colorado.

The post is elective and partisan, and Dr. Condon is running as a Democrat. Dr. Condon was formerly Director of the U.S. Bureau of Standards and scientific adviser to the special U.S. Senate committee which approved the bill establishing the Atomic Energy Commission. He is a world-famous physicist, recipient of many honors at the hands of his fellows, among them the presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

As president of the Colorado Scientific Development Commission established by the state legislature in 1966, he is leading the effort to bring the proposed $375 million National Accelerator laboratory to Colorado, where the state has offered a capacious site near Denver and other scientific facilities such as the National Center for Atmospheric Research.

Seldom has a person so active and able in science offered himself for a policy post in state education, and seldom has a state had such a chance to show the nation that it is in earnest in honoring and promoting the cause of higher education. The University of Colorado has a fine reputation among state universities; lack of means in a state of comparatively small population is perhaps the main reason why it isn't automatically mentioned among the foremost. A Condon on its board might make the difference.

Death of the *Herald Tribune*

JAMES G. SMART
Mr. Smart is an associate professor of history at Keene (N.H.) State College.

The death of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a fairly recent convert to some popular causes, was nonetheless not surprising. Reading habits change slowly, and the *Herald Tribune* had for too many years been the spokesman for conservatism and a too reluctant champion of underprivileged humanity. The result was a continually shrinking circulation, which usually means a decline in advertising; and without ads a paper cannot function.

The original *Tribune*, under its founder and first editor Horace Greeley, was *the* symbol of popular causes. It was that identification with suffering and struggling humanity that made both Greeley and the *Tribune* great. One could, and many did, make fun of Greeley for his socialism, his Fourierism, his spiritism, his vegetarianism and all the other isms with which he was connected. All his experiments, however, even when put together in conflicting array, could no more hide his general identification with the people than they could hide his exceptional talent as editor.

Greeley's interest in the West—"Go West, Young Man," the founding of Greeley, Colo.—was a manifestation of his concern for the underprivileged; people could better themselves in a region of greater opportunity. His *Weekly Tribune* carried a large section devoted to the problems of Western farmers, and the most authoritative agriculturists of the day contributed to it. The paper attained an unprecedented rural subscription of 200,000. No other paper could come within 150,000 of "Uncle Horace's Try-bune," the "Bible of the West." At Greeley's death, many newspapers commented on the number of poor people who paid their last respects to the humanitarian editor.

A short time afterward the *Tribune* abandoned popular causes for causes of wealthy, well-educated gentlemen like Whitelaw Reid, who became owner, publisher and editor of the paper after Greeley's death in 1872. Reid was talented and a hard worker. He was offered the editorship of *The Nation* in 1865, but chose carpetbagging in Louisiana instead. He was only 35 when he assumed control of the *Tribune*, but he had already spent his liberalism. An antislavery man in the 1850s and 1860s, he had decided by 1870 that Negro citizenship was a failure, should be called such, and that the South should be governed by its prewar and Civil War leadership. For the remainder of his long life he directed the *Tribune* to a vigorous, if monotonous, defense of conservative ideas, both social and financial.

Reid's actions confirmed the sincerity of his ideas, and no action was more to the point than his long battle with "Big Six," the typographical union founded by Greeley. The battle lasted fifteen years. Though Reid had to give in by 1892 because he was then Vice Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket, the struggle could hardly be considered a union victory. The battle was so protracted and filled with such hatred that the rancor caused by it would take a long time in dying. Perhaps it never died.

Reid began to struggle with "Big Six" in 1877, which was the fourth year of a six-year depression. He had already cut wages twice, which amounted to about a 20 per cent reduction. He had not thought of reducing them further until a slave-driving foreman named William P. Thompson came along. He promised a $680 per month saving in wages. It was enough for Reid, who fired his old foreman and hired Thompson. Scab labor and police were lined up in advance of the announcement for wage reductions so that there was no violence or interruption in publication. Reid's economic gains were impressive. After the first week of the strike Reid kept nearly $675 that would have gone to compositors' wages under the old contracts. "After we got these figures," Reid wrote friend Royal Phelps, "came the semi-annual meeting of our stockholders," to which it was a "pleasant feature" to report a "net profit of forty odd thousand dollars for the past six months, with good prospects of making better for the next six."

The first phase of the strike lasted six years, until 1883 when Reid went to his home in Ohio to visit friends and relatives. While he was away, the scab workers joined the union and forced demands on Thompson, who did not appear very brave in the absence of his employer. But Reid soon found cause for breaking the union contract; more scabs were recruited, the police were again notified, and four weeks later Reid kicked "Big Six" out of his offices. The strike against the *Tribune* was on again, this time for nine more years.

The paper had lost its catholic appeal and no longer even tried to identify itself with anyone it considered lower class. When in 1877 laborers complained that their children cried for bread, the paper's Bourbon-like answer was: "Now the man whose children cry for bread, when he is earning even one dollar a day, spends money in other ways and neglects his children." Really, the editorial concluded, "there is no end to the desires of men" (issue of July 24, 1877).

After its defeat in 1883, "Big Six" founded its own newspaper, *The Boycotter*, which had death "to the most pronounced opponent of the workingmen of America, the New York *Tribune*," as its sole purpose. *The Boycotter* claimed that 75,000 workers supported its actions against the *Tribune*. Reid was a close friend of James G. Blaine, Presidential nominee in 1884, and the very existence of *The Boycotter* was an embarrassment to the politically sensitive Blaine. Reid would not settle the strike for all of Blaine's pleading. "Big Six" had the satisfaction of believing it held the votes that defeated Blaine, for 1,200 votes in New York City alone would have given him the Presidency.

Shortly after "Big Six" struck in 1877, Reid had to uphold his circulation by a political deal with Boss Thomas C. Platt. The agreement was that Reid would treat Platt's friend, machine politician Roscoe Conkling, "fairly" and Platt would see that his political machine pushed sales, and even subsidized sales, of the *Tribune* as good Republican campaign literature. The Western circulation that Greeley built up had rapidly disappeared (due in part, it must be admitted, to a youthful and vigorous Western press) and by the early 1880s the *Herald* surpassed the *Tribune* in circulation. William Walter Phelps, another close friend of Reid, wrote in 1880 that he had seen only one reference to the *Tribune* in Europe and added: "But that is the only sign since New York of the *Tribune's* existence, for it's *Herald* everywhere. The Captain of the S.S. [Steamship], the travellers on it, the clubs and hotels here all have [the] *Herald* & nothing else."

Reid was able to keep up political deals and thus the circulation as long as he was actively editing the paper. When he retired in the first decade of the 20th century, he had to help finance the *Tribune* from his own personal fortune. After Reid's death in 1912—which was *not* noted for the number of poor people who paid their last respects—the paper was carried on by Reid's able son and daughter-in-law, Ogden and Helen Rogers Reid. The merger in 1924 with the *Herald* was successful; and the old *Trib* had another chance. But in World War II the temptation to make money, even at the sacrifice of its readers, was, as in the days of Thompson, overpowering. Newsprint was rationed. The *Herald Tribune* decided to use available space for ads and sacrifice the news content. Those interested in more details of the war had to consult the *Times*. The *Times* pulled ahead and the *Tribune* was never able to catch up.

A history of the *Tribune*, and the later *Herald Tribune*, would not explain the breakdown of negotiations in mid-August, 1966, between "Big Six" and other unions on one side, and Messrs. Whitney, Thayer, et al., on the other side; but the union's suffering and defeats of the past, and the paper's long alienation from the causes of humanity, are factors that must be taken into consideration when discussing the death of old "Uncle Horace's Try-bune."

THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

Why We Fear Peasants in Revolt

BARRINGTON MOORE, JR.

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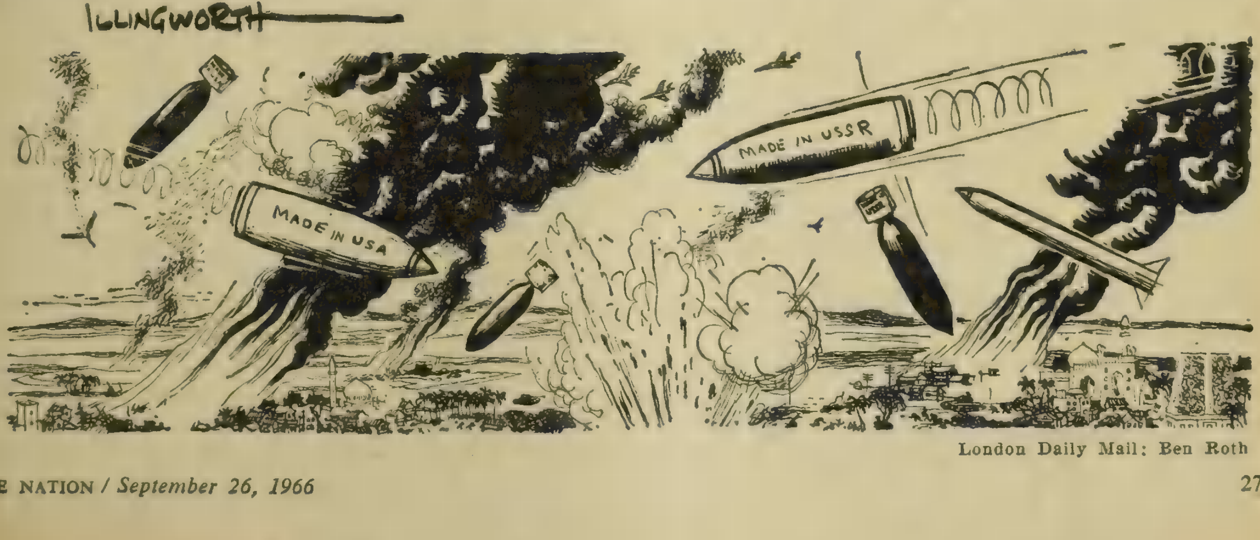
Not so long ago, it was possible to claim that the United States, for all its shortcomings, was at least trying to solve the main problems of the 20th century without resort to massive cruelty against its own population or that of other countries. This seemed to be the characteristic that most sharply distinguished American democracy from totalitarian regimes and even from those European democracies that held remnants of a colonial empire. If the American capitalist machine showed some tendency to charge around out of control, at least like no other in history it had solved the problems of pressing material want.

Meanwhile, in response to popular demands, the government from time to time took measures, so it appeared, to bring the capitalist machine under control and soften very considerably its impact upon its victims. Intelligent people knew that America had an ugly race problem, but there was obvious, if painfully slow, progress in that area too. Slums, billboards and television furnished America's critics with an ugly and depressing spectacle. Yet it seemed that the ugliness, perhaps even *some* of the continuing injustices, might be a price worth paying for a society that attacked its problems without deliberate cruelty. By moving slowly, and it was hoped steadily, the United States had at the very least avoided the fate of Nazi Germany, of Stalinist Russia.

With the first Cuban crisis this comforting view of America's behavior in the world began to seem dubious. It became apparent then that the United States would use its military power to try to crush regimes that made revolutionary demands for a better life, if it deemed these regimes a threat to its own interests. Vietnam and a number of other related events, among them American action in Guatemala, the Dominican Republic and Brazil, revealed the United States as the military bastion of counterrevolution, willing and able to rain fire upon those made impatient by hunger. So far, the main victims of the American way of life have not been Americans (though our casualty lists are beginning to grow). They are foreigners, but they are victims of

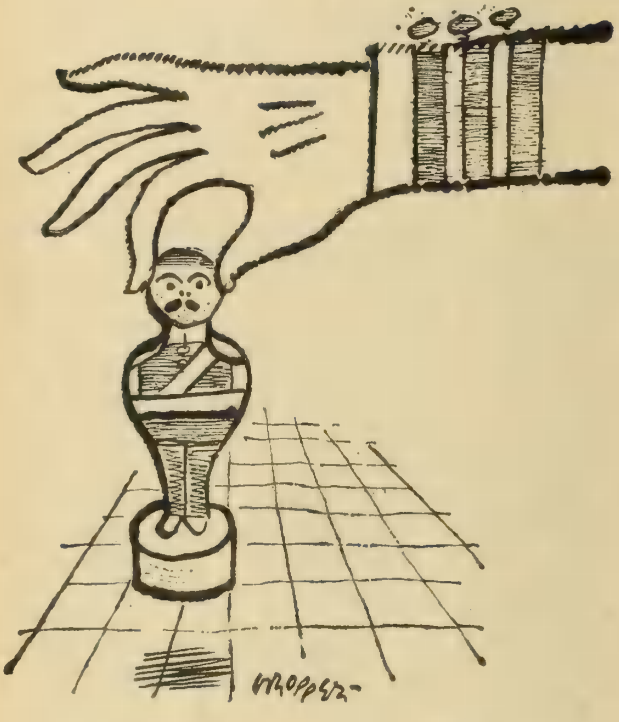


London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

American policy in exactly the sense that the inhabitants of concentration camps were the victims of Stalinist policy.

How has this come about? The key lies, I believe, in the great wave of peasant revolutions that has swept the world in the past half-century as part of the still larger sweep of post-capitalist industrialization, and in the American decision to resist that wave with armed might.

After the Russian Revolution, and even more after the Chinese Revolution, it became impossible to speak in neo-Marxist terms about the idiocy of rural life or to regard the peasant as a mere object of history, something acted upon by historical forces but contributing nothing to them. Nevertheless, it remains true that the main contribution of the peasants to these great events was a destructive one. Agrarian distress furnished the explosive that brought down the old order in both Russia and China, and enabled the Communists to usher in a new phase of history. To the work of constructing a new social order the peasants have been allowed to contribute little or nothing. Instead they have been its major victims.



Furthermore, the peasants' role has differed sharply from one country to another in accord with varying historical conditions. In Russia, still overwhelmingly agrarian in 1917, the peasants' part in the overthrow of the old order was immense. At the same time, the Bolsheviks had no following among the peasants and came to power on the backs of a segment of the industrial workers whose revolts in the big cities brought about the final collapse. Chinese Communists took power in a manner much closer to a pure peasant revolution. And in other cases, the peasants have not risen, though they had reason. In India, the peasant has remained mainly an object of history. Japan made the transition to a version of modern industrial capitalism without a peasant revolution, indeed without any violent revolution.

Because of the present tendency to regard Japanese industrialization as a success story, and for even more important reasons, it is necessary to look at this case more closely. In straight economic terms Japan's nonrevolutionary entrance into the age of industrial capitalism was indeed a remarkable success. So for that matter was the corresponding entrance that Germany made, after the abortive revolution of 1848. Politically, however, these victories may have been disasters, leading in time to fascism and World War II. Without claiming that the march toward fascism was inevitable, one can trace a connection between the survival of pre-industrial social formations and political habits, the corresponding weakness of the bourgeois impulse, and the ways in which Germany, Japan and other countries succumbed to fascism. Comparative historical evidence is not firm proof; nevertheless, it is suggestive that the three states where parliamentary democracy became most firmly established, England, France and the United States, went through a period of revolution (or civil war; the distinction is mainly verbal).

On the basis of this record it is possible to draw two conclusions. First, the widespread notion that a revolution is somehow a prerequisite to industrial growth is false. Before one can draw comfort from this point, however, it is necessary to take account of its corollary: for modernization to mean progress in human freedom a revolutionary break with the past seems to be necessary. Again, one cannot prove the necessity; one can only note connections between what has taken place with and without revolutions. Nor does a revolution guarantee success in establishing a freer society; it only creates some of the possibilities. However, with these limitations and qualifications it is correct, I believe, to regard the peasant revolutions of the 20th century as the successors to and even the continuation of revolutionary processes that established Western democracy.

The main propelling force behind modern peasant revolutions is often called parasitic landlordism. Political landlordism might be a better term because it suggests more clearly the central features. Over most of the Asian continent the native landed upper classes did not take up commercial agriculture. Their response to the coming of the modern world was almost the exact opposite of the one familiar to Americans, i.e., increased use of machines, bigger units of cultivation, a sharp reduction in human toil. In China and India, Western imperialism helped to prevent this kind of transformation, but geographical factors and social structures inherited from the past were almost certainly much more important reasons.

Throughout Asia the landlord antedates the coming of the West. Rising population, together with a lack of opportunities for work in the cities, under Asian conditions forces more and more land-hungry peasants to bid for the right to cultivate smaller and smaller plots of land. Where this happens, the landed upper classes are strongly tempted to avoid risky innovations, to sit back and allow the pressure of events to drive up their rents. In order to take advantage of this situation they must employ political levers, including customary sanctions inherited from earlier days, to keep the peasants working and paying. As traditional sanctions gradually lose their effectiveness, the landlords resort more and more to the police and the army until the government becomes little more than a vast rent-collecting agency, as was finally the case under Chiang Kai-shek.

The misery produced by political landlordism is obvious; almost as obvious is the fact that by itself such misery will not produce a revolutionary outbreak. In the past century the Indian peasants have suffered just about as much in a strict material sense as did the peasants of China. But in comparison with the Chinese peasant the Indian peasant has been docile. There is at least moderately good evidence that this difference extends far back in time. Some types of society and historical experience are likely to generate peasant revolts and eventually to favor a peasant revolution; others are quite unlikely to do so.

Among the factors most apt to be relevant are the social structure of the peasant community and the character of the institutional links between the peasants and the upper classes who live off their labor. Partly because the Japanese village was a solidary unit that muffled dissident voices among the peasants at the same time that it was penetrated by many influences from the upper classes, the Japanese were able to make political landlordism into one of the devices for what Marxists call primitive capitalist accumulation. The Japanese Government could make the peasants pay the costs of industrialization and still contain revolutionary tendencies, a feat that helped to produce the Japanese variant of fascism. In India, the caste system was the main mechanism through which the landed upper classes extracted an economic surplus from the countryside. Caste rendered a central government unnecessary from the standpoint of local elites; it was an excrescence and the product of intermittent conquest. In China, the central government did play an essential role in shaping the social order and extracting a surplus, and the different functions of government in China and India help to explain differences in the behavior of their respective peasant masses. To sum up these variations, although political landlordism has been a basic trend in many part of the world, it has produced major revolutionary upheavals only in Russia and China.

At least that is the case so far. Will the revolutionary wave continue? I do not know enough about the other underdeveloped parts of the world—Latin America, Africa, the Middle East—to speak with confidence. Still, there are persuasive general grounds for believing that the revolutionary wave may have passed its peak. Just as generals often base their strategy on the previous war, so may Chinese Communists now base their hopes and strategies on their earlier victory. The economically backward parts of the world today, including India, are politically and socially fragmented. This may mean that a revolution, even if it succeeded, would have vastly less world significance than did the revolutions in such potentially powerful countries as Russia and China. A revolution in Cuba is mainly important for Cuba; a revolution in Algeria important for Algeria, though of course there is some resonance.

Why then is the American Government quite literally trying to burn these revolutionary movements off the face of the earth? There are three possible answers. The first, accepted by both the Administration and its radical critics, is that these movements constitute, along with Chinese power, a mortal threat to American capitalism. A second possible answer holds that these revolutionary movements do not constitute a really serious threat, and that the moves to exterminate them are monstrous irrationalities of American policy. These aggressive reflexes can be interpreted either as a manifestation inherent in modern American capitalist society (as the radical critics say), or—and this is the third answer—as policies whose real causes are in large measure contingent and accidental.

An absolutely clear-cut choice among these answers is impossible. Though the weight of evidence points toward the conclusion that American policy is by no means the inevitable expression of American society, and that the threat it faces is no mortal one at all, there is small comfort to be had here. The longer these policies continue in force, the more will American society *become* dependent upon its counterrevolutionary role. Since there is no now foreseeable prospect that these policies will change, the radical image of the United States—despite any flaws in its analysis—is likely to become the correct one.

To dispute one version of the radical thesis, it seems highly unlikely that American capitalism depends upon imperialist exploitation. In particular, the American stake in the exploitation of backward areas of the world is probably far from crucial. It is well known that the advanced capitalist countries are one another's best customers. Though figures on these matters are far from dependable, the estimate of the French economist Robert Frossaert that imperialist superprofits form no more than 1 or 2 per cent of the national income of advanced capitalist countries helps us gain a perspective on the question.

May the revolutionary movements, on the other hand, be no more than preliminary skirmishes in a straightforward military threat from China? But the United States is desperately trying to establish vital interests close to China rather than to defend interests it already has. Under the

conditions of warfare in the missile age, when the United States has bases on Guam and in the Philippines and a fleet of Polaris submarines, the notion that Americans need another base in Vietnam is hard to swallow.

But the fact that it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain American policy through any narrow conception of economic or strategic interests is not a powerful counter-argument to the radical thesis. If anything, it strengthens the most tenable of the radical arguments: that modern American society is inherently destructive. Behind such reasonings, too, are certain currents of Marxist thought. Baran and Sweezy, for example, conclude that American monopoly capitalism precludes any humane and constructive use of America's productive power that would go beyond mere sops to keep the underlying population in line with prevailing policies. To a non-economist their present diagnosis does not look very different from that of many liberal economists who have discussed the causes of stagnation in 20th-century capitalism. The key point is that under modern conditions the big firms have difficulty finding ways to reinvest their profits. (That this is not the case at the present moment does not damage the general argument.) Unlike the liberals, however, Marxists hold that no real solution is possible within the present framework of American society. Since serious constructive moves are blocked by the character of the system and the dominant interests it serves, the technological power that it nevertheless creates pours out in destructive ways: war and waste.

It is possible to agree with this radical description and condemnation of American society without being sure that the diagnosis of the causes is correct. A glance at the historical record is enough to raise serious doubts. Up to a point, the Marxist argument makes sense, but at a crucial point it collapses.

The Second World War, it is widely agreed, pulled capitalism out of the depression. Fascism too, one can argue, was in part a consequence of capitalism, though in my judgment, and for the reasons given earlier, a particular form of capitalism that had grown up as a result of a non-revolutionary entrance into the age of modern industry. This feature modifies the Marxist thesis considerably, though one still must agree that the Second World War saved democratic capitalism from the embarrassing task of having to find out if it could solve its own problems peacefully. Since then the United States has been almost continuously in some form of war boom. In *The Postwar American Economy,* Alvin Hansen, certainly no Marxist, asserts that between 1948 and 1963 "defense played twice as powerful an expansionist role as private investment." Clearly the economy was sick, and the war boom has been the main "cure."

The question nevertheless remains whether the illness of the economy, as the Marxist argument maintains, was the main *cause* of the war boom. To believe that it was it is necessary to deny that Stalinist socialism played any significant part in bringing on the cold war. From that it would follow that under Stalin the Soviet Union constituted a freer and more humane society than did the capitalist democracies in the years after the Second World War, and for a long time previously. It becomes necessary to believe that at the end of this conflict Stalinist Russia was so much a satisfied power that it would have made no moves against the West even if this part of the world had completely disarmed. It is necessary to believe that Western, and especially American, business circles forced through a rearmament program against a danger to democracy that was almost entirely imaginary. There are people who can believe such arguments, but doing so puts an enormous strain on the organs of credulity.

It is probably closer to the mark to hold that the conflict between capitalist and socialist states, rather than their domestic social institutions, has been the main factor behind the deformations of socialism and liberal democracy. This conflict may be seen as the modern manifestation of the age-old system of competing sovereign states. Under such competition the only way for a state to gain "security" is to become stronger than its potential rivals. Rivals that must be taken seriously are those that are themselves strong, regardless of their social structure and doctrinal predilections. Conflicts occur among states with similar social structures at least as often as among those with different ones. Hence the system of international anarchy itself often imposes "aggressive" policies upon states whose domestic structure might incline them in peaceable directions.

This explanation cannot be applied universally. Domestic factors played an important part in the aggressive policies of Germany and Japan in their Fascist phase, and in other times and places as well. My sense of the situation in the United States is that business interests did their best to climb aboard the defense juggernaut rather than set the monster in motion. Now, however, it is here and firmly entrenched, a major factor in the American political climate.

To put the point another way, both socialism and democratic capitalism in and by themselves might be a great deal more capable of change in the direction of a moderately decent and free society than anyone has ever suspected. But socialism and capitalism have never existed in and by themselves; hence we are unlikely ever to know what possibilities they contained. Stalinist policies helped to destroy affirmative policies in American society, to change the United States into the affluent version of the garrison state. In turn, the United States now blocks off the prospects for greater freedom which have begun to appear in Russia.

Now the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union is gradually ceasing to be the main axis of international conflicts. Chiefly as a result of American policies, the international arena is becoming a stage for a conflict between those states that have achieved industrial civilization and those that seek to achieve it by revolutionary methods. As the latest comer to the industrial world, the Soviet Union balances precariously between the two camps, anxious to avoid the nuclear catastrophe that could destroy civilization. Each step America takes in escalating the war in Vietnam destroys whatever confidence remains that it will not be the first to resort to Armageddon for the preservation of "freedom." Every bomb that falls on helpless peasants destroys the clearest claim upon humanity's allegiance that Western democracy once could make: that it was no terrorist society, that for all its defects it was a way of solving problems peacefully, and for that reason well worth defending. At bottom, this was perhaps always an illusion. Now, at any rate, each day's headlines shatter it. Such talk no longer carries with it the hope of the future, but the stink of death.

The Indian Tests the Mainstream

D'ARCY McNICKLE

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Throwing a commissioner of Indian Affairs out of office is not earthshaking news. It happens from time to time, without unsettling the stock market or diverting attention from the rising hem line. It happened only recently, when Philleo Nash, former Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin and previously a member of President Truman's palace guard, was given the heave-ho.

But such an event, unnoticed elsewhere, can produce dismay if not trauma among the Indian people, particularly if the commissioner has won their esteem, as did Mr. Nash. When, in addition, the ouster of the commissioner is coupled with a Senate committee report in which it is charged that "the Bureau [of Indian Affairs] is more interested in perpetuating its hold on Indians and their property than in bringing them into the mainstream of American life," the Indians look anxiously about, wondering who their friends are and from what quarter to expect an assault. Attacks against the bureau in and out of Congress have been used to obscure efforts to gain access to Indian property or to diminish Indian legal rights. If Indians were not notoriously a patient people and a people given to consensus thinking, they would have succumbed to neuroses before now.

It is not by accident that in the two great social movements of our time—the civil rights revolution and the radical attack on the causes of poverty—the American Indian is the least involved of any ethnic or cultural group in the nation. Some would insist that of all groups Indians should be the most concerned because of their need and because of their anomalous situation in the economy. The fact that they are touched so lightly by these massive events must have a significance, if we can define it and account for it.

It is not that Indians are ignored or forgotten. Certain major newspapers—*The New York Times, The Christian Science Monitor*—frequently carry full-length descriptive articles on current Indian issues. A few years ago, before going on to ambush the automobile industry, Ralph Nader devoted an entire issue of the *Harvard Law Review*, of which he was then editor, to an examination of legal and political questions affecting Indians. Other journals in recent times have given over their pages entirely to Indian subject matter, among them *The Annals* of The American Academy of Political and Social Science, and *Human Organization*, the journal of the Society for Applied Anthropology. Various church bodies have conducted Indian studies and issued special reports. Soon after President Kennedy took office, a Task Force created by the Secretary of the Interior traveled extensively through the Indian country and issued a report of its findings and a body of recommendations, which appeared at about the same time that the Fund for the Republic released a somewhat comparable synoptic report. And finally, the Office of Economic Opportunity, within a few weeks of its establishment, designated all Indian reservations as "pockets of poverty" entitled to aid.

But to say that the Indian people have not been ignored is not to say that their situation or their aspirations have been understood. The Fall 1965 issue of *Mid-Continent American Studies Journal*, published at the University of Kansas, deserves special mention here because its collection of articles does attempt to let the Indian stand forth as a person and a group member in our contemporary industrialized society—to give some meaning to the values that operate in Indian life. The guest editor for this special issue, Nancy Oestrich Lurie, sets the theme for the several essays by asking: Is there an Indian renaissance? In posing the question she is asking for explanations of certain observed actions, attitudes and developments which especially distinguish today's younger Indians from their fathers and grandfathers. She remarks that notable changes seem to have occurred: Where do they lead? Toward absorption in the white man's industrial world? Or toward increased Indianness?

Whether or not the question is properly phrased — and some of the writers quarrel with the term renaissance — it is suggestive of what many observers have noted in other contexts: that Indians are more socially visible. The change may well be in the eyes of the observer, as Dr. Lurie herself suggests: "Perhaps in the last accounting, the renaissance is the change in the non-Indian world in regard to the Indian world rather than the reverse."

That the surmise is at least half true, the articles in this special issue demonstrate. The most perceptive of them reveal an acquaintanceship with contemporary Indian life and a sophistication in interpreting the observed event which was not encountered in the literature of the 1930s. When Murray and Rosalie Wax write on "Education for What?" they are looking at formal schooling from the Indian's point of view, and trying to determine, with the Indian, how education can serve an Indian group purpose. No one thirty years ago was looking at Indian education from any viewpoints but those of individual success and movement out from the group.

When Robert Thomas writes about Indian powwows, he is not concerned with the diffusion of dance types or music or costume, but rather with the psychic needs of the Indian people which pull them into urban neighborhood centers or on cross-country treks to meet other Indians. Until recently, few people were aware of the trails the Indians follow, whether on horseback in the back country or in a pickup truck on paved roads, to get to "where the action is" with other tribesmen. Indian visiting, even when cited in the ethnologist's field notes, was used as an example of time wasting and a regrettable survival of a dysfunctional culture trait.

When Henry Dobyns examines some of the developments in tribal self-government, he finds a dynamic which is "increasing the tribal share of benefits" and reducing "the degree of subordination of the tribesmen." The net effect of these experiences, he explains, has been to confirm the basic tenet on which John Collier founded his administration as Commissioner of Indian Affairs (1933-45)—"Responsible democracy is, of all experiences, the most therapeutic, the most disciplinary, the most dynamogenic and the most productive of efficiency." Dobyns remarks that "for all the attention that has been devoted to tribal people in the United States," no one previously has attempted to test the scientific validity of Collier's generalization.

These brief references will indicate somewhat the extent to which the scientific observer at least has developed his conceptual tools and his ability to see a people within its own cultural perspective. And this leads to the second half of the question: What are the indicators of change within the Indian community during the same period?

One such indicator certainly is that Indians are speaking out — in public hearings, in news media, and particularly through organizations of their own making. When thirty-odd tribes met in Denver, Colo., in 1944 to form the National Congress of American Indians they acted almost without precedent and certainly in no tradition. Indians have been tribal people, which is like saying a Frenchman is a Frenchman, except when he wants to embarrass an Englishman by calling himself a European. Even where they adjoined other tribes, they kept their boundaries neat and tidy. Now they are becoming "Indians" as well as tribesmen. Since the creation of the Indian Congress as a national body, intertribal councils have been formed within state boundaries and within geographic regions. The newest of these organized voices is that of the National Indian Youth Council which, as the name suggests, is made up of younger tribal members, many of them college-trained.

What are Indians saying, with their new-found voices? The phrasing is varied, reflecting the local environment and local experiences. The Canadian writer, D. G. Poole, reported on conversations he had last summer with Canadian Indians at a meeting of the National Indian Council, which is in some respects a counterpart of the National Congress of American Indians in the States. What he heard at that council meeting in Manitoba could as well have been said to him in Montana or Arizona.

A young man, a university student, commented:

> What frightens me most about white society is the terrible loneliness. What I mean is that you never seem so much alone as when you are gathered together. . . . What you call friendships are usually what we would call exclusive alliances of two or three or half a dozen against the world. Tribal people have an inclusive social sensitivity which no white person ever experiences. . . . It is funny to hear the isolated white man advocating integration for Indians. To us, he seems to be saying, "Come, join us and be lonely." It is dishonest to use the word integration. You have never wanted us to integrate, but only to conform. Why is it that any cultural difference—not only Indian but anywhere in the world—is an aggravation to white people?

At the University of Chicago in the summer of 1961, some 400 Indians met in a weeklong conference to find, if they could, common values and common bases for action. The experience of meeting in annual conventions of the National Congress of American Indians and in many state and regional meetings made possible this Chicago conference. It is unlikely that such a gathering could have occurred in the 1930s, or that consensus could have been reached to produce the Declaration of Purpose unanimously adopted in 1961. This declaration concludes:

> When Indians speak of the continent they yielded, they are not referring only to the loss of some millions of acres in real estate. They have in mind that the land supported a universe of things they knew, valued, and loved. . . . What we ask of America is not charity, not paternalism, even when benevolent. We ask only that the nature of our situation be recognized and made the basis of policy and action.
>
> In short, the Indians ask for assistance, technical and financial, for the time needed, however long that may be, to regain in the America of the space age some measure of the adjustment they enjoyed as the original possessors of their native land.

This Indian voice was heard on another occasion, in the words of the young executive secretary of the National Indian Youth Council, Mel Thom. Speaking just after Philleo Nash had been replaced as Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs had scolded the bureau for not turning more Indians loose (i.e., terminating federal responsibility), Thom commented:

> Watts is full of rural, uneducated people who have no homes and no chance. Now it appears that the United States Senate wants to create similar urban ghettos filled with uneducated, unprepared Indians. Indians need help in developing resources on their own reservations. The reservations are our ancestral homes, and we should be allowed to live on them peacefully. There is no sense in fighting for the rights of the South Vietnamese to determine their own future, and at the same time, forcing American Indians from their lands and denying them the right to decide their own future.

Clearly, the Indians have changed. In their meetings of thirty years ago, they talked mostly about "the big claims" — the folk term applied to land claims against the government, but which conveyed an overburden of distrust and hostility vis-à-vis the white man. When John Collier convened regional meetings throughout the Indian country to elicit tribal views about the then pending Wheeler-Howard bill (subsequently adopted as the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934), he received mostly complaints directed at local bureau personnel and local hardship conditions. The complaints were real, but they conveyed no sense of an "Indian" dialectic, of involvement in their own fate.

It is still said that Indians cannot agree on what they want, and the allegation is used to justify action in Congress or the Executive branch without waiting for or even seeking Indian consent. This was especially noticeable in the Eisenhower administration, when various dismembering laws were adopted because, as the herd-riding Senator Watkins charged, the Indians would never "make up their minds" (to accept tribal disintegration) if left to themselves.

The fact is that Indians do know their needs, as they always have. The problem has always been to get such outsiders as administrators and Congressmen to listen when they fail to hear what they want to hear. What has been happening in these later years is that Indians more and more are talking in the language of politics. "Give us home rule," they are saying, in effect, "and we will vote for you or your party." It may not be a renaissance, but the Indians have mounted an appeal to democratic conscience.

Thus far they have come, and there they hang — the least involved in and the least served by the social upheaval of our times.

The same Senate committee report referred to in the second paragraph found that "Indians remain at the bottom of the economic ladder, have the highest rate of unemployment, live in the poorest housing, and suffer chronic poverty." It quoted the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who found that "in 1965, 16,000 Indian children between the ages of 8 and 16 were not enrolled in school; half of these were forced to forgo education because of lack of facilities . . . [and] the dropout rate among Indians is 50 per cent compared to a national average of 29 per cent."

The committee expressed itself as "shocked."

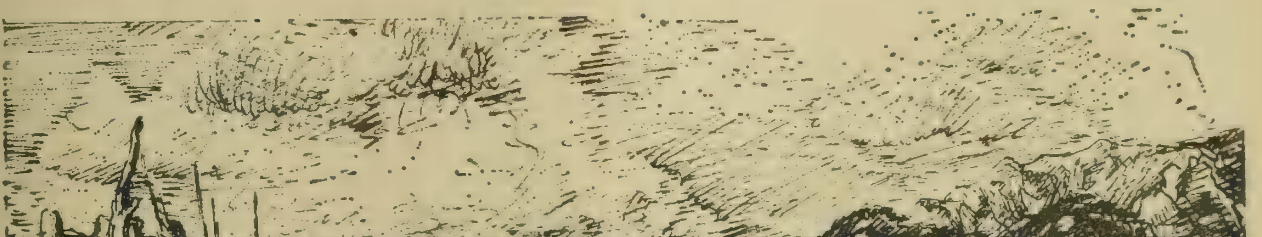
Two motivating factors need to be mentioned at this point, the first of minor importance but effective in its way. It was discussed by a young Montana tribesman, speaking at the annual convention of the National Congress of American Indians last year. He remarked: "We find it difficult to move some of our older people because they think if they show progress of any kind, the federal government will start termination proceedings against the tribe. . . . The fear of termination is impeding progress of Indians in this area rather than helping develop self-sufficiency."

Related to this state of mind is the hesitancy to accept grants for programs offered by the Office of Economic Opportunity. The Indians want to know whether the funds received from this source will later be charged against them if their tribe should be awarded a money judgment in a claims case against the government.

A more constant and pervasive factor in the Indian situation is the concern with identity. For a very long time, since in fact the first arrival of Europeans in the New World, the Indian people were told that they were an inferior human stock. Nothing that has happened in recent years — notwithstanding civil rights legislation — has indicated a radical re-evaluation by the white man of his racist ideas. Discrimination on grounds of race or creed has been found to be a drag on the economy and the cause of social unrest — and it makes America look bad in the eyes of the world — but the drive to eliminate racism can hardly be ascribed to a fundamental moral revulsion. And indications to the contrary are not lacking in Indian experience.

One of the supremacist objections to Indian landholding is that Indians make inferior use of the land. A kindred argument is used in the drive to abrogate treaty-guaranteed fishing rights in Indian waters in the Northwest — the allegation being that Indians are wasteful in the taking of fish, an allegation that ignores two sets of facts: (1) that Indians fish for subsistence primarily, not for sport; and (2) Indians followed conservation practices long before there were conservation laws.

The land-utilization argument has been especially effective in blocking the efforts of the Alaska natives to establish rightful ownership to areas on which they have subsisted since long before Russian occupation. Many such areas are now found to be mineral rich. If such lands should be vested in the Indians, as the treaty with Russia and subsequent acts of Congress promised, some natives might become wealthy, and some white men be denied. Senator Gruening



Ira Moskowitz

is willing to let the taxpayer relieve Uncle Sam of embarrassment by paying for these inchoate rights, but he is vigorously opposed to passing title to the lands on which Indians and Eskimos depend for a living.

The Navajo Indians learned some years ago that they could not prevail against white men when they attempted, with the support of Secretary Ickes' Department of the Interior, to regain possession of the lands lying east of the present reservation which had been part of their original home territory. Some 8,000 to 9,000 Navajos were actually living in the area as squatters, renters or holders of individual trust allotments, as against fewer than 100 white families. But the white owners included some very large cattle and sheep men, heavily financed by local bankers, whereas the Navajos were subsistence farmers, who planted their little fields in the hollows of the land where spring moisture accumulated, and at other times followed their small bands of sheep and goats from dawn to dusk. Not an efficient use of the land, but it supported the people and their independence. Legislation designed to transfer the land to the tribe in 1936 was defeated single-handedly by New Mexico's Senator Chavez, who owed no political obligations to the Navajo people.

The Houma Indians, numbering some 2,000, remnants of various Muskogian tribes that once inhabited the Mississippi delta country and eastward, for generations followed their quiet ways, hunting muskrats and taking shrimp in the bayou waters of the delta country. They kept to themselves, molesting no one and only occasionally being disturbed by outsiders who found that trapping paid well and moved in to take over territory previously used by the Indians. In recent years, however, with the discovery of rich deposits of oil and natural gas, the situation is changing rapidly. Suddenly it is discovered that the Indians have no title to the lands, or cannot prove title. Roads are built in the area to reach oil fields, and the new accessibility makes it possible for many more outsiders to enter and pre-empt trapping grounds. Sludge from offshore-oil operations pollutes the waters, damaging fishing grounds and oyster beds.

The argument that Indians have a lesser claim to the land because they make less efficient use of its resources is as old as North American settlement. Neither the logic nor the moral tone of the argument has improved with age, and in its historical projection it has proved disastrous. The 90 million acres of "inefficiently used" lands, which were legally removed from Indian ownership in the forty-year period 1890-1930, made inevitable the dire poverty in which Indians live today. Now, a "shocked" Senate committee wants the damage repaired, or some lesser part of it — more jobs, more schools, more medical care. But, significantly, it also wants federal responsibility terminated. Hereafter if Indians continue to live in poverty it will be their own fault.

Most tribes need look no further than their own experience to find examples of contemptuous and even brutish treatment — Hopi Indians still remember that fifty years ago they were driven like cattle through dipping vats in a delousing campaign. When Indians are exhorted to abandon their peculiar tribal ways and join the "mainstream" of American society, it should cause no wonder if they question whether they will, in fact and in practice, be allowed to join that society as paid-up members. It is no exercise in academic jargon when Indians talk about identity.

They have a deep-seated conviction, rational or not, that once they cut loose from the past, abandon tribal ties, and commit themselves to urban-industrial existence, they will become a faceless people in an alien world. And that, in their instinctual thinking, would make their poverty unbearable. So long as they cling to a name, they have a destiny.

The recital of these details takes on significance when we turn finally to the reasons for the dismissal of Philleo Nash as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The imminence of Nash's removal was rumored in the Indian country for several months, but never with any clearly stated reasons as to why this was to come about. When it did not happen at once, Indians became hopeful that the rumor would fade away.

They had learned to respect and to have confidence in Nash, the first commissioner of whom that could be said since John Collier resigned in 1945. An anthropologist by training, Nash knew what the people were expressing when they talked about tribal government, tribal resources, tribal identity.

Speaking before the Institute on Human Relations at Fisk University in 1965, Nash declared: "For those who prefer to continue tribal life, I stand firmly on the ground that they have every right to do so, and that the United States Government, at the same time, has an obligation to see that the penalty for being Indian is not abject poverty."

Possibly it was the wrong doctrine and the wrong timing, with powerful men in Congress still committed to a policy of dismembering the last of the Indian estate and unilaterally releasing the government from responsibility for helping the Indian people to achieve a tolerable accommodation in American society.

The reasons for the removal, when finally given to the public, were only faintly critical. Secretary of the Interior Udall, who made the decision, acknowledged that "the past five years in many ways have been good for the Indian people. We have had good leadership. . . ."

President Johnson, in accepting Nash's resignation, noted: "During your incumbency, the Indian people have renewed their confidence in government. . . . You led an early attack in the war on poverty before that war was formally declared. Your sensitive guidance of programs on Indian reservations furnished a valuable blueprint for the larger effort which followed."

Whatever the accomplishment, it was "not enough," in Udall's phrasing. Soon after the resignation, he called a meeting of top bureau officials in Santa Fe, at which he expressed what probably was his major concern: "Our country has moved into an unprecedented period of peacetime prosperity. The increase in our Gross National Product in the past five years has been larger than the total GNP of most nations in the world. . . . Yet in that period of rising economy the poverty question, of which the Indians are only a part, becomes more and more embarrassing. . . . This is an inconsistency that is intolerable in a country as rich and wealthy as ours. . . . The Indian people should be tied to the great things that have been happening."

Part of the answer Udall brought to the Santa Fe conference was more involvement by other areas of government, federal and state, by the universities and by private business. He asked, "What would IBM or A.T.&T. or

Standard Oil of New Jersey do with the resources owned by the Indian people?"

And answered himself: "We may need some new laws and some new help. I think the Indian trusteeship way that we have operated in the past has been like having hobbles and handcuffs on at the same time. . . . I hope to get Congressional support for new ideas." He drew the thought out further by saying: "We could single out ten or twelve reservations with good resources, some of the best in the country, for development — and not a major corporation in this country that would not take resources these Indians have and increase the value ten or twenty times in the next twenty years."

While these ideas were being aired behind closed doors (in an Episcopal church building), Indians cooled their heels on the outside. An emergency meeting of the National Congress of American Indians had been called for the same time, in the hope that a dialogue might develop between the government men and the Indians whose affairs were being discussed.

It was perhaps a vain expectation. The conference was limited to experts, at which expert decisions would be reached. The Secretary satisfied himself of his fair-mindedness by agreeing to speak to the Indians separately on the second night of the two-day meeting and, according to a newspaper report, he "stayed to mingle and shake hands with Indians from all over the nation."

The outcome of these events cannot be casually estimated. The notion that what is needed to solve Indian problems is the determined use of power — the big push — is not new. It has been employed at various times — in forcing the division of tribal lands, in kidnaping Indian children for distant boarding schools, in insisting that tribes such as the Klamath and Menominee divide up their assets and release the government of further responsibility. Whenever force has been used, it has been necessary to go back later and try to repair the damage inflicted — and the problem which called out the show of power remained unsolved.

It is not suggested that the Administration is contemplating new power plays in its relations with the Indian people. But there is an indicated impatience with the pace at which Indians are moving. A Philleo Nash who takes account of that pace and tries to accommodate to it, is out of a job. The Senate committee wants more termination legislation. The Secretary wants more involvement by outsiders who would know what to do with Indian resources. The circumstances and personalities involved lend themselves to hurried decisions and hurried methods which, if Indian consent is not forthcoming, will prevail in the absence of consent.

The difficulties which burden the Indian will not yield to mere pressure, and the proposal to involve men talented in market operations, who wouldn't know a powwow from a pogo stick, is less than reassuring.

The odds are strictly against solution by government, whatever pressures or gimmicks or legislative attacks are invoked. The Indian Bureau is usually pictured as a monolithic structure moving mindlessly through time when, in fact, it is not self-contained and is not a continuity. Its commissioner, the nominal head, cannot move independently of the Secretary of the Interior. The latter cannot move independently of the Bureau of the Budget. And all are subject to the policies of Congress, whatever they may be.

In the area of program administration, starts and stops come with every new commissioner, with every change at the Area Office level, with every transfer of an agency superintendent. Even the promotion to a bigger job of an effective schoolteacher can subvert the entire relationship between school and community. These changes at the field level, where contact with Indian people is immediate and critical, are frequent and are built into the system.

The inevitable conclusion is that government is not structurally or functionally designed to work out solutions. The men who operate within the system cannot stay long enough to learn their jobs, and in any case men are selected for these jobs within a classified system which is related to law and procedure, not to communities of people.

But if government cannot perform, that leaves only the Indians. They are the ones who remain in the community and seek answers while all others, government men, missionaries, traders, come and go.

It is obvious what must happen. The function of decision must be taken from the expert administrators and the wielders of power and put into the community, where decisions belong. This will need public support. The Indians are ready, as their own statements suggest—statements, as we have tried to show here, which grow out of consensus thinking, in the way of Indian tradition.

When decision making is restored to the Indian people (they were making decisions as living societies long before Columbus blundered into his first landfall), they can be expected to become involved in their own fate. It will be appropriate after that, and in due course, for them to become concerned with the fate of the larger society and with their place in it.

LATIN AMERICA V

Economic Integration for Progress

FEDERICO G. GIL

Mr. Gil is professor of political science and director of the Institute of Latin American Studies at the University of North Carolina. As a consultant to the Inter-American Development Bank, he participated in the establishment of the Institute for Latin American Integration at Buenos Aires in 1965.

During the last few years, technicians and economists in Latin America have been advocating regional integration as the most feasible, indeed, the only viable instrument whereby their countries can develop. After World War II, industrialization was thought to be the answer, but as the early drive in that direction has slowed, many specialists and political leaders have come to realize that industrialization by itself was not enough. To be sure, advances in industrialization have brought profound social and political adjustments, but they have not eliminated the region's problems. Frequently lacking natural resources, as well as the techniques required to develop heavy industry, these nations have also been faced with inadequate financial means and a continuing dependence upon foreign sources of capital. The countries which made the most impressive postwar advances, such as Argentina, Chile or Uruguay, are precisely the ones most plagued today by oppressive economic stagnation.

The industrialization process has stagnated from inherent limitations of domestic markets and an inability to compete in the world market. It can scarcely expand beyond a fairly rudimentary stage as long as the Latin American economies are based on raw-material exports which fail to produce income sufficient to pay for the capital goods required by industry. Postwar shortages, import substitutions, the liberal use of government funds have spent themselves. In spite of some impressive strides along the road to economic growth, the rate of increase for gross product is still well below that of the developed nations, and is to a large extent offset by the spectacular population explosion.

The view that the present stagnation can be overcome by expansion of markets to a regional basis, thereby meeting the cost of new basic industries, was held at first only by the technicians; recently, it has begun to permeate the circles of the political elites. Integration is attracting the interest and concern of political parties, trade union leaders, industrialists, businessmen, intellectuals and other segments of Latin American public opinion. Foreign observers have, generally speaking, dismissed this new current as a modern manifestation of the century-old dream of a united Latin America, entertained by Bolívar and other liberators of the era of emancipation. But these observers may well be underestimating the vigor and dynamism of what is gradually becoming a hemispheric movement.

Acceptance of the idea of interdependence and the need for a regional approach to economic development has been made easier by a number of factors. First, a burgeoning middle class demands progress and access to higher economic development, as do a growing industrial proletariat and a recently awakened mass of rural workers. These segments of Latin American society have been the principal victims of inflation. They constitute the core of newly emerging political forces.

The appeal of integration is heightened further by consideration of the international scene. Many Latin Americans see today's highly stratified international system as one divided into two camps—the developed and the underdeveloped. In terms of power, prestige and economic status, they find their respective nations grouped with the have-not Asian and African states at the lower levels of international society. Champions of integration argue for the creation of regional social, economic and political structures as providing the only substantial hope of raising the status of Latin America and obtaining adequate participation in the decision-making process of the world. If Latin America wants its voice heard within the council of nations, it must speak as a single bloc. In further support of its position, integrationists point to the strong trend toward regionalization of socio-political relations in Europe.

Although these arguments are persuasive, exceedingly baffling obstacles exist. Many of the difficulties are economic, but some are closely tied to geographic, social or political conditions. Natural barriers—mountains, jungles, vast expanses of wasteland—prevent the development of transportation and communication. Region-spanning roads are practically nonexistent on the continent; only 3.2 per cent of the world's permanent highways and 8 per cent of the world's railways are in Latin America. Its own merchant marine transports only 6 per cent of Latin America's ocean freight; the result is a $650 million deficit in the balance of payments for transportation and handling charges. Air transportation, although more advanced, is handicapped by inability to meet the cost of technological advances and the competition of foreign enterprises.

Among the social problems is the historical dualism of societies in which the interests of propertied landowners clash with those of the rural masses. Despite the gradual emergence of the middle sectors, this dual nature of society prevails in most countries. Conservative landowners and businessmen reject change as inimical to their interests; regional integration, in their view, would be change on a most alarming scale. Aside from illiteracy, roughly 50 per cent for the area as a whole, Latin American education, formalistic and therefore not geared to practical national needs, has failed to produce the professionals and technicians demanded by development. For example, some 26,000 agricultural engineers were active in 1962, but by 1970, agrarian reform programs will require a minimum of 60,000, and all Latin American universities combined are producing only 2,000 agricultural engineers a year.

Another force working potently against integration is xenophobia. The intensification of nationalism in the past century and a half is definitely an obstacle to integration. It will therefore be necessary to redefine nationalism in regional terms; for without the emotional or psychological commitment that political ideology can engender, it is doubtful that regional plans can gain general acceptance.

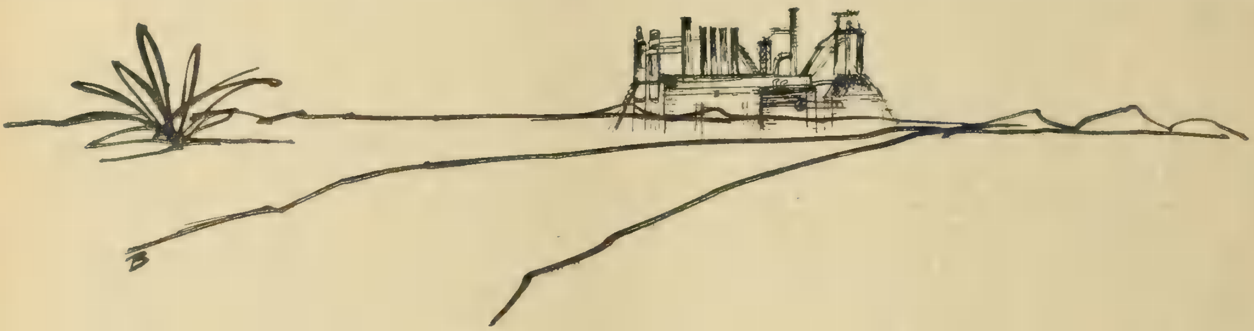
Economic obstacles are even more obdurate. In the midst of significant political and social change, Latin America's traditional trade relations persist. The pattern in all countries is basically the exchange of raw material for foreign manufactured goods. Despite industrial advances stimulated by the desire to substitute domestic for imported consumer goods, agriculture continues as the economic activity of the majority of Latin America's labor force. Foreign trade has progressively weakened, while agriculture employs obsolete methods for low returns. And trade among nations is insignificant compared with intercontinental trade.

A further handicap is the unevenness of development among the various nations. While some are at least moderately developed, others continue in archaic conditions. Fiscal aspects of the economic situation are also a stumbling block in the intended drive for unity. The lack of coordination of currency policies, as well as of financial and investment sources, the chronic insufficiency of public savings, the difficulties of mobilizing the existing wealth, and the reluctance of private capital to invest in anything but land and tangible property, are additional weaknesses which, although not irremediable, can nevertheless retard progress toward integration.

In spite of such varied and complex obstacles, the urge for unity is strong. European thinking on economic integration and the establishment of the European Coal and Steel Communities have convinced many Latin American leaders that the day of national sovereignty is over. However, while Latin American advocates of regionalism are clearly heartened by the success of the European experiment, they also know that this experiment is not wholly adaptable to their situation. Latin Americans simply do not have the highly developed system of communications, large productive capacity, or advanced technology that facilitated European integration. Moreover, considerations of defense and of peace-keeping responsibilities do not weigh upon them as they did upon the Europeans. Perhaps even more significant are the differences in United States policy. The Europeans were permitted to work out their policies and establish their markets by themselves; toward Latin America the U.S. policy is very emphatically bilateral.

Two projects undertaken in recent years—the Central American Common Market (CACM), and the broader grouping known as the Latin American Free Trade Association—have been responses to the need for regional unity. The former has proved in many ways the greater and more rapid success. Established by a treaty concluded in 1960 by Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica and Honduras, the CACM intended to create a free trade area for the region within five years, and to adopt common tariffs on goods from other countries. The treaty established an administrative machinery for governing the market with headquarters at Guatemala City, and a Central American Bank for Economic Integration at Tegucigalpa. A number of supporting regional organizations for industrial research, public administration, nutrition, banking and commerce were founded. In less than a decade the CACM has cleared a sizable list of products from the tariff rolls; tax incentives for foreign investors have been systematized and rationalized; and by the close of 1966, all but a few agricultural products will be covered by the common market. Industrialization is being promoted to decrease imports, to provide employment for the swollen urban population, and to attract foreign capital. An admirable move by CACM has been the promotion of new industry that will serve the entire region rather than individual countries. Progress toward integration has been successful beyond expectations. Intraregional trade increased from $3.6 million in 1950 to $66 million in 1963. Furthermore, 75 per cent of this intraregional trade now involves industrial goods.

The relative success of the Central American integration effort is not hard to explain—it was desperately needed. In an area approximately the size of France, Central America has a population of only some 12 million, with 65 per cent of the active population devoted to agricultural pursuits. The region's economy is dependent on four commodities; coffee, cotton, cocoa and bananas account for 90 per cent of its exports. Moreover, the five republics have at least a loosely similar historical development, and share many characteristics. On at least six occasions in the past century and a half, the Central Americans have sought to revive a first regional federation that collapsed in 1838. Federalism failed and regional unity was destroyed by internal dissension; Central America, as Sarmiento put it, "made a sovereign state of each village." Today, as common economic progress is achieved, concomitant political improvement also becomes more probable.



The same pressure for economic integration has produced in South America the Latin American Free Trade Association (LAFTA) which came into being when Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru and Uruguay signed the Montevideo Treaty in 1960. The signatory nations, rather than seeking inspiration in the European conception of integration or a customs union, proceeded along Latin American lines to the creation of a free-trade zone. They wisely adopted limited arrangements, selecting a number of commodities from industries about to be established which required expanded markets, and trying to establish systems of industrial reciprocity on the basis of limited schedules. European style of integration could have foundered on the rivalries and jealousies of the countries involved.

The economic potential of LAFTA is impressive. About 140 million people (72 per cent of the population of Latin America) live in the cooperating countries and occupy 79 per cent of the territory. The LAFTA countries are also the most highly industrialized on the continent and have a Gross National Product of between $4 billion and $4.5 billion. However, the early record has not been encouraging. During the first two years, intraregional trade grew more than 40 per cent, but the total value of such trade represented only 8.5 per cent of the international trade of LAFTA members. In addition, 80 per cent consists of products which have traditionally been exchanged by these nations. LAFTA is perhaps moving too slowly toward the liberalization of trade, and should give its attention to economic integration through such measures as the interlocking of Latin American capital markets, the establishment of regional investment companies, and a regional securities exchange. If Latin America is to become an industrial power, its industries will have to compete in world markets. It can compete successfully only through large industrial complexes. LAFTA, now that it has shown the advantages of lowering tariff walls, should take one more step and supply imaginative mechanisms to hasten regional integration.

Thoughtful Latin American leaders, although they know the dangers of pursuing visionary goals, envisage a broad conception of integration that extends beyond the purely economic sphere to matters of social and political development. The conviction grows that integration demands structural and institutional changes of the broadest implications. The present set of structures is not adequate for even the intermediate stage between tentative cooperation and the goal of full-fledged integration.

A major instrument for integration is the Inter-American Development Bank which studies and finances regional projects and programs, supports national industrial projects having regional ramifications, gives technical and financial assistance for improvements in the economic infra-structure, and investigates regional integration projects in border regions. Recent examples of this kind of activity have been the bank's technical assistance to Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru for the projected highway skirting the edge of the eastern jungles in those countries; its special mission was sent to explore possibilities for integrating the neighboring Venezuelan and Colombian border region.

In 1965, the Inter-American Development Bank took an important step when it established in Buenos Aires the Institute for Latin American Integration (INTAL) to provide the training required for specialists who must lead and direct the march toward regional development. Important political decisions at the highest levels will be required in the future, and the strength of commitment must be supported by a force of technocrats devoted to integration.

After World War II, industrialization became the magic formula for attaining genuine economic and political independence. Spurred on by a generation of brilliant economists, the newly emerged political forces rallied and mobilized Latin America for the march to modernization. The continent paid a heavy price for its industrialization but it also saw the fruit of much of its dream. Today, Latin

America appears to have found a new religion: integration, and the current belief is that genuine progress can prevail only if the Latin American nations make some important political decisions, set specific goals to be achieved, and provide the necessary institutional framework.

Advance toward regional unity is increasingly identified with socio-economic reforms in each country, the notion being that any benefits derived from integration should be shared equitably by all segments of the population. Regional unity, if it is to come, must therefore rest solidly upon national development. It is not considered an alternative to national integration but an indispensable part of a process which must include both regional and national progress.

There is also a growing realization that the institutions required for a successful drive toward unity are not solely economic or financial. Appropriate political bodies capable of making decisions at the regional level must be created. Cultural and educational systems must be coordinated, and the accelerating requirement for research and an advanced technology must be met. Finally, a visible ideology for the integrationist movement, one capable of creating a psychological and emotional commitment, must be found. Unless Latin America begins to think, act and speak as a unified continental power, it has no future in the world arena.

DRAGON TRAIN TO SINGAPORE

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia.*

The Thai general was most solicitous. He bowed when he arrived and he bowed when he left our compartment. He thought we were English and he was disappointed when we were not. He had been educated in England and did not believe you could get a proper education anywhere else. But he was awfully decent about it. Did we love the Thai people?

"Oh yes."

"Thai whiskey?"

"Oh no."

We were drinking Thai Mekong, something distilled from delta water, rubber and teak.

He asked his aide to bring us a bottle of Teacher's Scotch.

"How is the war going?"

The Thai general thought about this and then said, "How do the Americans get their impressions of Thailand?"

"Hollywood."

"Pictures like *The King And I*?"

"Yes."

"*The King And I* was banned here in Thailand."

"Why?"

"The king didn't care for it."

There was a silence. I did not know what to say to a Thai general. It seemed to be a common predicament which the Thai general didn't mind.

"How is the war going?" I said.

"Splendid," he said, rising. "Splendid."

A turbaned Indian porter arrived with the Teacher's.

"This Indian chap will love you—will look after you when we are gone—when I am gone," the Thai general said. Now the general did not seem so sad that we were not English.

We were on the Thailand-Singapore dragon train that runs from the guerrilla-infiltrated Thai territory in the north between Burma and Laos through to the Thai-Malaysian border where there is another national liberation front which carves up people that disagree with it. Before they carve someone they have to catch him. This train would make a nice catch.

All this now because I was depressed, hot, tired, frustrated and covered with ashes from the wood-burning locomotive. The Parsee Indian porter, brilliant-turbaned, native-costumed, had abandoned his outfit only two days out, and he had run out of ice and Tiger Beer and was hiding from the passengers, concealing himself among the third-class Malaysians beneath a Sukarno-style lampshade hat. When we found him out he rode on top and hollered down in a clipped British accent, "I will revictual in Hua Hin." When we told him we wanted ice now he said, "But it will be much better in Hua Hin. Hua Hin is the king's summer palace you know. Better everything. These chaps can't get a job in their own country you know," he said, looking down at the Thai. "Their own government doesn't trust them. These chaps are all thieves, the lot of them. The Indians and the Chinese run this country, that is we did before the American chaps got here. Eton?"

"No."

"Harrow?"

"No."

"I thought I recognized the tie."

"What about some ice?"

But the Parsee had disappeared in a cloud of wood smoke.

At Hua Hin we did not take on anything but a saffron-robed, shaved-head Buddhist monk from Vietnam who distributed gold-tipped cigarettes to his two colleague monks. One was from Formosa, the other from Burma. The only language they had in common was English and they discussed the war and the price of eggs:

"High?"

"Very high."

"But they will go higher?"

"And higher."

"And higher?"

"And higher."

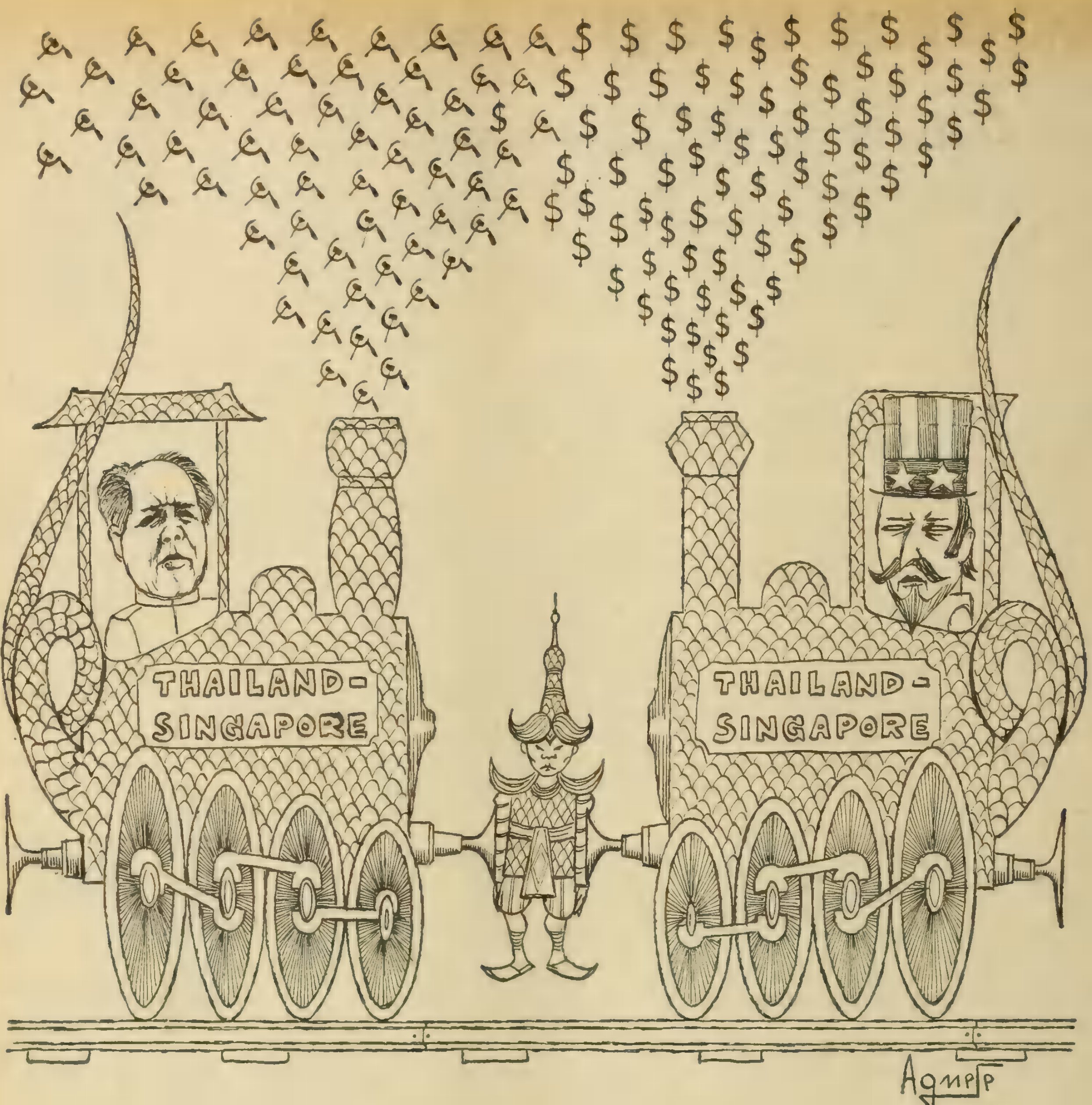
"And the Americans?"

"More."

"And more?"

"And more."

I said we took on nothing at Hua Hin but a Buddhist monk, but evidently the Indian Parsee porter had ducked out of a secret door and bought all the Schweppes in Hua Hin. He had "revictualed" and he was wearing his bright,



turbaned costume again and acting as though he controlled all the ice and quinine water in Southeast Asia. The dining car, which had become a shambles piled high with garbage, now took on its former velvet and mahogany Victorian air again under the quick supervision of the Parsee.

The train began to pick up speed. At Hua Hin we had taken on a new locomotive with a new pile of wood and we raced toward Singapore like the wind, streaming a black pall of smoke that sped backward in our wake all the way to China. We kept this up all the way through the vast rubber plantations of the peninsula; then, before the first Malay state, there was an emergency stop. The sudden stop ruined everything the Parsee had done. The dining car was garbage again.

After we had stopped in the solemn, hushed and kind of deadly jungle for five minutes, they brought a boy's body on board. They lugged his body through our car as though for inspection. The Parsee told us the boy was a guerrilla and that he had gotten on board with a ticket at Hua Hin. The train police had an eye on him and when the train was going fast had searched him and found a sixteen-shot machine pistol concealed in his robe. The boy had struggled and jumped out of the train window to his death rather than be taken alive.

"But when we get to the border he will be surely punished."

"But he is already dead," I said.

The Indian porter, in his bright costume, looked down at three yellow-labeled bottles of Schweppes quinine water he had salvaged from the sudden emergency stop.

"Yes, already dead."

And he looked up at us straight in the eye, then away vacantly at the three Buddhist monks and, still thinking inwardly, still thoughtful, said: "Yes. That is a pity, isn't it?" And then he said: "Now that the train is stopped do you think I should nip out and get some more ice?"

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Explorations in the Apolitical

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

Mr. Eshleman is a poet and translator of Spanish verse who teaches at New York University.

In the fall of 1965 I went to Lima, Peru, to complete a translation of *Human Poems* by César Vallejo. I needed money so I wandered into the Instituto Cultural Peruano Norteamericano (ICPNA), looking for a job teaching English as a foreign language, work I had done for two years in Japan.

I had bused and hitchhiked from Mexico City to Panama and was dressed for the road. But I felt less self-conscious than out of place as I watched Mr. Conrad Spohnholz, the director of the Institute, read my résumé. He sat behind a wide desk, flanked by his assistant, who chatted with me while Mr. Spohnholz read. Spohnholz had a tall lantern-shaped head which he held stiffly on his straight narrow shoulders; he responded to me as if there were fifteen years between us. I accepted this at the time as one of the contingencies of getting work, but noticed we were about the same age, early or middle 30s.

Spohnholz had been thinking of some sort of magazine or cultural review for a year (he had been director of ICPNA in Lima for two years and had previously served as an assistant director in San Salvador) and when he read that I had edited a magazine and was a poet and translator, our conversation turned to the possibility of my organizing and editing a bilingual literary journal, sponsored by ICPNA, while I was in Lima. Spohnholz said he would like to get the most out of me while I was there and from my viewpoint there was much more challenge (and more money) in editing a magazine than in teaching English conversation.

One of the first rules that Spohnholz introduced was that the magazine would have to be apolitical. The board of directors would not allow money to be put into a publication that had a political ax to grind. He told me ICPNA paid its own way on money earned from teaching English, but that he, his assistant and the woman who directed the language program, had been hired and were paid their North American-scaled salary by Washington. Spohnholz briefly described the board of directors (five Peruvians, five North Americans—all conservative businessmen living in Peru) and the Institute's activities, which he again emphasized were apolitical and cultural. He said that as director he was responsible to the board of directors, and that the relationship between ICPNA and the U.S. Embassy (I had gotten Spohnholz's name from a Peruvian who worked in the Embassy), was of a "social" nature. The image I got was that the culture attaché came over for lunch and that Spohnholz went to Embassy cocktail parties, etc.

It seemed good enough to try. Spohnholz had agreed that editing was to be my own, that no material would be forced on me, but that I should not overlook the possibility, since he was the publisher, of some censorship of political or obscene matter. He was sure things would loosen up after the first few issues; that if we cooled it at first, later we would be left alone. By whom, I queried? By the American community in Lima who would glance at the magazine, and by conservative, powerful Peruvians. Both parties might object if a "left winger" were printed, even if what was printed by him was essentially *apolitical in nature*. Spohnholz said that personally he was against that sort of thing, that most intellectuals in Peru were leftists, and if we didn't print some of their apolitical writings, how would Peru be represented in the magazine?

Spohnholz also told me that he thought the people at the Embassy would be happy with the idea because they were concerned that no one there knew any of these Peruvian intellectuals; intellectuals wouldn't attend Embassy cocktail parties, etc. The magazine could be a good way of showing both parties that everybody loved everybody.

So ICPNA lent me a typewriter, desk and paper, offered me $250 a month, and we were in business. A week later my wife and I were invited to the Spohnholz home for dinner. In the kitchen, while he mixed a drink, Conrad said something had come up that he had to tell me about, and that perhaps I would want to get out now. I was talking, he said, to Fred Barcroft at the Embassy today (Barcroft was the American Ambassador's assistant) about our idea and he thought it was fine. I mean, I put it to him that the idea was to print young unestablished writers from both countries, and he said "then of course you would not be printing someone like Pablo Neruda." Spohnholz declared that this was really no threat, for I had not intended to print Neruda, had I? (No—but not for Barcroft's reasons.) After an issue or two, when Barcroft saw that the magazine was *essentially apolitical,* he added, if we wanted to toss a poem or two of Neruda's in—on an apolitical subject, of course—why Conrad didn't see why we couldn't. After all, he was aware that Neruda had apolitical poems as well as political ones. I drank too much and performed, contesting the whole business, threatening to quit immediately; in short, I suffered the necessary conscience pangs for Spohnholz to see that I was authentic—that was important to him. Later, after a candlelit supper, over dessert, after a split second of felt silence in which anyone alive knows something official or from elsewhere than the heart is going to be delivered, Conrad told us how we must all fight against communism in Latin America, how important it was not to let *it* take over *our* world.

For the next month I didn't see much of Conrad. I chose a name for the magazine, *Quena* (the wood Quechuan flute), started looking for a printer, and spent much time reading, translating and commissioning translations of English poems into Spanish and Spanish into English. At Spohnholz's request, I began the difficult search for four Peruvian "intellectuals" to be advisers to *Quena*. This meant that they were to receive a small salary from ICPNA in return for a monthly meeting with Spohnholz and me—to suggest what to translate of contemporary Peruvian literature.

But when I talked with Peruvians about *Quena,* I found that they really weren't interested in North American poetry and that they viewed any potential product of ICPNA with suspicion, if not outright disgust. ICPNA was the Embassy, they said: it was a place where secretaries went to learn English after work; it was off-bounds for anything serious or friendly. And who was I? I have a distinct image of Peruvians looking at me curiously as I outlined what I wanted to do. Their expressions asked *who is he* more than *what is this idea.* Such an approach seems genuine in the abstract; you face the man of which his ideas are but a part. But such was not the direction of the Peruvians' look. When I approached Blanca Varela, a poet, in her office in

LIKE SWINBURNE TO SAPPHO

You take me
apple picking,
kick me from your branch over-
head and supple as a child,
step sharply into the
black bark crotch where
my sneakers park,
dizzy the limb I ride and wound.
September whips
night full of night,
and apples
swirl
in cider web smell
to the brownpaper sack
or ground
of my ascent to your keen
bruised point on Helicon.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

the Ministry of Housing about being an adviser for *Quena*, she told me that she wanted no literary involvements beyond her own writing. I said it would mean a luncheon once a month. She refused. Some time later I met the U. S. writer, Seldon Rodman, who was in Peru for a few months to write a book about the country under a grant. Rodman told me that he was being escorted around Lima by Miss Varela, that in fact she had arranged a meeting for him the following week with the widow of César Vallejo. This coincidence occurred often enough for me to realize that the lack of interest in being an adviser — of translating Charles Olson or Louis Zukofsky, for example—into Spanish for the first time, was tied up with my having no "name" or "grant." I was not affiliated with an organization that could boost the Peruvian into a trip to the States, which means for an artist in Lima an assured place (Robert Kennedy's friend, the painter Ferdnando de Syzslo is a good example of this). The risks of being involved with ICPNA and me (which is chicken feed compared to the American Embassy) were greater than the reward.

But I did manage to get some advisers, and two months after its inception *Quena* equaled nearly 250 pages of manuscript material. In the first two issues sections in English of Vallejo, Germán Belli, Vargas Vicuña, Salazar Bondy, Antonio Cisneros, Washington Delgado and Javier Heraud were planned: in Spanish, most of them for the first time, would be Charles Olson, Louis Zukofsky, Robert Duncan, Jerome Rothenberg, Ted Enslin and Cid Corman. Many of the English-to-Spanish translations had been done by an Argentine poet, Halma Cristina Perry, who was living in Lima and disliked ICPNA far more and for much clearer reasons than all of the Peruvians with whom I talked. But she was willing to read the work I showed her and to translate what she felt important to introduce to the South American reader. Both contributors and translators had been paid.

One Saturday afternoon two of my advisers, Belli and Sologuren, visited with me, and Sologuren quit. He said he would lose his job as a professor at the Agricultural University at La Molina if he took money from ICPNA. He claimed the student body was heavily Communist and had a vote in the hiring and firing of professors. So, I said, why don't you tell them about the idea of the magazine? It wouldn't do any good, he replied; two professors lost their jobs this past year because of North American affiliations. I looked at Germán Belli. And you? "Well, there's something I've been wanting to talk to you about. . . ."

I understood what ICPNA had to do with culture. I knew it the very first day in Spohnholz's office when I saw the "indigenous" painting hung by his desk, an Indian making bricks or carving something, cubistically pleasant in soft browns, grays and tans. That painting had everything to do with what came out of Spohnholz's mouth, a fact that Arevalo, the ex-Guatemalan President grasped in his *Anti-Kommunism in Latin America*. Arevalo speaks of the language of South American diplomatic circles, of a kind of non-Spanish, non-English jargon that in itself shows the lack of ground for relation, that perhaps before everything else gives away the lie. I heard Spohnholz speak Spanish, I heard all of the North Americans in the institute speak Spanish, and I heard the Peruvians reply—it is like replacing the truth with something we will call *the truth*.

In the later showdown on *Quena*, Spohnholz insisted that he was not against a particular issue being discussed. However, he said that while he would not allow it to be printed in the magazine, he would welcome a round-table discussion at ICPNA as a "cultural activity"; and he appeared to be amazed when the South Americans he was talking to failed to take him up on this. I knew why they failed to take it up: it was as if he were telling them: you are free to discuss anything *as long as it doesn't make any difference*.

Official language is but an extension of this "democratic" idea: create a language, or better a jargon, unbased in childhood and emotion, and you can say anything you like. There are not even any lies. There is no contradiction whatsoever in tacking up a cardboard reproduction of Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles" over the table where the U. S. State Department Information Sheet on World News, rendered in Spanish for the Peruvian secretaries, is placed.

The issue on which *Quena* really foundered had to do with the violent death of a young Peruvian poet, Javier Heraud. Heraud, considered to be the most talented poet of his generation, went to Cuba in 1961 on a film grant, became a revolutionary there and returned to Peru secretly through Brazil, with a small band of guerrillas. They tried to invade a plantation near Puerto Maldonado, and in the fighting one of the plantation workers was killed. The guerrillas were chased back into the jungle where Heraud and another young man were separated from the others. The two men were then trapped in a canoe, supposedly adrift without oars, in the Madre de Dios River. Heraud tried to surrender to the Peruvian Civil Guard: he was naked and he stood up waving a white handkerchief. The police shot him, to bits the story goes, using dumdum bullets.

The story of Heraud's death rocked the intellectual community in Lima. In 1963, *Javier Heraud / Poesias Completas y Homenaje* was published. I was shown this book by César Calvo, a Peruvian poet and one of Heraud's close friends, and I sent a copy of it to Paul Blackburn in New York suggesting that certain poems be translated. As I continued to live in Lima I thought more and more about why Heraud's death had touched off such a response in Peru, and since the poems Blackburn was translating were written before his political commitment I decided it was unfair to the particular arc of Heraud's career to say nothing in *Quena* about the commitment and his death. I talked with Calvo about it and he suggested I translate an essay called "The Death of Javier Heraud" by a San Marcos professor and poet, Washington Delgado. I talked to others and they agreed. For the first time I felt a tremor of interest in *Quena* by Peruvians I respected, and after reading Delgado's essay I was surprised when Calvo told me: "They won't let you print that—but if they do, I'm with you all the way."

The essay says, in effect, that as an older friend of Javier, Delgado is shocked by the news and disturbed by the newspaper reportage that Heraud was a young misguided fool. Delgado says he wants to question this and also to question the usual criticism of guerrilla activity on the ground that it uses violence. Delgado says that violence is daily fare in Peru, in jungle and in city, and that the guerrilla introduces nothing new but attempts to lessen violence. Delgado admits that he is merely a little bourgeois professor of Spanish literature at San Marcos and thus not the man ultimately to defend

Heraud—but that he does know that Heraud was not a fool, that he believed in what he was doing, and that he had the guts to live out his convictions. His death in this sense has meaning. I felt that the essay, besides its "news" interest to North American readers, raised an important question: what is the poet's task in a society where thousands are horribly oppressed? Can he sit in his study and type poems while Indians are dying of starvation out in the street?

I presented the first issue of *Quena* in manuscript to Spohnholz (it came to 150 pages of which the Delgado made up 5). He returned it two days later, smiling. "This is an excellent job," he said, "you have done what you said you would do." He added: "I wonder, however, why you have included this piece of journalism by Delgado, since *Quena* is a literary journal."

We argued and I apparently convinced Spohnholz that the Delgado essay was not a political piece of writing, that while it dealt with a political event, it was valid as literature and that its inclusion in *Quena* would prove something to Peruvian artists about ICPNA. The following night Spohnholz came to my apartment and said the issue would go to press with the Delgado essay in it. The next day, in his office, he told me that he had shown all of the Heraud material to the U. S. Embassy officer, Fred Barcroft, and that Barcroft had told him the Delgado piece could not be printed. I told Spohnholz that I would not withdraw the essay. Spohnholz then consulted with members of the board of directors and Barcroft again, and the next day told me that all plans for *Quena* had been canceled.

I thought at the time that if there had been one Peruvian of importance (Calvo was not considered important by ICPNA since he was only a poet) who had stood by me in my refusal to withdraw the Delgado essay, at least the first issue of *Quena* might have been saved. (Here I think of my futile attempt to meet the influential critic Alberto Escobar. At a crucial point in *Quena's* unfolding, a friend of mine tried to arrange a meeting. Escobar, on hearing who I was and what I was doing in Lima, said we would meet soon enough.) Today I don't believe that it would have made any difference because ICPNA, as a State Department-directed agency, could not back writing that *deals with any activity not in support of American foreign policy.* When Spohnholz said "apolitical," what he meant was castrated art: "art" that *reflects* the official line. In the manuscript that I presented to Spohnholz were six of my translations from *Human Poems* of César Vallejo. There were no objections to these translations appearing in *Quena.* Spohnholz knew that Vallejo was a Communist and if he had read the translations carefully he would have known that the matrix of Vallejo's thought is violently anti-capitalist. However, Spohnholz (or Barcroft) did not object to printing Vallejo because Vallejo is a national hero (mainly because the Peruvians haven't read him either), a monument—dead.

A week after the cancellation I went to the institute for a pay settlement. Spohnholz told me that according to Peruvian law if I quit I would receive one month's pay, but if I was fired the institute would have to pay me for three months. So, I said, pay me for three months. But really now, Spohnholz said, you didn't hold up to your end of our arrangement and besides, it is not a clear matter whether you quit or were fired — don't you think three months' pay is asking too much? After I told him I would settle for two, Spohnholz left the office and returned with a check that had previously been made out for the three months' salary. I really wasn't playing with you, he said; it's just that I'm still trying to find out who you are.

A Class of Tormented Creoles

THE CENTURY AFTER CORTES. *By Fernando Benitez. Translated by Joan MacLean. University of Chicago Press. 296 pp. $7.50.*

GORDON K. LEWIS

Mr. Lewis is professor of political science at the University of Puerto Rico and the author of Puerto Rico: Freedom and Power in the Caribbean *(Monthly Review Press).*

This English translation of Fernando Benitez's brilliantly sketched *Vida Criolla en el Siglo XVI* comes as a happy addition to the new radical scholarship on Hispanic colonialism in the hemisphere—Gibson's *Aztecs under Spanish Rule,* for example, and Simpson's edition of the English translation of Chevalier's monumental *Land and Society in Colonial Mexico.* Working, like those other scholars, from a massive base of archival and printed sources, Benitez re-creates a representative cross section of Mexican experience in the 16th century. Gibson was concerned with the vast trauma of severe social dislocation worked upon the Indian-Aztec culture in the three centuries between the Conquest and Independence. Benitez is concerned primarily with the subtle formation of the class of tormented *criollos,* the second-generation *conquistadores* who were faced with the tremendous task of forging a New World culture-focus which could become the crucible of Mexican nationalism.

If the semi-mythical warrior-heroes of the pre-Colombian empire have been enrolled in the national Mexican Pantheon as the first Mexicans, Benitez persuasively argues that the title more legitimately belongs to the creolized sons of the original conquerors, forced, despite themselves, to hammer out a Spanish-American consciousness under the terrible pressures of their grotesque anomaly.

For the book is an account, at times overly melodramatic but basically historically correct, of the Mexican Creole tragedy. The Creole psychopathology was one, at bottom, of cultural ambivalence. It belonged to the new Mexican society, but it did not own it. It was the child of the *conquistadores* but it had lost their capacity for fierce action and merely retained their more decadent features: the fondness for narrative, for the anecdote, a Hispanic fascination with the world. It hated the outsiders, the *manos blancas*—a sure index of Creole sentiment—but its aristocratic bias could not lead it to a social-political alliance with the Indian and *mestizo* masses whose slavery, indeed, it accepted. Its typical figure, as Benitez analyzes him, was a creolized nobleman whose breeding conflicted with the constitution of his new society; he wrote epic poems celebrating wars about which he knew only by hearsay, or composed Petrarchan sonnets about things that never belonged to the New World.

Not the least fascinating aspect of the book is the detailed annotation of this general human disease. It is there, as Benitez shows, in the mannered elegance of a decadent prose and poetry, Juan Suarez's *Tratado,* for example, still living in the archaic, enchanted world of West Indian chivalry untouched by Cervantian caricature. It is there in the Creole historians, like the Dorantes de Carranza whose florid post-mortem on his own class of worn-out Creole gentlemen is in marked contrast to the vital passion of the *conquistador* historians like Bernal Diaz. It is there in figures like the Martín Cortés who shared with the local Indian nobleman class all the typically Creole anti-Spanish prejudices, but also shared its class hostility to the Indian poor. Both shared a common hostility, as poor claimants in viceregal antechambers, to the *nouveaux riches* flooding in from Spain to replace them, as well as a common aversion to plebeian employment. It is there, finally, in the tragic incapacity for effective revolt. To read the account of the collapse of the conspiracy of the Marqués del Valle in the 1560s is to be made forcefully aware of how defeatism can easily overwhelm a social class that has inherited power and privilege but not created them. Its members inherited from their fathers greed, a sense of exile, a pathetic obsession with aristocracy, but had lost their raw courage, so that, as Benitez phrases it, they weep over their own martyrdom and plan their own funeral.

The contrast with the later developments in the young United States is instructive. Unlike Spanish colonialism, British colonialism was comparatively inoppressive; its historical time span, in its impact upon the New World society, was shorter, especially in the American case; above all, the colonists' struggle against the metropolitan power was not fatally compromised by the presence of a vast native slave-proletariat potentially fit for social revolt against both the Creole and the imperial oppressor classes. In much the same way, the planter class of the old regime in the West Indies sugar islands failed to follow the example of the American Revolutionary War against Britain, because the fear of a Haitian-like slave rebellion stayed their nationalist-Creole instincts. Whereas in the American democracy after 1787, Crèvecoeur's "new man," the dynamic *homo americanus,* became the leading American hero-figure, in Spanish Mexico he failed to emerge, suffocated by the oppressive atmosphere of the Creole paradise.

Even more. Benitez notes, perceptively, the continuing power of the anachronous *criollo* mentality in contemporary Mexican life. The student of the contemporary Caribbean will recognize similar features there, what Rene Marqués has termed the *puertorriqueño docil* in Puerto Rico, for example, or the social anarchism and the negative attitudes to public authority of the Trinidadian picaroon society, summed up so well in the general temper of the carnival calypso. What is lacking, however, is first, a failure to explain why the inferiority complex of the colonial mentality thus manages to survive, for social attitudes and prejudices do not perpetuate themselves: they must be continuously nourished by present social forces; and second, a failure to identify the social forces in the contemporary situation that will finally crush the colonial mentality as decisively as a nationalist-intellectual like Benitez demands. We have, in this particular book, an impressive analysis of the disease; but it is unaccompanied by a persuasive prescription of cure.

Gongora Without Gongorism

THE SOLITUDES OF DON LUIS de GONGORA: A Text with Verse Translation. *By Edward Meryon Wilson. Cambridge University Press. 131 pp. $3.95.*

OLIVER T. MYERS

Mr. Myers teaches Spanish at the University of California (Davis). His articles and reviews have appeared in Hispanic Review, Modern Language Notes *and other journals.*

As long as the 17th-century Spanish poet Luis de Góngora is thought of merely as an exponent of Gongorism, much as de Sade has until recently been associated only with sadism, he will remain unread by those who might best appreciate him. Gongorism is a sneer term for the worst of literary perversities; it has become a convenient way to sum up empty affectation and convoluted style in a single term, and is now almost standard when one wishes to dispose of a certain type of posturing littérateur. Gongorism has been set alongside the extravagances of Euphuism and Marinism, as Spain's peculiar outcropping of that strange literary formation, the Baroque, which, it is said, is so typical of Spain because of the odd way Spaniards think. The trouble is that Góngora, the poet, is not very well described as Gongoristic, and as a poet is a far greater creative talent than any of the Gongorists, in Spain or elsewhere. The trouble is, too, that as a writer he is only a poet, which is a way of saying that he is not a philosopher, theologian, satirist, humanist or naturalist.

One should not expect in Góngora depth of thought (or indeed "thought" at all) or richness of human emotion. These are after all infra-poetic values. And despite the narrative framework of the *Solitudes* and the *Fable of Polyphemus and Galatea,* no one reads these masterworks for inventiveness of event and character. Góngora was not developing his special methods merely to ornament some stolid, conventional tale (that would be Gongoristic). He was creating a new world in pure poetry, where the realness lay in the unbroken chain of metaphor, symbol and trope; where ordinary events come to pass only as an excuse for poetic transformation, and where ordinary objects exist only in order to reveal their true, Neoplatonic essence. But it is precisely in this act of metaphorical transformation that his genius as poet reaches its heights. For in populating the pseudo-mythological world of the *Solitudes* he has room for only the most highly refined distillate of what people and things are, and they are brought into being as images two or three times removed from their original form.

Interpretations of the *Solitudes* along the lines just given are of quite recent growth, and were as novel in our times as were the *Solitudes* themselves in theirs. The 300th anniversary of Góngora's death marked the critical turning point. In 1927, Dámaso Alonso brought out his edition of text, prose rendering and notes, which has been called a "poetic manifesto" because of its effect on the young poets of the 1920s who are now often referred to as the "generation of '27." It was not Góngora's style in its difficulties and Latinizing that was to be emulated but rather the ideal of "pure poetry."

For English readers the Alonso edition yielded one special bonus, a translation in verse by Edward M. Wilson made in 1928-30 while he was a student in Madrid. Although published in 1931, this version has not become widely known in America, and just a year ago an unauthorized and mutilated reprinting came out in New York, precisely at the termination of the copyright. The present edition by the Cambridge University Press, revised from the 1931 printing and containing the standard Spanish text on facing pages is therefore the one to get, since Mr. Wilson has given nonreaders of Spanish a safe path to Góngora. (Those who read Spanish will also welcome the companion *Poems of Góngora,* Spanish text of the *Polyphemus* and much of the earlier, easier poetry, together with the *First Solitude,* with extensive introduction and notes by R. O. Jones, also published by Cambridge.)

There has been considerable discussion of the art of translation with rhetorical wonderings as to whether it is possible to translate poetry at all. What comes through the translator of a poet is usually the nonpoetic translatables, the philosophical musings, the narration, the baldly stated images and figures. Or the translator writes an original poem in his own language, employing devices and structures from his own literary tradition which are analogues to those of his model. This latter course, much to be preferred, is the one that Wilson has followed, and with considerable success. He has recourse to alliteration, not normal in Spanish, and to other techniques borrowed from our own poets of the 17th century, imitating their "conceits" rather than dully reproducing Góngora's chains word for word.

Despite the virtues of Wilson's translation, it is still doubtful that one can get from reading it the same sort of special pleasures to be had from the original. Góngora's Latinate syntax, almost possible in Spanish but ludicrous in English, is wisely avoided. But what can be done to suggest the mounting excitement one feels in the syntactic tensions that stretch over vast sections of verse? What can be attempted to reproduce the compression of multiple images into a short span of syllables by omission of articles and relators, leaving only the unadorned nouns? How could one achieve the same effects of gradual revelation of truth that are realized when words are placed in precisely the right order, without regard to the normal demands of sentence structure? This might be attained by falling into the 20th-century stream of freely flowing *vers libre*, which would certainly facilitate the translator's task. But then nothing would be left to suggest Góngora's virtuosity as metricist. What we can hope for is that the circumstances of republication will bring this pioneer of "pure" poetry to the attention of those who may have been put off by Góngora's notoriety before, and who will now have a chance to see for themselves whether there is justification for his fame, either as Baroque obscurantist or as brilliant prophet.

Freedom's High-Water Mark

EXPANDING LIBERTIES: Freedom's Gain in Postwar America. *By Milton R. Konvitz. The Viking Press. 429 pp. $8.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

Writings such as Dr. Konvitz's about the emergence or development of personal freedoms as reflected in Supreme Court decisions are risky ventures. There is the familiar danger of a foreshortened perspective. Investigators in the field of freedom are highly susceptible to the Hegelian spell of History as the Unfolding of the Idea of Freedom ("the quest for the dream"), filling the air with premature cries of Excelsior—in this case about "freedom's gains in postwar America."

The precarious fate of Supreme Court decisions in this area makes them difficult to handle in a short-term chronicle. Not every decision, no matter how rhetorically comforting it may be at the time it is handed down, is "expanded" into a "liberty." The Supreme Court has become a powerful instrument of public order because some of its decisions do more than resolve controversies between particular litigants; they play a policy-making, norm-enforcing role. The institutionalization of a decision is a complex, elusive process involving the interaction of law, society and politics. We are learning more all the time about why one decision produces a generalized impact—as in the case of the Court's decisions in the area of race relations, criminal justice and legislative apportionment—and why another turns out to have been writ in water.

The 1957 Watkins decision (not discussed by Dr. Konvitz) was hailed as "a landmark in the history of human freedom" and appeared to place the House Committee on Un-American Activities under a conditional death sentence if Congress did not give precision to its loosely drawn mandate. Congress did nothing and the Committee is alive and kicking. The Jehovah's Witnesses decisions in the fifties—protecting public communications against municipal invasion—appeared to have established a body of law as enduring as bronze, but their impact vanished with the controversies that spawned them. And even decisions which became nationally respected "liberties," such as the picketing decisions of the forties, lost their vitality with changes in the social and economic circumstances and in the composition of the Supreme Court.

The temptation to discover "gains" in this area becomes well-nigh irresistible because of the breakthroughs in related areas. Change *is* in the air; "freedom," broadly defined, *is* expanding. And it can no longer be questioned that a primary reason for the political acceptance of the enlarged role of the Court is that it is the only organ in our national life with sufficient power and prestige effectively to resolve the impasse between local prejudice and nationally shared values; minority groups, lacking other meaningful representation, have become the Court's special constituency. It is easy to substitute possibility for reality

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and to transpose what has occurred in one sector of the broad field of human rights to a neighboring sector where change is still inchoate.

Dr. Konvitz has, in varying degrees, succumbed to all of the distorting enticements here outlined. His book, which purports to survey advances in First Amendment protections ranging from restraints on censorship to international conventions on human rights, is more persuasive as an argument for expanding certain First Amendment freedoms than as a demonstration that they have in fact been expanded. The Southern sit-ins *do* have a strong claim to protection as a form of communication; a cold eye *should* be cast on invasions of freedom of speech on the ground that they are violence-inciting; it *is* high time that international human rights enjoyed domestic recognition. Dr. Konvitz's discussion of these and other matters is first-rate advocacy but not an accurate account of our "expanding liberties." And it is the passion of advocacy alone which leads him to the conclusion that the Supreme Court decisions secularizing the schools are "among the great liberating works of the spirit," comparable "in importance with the work of Pope John XXIII," or that the Court's obscenity cases (discussed without the benefit of the recent Ginzburg decision) have "changed, and will continue to change, the inner life of every American" and are "revolutionary . . . and radically deep," or that the Court's decisions involving academic freedom mark the "emergence of a new constitutional liberty" (a singularly euphoric pronouncement of a constitutional summer with scarcely a swallow in sight).

Many of Dr. Konvitz's insights are valuable. He deftly synthesizes the "establishment" and "free exercise" clauses of the First Amendment, showing that state aid to one's own religion is coercive and an interference with its free exercise. A powerful chapter sketches the way in which the prior decisions of the Court, executive orders and state statutes forced breaches in the "separate but equal" citadel of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* to make way for its final fall in 1954. The Brown case in that year desegregating the public schools was thus both an end and a beginning. The sit-in and protest movements which followed it not only overcame specific discriminatory practices but at the same time channeled pressures on Congress for passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The final legislation came just in time to abate criminal cases involving sit-ins in the Supreme Court and thousands of others pending in the state courts which, without the shelter of the Civil Rights Act, might have resulted in mass convictions and triggered wholesale violence and social crisis. Thousands who fought to make the statute possible were thus in the end the first beneficiaries of it. Dr. Konvitz tells this story with an almost religious compassion for the bravery and suffering of the participants. His account is resonant with Biblical overtones of a miraculous, divine deliverance.

One might profit from the book despite its diffusion and overheated prose simply by substituting his "ought" for the author's "is." But the profit is wiped out by the author's misleading treatment of the Court's decisions involving political dissent. Konvitz does not write about political dissent from the inside of his subject, as in his discussion of religious freedom, equal rights and censorship. He ignores the key relationship of political dissent to self-government (his "progress" thesis requires him to insist that religious liberty, not the right to political dissent, "transcends in importance and influence all other liberties") and fails to recognize the gravity of the Court's abandonment of an earlier constitutional standard ("preferred position" and "clear and present danger") and its replacement by a formula ("balancing") which rewrites and dilutes the First Amendment. The Court now assumes—virtually as a matter of law—that the nation is under a threat of internal subversion of such menacing proportions as to justify any invasion of political rights of claimed subversives (Aristotle's "invented terror"). This cold-war thesis is in turn systematically exploited at every level of our national life to handicap the achievement of vital national goals from desegregation to the elimination of poverty. And the Court's departure from precedent in cases involving supposed subversives is no mere puzzling inconsistency, as Konvitz would have it, but a refusal to give political dissenters the constitutional protections accorded to others.

The disaster of the Court's decisions in the Smith Act is, according to Dr. Konvitz, really a blow for freedom: "In an imperfect world, perhaps it has all come about as well as could be expected. . . . Sometimes things work out as if there were a pre-established harmony."

Even the McCarran Act—with its attainderlike "findings of fact," its built-in verdict, self-accusation, self-incrimination and detention-camp provisions—gets high marks because it provides "fair administrative procedures, subject to judicial review." Presumably, the McCarran Act is one of "freedom's gains" because, as Dr. Konvitz sees it, it "discredited" Executive Order 9835 (the Loyalty Order of President Truman) which failed to provide for hearings:

> In matters of this kind, the reverse of Gresham's Law should be operative; the superior and genuine [the McCarran Act and its 1954 Amendment] should drive from the field the inferior and false [the President's Loyalty Order]. Since Congress has provided for the former, it should bring to an end the latter. The needs of security do not require coexistence of the unfair procedures alongside the fair.

This face-lifting project in the name of progress needs only a final cosmetic touch to complete the transformation:

> The Congressional legislation we have examined is, on the whole, a tribute to the moderation and good sense of Congress. The statutes are not an expression of extremism and do not show a flagrant disregard of constitutional principles.

This conclusion finds no support in responsible opinion. Of the Smith Act, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., our greatest authority on the First Amendment, wrote that it imposes "the most drastic restrictions on freedom of speech ever enacted in the United States during peace." Equally forceful criticisms have been made of the McCarran Act by President Truman himself and even by Attorney General Katzenbach who is charged with its enforcement. The infiltration statute of 1954 with its quasi-outlawry of the Communist Party is wholly indefensible. For reasons which are hardly inscrutable, Dr. Konvitz has shunned the subject of the Supreme Court's response to legislative investigations of subversion. Perhaps it is just as well.

Of the overall performance of the Court in protecting political dissent, Prof. Martin Shapiro has recently written that, despite the First Amendment's "obviously crucial importance to the preservation of our system of government . . . the Court has committed itself less firmly to the First Amendment than to nearly any other of the individual rights specifically guaranteed by the Constitution." This judgment is shared by most students of the Court.

Dr. Konvitz has dealt with his own prefatory caution against optimism as cavalierly as he has the Supreme Court decisions about which he writes. A fresh cheer has been added to the chorus of self-congratulation and self-approval which has transformed freedom into a hoaxlike American ideology. In taking as his models Dr. Pangloss and Pollyanna, Dr. Konvitz has done a disservice both to freedom and to scholarship.

Dying Like A True Rebel

THE CASE OF JOE HILL. *By Philip Foner. International Publishers. 127 pp. $3.50.*

THE LETTERS OF JOE HILL. *Edited by Philip Foner. Oak Publications. 96 pp. $1.95 paper.*

PAUL COWAN

Mr. Cowan is presently with the Peace Corps. He has worked in Maryland and Mississippi with the civil rights movement and has published articles in The Village Voice, Dissent, Esquire *and other publications.*

Memories are short, history is often unkind, and the literary world's chief catalogue, *Books in Print,* which is used to arrange and locate books in most libraries and stores, lists Philip Foner's book, *The Case of Joe Hill,* under the heading: "Mysteries and Suspense, including true crime."

Yet in 1915, this celebrated case of a troubadour-organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) attracted national and international attention. Twice in the month before Hill's execution, President Woodrow Wilson mailed personal letters to the Governor of Utah asking that the death sentence be commuted so that the entire case could be reviewed. (Wilson's intervention was regarded by the Utah authorities as an outrageous invasion of States' rights.) Public officials and penal authorities were receiving thousands of letters each day requesting that Hill be released. In Sweden, where Hill had been born, a section of the government was involved in an effort to obtain clemency for the doomed IWW organizer. And tens of thousands of Australian dock workers, during that month, refused to load American goods.

But despite all these pressures, early on the morning of November 19, 1915, Joe Hill was killed by a firing squad in Salt Lake City. The night before his death, in a famous telegram to Bill Haywood, a leader of the IWW, he asked that the organization take care of his funeral: "I don't want to be caught dead in Utah." The ceremony was held in Chicago, and 30,000 people attended. One local paper reported: "The entire city is still wondering what kind of people they [the IWW members] are who mourn in brilliant crimson instead of somber black, and who march to the final resting place of a fallen fellow worker singing battle songs instead of dirges and lamentations." Joe Hill's ashes were scattered in all the United States, except Utah, and in parts of Europe. Another sentence he had written in the wire to Haywood became a rallying call for a variety of radical organizations: "Don't mourn for me—organize."

Yet if he had never become a *cause célèbre,* he still would have been an important American figure. As a vagabond song writer—jotting down on scraps of paper lyrics that would later be echoed by thousands of workers—he was the ancestor of such later folk poets as Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie. As an organizer (to judge from *The Letters of Joe Hill,* all of which were written while he was in prison) he was, like some members of the New Left, uncompromising in his concern for people rather than bureaucracies—for principles rather than political expedience.

Hill was limited by his background. A semi-educated Swede who had sailed once around the world before settling in the United States, his letters speak of his love for music and his regret that he had never been able to acquire any formal training. In addition, the songs he wrote were often tailored to the narrow needs of the people who would be singing them. By setting sentimental rebel lyrics to the tunes of old hymns like *Blood of the Lamb* ("There's a pow'r, there's a pow'r/ In a band of working men/When they stand/hand in hand"), or of familiar songs like *My Old Kentucky Home* ("We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave/The horny-handed son of the soil"), he was trying, as he said, to "succeed in reaching a great number of workers who are too unintelligent and too indifferent to read a pamphlet or an editorial on economic science."

One of the songs Hill wrote while in prison, *Rebel Girl,* indicates how he might have developed if he had remained free to write for a more sophisticated audience. The song was inspired by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, with whom Hill seems to have fallen in love after an hour-long visit outside his cell and the correspondence that followed. ("I would like to kiss you goodbye," he wrote her in a farewell letter, "not because you are [just] a girl, but because you are the original Rebel Girl.") While the song's lyrics are somewhat turgid, its melody, which Hill wrote himself, is haunting and complex. But the song was not as well received in the West as Hill's simpler numbers. "I guess . . . the Easterners have more 'Kultur' than the Western roughnecks," he wrote Miss Flynn.

Hill's letters show that he was always thinking of his art—he discusses his songs with much more intensity than he does his case—and that he spent a good deal of time musing about Miss Flynn. These lively concerns make his attitude about his execution even more astonishing: that given the chance to remain alive, he chose to die rather than compromise a principle.

The case against Joe Hill was built on the murder of a prominent citizen of Salt Lake City. For Hill, the central issue was the procedure governing his first trial. In a letter to the Salt Lake *Telegram,* Hill pointed out that "there had to be a 'goat.' " He felt that he had been chosen because he was a "friendless tramp, a Swede and, worst of all, an IWW who had no right to live anyway." It was the simple principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty, which he refused to compromise. He asserted that the evidence against him had been wholly contrived by the prosecution: that the anti-labor feeling in Salt Lake City—accentuated by a hostile press—made it impossible for jurors to judge him fairly. Testimony had been forged during the trial, time sequences changed, prejudiced jurors not challenged, motives manufactured by news reporters. Moreover, witnesses had changed their stories from day to day. "I am going to have a new trial or die trying," he wrote to the Utah Board of Pardons.

In the midst of the national furor, the Board of Pardons offered Hill clemency if he would agree to quit discussing his case publicly. He explained his refusal in a letter to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn: "I suppose they are going to give me life

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if I beg for it real nice. Now I'll tell you, Gurley, I never did like the ring of that word 'pardon,' and I think I'd rather be buried dead than buried alive. I never 'licked the hand that held the whip' yet, and I don't see why I should have to start now." It was an attitude that seems to have satisfied Hill aesthetically as well as politically. "I have lived like an artist and I shall die like an artist," he concluded in his letter to the Salt Lake *Telegram*. "I will die like a true rebel," he told friends in the IWW.

Hill's letters afford a view of the man's personality and life; but they raise human questions which only an imaginative historian can answer. Although Philip Foner, in *The Case of Joe Hill*, makes a strong case for Hill against the Utah courts, he does not choose to search beneath the old court records and the musty newspaper clippings to uncover the personality of the defendant. Was it entirely for his principles that Hill chose to be executed? In Wallace Stegner's novel, *The Preacher and the Slave*, based on Hill's life, the protaganist says: "'I want to die like a martyr. . . .' The words were like the striking of a light, for having said them he knew that they were true and had been true from the beginning." Can this be the truth about Hill? At 31, involved in his art, in love with a woman, was he moved by motives that were so crudely masochistic? Philip Foner notes the words of a Salt Lake *Telegram* reporter: "He believes himself a martyr. He feels that he is giving his life to advance the spirit of fair trial in Utah." Foner comments: "One is privileged, like some writers, to sneer at this. But there is little doubt that Joe Hill felt it sincerely, even though he did write to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, 'I have absolutely no desire to be one of them what-ye-call-'em-martyrs!'"

Men like Joe Hill are dropped too quickly out of American history studies. Why are their stories so rarely discussed in the colleges and graduate schools, or by the professional writers? American historians do not treat an unflinching rebel like Hill with enough importance to look beneath his manifest anger for the complexities he represents, and thereby lose much of the subtlety of our history: the severe conflicts that split so many reformist or revolutionary groups, and the varied ideas of social change that led men to form so many competing organizations. In his preface, Philip Foner notes that though Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson wrote a song, Wallace Stegner a novel, and Barrie Stavis a play about Joe Hill, accounts of his case are noticeably absent from standard American histories. That is a fault these two little books work to correct.

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ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor of architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

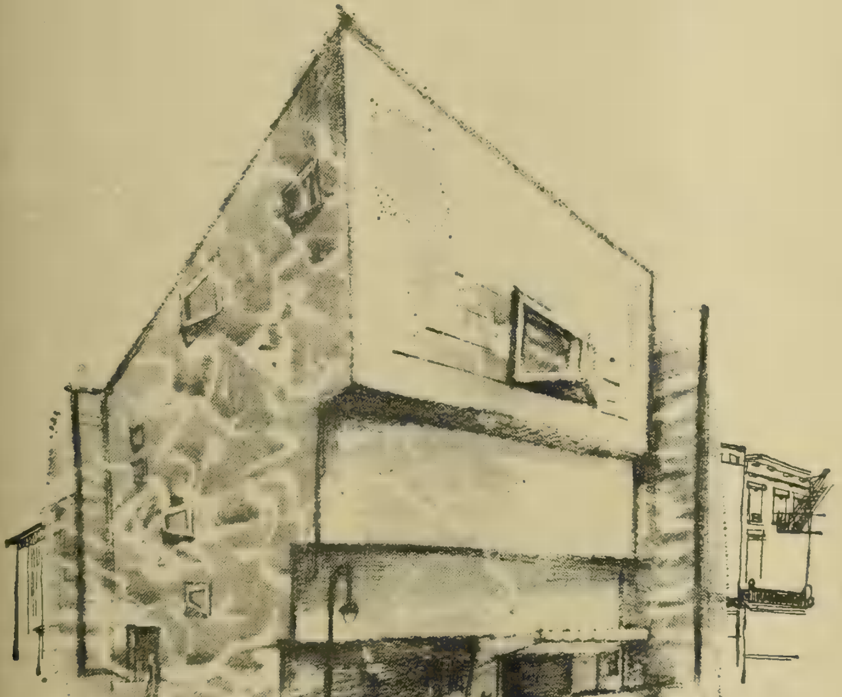
The decision of the Whitney Museum of American Art to erect a new building on Madison Avenue in New York marked its advance from adolescence to manhood among New York's museums. Having been thought of for many years as a promising nephew of the brilliant Museum of Modern Art, it now purports to become an independent force and a major component in the city's pattern of cultural institutions. The Whitney's rise will certainly be helped by its excellent location on a spine of galleries, antique shops and museums stretching from 57th Street to the "magnets" of the Guggenheim and the Metropolitan. This area has become the world's greatest art market now that Americans have discovered that "paintings can yield profit with honor," as Charles Abrams puts it in *The City Is the Frontier*. The new museum will strengthen the existing linear pattern and avoid fostering the Lincoln Center type of nodal concentration, denounced by Percival Goodman and other critics who would prefer a greater spread of institutions to enliven more sectors of the city. Too great a distance from the center would have cut the appeal of the museum, as witness the empty halls of the Brooklyn Museum during lunch hour compared, say, to the Frick Gallery. Easy access to office workers who can drop in for a few minutes is undoubtedly one of the keys to the success of the Museum of Modern Art (yet when the Whitney occupied the adjoining location it suffered from being second choice to its neighbor).

The appointment of Marcel Breuer as architect for the new museum may turn out to be an asset equal to the excellent choice of site. Hungarian born, an *alter Kämpfer* of the legendary Bauhaus, Breuer is a leader in the mannerist coterie of New York architects, and his design promised on paper to offer more than yet another exercise in the curtain-wall vernacular. Soon Madison Avenue's sidewalk superintendents were marveling at the outlandish structure slowly taking shape on the corner of 75th Street. Growing out of its moat, a concrete box boldly unfolded itself in three projecting shelves. The few orifices of the box were shaped into sharp-angled protrusions and the top shelf, facing the avenue, was outfitted with an enormous Cyclops eye that stared uptown as if to command the approaches from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

As the structure neared completion, a facing of dark granite was applied to the concrete — to the undisguised relief of many neighbors — and the building now stands complete: a dignified if somewhat odd fellow, quiet, urbane, dark and virile, it invites comparison with the pseudo-Venetian frills of the Huntington Hartford, the somewhat bloodless elegance of Philip Johnson's galleries, or the dynamic arrogance of the Gugggenheim Museum. Breuer is a good-humored, fatherly man with true-blue eyes, his white hair cut in geometric fashion like the late Bertolt Brecht's. His speech is rich with the accents of his native Baranya Province as he explains his design: "It is the site that suggested this solution. Elsewhere I would build differently." He likes José Luis Sert's buildings for the Maeght collection in the Provence; flooded with light, white. "In the Mediterranean I also would design for sun, use lighter colors. Here the quality of light is not dependable. Concrete does not age well in this dirty air; that is why we used granite veneer." Lest someone accuse him of not building according to Bauhaus ethics, he hastens to add: "Note that the granite is clearly expressed as facing. It does not try to imitate masonry."

Breuer did not choose the site and he would clearly have preferred to design the museum as a free-standing building. In its actual location the formal problems of a corner lot, and the functional headaches arising from its small size are aggravated by the fact that the museum is a "happening" in the larger experience of Madison Avenue. Baroque architects excelled in shaping their buildings to enhance the contained activity and still fit harmoniously into the larger pattern of urban space. This skill has since been lost, and I feel that even Breuer's solution is only partly successful. The building has a corner site, yet the volume does not turn the corner but presents its flank to 75th Street. It faces Madison Avenue with a show of contrasting volumes, overhanging box and open space below, clearly implying the entrance. On its southern boundary the museum rubs shoulders with leftover little brownstones which will surely not survive for long, and whatever building replaces them is likely to outbulk the Whitney. To parry in advance this undesirable effect, Breuer has pulled up a concrete wall along the property line; it looks stark at present but may eventually prove useful. In addition, the main volume of the museum has been set off from adjacent buildings by recessing the width of a stairwell and thus creating a "quasi free-standing" effect. The main entrance is indicated by a concrete canopy above the sunken sculpture court. Seen from the street, the busy shape of this canopy intersects the horizontals of the main buildings and conflicts with the powerful statement of the stepped overhanging volumes. From above, the sculpture court looks deep and rather narrow, but Breuer points out that on its own level it is felt as an extension of the sculpture gallery. The court may lack the sheltered privacy one used to enjoy in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art before the visitor explosion, but this is offset by the dynamic interaction between indoors and outdoors — the interpenetration of street space and gallery. The incident of the sunken court certainly enlivens the avenue and entices passers-by to enter and explore further.

Any reservations one may have had about the building vanish at the entrance: inside, one is struck by the balanced proportions of the space and the masterly handling of materials and detail. The building was obviously planned from the inside and with sympathetic understanding of how a museum works. As I was being shown around by curator John Gordon, who displayed the affectionate pride of a new home owner, I could not fail to contrast his attitude with the history of bitter controversy between director and architect of the Guggenheim Museum.



I am not one of the dyspeptic detractors of the Guggenheim, which is the shell of the most memorable interior in the city. And speaking as a museum addict rather than as an architect, I find that the Guggenheim offers unique experiences: it is possible to compare several paintings across the well, from a distance where the large lines of composition are most eloquent; at the same time, one can advance to close quarters for a study of grain and texture. This twofold enjoyment is absent in a corridor-type arrangement like Johnson's Utica Museum, where one is either close to a painting or approaches it from a distorting angle. The Whitney's galleries are not experimental in the sense of the Guggenheim, nor can they compete with the spatial drama of Wright's building. Instead, they offer a total internal flexibility that calls for creative effort on the part of the curator in arranging the displays, rather than reducing his freedom to deciding upon a hanging sequence. The spatial quality of the Whitney's interiors is better than any space in the Museum of Modern Art. This is especially noticeable on the fourth floor, a generous 125 feet long and nearly 18 feet high, which can be subdivided at will by a system of movable panels into an almost infinite number of combinations.

The ceiling of the galleries is a heavy concrete grid hung from the beams, with general illumination projected upward and tracks for spotlights on the under side. This is a great improvement over the conventional luminescent ceiling, which has a thin, industrial quality. Natural light floods the sculpture floor but the painting galleries are designed for artificial light, since Breuer feels that for pictures natural light changes too rapidly with moving clouds, sun and the reflection from adjacent façades. Another function of windows, ventilation, is removed by air conditioning; nor is there much incentive to provide views, since none of the neighboring structures merit a glance. This is a pity, for the dialogue between good old and new architecture — as between the Racquet Club and the Seagram Building, or the new Chase Tower and the Federal Reserve Bank — provides the high points of the urban scene. Such windows as there are in the Whitney exist to provide orientation with respect to the streets, and to relieve visual fatigue by permitting an occasional glimpse of the sky. The large "eye" of the top gallery is remarkably successful in this, and its side-lit surface has something of the quality admired in Vermeer's interiors.

Breuer's superb treatment of materials

and detail deserves special mention; they restate in specific terms the importance of the building as a whole. The black stone sales desk in the lobby is a work of art, and the splendid railings of the stair remind one of Breuer's background as a master of furniture design. Compared to the oily touch of painted concrete in the Guggenheim, or the sissy paneling in the Huntington Hartford, or even the cold perfectionism of Johnson's interiors, Breuer's textures are a delight to touch or to walk upon, as well as to see. This success is the more remarkable since the 82,000 square feet of the building cost only $3.3 million or just $40 per square foot — a figure well below the cost of comparable structures.

The 19th-century public museum was a temple of culture, elevated on a throne of steps to humble the citizens who ascended to view the communal treasures. The contemporary museum has become a community center emphasizing adult education; its methods of stirring interest and attracting visitors are somewhat in the aggressive manner of a department store. In view of this trend, the Whitney's plant seems a bit old-fashioned; it offers a cafeteria, a members' lounge and a small auditorium, but it lacks classrooms and its library is not available to the public. Its present loan policy is not directed to individuals and the building is not programed to provide for a future large-scale loan operation.

The major weakness of the present design may be that the building is patterned for a finite size; growth has not been considered. The Whitney now owns only a few thousand objects, but with the art boom and the rising interest in American art it is clear that the collection will balloon. More space will be needed unless the directors decide to keep the volume of the collection constant. This could be achieved by periodic revision and auctions, thus constantly upgrading the core of the collection. Yet unlimited acquisitiveness is a characteristic of Western civilization and curators are reluctant to dispense with any part of their collection. John Gordon feels that taste and value judgments change so rapidly that a curator needs the hindsight of at least fifty years before he can safely assume the responsibility of releasing an item. The inevitable result is storage, but one of the roots of art, surely, is the desire to communicate and it is strangled if the art work is not on display. Most artists would prefer their work to be enjoyed by a few rather than wait for rediscovery in a museum warehouse. Perhaps it would be possible to establish museum branches in smaller towns or universities or to revolutionize the loan policy by lending to individuals. Either policy would save an ever-increasing percentage of the collection from gathering dust in remote storage. On the other hand, if the policy is unlimited acquisition for display, the expansion problem should have been faced. This might have led to a more "open-ended" building. Breuer says expansion could not be studied since the Whitney has no control over adjacent property. We need some form of legislation to enable an institution of national importance such as the Whitney to exercise a right of "first option" when adjacent property changes hands. Also, the architect of such an institution should have a degree of design control over plans for adjacent buildings to insure visual coordination. This would serve the aesthetic welfare of the community, but the guarantee of orderly development would also, I am sure, enhance surrounding land values.

THE LANDLORD

The landlord, his horse's head in our window,
is unmoved by the startled cries of my friends.
Go away, I yell. Have you no conscience at all?
Can't you see we're entertaining! My wife is
stricken, the children weeping. And my friends
angrily question me. How do I know who he is, I
say, near tears myself. Then I say to them, It's
the landlord,

relieved to be able to speak of it to others, at
last. But my friends catch sight of the animal's
huge flanks and forelegs; their rage is frighten-
ing. Have you no decency, one says, telling us a
thing like that. Just some more of your kind of
nastiness. It's a fact, I reply. All the worse, my
other friend says, at the door. And they depart.
I confess

I understand their indignation, but what are we
to do? Move out? Find a landlord more human? Is
there such an animal? (I've heard stories I could
tell you.) Winter was tolerable; but now he warms
to us. Already he's slaughtered our garden and gra-
zes by appletrees in the field behind our house,
devouring the pippins, the timothy. All night he
wheezes and

snorts. Mornings, standing naked, shaving, I hear
the stallion's snickering whinney. This afternoon
I found him, in an unspeakable state, eyeing my
wife. It's no use talking to him. Meanwhile the
landlord is rubbing on the porch, my wife's run
outside, stepping carefully I hope, only to re-
turn, sobbing; and the great public humiliation
has begun.

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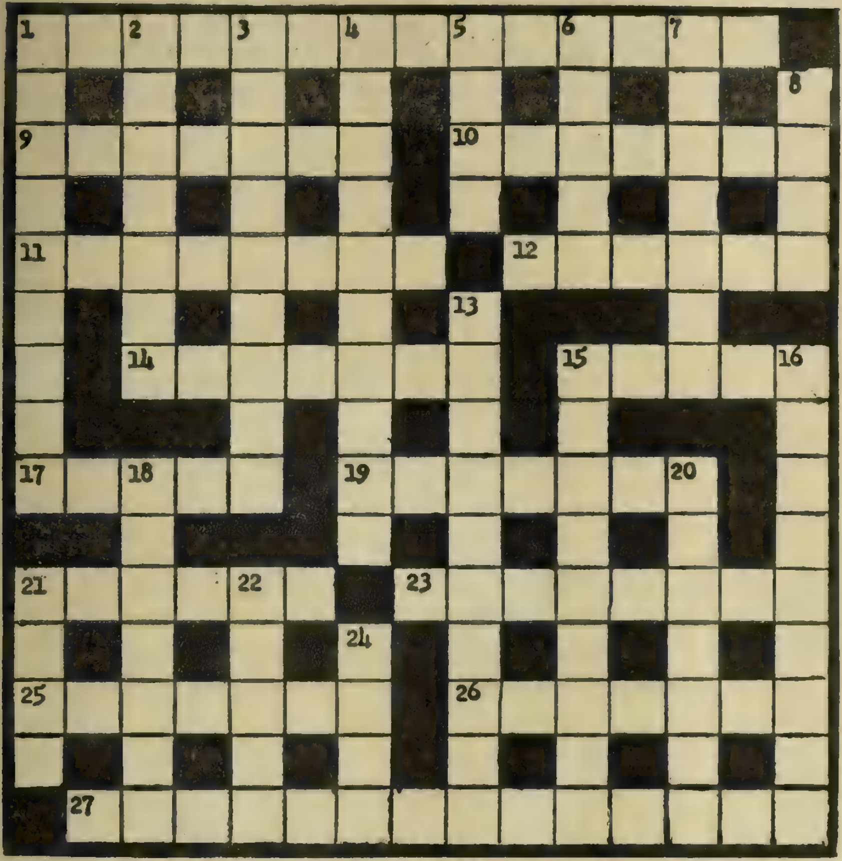

ACROSS:

1 City-state, in short, with a certain amount of property for the revolutionary cause. (6, 8)
9 Its lens shows up what a joiner does, perhaps. (7)
10 See 15 across
11 Doesn't give a credit statement, obviously. (8)
12 Comes down quickly with a point touching two circles in addition to letters. (6)
14 and 23 Not one who counts on his fingers when the program calls for activity! (7, 8)
15 and 10 He is simply super, and certainly carries his point! (5-7)
17 The G.I. make-up of the crew? (5)
19 The quality of recent productions? (7)
21 Sounds asinine as a suggestion of one way to cook! (6)
25 Suggests some incredulity on the part of the non-professional, as money is commonly spent. (4, 3)
26 Come again? You'll recognize it in any writer, at ease! (7)
27 In the interim, impress political figures with it? (5, 9)

DOWN:

1 Many groceries have a fairly wide one, but it might be long in depression. (9)
2 Paid respects to the sealer in unhappy circumstances. (7)
3 Laughton's type of vigorous projection? (9)
4 Saying South Carolina is superior to North Carolina? (10)
5 Hit on the foot? (4)
6 One fell on unknown soil, poetically.
7 Shoots up periodically from this. (7)
8 Laid down by Ben Battle after a cannon-ball took off his legs. (4)
13 A rather drawn-out parliamentary procedure, but some shoot in it. (4-6)
15 The wakeful do, such as their nights might be! (9)
16 Bill may be unattached, when so like many a jumper after the hurdle. (9)
18 A cold mass usually has 13. (7)
20 Give a position to. (7)
21 One might be in uncomfortable position behind the 17 type. (4)
22 A Beethoven movement might be feeling after it. (5)
24 A 7 of the aspiring New York team?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1167

ACROSS: 1 Brother-in-law; 10 Envying; 11 Packrat; 12 Manon; 13 Islington; 14 Dress shops; 16 Edda; 18 Saps; 20 and 7 Unfinished worsted; 23 On the spot; 25 Eliza; 27 Bearing; 28 Night letters. DOWN: 2 Revenge; 3 Thinness; 4 and 26 English on the ball; 5 Impel; 6 Lacing; 8 Bermuda shorts; 9 Standard gauge; 15 Printable; 17 Ci-devant; 19 Pattern; 21 Hairier; 22 Penang; 24 Pilot.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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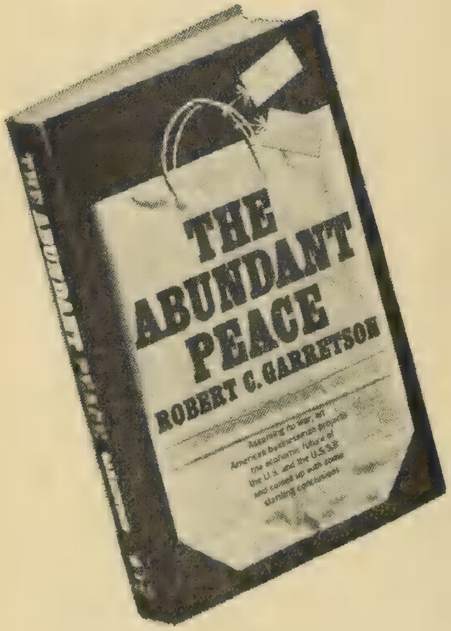

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. . . *The Economist*, Feb. 5, 1966

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LETTERS

same script, same performance

New York City

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* [Sept. 19], discussing the current disaffection of certain "intellectuals" from President Johnson, says editorially that "intellectuals are trained to compare script with performance; more perhaps than others they resent deception." In the same paragraph, however, *The Nation* also says that "Almost all of them voted for him in 1964, largely in response to his repeated assurances that he would not escalate the war in Vietnam."

The fact is that President Johnson *did* escalate the war, right in the middle of the campaign, by ordering the bombing of ports and oil installations in North Vietnam. . . . The "intellectuals" today justify their own political shortcomings by charging that the President changed his policy after the election. But the President did not change either his policy or his script. Then as now his policy was escalation; his script was peace.

If the "intellectuals" wish to help the electorate to distinguish divergencies of official script from performance, they will have to begin by facing the fact that so far their record does not inspire confidence.

Helen Mears

Chicago theatre

Morton Grove, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Julius Novick's "Theatre: The Midwest" [*The Nation*, Sept. 5] is a comprehensive survey and, to my knowledge, a just appraisal, but for the sake of a complete record it should be pointed out that Chicago has a good though small repertory company in the Hull House Theatre. In the past two years the company has produced about a dozen plays, chiefly works of Albee, Pinter, Gilroy, Camus and Ionesco, all of them very ably directed by Robert Sickinger. *Carl W. Condit*

limit to courage

Lafayette, Calif.

Dear Sirs: You commended California Comptroller Alan Cranston for his courage in blasting the John Birch Society [editorial, *The Nation*, Aug. 8].

But not long ago Mr. Cranston, with Governor Brown's enthusiastic support, was the leader in demanding successfully the ouster of Simon Casady as head of the California Democratic Council because of Casady's outspoken opposition to U.S. policy in Vietnam. Opposition to the war, the professionals had concluded, was a political liability for the party in an election year. Opposition to Birchism, even in California, is not yet a political liability. . . . *Joseph A. King*

believers

Budapest, Hungary

Dear Sirs: Saul Bellow writes [letter, *The Nation*, Aug. 22] that I am "so wrong that we would have to go back to the beginnings of time . . . before reaching a single point of agreement." I am in perfect agreement with Mr. Bellow. It was really very wrong of me to believe that this distinguished novelist would read the whole of my article ["The View from the East," *The Nation*, July 17] and not only the paragraph about him. I can't believe ("Mr. Boldizsár is the wrong sort of Believer") that Mr. Bellow did read what I wrote, because, if he had, he would certainly have seen that there are many points of agreement between us, whether

(*Continued on page 323*)

EDITORIALS

Storm Signals on the East River

Storm signals flew on the East River when the twenty-first session of the General Assembly opened on September 20. The foundations of the United Nations, already softened by a slow deterioration in critical areas, were further undermined by the Secretary-General's announcement that he would not offer himself for a second term. It is still hoped in some quarters, especially in Washington, that U Thant will agree to stay on beyond the end of the year, which he has set as a limit for his services.

Paradoxically, U Thant has been openly critical of United States policy in Vietnam. Washington's expressed eagerness that he should retain his post can be explained in part by the Administration's attempt to make it seem that its aims for Southeast Asia are similar to those of U Thant. The Soviet Union, also criticized by U Thant for the restrictions it constantly imposes on the functions of the Secretary-General, fears any change in the *status quo.* In the forthcoming months, maximum pressure will be applied on U Thant by delaying a real search for a successor. It remains to be seen whether his determination to leave can be worn down by this campaign of inertia and whether the interests of the organization will be served in the process.

The question of Vietnam, as such, is not on the agenda of the session, but the priority given today to Asian problems by the nations of the world was symbolized by the election of Abdul Pazhwak of Afghanistan as President of the General Assembly and by the opening speech of President Marcos of the Philippines. The topic of the Vietnamese war will occupy as big a place in the Assembly debates as the many inscribed items on racial discrimination in Africa, and is closely linked to the question of Chinese representation, which is placed once again on the agenda.

The impotence of the UN with regard to the major conflict of today has been staggering and has provided a sobering background for the usual glitter of the session's opening. The continuation and escalation of the conflict have brought almost to a standstill the machinery of diplomatic intercourse which had started to roll between Washington and Moscow. Meaningful negotiations during the session could lead to a treaty desired by the two space powers on the internationalization and demilitarization of the moon and other celestial bodies. However, the expectation is that the Soviet Union will raise secondary issues to prevent an agreement, which would be hailed by many as a sign of renewed *détente* but is sure to be denounced by Peking and Communist parties the world over as another proof of Soviet "complicity with the American aggressors."

This new low in the ability of the UN to act as an instrument of peace may jolt the membership into making another attempt to bring the Vietnamese conflict to the conference table. The present rigidity of policies in Washington, Hanoi and Moscow seem to preclude that hope, but miracles do happen sometimes — especially if they coincide with the interests of some of the major powers. The UN has, on some occasions in the past, served as a catalyst for dramatic turns.

The need now is to abandon rhetorical slogans in favor of fresh appraisals and quiet diplomacy. The first days of the Assembly have already emphasized the desirability of clarifying the attitude of both Hanoi and Washington on U Thant's three-point program. In his opening address before the Assembly, Ambassador Goldberg elaborated around rather than on this plan without departing really from old positions, but the style of the propositions he put to Hanoi could result in a new step in the dialogue. Both the new President of the General Assembly and the President of the Philippines have announced their availability for renewed efforts toward a solution. A settlement by the UN, in the absence of both Hanoi and Peking, is unthinkable, but the nations gathered in the General Assembly could create the atmosphere needed for a new and candid search for peace. Perhaps the storm signals will save the UN ship from actually hitting bottom.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

The Pattern

Malcolm S. Forbes, the publisher of *Forbes* magazine, is disturbed by the Pentagon's plans to add another 300,000 troops to the 300,000 already in Vietnam (not counting the 70,000 men in the Seventh Fleet operating off the coast). "How bloody dumb can we get?" Forbes asks. Is it impossible for us to stop escalating? "Why, why, can't we stand and hold?" He is also worried by the government build-up in Thailand. There we have only 30,000 at the moment, but up in the north the Communists are said to be active. Predictably the Thai government, and our present forces, will soon be menaced, and the ante will be raised in Thailand as it was in Vietnam.

As with Vietnam, the Administration is attempting to obscure the real thrust of American policy while, at the same time, it steadily increases the U.S. investment in men, materiel and installations. If no great public outcry is raised, it will soon be in a position to say of Thailand what it now says of Vietnam: "Withdrawal is out of the question; we are too thoroughly committed." Senator Fulbright, who remembers how the American commitment in Vietnam was achieved — by a steady, almost imperceptible commitment of troops under cover of an information policy which deliberately sought to minimize the increase — wants to prevent a repetition of the same pattern in the case of Thailand. To this end, he wants to hold public hearings so that the nation may know what it is that we think we are doing in Thailand.

The Administration, of course, has tried doggedly to prevent any hearings at all. In essence, this was the pattern followed in Vietnam. In his book, *With Kennedy,* and in a recent interview in *U.S. News & World Report,* Pierre Salinger tells how President Kennedy sought to minimize the public's awareness of the military build-up that began in Vietnam late in 1961. It was Salinger's view at the time that this was a mistaken information policy; in the end the facts would become known, as indeed they did — but not before the entire character of our presence in Vietnam had been transformed by precisely this build-up. It is already very late in the game to prevent a repetition of this pattern in Thailand, but Senator Fulbright is to be commended

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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THE NATION

Volume 203
No. 10

for trying to focus attention on Thailand before we find ourselves committed there, by the sheer magnitude of our investment, to ends and purposes which the Administration is reluctant to disclose to the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, much less to the public.

Bigger Than Adam

Adam Clayton Powell stands out among his fellow Representatives on several counts. He is certainly one of the most intelligent, and his political dexterity is a marvel. He is a rogue, but such an engaging one that it is difficult to become indignant about him. And with all this — and a colossal record of absenteeism and neglect of duty — he is the chairman of what one of his critics calls "undeniably . . . the single most productive House committee in each of the past two Congresses."

Now by a vote of 27 to 1, with 3 abstentions, the members of his Education and Labor Committee have pruned the powers of the chairman in two key areas: selection of personnel and expenditure of funds. But Powell will remain as chairman. For obvious political reasons, such a compromise was foreordained. Probably none of the members wanted to chastise Powell so severely that his usefulness as a legislator would be ended. To Powell's credit, it should be noted that once he realized that this time he had pressed his luck too far, he acquiesced in the majority's decision with at least the appearance of good grace.

What is alarming about the incident in retrospect is the extent to which Powell could rally responsible Negro leadership to his support. When he saw himself cornered, he swung at once into action with the race issue, which he raises as glibly as a Birchite blames all the woes of the country on communism. That in some quarters there is some latent bias against him because he is a Negro — a very equivocal Negro in several respects — may be conceded, but to regard this as the gravamen of the complaints against him is ridiculous. There are too many perfectly sound and cogent reasons for Congress, and particularly the members of his committee, to be annoyed with him. To support him on this issue is a kind of racism in reverse, with every prospect of disadvantage to the Negro's struggle for equality.

It is understandable that Negro leadership should rally to Powell's support. There are not so many effective Negro Congressmen that a reduction in the status of one of them — and he by far the most powerful — can be regarded with indifference. Still, black or white, a Congressman is supposed to serve his constituency and also to serve a larger public, regardless of color. On balance, Powell has been a wretched Representative. Harlem is satisfied with him, and can return him for the rest of the century for whatever reason seems good to Harlem voters. It may be that his flamboyance and his payroll manipulations are political assets. An informed Negro quoted by Tom Wicker in *The New York Times* (September 21) says that many Negroes "feel he's been getting away with murder and they enjoy seeing him put it over on the white man." Nothing could be more natural. But to say, as Bayard Rustin does, that "we've got to put our foot down against racial discrimination in Congress, and this is the place to do it," makes no sense. Nor is it easy to follow A. Philip Randolph along the same line: "To single out Congressman Powell can only encourage the suspicion that Congress has a double standard."

Defense of Powell on this basis is as vulnerable as Powell himself has become through his own actions. His qualities are so mixed with misbehavior and demagogy that he is a poor prospect for a *cause célèbre*. Nor is it true that Congressional chairmen are never deprived of powers they have misused: it happened to Rep. Tom Murray (defeated in a primary this year), who represented the 7th Congressional District of Tennessee, and there have been other instances. If a case can be made for Powell, in this or some future controversy, let it be made on the merits and not on the ground that he is a poor, persecuted black man.

Making It Hurt

The resistance of Governor George Wallace and the Alabama legislature to the U.S. Department of Education's "mandatory" guidelines for integrating elementary and high schools has at least served to point up that in dealing with states that just don't care what happens to their Negro students the federal government has very little leverage outside the courts.

If the Alabama school districts—following the mandate of their legislature—refuse to integrate, what can the U.S. Department of Education do about it? Some $35 million, under Title I of the Education Act, could be withheld from the state as a whole. But this money is supposed to be spent for special education projects in *low-income neighborhoods.* In the South, that means Negroes especially. That is by far the largest amount that could be withheld under any of the programs, and since Negroes would be the big losers, what does Wallace care?

Alabama could lose another $1.7 million for library books, but that isn't enough money to faze a state. And it could lose about $1.3 million under Title III, for "innovative programs" such as bringing culture to rural schools. Last year 200 gifted high school students attended a music institute at Auburn on this money, and a string music project for pupils 4 to 6 years old was conducted after school and on Saturdays in five counties. It is the very sort of thing that the country people of the South need if they are to become civilized, but on the other hand a little less polish isn't going to bother the South one way or the other. The second largest amount that Alabama could lose would be about $6 million for aid to impacted school areas; that is, school districts that have to take care of servicemen's children without getting taxes from them. That will hurt, but it won't crush.

These programs could help bring Alabama into the mainstream of American education. The same is true of federal money that is going into other Southern states, which are regularly the most backward schooling states in the nation. But do they care enough to integrate on the threat that the money will otherwise be withheld?

It's doubtful. Al Alexander of the Department of Education's Civil Rights Division calls the present standoff a "cat and mouse affair." He says that acting on the so-called mandatory guidelines is "like applying Sunday blue laws — they're on the books, but how do we apply them?"

Even when it is discovered that school districts are not showing good faith at all in following the guidelines, the process of cutting them off federal funds is very involved and time consuming. Alexander admitted that it could be a year or more before Alabama was officially dumped. In the seventeen Southern and border states only thirty-nine school districts have been cut off.

A punishment that hurts impoverished children first is not the proper method to employ, and another lever must be found. It could be a blanket integration rider to all appropriation bills that contain money for the states. If no federal money could be spent on highways serving segregated school districts, if no federal money went into defense and allied work within a long commuting distance of segregated schools, etc., *that* would get Negro children into Southern schools — even Alabama schools. The federal government has kept an uncooperative South alive on highway, defense and pork-barrel money too long.

The New Group Leader

President Johnson took no chance after his distressing experience with Prof. Eric Goldman, who returned to Princeton with harsh words and an anti-Johnson book gestating in his head. The President's new liaison with the intellectuals is Prof. John P. Roche, who comes from Brandeis. Eager to rehabilitate the image of the intellectuals in the eyes of his chief, he started off by describing those who have bad relations with the Administration as "a small body of self-appointed people who live in affluence on Cape Cod and fire off salvos against the vulgarity of the masses." Another set of "alienated intellectuals" are the "artsy-craftsy" cabal represented by the *Partisan Review*, the *New York Review of Books* and similar publications. "'The West Side jackal bins,' I call them," said Roche, and "mainly high-class illiterates." All this was vouchsafed to columnist Jimmy Breslin, selected as the spokesman for the new apostle to the intellectuals.

It would perhaps have been better if Roche had waited until he could sit down at his desk in Washington. Nicely synchronized with his blast, Malcolm Forbes, the Wall Street publisher, as noted elsewhere, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., cracked down on Mr. Johnson's Vietnamese adventure. Schlesinger has had considerable experience in the halls of government, and so has Richard Goodwin, who has been publicizing similar views. John Kenneth Galbraith is another who has been keeping up a drumbeat of criticism. And George Kennan. And Dr. Spock. "Just a small group and it won't change," Roche summarized. Judging by this blast-off, before the President gets rid of Roche he may wish he had Goldman back.

Usury — What Else?

Long before economic truth emerges in American news media of general circulation, it is often to be found in the trade, industry and small media press. Such is the case with the roundup titled "10-City Check Finds Loans Are Costlier and Harder to Get," by Eileen Shanahan, in the September 6 *New York Times*. The real estate aspect of Miss Shanahan's piece is old hat for readers of McGraw-Hill's *House & Home*, which back in January was headlining, "Wildest Market Staggers Mortgage Men and Jars Builders." The sum and substance of it is that in realty financing, as in other money markets, usury has become a way of life. That it is not *called* usury, that it is legal or at least unpenalized, does not alter the fact.

The gimmick which makes usury respectable in the mortgage field is the "point" system, a point being 1% of the face value of the loan. As many points as the traffic will bear are levied as a lump payment preceding the execution of a mortgage loan. As Miss Shanahan discreetly puts it, "Where interest rates are held down, by usury laws or custom, 'points' go up as an indirect means of adjusting the interest rate to today's tight money conditions." The lower the interest rate, and the higher the risk the lender feels he is running, the more points he demands. Where the ostensible interest rate is less than 7%, the point charge is commonly 6 to 8. On FHA mortgages, where the legal interest rate is limited to 5.75% by federal law, a point charge of 10 to 12 is not unusual on older homes. If the neighborhood is not "particularly good," as many as 18 points may be added.

With a mortgage at 5.75% and a 10-point fee payable in advance, a $20,000 loan nets the borrower only $18,000 and so the interest rate is jacked up to 6.4%, which adds roughly $1,300 to the total interest paid by the borrower over a term of twenty years. In many parts of the country it is impossible to get a legitimate FHA mortgage, and borrowers pay the surcharge or do without the loan — which usually means doing without the house. Consequently the building industry has been hard hit.

But that is only part of the story. Getting a mortgage loan may also involve an "arrangement fee" of 2%. All these exactions are on top of the higher FHA interest rate, which has gone up from 5.25% at the beginning of the year to the present 5.75%, and is expected momentarily to rise to 6%. The cost of a 0.5% interest rise to the buyer of a house mortgaged for $15,000 increases the total payments over thirty years by $1,674.

Home improvement loans, which are relatively short term, are yielding an average of 10%. In many cases these funds are not borrowed to enlarge or improve the house, but to keep it habitable, as when a new roof must be put on because the old roof is leaking too badly to be patched—which may be because the builder had to pay so much for construction money that he used the cheapest shingles he could get.

It may be argued that the point system on mortgages is no worse than the system whereby a borrower ostensibly pays 4.5% on an automobile loan but in reality is paying 10% in true annual interest, or as much as 13% where money is especially tight. While mortgagors pay interest only on the unpaid balance as they pay off on the principal, on auto loans interest is charged on the full amount, even though it is progressively reduced by monthly payments of principal. The argument is valid, but it means only that the financial community charges all that the traffic will bear on any kind of loan, and the notion that limits are enforced by law or regulated by a sense of equity is just another comfortable fiction.

CHINA: TWO VIEWS & A PROPOSAL

China is still "on the dark side of the moon" not only because of the ancient myths and superstitions referred to by Robert Elegant but also because the United States has elected to seal itself off from vital sources of information in China. During the entire span of a period when China has been caught in the throes of a profound social revolution, we have been long-distance viewers of and listeners to what is going on there. True, we boast—and the boast may well be justified—that American studies are second to none if measured in terms of money and personnel devoted to the study of China. But vital dimensions of insight and understanding are lost when direct observation is lacking. A team of scholars poring over documents in a research institute, interviewing persons who have visited China, reading transcripts of radio programs and studying pronouncements of the Chinese Communist Party can no doubt piece together a fairly coherent picture of what is happening. But there is no substitute for on-the-spot, continuous, day-to-day observation. Nor should it be forgotten that our intelligence services have made some whopping misjudgments about China in the past, as for example the CIA's blithe assurances that China would not enter the Korean War even if we did waltz right up to the Yalu River.

Currently there is no more important subject than China but it presents obvious journalistic difficulties. American editors must perforce improvise, using the reportage of Canadian, British and French observers. We present here two views of China, and a proposal for responding to its international ambitions. Mr. Elegant is the Los Angeles Times *correspondent in Hong Kong. He has been described as "one of the best of the hardy breed of second-hand news gatherers, the China watchers." Keith Buchanan, a geographer, is a member of the faculty of Victoria University of Wellington. Mr. Elegant is an outsider, a listener. Mr Buchanan is known as a sympathizer, but he has visited China recently and he has been there before. As a geographer, he has been particularly interested in rural China. In addition to differences in point of view and angle of vision, this circumstance accounts in part for the difference in emphasis and conclusions in the two reports. But it should be noted that apart from obvious differences in interpretation, both pieces stress certain developments—the fear of* embourgeoisement, *the attempt to create a new man, etc.*

And these themes are echoed again in I-Kua Chou's proposal for diplomatic maneuvering, based on an unraveling of China's motives and goals. Mr. Chou is both insider and outsider: Chinese by birth and a graduate of Fuh Tan University, he received his Ph.D. from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, and now teaches in the Department of Government at Southern Illinois University.

Read together, the three pieces present a better picture of what is happening in China, and how the world might react to those events, than any one of them would provide separately. —The Editors

Visit to a Fourth of Mankind

KEITH BUCHANAN

In a masterly survey of the Vietnamese conflict, *Les Américains face au Vietcong,* the Swiss journalist Fernand Gigon makes it clear that to many who shape American policy, Vietnam itself is of secondary importance. Behind the tragic and cumulative horror of the struggle, the one word, China, is imprinted on the minds of the military. This fact was driven home to him by his visit to the monstrous base at Danang which, he observes, "has scarcely any relationship to the Vietnamese war." Rather, along with Okinawa, Cavite, Formosa and the Seventh Fleet, it is part of an enormous steel jaw opening on China. His visit to the aircraft carrier *Coral Sea* confirmed this impression: "in less than three hours the Seventh Fleet could wipe out fourteen years of superhuman efforts. . . . But afterwards?"

Yet, returning to China for the third time since 1958 in May and June of this year, I was impressed above all by the calm determination with which the Chinese quarter of humanity was going about its immense task of building a modern society and a modern economy. From the hotel window, the factories and power plants of Canton could be seen against a gold-hazed evening sky; below, in the vicinity of the hotel, the grass was soft and green, patched with the shade of young trees and dotted with groups of children and young people (some of them members of the hotel staff) sitting talking, playing football or dreaming in the shade of the trees. The atmosphere of quiet and peace seemed paradoxical in view of the progressive military encirclement of the country, the destructive capacity of the war machine poised off China's coast, and the reminders of this menace in the shape of United States air intrusions over southeast China. Yet the next few weeks, spent in nine of the eighteen provinces of what geographers call "Agricultural China," convinced me that this first impression was in no way erroneous; though it is obvious that the Chinese are aware of the destructive forces poised above them. Recent changes in China's superstructure (the "Great Socialist Cultural Revolution," as they term it) indicate this; such changes represent a "clearing of the decks" to meet the threat of war. The efforts to complete the present Five-Year Plan within three years is another sign of the sense of danger. Posters on the communes and in the factories remind the masses of the realities of war beyond China's southern frontier and what this may mean to China.

There have been major changes in the physical and mental landscape of China since my first visit in 1958. The differences in the urban landscape make the first and in some ways most dramatic impact. Much of the center of

Peking had been rebuilt by 1958; now it has been remodeled once again: eight-lane highways fringed by belts of trees and shrubs cut through the city core, and major complexes of housing, scientific institutions, factories and offices expand far into the suburbs. Peking is, of course, the capital and a special case, yet the developments here are matched on a smaller scale in the other cities I visited—Loyang, Taiyüan, Sian, Nanking, to mention but a few. The Chinese leaders recognize an immense pressure of unfilled housing needs; given conditions in Old China, that is not remarkable. What *is* remarkable is the progress made in a program of urban development that involves not only housing and roads but also essential services, industrial plants and parks.

The countryside, no less than the city, has changed. Industrial decentralization has created new nodes of industry deep in the rural areas (e.g., the factories along the railroad from Peking to Loyang). The consolidation of a wide variety of small commune-run industries, ranging from oil pressing to jade working or electroplating, is a decisive achievement for what was one of the most backward rural societies in Asia. Flood control and water-conservation works in the delta lands of the Yangtze and the Pearl Rivers, terracing and tree planting in the subhumid areas of north and northwest China, are at once transforming the physical landscape and introducing a new security into rural life. Meanwhile, the individual peasant plot and the policy of agricultural diversification (most obvious in the dairy herds, the orchards and the vineyards on some of the Hopeh communes) are helping to break down the old carbohydrate-based economy with its impoverishing dependence on a limited range of food grains.

Changes in the mental landscape are less easy to assess because of the barriers of language. There is certainly a great emphasis on the necessity for self-reliance in economic developments. This stems partly from the abrupt cessation of Soviet aid and shows itself in attempts to find specifically Chinese solutions to problems rather than, as was the tendency in 1958, adopt uncritically the techniques that had succeeded in the very different conditions of Soviet development. The country now faces its socio-economic problems more realistically. Thus it acknowledges the "long haul" needed to catch up with the advanced nations, and sees the dangers of emphasizing quantity rather than quality in the output of industry and the problems posed by the rapidly expanding population. The nation is also driving to eliminate the relics of "bourgeois" ideology, its goal being designed to prevent the emergence of "revisionist" policies of the Soviet type and to forestall the possibility that the masses, having seized power, will forsake their revolutionary principles. And, as an element common to all these changes, China's time perspective is lengthening; it is becoming preoccupied with the emerging generation on whose shoulders the struggle to build a modern—and Socialist—China will fall.

An outsider on the scene who attempts to evaluate the general situation in contemporary China finds himself reaching conclusions drastically different from those offered by much of the Western press. The "purges" of intellectuals and of party officials that were making headlines in Hong Kong in late June appear as a normal continuation of the process of establishing a proletarian state that was formally initiated in 1949. In the years after 1949, the masses took over the economic bases of the country; they are now expanding the Socialist revolution into the cultural and ideological fields. The people's communes, dismissed again and again as gigantic failures by the Western press, appear to the observer on the spot as stronger, more flexible, more full of exciting prospects than at any time since their inception. As far as the internal economy is concerned, the supply of commodities and prices is in balance, many of the shortages of the early sixties (e.g., pork) have been overcome, the general price level dropped about 2 per cent in 1965, while the cost of some articles was reduced sharply (e.g., the price of bicycles was cut in half). The 1965 development plan was overfulfilled and the relationship between the various sectors—agriculture and industry, heavy industry and light industry—has been improving. In its foreign trade, China has a favorable balance of payments and a currency that has achieved a stability that might be envied by many countries; in 1965, the nation's major foreign debts (those to the Soviet Union, totaling 1,406 million new rubles, of which 1,000 million were for the supply of equipment in the Korean War) were paid off.

Chinese industry has recovered the momentum it had lost, partly as a result of the withdrawal of Soviet technical aid in the early sixties. Today industry contributes some two-thirds of the gross national output of China, and within the industrial sector heavy industry contributes about threefifths of the total. Chinese industry has gone a good way toward strengthening some of its weak links; thus, the country is now self-sufficient in petroleum products and the chemical industry increased its output of chemical fertilizers by almost one-third in 1965. The country now produces 90 per cent of the special steels needed in modern industry —an example of the emphasis on quality and diversification rather than on quantity. As for more sophisticated products, Kurt Mendelssohn reported in *Eastern Horizon*, Hong Kong, in July, that "the Chinese make their own electron microscopes and Chinese-built hydrogen and helium liquefiers have been operating for several years."

My trips to China in 1964 and 1966 were directed mainly to gathering information on developments in the rural sector; even so, to provide some basis for comparison with the situation in the countryside, I made a point of visiting industrial establishments that ranged from large-scale modern enterprises such as the China Foodstuffs cannery at Canton, the Number 2 Cotton Mill at Peking and the chemical fertilizer plant at Taiyüan to the tiny backyard enterprises which have become an important element in the Chinese industrial scene.

The equipment of the bigger units is largely Chinese (the Taiyüan plant was designed and partially equipped by the Russians but to complete it many of the big components had to be designed and made by the Chinese themselves). Technically, this modern industrial sector is impressive but perhaps even greater gains have been made in the social and welfare fields. Canteen and crêche facilities are excellent; the housing complexes associated with each major factory offer accommodation that is clean, comfortable (though austere to a visitor from an affluent society) and cheap. Rents appear to be approximately 3 to 5 per cent of the worker's salary; medical services for the workers are free, generous provision is made for the worker who is ill, and after retirement (55-60 in the case of men) pensions range from 50 to 80 per cent of wages on retirement. Wage levels are low by Western standards, but the "spread" is relatively narrow; thus the average at the Number 2 Cotton Mill at Peking is 60 yuan per month, with a range from 40 yuan to 150 yuan (this latter for the manager and engineers) while at the Shihwan pottery complex near Canton (employing 8,000) the average monthly wage is 56 yuan, rising to 110 yuan in the case of a limited number of highly skilled workers. One *cattie* (1.1 lbs.) of rice, for comparison, costs 0.13 yuan.

Perhaps more interesting than the big plants are the small back-street factories developed with slender resources by small groups of individuals, and the part-work, part-study schools which are turning out relatively complex equipment for the state factories. The "Butterfly" boot polish factory at Taiyüan illustrates the type of industrial development that contributes importantly to China's industrial output. It was started in 1958 by a group of eleven women and four old men. The buildings—scarcely distinguishable from the local old-style house—were built by the group with "borrowed" timber and bricks from the old walls of the city; the wiring was put in by a couple of members of the group who had a rudimentary knowledge of electricity. Today it employs thirty-four workers and produces annually some 60,000 dozen tins of polish for export to West Africa and the Middle East. Wage levels are based on the workers' needs: the average is 28 yuan per month, the director (a woman) gets 45 yuan, one of the older workers who has five children gets 60 yuan. In seven years the enterprise has "delivered" 120,000 yuan to the state and accumulated 90,000 yuan; this has been used to expand production and build houses for the workers.

A small electrical plant in Nanking was organized by the local street committee as a unit employing seven youths; today it employs eighty workers, mainly girls under 25, and produces a range of electrical control gear, including mercury switches. Four-fifths of the equipment has been built by the workers themselves; the total cost was thus a fraction of what it might have been had all the equipment been purchased (17,000 as against 100,000 yuan).

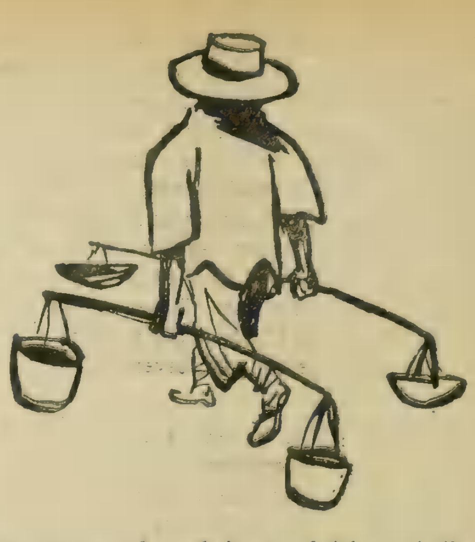
The part-work, part-study schools, developed as part of the new education policy, also contribute to the country's industrial output at the same time that they educate a new generation of technicians. There are 110 such schools in Peking, offering a four-year course which includes politics, Chinese, mathematics, physics, engineering designing, structural engineering, welding and specialized courses (e.g., principles of metallurgy). In the later stages of their study the students are able to build such complex items of equipment as lathes and power presses, and these are supplied to the state. Such schools practice that integration between mental and manual work which is one of the basic aims of Chinese educational policy today.

I visited a dozen people's communes in late 1958, half a dozen in 1964 and some twenty in 1966. By 1964-66, it had become clear that the commune, in its revised and more flexible form, was here to stay; it is the fundamental unit of organization in the countryside, in other words, of 80 per cent of China's population. From an original 26,000 in 1958, the number of communes has risen to approximately 80,000. This increase appears to be due largely to the subdivision of communes in the upland and interior areas which, owing to topographical conditions, proved too large for successful management. The average population of a commune today is 7,500, though there is a considerable range: There are 55,000 people in the China-Korea People's Commune near Peking, while the average in Shansi is 10,000, in Kiangsu 24,000, in Kwangtung 30,000. The three-tiered structure, commune-brigade-production team, is firmly established, though there is little uniformity in the size of the subordinate units; the number of brigades on four communes near Peking ranged from five to twenty-one, and the number of teams to a brigade from five to thirteen. In this tiered structure the commune as a whole retains control of activities demanding large-scale units of organization for their proper functioning (e.g., the more specialized industries, the tractor station, hospitals or certain sectors of education), while other productive activities are decentralized and the team becomes the basic accounting unit. Along with these changes, a small individual sector is now permitted. The cultivated area in individual use ranges from 3 per cent to 7 per cent according to commune. In addition, a considerable part of the poultry and pig production is carried on as an individual activity.

In its present form, the commune enabled the peasant population to weather the difficult years of the early sixties. It has subsequently played a major role in reshaping the Chinese countryside. Collective measures of water conservation, such as the digging of wells and the construction of storage dams and irrigation and drainage systems, are continuing on a large scale. By virtue of such projects, the planned rate of agriculture increase was somewhat exceeded in 1965, in spite of local droughts. More than 40 million people were engaged in water management last winter.

The commune has also provided the framework for a continuing expansion of the terracing that is changing the face of many parts of China. In south China, the red lateritic hillsides are terraced for the growth of nitrogen-fixing green manure crops which are composted for use on the cultivated lands of the valleys; this practice has spread with remarkable rapidity since 1964. The eroded loess country of Shansi and Shensi in north China has achieved spectacular results with terracing to control erosion and create new "microplains" suitable for the intensive farming of China. An outstanding example is on Dachai Commune in eastern Shensi, where figures of 2,400 man days to create 1 acre of terraced land are quoted. The case of Dachai is important in two respects: first, it involves an investment of labor on a scale unthinkable in Western farming economies; second, the development has been completely self-reliant in that the people of the area, ravaged by drought and flood, have themselves, with nothing but their own resources, carried out a remolding of their environment which eliminates these old sources of disaster. It is the "self-reliance" of Dachai that Chinese commentators most strongly emphasized as a model for other rural areas.

The commune has also provided conditions for industrializing the countryside. The range of industries varies: most communes produce their own bricks and tiles, most have workshops sufficiently well equipped (and a labor force sufficiently skilled) to build simple machinery and manufacture all save the most complicated items of replacement needed to keep their tractors and lorries in operation. Many operate food-processing industries, some produce relatively sophisticated pottery or other crafts, most make simple farm tools and have the resources and the expertise to design and build pumping and irrigation stations. Much of the industrial employment is seasonal (and this overcomes one of the great problems of the past—the underemployment or unemployment resulting from a highly seasonal cropping regime); and on exceptional communes the proportion employed in such seasonal industry may reach one-third of the labor force.



The "technical transformation" of China's countryside is still in its early stages and there can be no doubt that the priority given to water conservation is correct. The second great need is for manure. As far as chemical fertilizers are concerned, my data show consumption levels ranging from about 5 to 750 pounds to the acre. At first sight, it would seem that China could use many times its existing output of chemical fertilizers, but the careful composting of all vegetable wastes, the use of algae and pond mud, the use of the hillsides as a source of green manure for the lowlands, and reliance upon night soil and pig manure suggest that it is not accurate to judge the country's needs for such fertilizers in the light of Western or Japanese agricultural experience. Third and fourth priorities are for better strains of seed and improved farming systems. Mechanization, by contrast, remains a long-term objective and poses a host of technical and economic problems; at present, while up to nine-tenths of the land is tractor-plowed on some unusually advanced communes, the average for China as a whole is about one-tenth.

Wages on the communes are based on a work-point system and they vary not only between communes but also among the teams within a commune. A cross section of a score of communes showed average wages ranging from somewhat under $60 to $160 a year; of this, the proportion paid in kind ranged from 17 to 50 per cent. The income from "side occupations," such as individual production of crops or livestock and the sale of manure to the collective, may add an extra 10 to 25 per cent to this basic sum. The extreme range in incomes, excluding side occupations, was of the order of seven to one; between the different teams on one commune the highest range noted was from two to one. Thus considerable differentials arise from contrasting soil and water resources and the type of agriculture (vegetable-growing teams earn considerably more than grain-growing teams on the same commune). The official attitude to this situation is that a more equitable redistribution of income, whether by taxation or other means, would be undesirable; that it is a more positive policy for the poorer team or commune to raise its level, aided by the experience and example of more advanced collectives. Applied to China as a whole, this means that the richer and more developed communes can be regarded as "oil spots" whose example will spread.

The wages quoted must be seen against a background of generally low prices for essentials, and of a peasant society in which housing, schooling and medical treatment are free and items such as electricity are cheap. The progress achieved must be judged not in the light of what we expect from our own affluent societies but in the light of conditions in other emergent countries. Rural housing shows great diversity and, on the communes visited, only a small proportion of the population was housed in newly built dwellings. Nevertheless, a start has been made and most communes have construction teams and allocate funds for the erection of new public and domestic buildings. But the task of rehousing almost 25 per cent of humanity is immense and will occupy decades; meantime, first priority must be given to food production and to welfare and education.

The progress in public health has been remarkable. Most of the larger communes have an adequate medical staff (the China-Albania Friendship Commune near Peking maintains forty-five doctors and medical workers for 25,000 people). These include some practitioners of traditional medicine, but the majority are trained in Western methods, though with an abbreviated course of training. Frequently each team includes one member who has received first-aid and medical training and who can cope with accidents and simple diseases, while some of the larger communes run their own hospitals. These developments have eliminated many of the old killing diseases and thus accelerated the population growth rates. On the other hand, the gradual dissemination of adequately equipped hospitals is making possible the control of population through clinical abortion and sterilization. On one commune in Kwangtung, 50 per cent of the wives or husbands in marriages which had produced two children had been sterilized voluntarily and abortion had become a socially accepted form of population control.

The collectivization of Chinese rural society provided a framework not only for economic development or the diffusion of modern medicine but also for a massive development of schooling at all levels. Again it is difficult to generalize, because the development of education has, as a result of reliance on the activity of the people themselves, varied in detail from commune to commune. All communes run numerous elementary schools (the numbers on the communes I visited ranged from eight to sixty-six), as well as middle schools and part-work, part-study schools. The state sometimes provides either elementary or middle schools, and some of these offer courses of high quality. An example was a middle school on a commune near Nanking whose laboratories were admirably equipped, which had a good library (including many foreign books) and which offered advanced courses in English. The most interesting and significant development, however, is the part-work, part-study school which aims to eliminate the distinction between intellectual and worker, and which may emerge as the dominant type of educational institute in the next decade. The rural schools of this type are as impressive as their urban counterparts; they offer a three-year course during which the students will work on the school land (one such school near Taiyüan has 150 acres of land, 530 students and 109 staff and cadres) and also go out into the countryside, offering their knowledge and acquiring experience by working on the communes in the district.

This diversity of institutions is unified under a dominant theory: the role of education is to create a new type of Socialist man. The proposition extends also to the visual arts, to the theatre, the film, the press, and to literature as a whole. To consolidate their revolution the masses must establish their control over the ideological superstructure as effectively as they did over the state and the economy in 1949. This means removing from office all those suspected of having used their influence — whether as the rector of a university or the editor of a newspaper — to inculcate "bourgeois" ideas, and it is this "cleanup of the dust left hidden" (to quote the *People's Daily*) that explains the "purges" of the last month or two. In the thousands of wall newspapers—on gray paper, white paper, paper of all colors—that I saw in the University of Nanking, in the streets, in schools far out in the countryside, posters criticizing, accusing, counterattacking; in the noisy, good-humored, gong-beating processions, there seemed to be little concern with the "struggle for succession," discussed in some Western newspapers, but rather a very great concern with the quality of education, the integrity of the educators and the ultimate objectives of education. The mounting wave of criticism by students and many teachers, of an education system that was an amalgam of mandarin-style teaching and Soviet and Western educational concepts, achieved its goal when, in mid-June, entrance examinations to universities were abolished and an interim period of six months was set aside to devise a new system of enrollment from the upper levels of the middle schools.

Just what form the education system will assume is as yet unclear; as a Chinese colleague put it to me: "Not even the Soviet Union succeeded in creating a *truly* Socialist education system, and we do not know yet what form it should take; that's what all these poster displays, processions and meetings are about." The repercussions of the present "cultural revolution" will extend into every sphere of life and thought and will doubtless be interpreted in divers ways by the Pekinologists of the West. To the Chinese it represents an inevitable unfolding of the events which began in 1949, and an essential prerequisite to the emergence of "the new Socialist man." To me it looms as a development whose importance—and global implications—will dwarf even the massive remodeling of their physical environment in which this Chinese quarter of humanity is engaged.

The Enormous Revival Meeting

ROBERT S. ELEGANT

Hong Kong

When I was a small boy, a favorite game left the grassy fields of suburban New York pocked with pits to trap the unwary. It was called Digging to China. We knew we would get there if only we dug straight enough and deep enough because China was exactly on the other side of the globe. We never did reach China.

Despite the frustration of our pioneering instinct, we knew a great deal about that contrary country. We knew that the Chinese wrote backwards, not only from right to left, but from top to bottom, instead of across the page. We knew that they began their meals with dessert and ended with soup, that they gave girls' names to boys, and that men wore skirts and women trousers. We knew many other things which also appear slightly askew in the light of more direct and, presumably, more mature knowledge.

Yet we knew a great deal more than we realized. Above all, we knew that the Chinese were quite different from the men and women of our comfortable American middle-class world. Weary of too much apparent knowledge and too much illusory certainty about China, I sometimes feel that that simple clarity, now almost three decades past, was the beginning of true understanding. The Chinese are different from us in their formal manifestations, even if they are not direct opposites.

The other side of the globe is commonplace today. Man-made devices have even circled the far side of the moon, though their exploration has enlightened mankind but little. As far as the opportunities for effective mutual observation have gone in the past decade and a half, the Chinese might almost live on the far side of the moon. Even less than the occasional Westerner who is conducted through China, deaf to the spoken word and blind to the intricate ideographs, have the Chinese, by direct observation, altered their preconceptions about either the outside world or their own nature. Nor does the prevailing darkness on the other side of the moon give off much light.

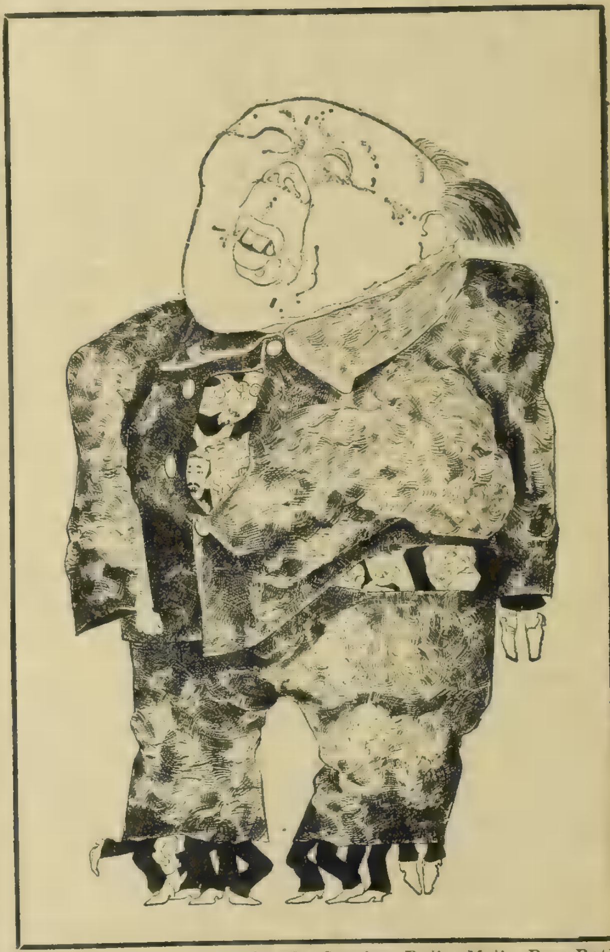
But the ether surrounding China has, since April, been charged with words, alternately bitter and boastful—and, often, as tantalizingly indistinct as the Herzian emanations caught by the astronomers' telescopes. Distorted not by time and distance but by passion, the words are intended for the Chinese. Still, any simple radio receiver will intercept them for the listener in Hong Kong on the edge of the far side of the moon.

Since the beginning of May there has been one chief theme, which has developed and widened. Waves of denunciation have resounded across China from the broad plains of Manchuria to the narrow, rock-bound farms set among the misty crags of Kweichow. Harsh male shouts have contended with sharp female cries above the dark muttering of throngs. The mass meetings have bellowed their spontaneous indignation at the "traitors, the anti-party, anti-Socialist elements, the devils with the spirits of snakes and the souls of oxen, the bourgeois agents, who plotted in coordination with international revisionism and imperialism to destroy socialism and bring back capitalism." Giving only perfunctory attention to their familiar antagonists, "Khrushchevite revisionism and American imperialism," all radio programs have hailed the "great new victory for the thought of Mao Tse-tung," which was won in Peking, the holy city of Chinese communism.

It was a strange victory.

At the beginning of June, a brief announcement noted the dismissal of Peng Chen, Mayor of Peking and first secretary of the Peking Municipal Committee of the Communist Party. The entire Peking committee was also dismissed because, for the first time in the history of the People's Republic, an erring group had resisted reformation en masse. All members of the committee were denounced as henchmen of a "black gang" which had deliberately set out to thwart the party's will and bring about the recrudescence of capitalism by curious means.

On the far side of the moon, the pen is, it appears, still more dangerous than the sword, and the pen was the chosen weapon of the anti-party group. In their journalistic commentaries, in their collections of essays, and in their historical plays, the writers concerned had sought to undermine the confidence of the Chinese masses in the canonical *Thought of Mao Tse-tung*, and to supplant it with "a bourgeois view of the world." Not only the ranks of the Communist Party



Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

Let A Hundred Flowers Perish

but the "power of the state" itself was shaken by the ruthless attacks of the squadrons of bourgeois penmen, the Communists averred. Even today, the immediate enemy overcome, the party continues to warn that socialism in China is engaged in a conflict with capitalism graphically described in Chinese as a "you live, I die; I live, you die" struggle.

The victorious legions of Marxist orthodoxy did not grow complacent with the defeat of the hapless Peking Committee and the suppression of its sinister publications. As its first official action, the new Municipal Committee removed other "bourgeois agents" from control of Peking University, the seedbed of the Communist revolution. In the provinces, vice governors, Communist Party cultural directors and newspaper editors were relieved of their duties to the accompaniment of "drums and dancing," as the Chinese has the term Peking usually translates as "fanfare." No drums or dancing have enlivened the quiet meetings of Regional Political Departments which are plucking dissidents out of the economic structure throughout China. But those sessions are an integral part of the process of removing from critical positions discredited professional writers, academicians, journalists, managers and technicians. The ultra-orthodox faction now in command has affirmed that the only wisdom which is valid in the new age is the wisdom of the "worker, peasant, soldier masses."

All persons possessing skills derived from higher education are in greater or lesser degree corrupted by "bourgeois thought." Even those who came of "pure proletarian backgrounds" have been contaminated by those "bourgeois scholarly authorities," their teachers. Many of the erring intellectuals are being dismissed; others are "struggled with," in the stark Communist phrase, until they recognize their faults. Seeking to escape the familiar pitfall of recalcitrance among the educated, the Communists have already been lured a long way along the road toward dependence on the "innate" technical skills of the masses, who are presumed to be ideologically pure. From 1958 to 1960, during the first Great Leap Forward, that road led not only to a great victory for *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung* but to economic and administrative chaos.

It is still not clear how far this new victory will be pursued. The Communists themselves display an uncharacteristic imprecision, in contrast to the certainty with which they announced the plans, at once detailed and sweeping, for the transformation of men and society by the first Great Leap Forward. But the tone of the mass meetings throughout China has already begun to shift from Marxist denunciation to Maoist uplift.

Having cast out the devils of revisionism and slain the monsters of capitalism, the enormous revival meeting which is China today is reaching toward new exaltation. The essential purge will continue and expand until all opponents who escaped all the previous purges are eliminated. But the emotional tenor in China now recalls the promises of transfiguration which heralded the first Great Leap. The Chinese press ecstatically predicts a "great new era in the history of mankind." The glamorous phrases of the earlier period are being refurbished: "the wisdom of the worker, peasant, soldier masses," subdued during the years of recovery; "the imminent transition from socialism to true communism," that state of secular bliss which Karl Marx so gingerly forecast and Mao Tse-tung later proclaimed could be achieved through spirit, rather than matter; and "the creation of a new kind of human being," Maoist man, whose advent will liberate mankind—and the Communist Party of China—from all difficulties.

In just one editorial the Peking *People's Daily* carelessly revealed the stinging reality behind those portents. "The cultural revolution now under way, on a scale never known before," the party's organ declared, "necessarily foreshadows a development of the Socialist revolution by leaps and bounds and a new Great Leap Forward in China's Socialist construction." Premier Chou En-lai having confirmed that the "national economy has entered a new, leaping phase," extravagant claims of industrial and agricultural productivity now resound.

China, it appears, is to be thrust into another great convulsion in a second grand attempt to bend the laws of material nature and human nature to the will of the Communist Party. China's organs of opinion quite candidly warn that the nation must be purified of "remaining bourgeois influence," which is strong and insidious. They are only slightly more reticent in their implicit admission that China's industrial base hardly qualifies it as a great power, and they have just begun to admit that China's population is now at least 700 million. Since the true figure is probably several tens of millions higher, population growth appears to be consuming, even before it is produced, whatever surplus the economy can throw off. External observers feel that only massive foreign aid could halt that self-consuming spiral. But the extremists who now hold power in China believe that a massive deployment of human labor inspired by the uniquely correct thought of Mao Tse-tung can accomplish miracles.

The concrete aspects of the new Great Leap Forward are still being shaped, for the newly purged Central Committee has been forced, by a combination of its own impetuosity and the intra-party power struggle, to move before its plans were fully cast. The Communists' awareness of their previous errors indicates that they will seek to avoid those specific excesses which aroused greatest popular resentment and contrived the greatest practical failures from 1958 to 1960. Mass compulsory labor, total social reorganization, separation of families, and the segregation of the sexes, the breakdown of the food supply, and the lavish, wasteful use of manpower on a host of simultaneous, grandiose projects simultaneously maladministered—all those disastrous aspects of the first Great Leap should be subject to greater restraint. But the Communist Party may find itself unable to stem the momentum of the new Great Leap. Excess has already appeared in the widespread purge—and even more general alienation—of precisely those men and women who are most essential to economic progress, the trained administrators, publicists and technicians.

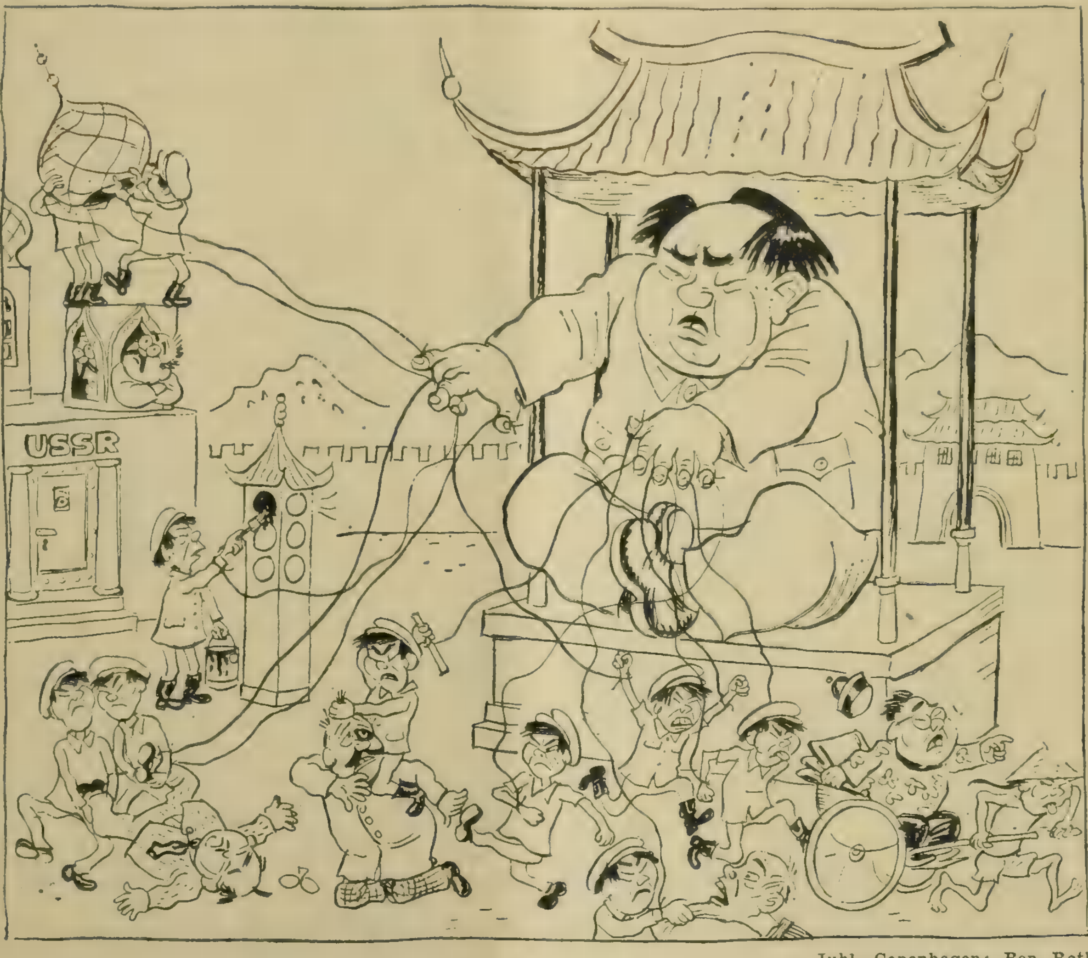
The new Great Leap may also find itself incapable of avoiding excess because of its unique sponsorship. Despite their generous praise for their fighting forces, the People's Liberation Army, the Chinese Communists always adhered to the practice of traditional Chinese civilization, and kept the military in a subordinate political position. But the sword has now prevailed over the pen. Effective control of China now lies in the hands of the Liberation Army. Defense Minister Lin Piao, a field marshal before formal ranks were abolished last year, is the single most powerful man in the country and the heir apparent to Mao Tse-tung. The rough soldiers, who believe that they have always conquered all the enemies they have met, are imbued not only with bounding self-confidence but also with a simplistic approach to psychological and economic problems. In a recent joint declaration with their European—and sole—ally, Albania, the masters of China affirmed that stringent coercion and a militarized state would remain characteristic of true Socialist countries until they entered the blessed realm of total communism, when the state disappears. The Chinese Communists are now engrossed with the period of coercion, presumably feeling that the eventual paradise can see to itself.

The term Great Leap Forward, which slipped into the editorial in the *People's Daily*, has not been repeated. It is likely that the Chinese people will not for some time be told "with fanfare" that they are in the midst of a new Great Leap Forward. They were not told of the creation of urban Great People's Communes in 1959-60 until those new social organisms were a reality. The party obviously knows that the simple terms themselves arouse enormous antagonism and stimulate the opposition it is determined to crush.

The Chinese under communism, then, are strikingly different from most of humanity. Having just recovered from the shattering experience of the first Great Leap, they are poised for a new Great Leap. Disturbed by the persistence of opposition, though it is mild by comparison with the violent discontent provoked by the first Leap, they are adopting measures which appear certain to stimulate strong opposition. Having attained a reasonable standard of living, characterized by an adequate supply of foodstuffs and a growing trickle of consumer goods, they are about to hazard the newly attained stability of their economy. Having alienated a good part of humanity by their assertive statements and their intrusive foreign policy, they are intensifying their assertions and threatening more penetrating intrusion. It is tempting to shrug and wearily concede that things are simply upside down in China.

But there is a consistent pattern in the news from the far side of the moon. In terms of their own logic, developments in China display a definite internal order. Whatever understanding is possible unfortunately requires an examination of first premises.

A state of contentment, gradually expanding, is unacceptable to China's ideologues because it leads to *embourgeoisement*. They recognize that nearly seventeen years of intensive effort have by no means wholly destroyed that Chinese civilization which endured for more than 2,000 years, and they fear that civilization's creeping back to



Juhl, Copenhagen: Ben Roth

Down With Culture

cover all their works. The Chinese hierarchy is dismayed by the example of the Soviet Union under Nikita Khrushchev and his successors, "who are worse than Khrushchev." They believe, with much justification, that increasing material gratification inescapably engenders demands for even greater material gratification. They admit that they fear above all else the "recrudescence of capitalism" in China as a result of such demands, which compromise the selfless dedication that is the essential quality of a "true Marxist-Leninist." Their fundamental belief has, in fact, evolved beyond dialectical *materialism* into a creed which can most concisely, if clumsily, be described as dialectical *spirituality*. Continuing conflict between opposites they exalt as the fundamental condition of nature, but the essential conflict for them takes place in the realm of the human spirit.

Political life has now engorged all other aspects of life in China. In their political life the Chinese have, for at least two millenniums, been wholly ideological in a manner unknown in the Western world. Their church has always been dedicated to a mundane purpose—the establishment of utopia here on earth through the creation of the perfect human being. The conscious ideal of creating the "new man" was first enunciated in a collection of aphorisms called *The Great Learning*, which appeared almost half a millennium before the birth of Christ. From approximately 200 B.C. until the beginning of the present century, Confucianism, the state ideology which delineated the political structure, the individual's personal behavior, and his relation to the supernatural, sought to create the perfect man in the perfect society. Even the reformers who fought to remake Confucianism at the end of the last century, the rebellious "Westernizers," took as a guiding principle the shaping of a new man to meet the new times.

It is hardly remarkable that the Chinese Communist regime is captivated by the traditional ideology it so vehemently rejects, for all revolutionaries are shaped by their origins. The present hierarchy consciously seeks the creation of the perfect Communist man in the perfect Communist society. Feeling that they will have failed fundamentally unless they can impose their own new morality on the Chinese people, the hierarchy seeks to compel the Chinese to that transformation by forced emulation of heroes varying in quality from the omniscient Chairman Mao himself to self-sacrificing private soldiers. Emulation was the Confucian way.

The Communists are also impelled to reassert the dominant political and cultural position China enjoyed in the world known to it before the onslaught of the West in the 19th century. The perfect society and the perfect human being must, they feel, be created everywhere in the world under their own "uniquely correct" tutelage. Marxism's assertion of universality has combined with the Confucian ideal of bringing order to *t'ien-hsia*, "all that is under the heavens," to confirm them in that wider purpose.

The Chinese lack the material resources to carry out their inspired mission, while they find their human material within China increasingly intractable. They have won no striking victories in their campaign to remake the world by substituting dedicated human beings guided by an inspired ideology for the weight of metal. "People's war," the employment of guerrillas and subversion to overthrow established governments, has proved unsuccessful in South Vietnam and disastrous in Indonesia. Lesser Chinese reverses have occurred in Africa.

But the Communists are mesmerized by their own obsessions. They cannot abandon their purposes without negating their lives' endeavors. They are, therefore, compelled to one more attempt to remake both the Chinese people and the Chinese economy through another Great Leap Forward. Because Mao Tse-tung tells them so, they know that all things will be possible once they have "completely remade the thinking of the masses." Because they have no choice, they must believe that they can accomplish miracles of industrialization and agricultural expansion by the intensive application of human labor. Then China will be the compelling model for the entire world.

Despite its institutional uniformity, the glory of Chinese civilization has always been its protestant tradition. Under the most stringent repression of the Confucian empire, courageous men with independent minds always dared to challenge official obduracy and to speak out against oppression. They were often forced to make their points by indirection in the settings of novels or plays. They were often punished for their effrontery.

No more than was the empire is the Communist state a seamless unity. Despite the most intense intellectual repression China has ever known, courageous and independent men have managed to publish their reproaches. The party has now discerned a deep-laid plot in the works of a few writers who dared to follow the old tradition of criticism after the first Great Leap. It is more likely that they came together informally, drawn by their common concern for the future of their country.

Mao Tse-tung's withdrawal from the day-to-day business of the state, perhaps because his health is failing, transformed such opposition into a major crisis within the leadership of the party. Peng Chen, only fifth after Mao in the party, appears to have allied himself with the moderate group because it represented his best chance of attaining power. He seems to have felt that he enjoyed substantial support and that he had to act immediately or be swept away himself. Peng—and other leaders still unidentified—therefore joined with the men who cried against the prospect of another Great Leap Forward, arguing: "My God, not again! The people are reasonably happy, and the economy is reasonably stable. Let us build on what we have already built. Let us not essay another wild leap into chaos in pursuit of an unobtainable ideal."

So spoke the pragmatists. They challenged the most orthodox, who knew that the preservation of their own power required of them the strictest adherence to the extreme policies of Mao Tse-tung. Even in death, the shade of Mao Tse-tung is to protect his successors, who are aware that his personal prestige is a chief buttress of the regime. He has therefore been canonized in his lifetime, and his works have been enshrined as the highest expression of human wisdom.

Only one man enjoys adulation almost as intense as that accorded Mao Tse-tung. He is the winner in the power struggle and the present ruler of China. First Deputy Prime Minister and Vice Chairman of the Communist Party Lin Piao this year is exalted for his "creative application of the thought of Mao Tse-tung." The party's ideological Bible, *Red Flag*, has just instructed its readers: "The fundamental point is to learn how to consistently place Mao Tse-tung's thought in the forefront of all work and to absorb Comrade Lin Piao's highly important instructions on the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works." Such homage is reserved by the meticulous protocol of Communist China for the man in full command of day-to-day operations.

Lin triumphed in the brief power struggle because of his complete control of the People's Liberation Army, which is today hailed as "the chief pillar of the state." The military have now penetrated almost all the major centers of power, and they are, in truth, the driving force in China. The directives for the present purge have come not from the *People's Daily* but from the organ of the military, the *Liberation Army Daily*. The responsibilities of power may yet temper the rough-hewn zealotry of the military, but they now appear determined to pursue their chosen course to the end.

With the defeat of the pragmatists, China is now, once again, a scene of vast confusion. "Every counterrevolutionary restoration starts in the realm of ideology so as to remold public opinion," the dominant clique has warned. It has proclaimed a vast "cultural revolution," which it describes as the greatest, the most intense and most sweeping thought reform campaign China has known. The economic convulsion is about to begin.

This new climacteric will be the third and, almost without question, the most profound in the brief history of the People's Republic. Each such convulsion has been followed by a period of relaxation, and each such period of relaxation has lasted longer than its predecessor. Collectivization in 1955 and 1956 was followed by the relaxation of the brief Hundred Flowers Movement in 1957. The first Great Leap Forward of 1959-60 led to the gradual recovery of 1961-64.

The new Great Leap Forward bears every sign of being the most abrupt and most vicious since the Communists came to power. It may not be too much to hope that it will be followed by a period of true and lasting relaxation. The zealots will be discredited by the failure of the new Leap Forward that they are themselves contriving by their own extremism. The moderates who succeed them will possess all the evidence they need to demonstrate that China cannot possibly triumph in a continuing confrontation with both the laws of nature and the nations of the world outside.

Then the messages from the far side of the moon may become more intelligible, and the logic that prevails there may become more like the logic that prevails elsewhere.

BETWEEN GOALS AND DOGMA

An Opening for Diplomacy

I-KUA CHOU

Communist China currently concentrates all its foreign policy efforts on denouncing Soviet revisionism, and that, in effect, reflects its inability and unwillingness to see the need to modify its hostility toward the United States. It has adjusted its relations with all other nations in order to strengthen its anti-Soviet and anti-American strategy. In doing so, however, it has breached one of the tenets it accuses the Soviet leaders of having violated: that of drawing a clear-cut line between the "imperialist" powers and the Communist countries. It has increased its trade significantly with such countries as West Germany, France, Great Britain, Japan, Canada, Australia and Argentina. It maintains a hybrid relationship of trade and cultural exchange with many countries whose ties with the United States have prevented them from establishing normal diplomatic relations with Peking. It has begun to shift its sources of modern machinery from the Communist bloc to the capitalist countries of the West. It cannot hope for long to persist in a policy of noncooperation and of fomenting conspiratorial violence in non-Communist countries if its program of modernization and industrialization is to be realized through trade and collaboration with the world at large.

Therefore, in the long run, a further relaxation of the Chinese Communist rigidity is in prospect. This may take place regardless of what group succeeds to political power in Peking. Even if there should be an ideological reconciliation between Moscow and Peking, China's total dependence upon the Communist countries has become a thing of the past. Were it not that Vietnam posed the danger of a wider war, the non-Communist world could really have sat back and watched the unfolding of the Sino-Soviet clashes, enjoying the full benefit of a disintegrated Communist camp.

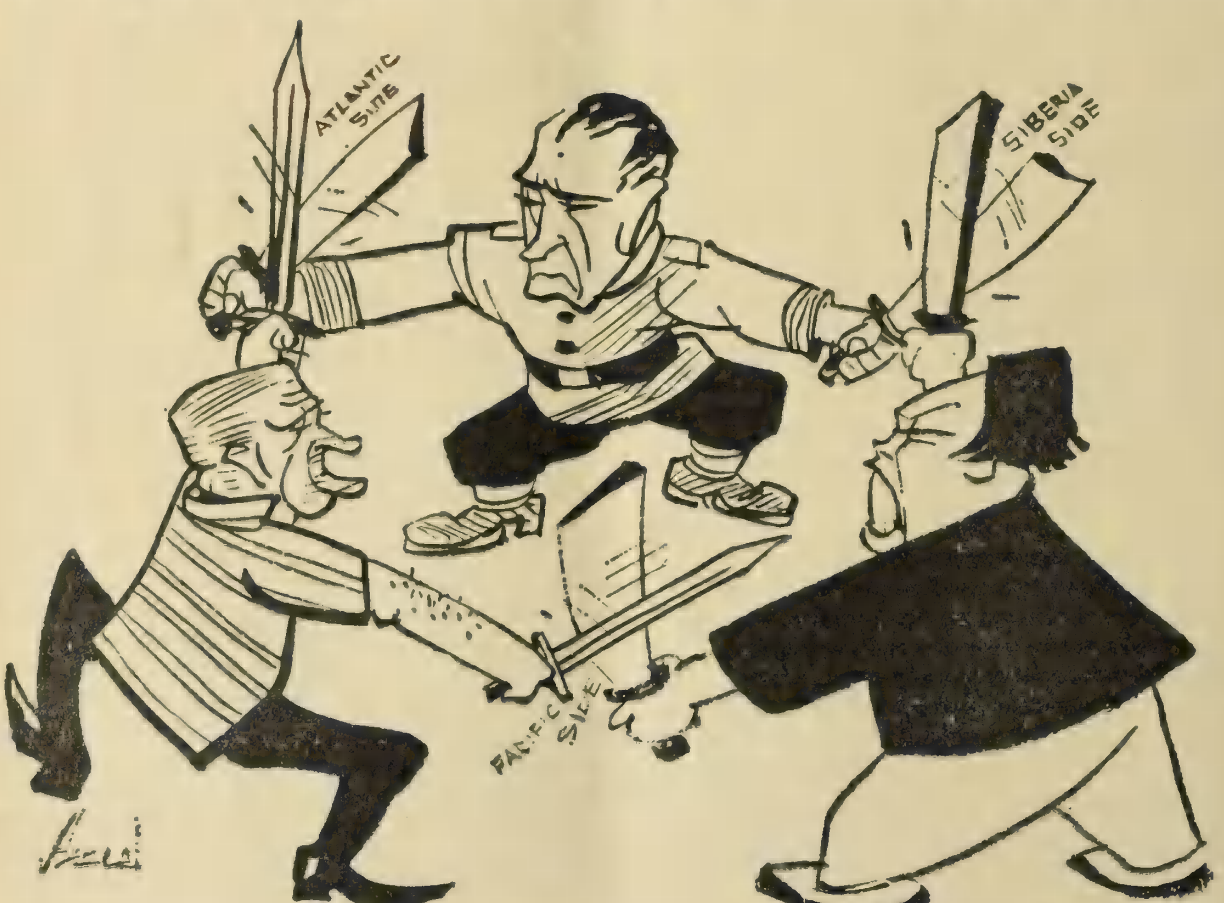
While, for the time being, the danger of a direct collision between China and the United States over Vietnam has been averted, it is by no means certain that an ever-widening war, which has already engulfed Laos and Thailand, will not produce a military confrontation between the Chinese and the United States. It is true that both Peking and Washington have repeatedly stated that they intend to make no war upon each other; but it is also true that Peking insists upon its "just action" in supporting "the revolutionary struggles of all oppressed peoples and nations abroad" and that the United States is equally determined to apply, in Secretary Rusk's words, "a counterweight of real power to Chinese Communist pressures." Thus, a situation of permanent crisis prevails between China and the United States, and there is no indication that the tension created by the policies of both sides in the past sixteen years will soon subside.

The sources of conflict are diverse and profound, but the most fundamental and everlasting of them is the fact that both China and the United States seem to endorse a doctrine of intervention that is almost universal and all-inclusive. Since Peking claims (as does Moscow) the right to speak for mankind, the United States, in addition to the security arrangements concluded with some forty-two countries, acts generally to defend the existing system of the non-Communist world and to put into effect countermeasures against possible Communist take-overs. The justification for the Chinese Communist doctrine of intervention is that since, according to Marxist-Leninist doctrine, the "bourgeois" system of any country must be overthrown, it is Peking's "internationalist duty" to give a Communist revolution unconditional support. The justification for the American doctrine of intervention seems to be that any form of social change is permissible except that which is promoted by the Communists. As interventionists, both sides propose to sit in judgment on the legitimacy of the political processes of a given country, to determine the form and the speed of its social change and to remold its political institutions.

The United States policy toward China was not at first geared to Peking's strategy of promoting the world revolution through "people's wars," launched by indigenous elements in a given country and assisted by military and political aid from outside. It was geared, rather, to the traditional concept that an aggressive China might seek territorial aggrandizement at the expense of its neighbors, and to a large extent that view still holds. However, the recent emphasis on counterinsurgency and the Johnsonian doctrine of stopping "guerrilla aggression" with the superior fire power of a mobile tactical force, indicate gradual adjustment of a strategy originally conceived for preventing Soviet expansion to a strategy for halting Communist uprisings inspired by the doctrine of Mao Tse-tung.

There is now general agreement on what Chinese communism is. It looks for a Communist revolution in every land, sees progress only through conflict, and identifies itself with the nationalist yearnings of the developing nations. In the National Liberation Movement, it envisions a process for the emancipation of mankind. It equates a country's independence with its complete severance of economic and political ties (not necessarily diplomatic) with the United States. It operates on the assumption that either all the Communists must strive at all times in a "continuing revolution" to bring about a world "without imperialism and capitalism," or they will lose whatever ground they now hold. There is no middle course, and there is little room for compromise with the adversary.

However, there are divergent views as to what Chinese communism is not. And the fact that in China nationalist objectives are sometimes intertwined with Communist objectives has made it difficult to determine what exactly Peking is trying to achieve at a given moment. I believe that it is possible to sift out the elements which are generally associated with Chinese communism but which really have nothing to do with it, and to distinguish the nationalist from the Communist goals. A successful separation of



Piciel, Calcutta: Ben Roth

Global Strategy

these problems, it is hoped, will contribute to a better understanding of Chinese communism and, more important, to the adoption of more effective and realistic policies toward it.

Chinese communism does not propose to use the homeland as a base for marching Chinese troops into neighboring states and converting them to communism. (Both the Nationalists and the Communists regard Tibet as an integral part of China and no international tribunal has established it as an independent country.) No country along China's borders has turned Communist since the Chinese Communists came to power in 1949. North Korea and North Vietnam went Communist by virtue of the Allied occupation policy agreed upon at Potsdam at a time when China itself was still in the hands of the Nationalists. The Russian occupation army converted North Korea into a Communist state; and, after having taken over Vietnam from the Japanese, Ho Chi Minh's Independence League (Vietminh), supported by Chiang Kai-shek and blessed by the United States, began to win a victory over the French. It was only after the Chinese Communist intervention in Korea, a decision which may very well have been made by Stalin, and the subsequent reversal of the United States policy, that these countries were regarded as the outposts of an enemy.

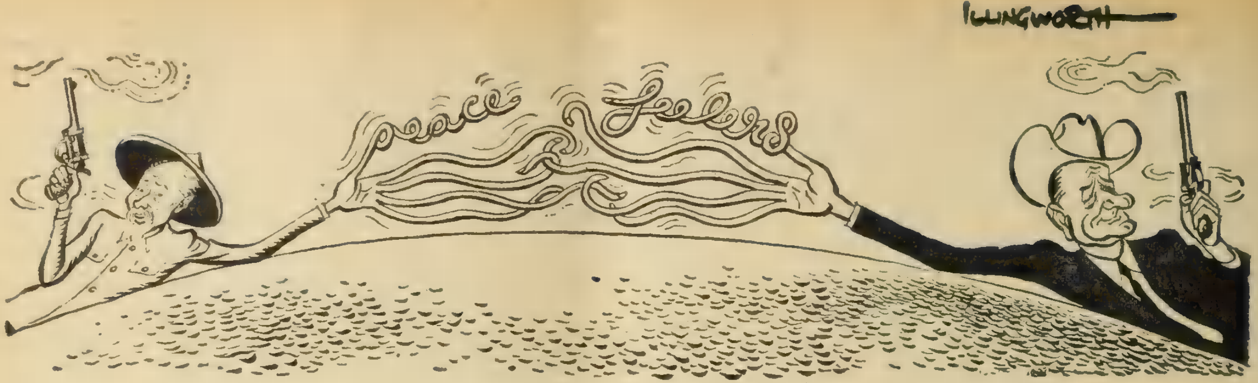
The Chinese Communist foreign policy objectives are not limited to a Communist Asia. Nor are they confined to a Communist sweep of the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. They are aimed at uniting one-third of the world's population — those people living in the less developed lands — as a starting point for the world revolution. On the grounds that Moscow had assigned only a minor role to the tasks of the National Liberation Movement and that Moscow's enthusiasm came only after Peking had protested that it was lacking, Peking has sought to discredit Russia by attempting unsuccessfully to exclude it from Communist activities in these countries. This, in turn, has brought on the vindictive Soviet charges of Peking's "racism" and "hegemonic plans" to dominate the NLM, which have found ready support in the West. But there is no evidence that the rulers in Peking give priority to communism in Asia over Communist enterprises elsewhere. They, like all Communists, view communism as a global system rather than an occasion for military conquest in geographical terms. A strike in Lima, a demonstration in New York, a "peace" march in Stockholm are greeted with the same enthusiasm that is engendered by an uprising in Bagdad, an armed coup in Somalia or a switch-over in Havana.

Regional hegemony presupposes limited goals and a recognition of the regional hegemony of other powerful states in other regions. There is nothing in the entire body of Chinese Communist doctrines, official pronouncements and the party-controlled press to indicate that Mao and his supporters would be happy with the 19th-century technique of dividing the world into "spheres of influence." Indeed, the question of whether the relationship among independent nations ought to be one of subordination or equality is a principal issue of the Sino-Soviet dispute, and Peking has championed the independence of Communist countries from the control of Moscow. To the countries of the Third World, Peking has persistently preached that equality and economic independence are the only true tests of sovereignty and that political independence qualified by either American or Soviet control of economic life is the essence of neo-colonialism.

Cultural influence is not equivalent to political domination. Whatever the form of its government, China has always had and always will have a significant cultural influence in Asia, ranging from food, costume, medicine and etiquette to arts, religion and social mores. But politically China faces the most difficult tasks in countries where the Chinese minority is the largest, such as Indonesia. A Communist government in North Vietnam, for example, cannot be regarded automatically as an extension of Chinese control over that country, and the absence of American control does not necessarily mean the presence of Chinese control. Burma and Cambodia are able to maintain their independence by refusing to identify themselves with either China or the United States. Indonesia virtually destroyed the Communist movement without foreign reaction. It might not have succeeded in doing so had outside military power been involved.

Chinese communism as such has little popular appeal in the developing nations. It merely attempts to rally these states around certain common denominators — beliefs, policies and sentiments shared by all the backward countries, China included. It identifies itself with their nationalist aspirations as a first step for an eventual Communist seizure of power. Through anti-colonialism, Peking seeks to dissociate the new nations politically from the advanced countries. Through anti-capitalism, Peking preaches the virtues of public ownership of land and industries and the need of the poor nations to budget through planning, to protect their own inexpensive resources and manpower and to insulate themselves by a protective wall (closed society) against such deleterious effects of world capitalism as wage and price spiral, inflation, depression and monopolistic control. Against the common desire for modernization and industrialization, it invokes the danger of imperialist servitude hidden in aid from the great powers.

In practice, Peking has had little success in gaining adherents to its revolutionary theory; and its anti-Soviet and anti-American propaganda has usually boomeranged. If some new nations are willing to heed Peking's expostulations, they usually recoil from its grand scheme of world revolution. The overall performance of Chinese communism has, therefore, been a dismal failure. Peking's impatience and its attempts to shorten the stages of revolution, from the bourgeois democratic to the Socialist revolution (to use Marxist terminology) in Indonesia, for example, have brought only disaster. If the main thrust of the Chinese Communist challenge lies in the realm of ideology or what may be called "verbal aggression," and if Peking elects to support indigenous Communist groups and their allies anywhere in the world regardless of geographical location, what is the most effective way to cope with it? Is containment really the most appropriate policy? Containment was meaningful in the forties when the Soviet army under Stalin posed a threat to Western Europe and when the United States enjoyed a monopoly in nuclear weapons. Is it equally applicable to the current posture of Communist China toward other countries? The answer to this question



London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

depends upon whether it can be established that Peking plans territorial expansion into the neighboring states.

Here, the Communist drive for world revolution can be separated from China's nationalist goals — goals which have been adhered to by every Chinese government since 1911 — such as the desire for international equality, the consolidation of frontiers and the establishment of effective control over Chinese territories, as in Taiwan. Peking sought Russia's help to achieve these goals, and, in each case, it was rebuffed. Moscow refused to give China more aid than it could afford to pay for, or to share with it Soviet nuclear technology. In regard to Taiwan, Moscow suggested that Peking might consider the two Chinas solution, and, in the Indian frontier dispute it sided with India, bearing in mind that it has its own frontier dispute with China to settle. These issues, exacerbated by ideological differences, have strained the Sino-Soviet relations to a breaking point. There is no doubt that Peking overplayed its hand along the Indian border, but the Chinese Communist Government learned, as did all the previous Chinese governments before it, that nationalist objectives cannot be achieved through the assistance of a friendly power, that only adequate national power will succeed.

Between 1962 and 1964, Peking concluded border agreements with all of China's neighboring states, except India and the Soviet Union, pledging to respect their political independence and territorial integrity. It still desires boundary treaties with India and the Soviet Union, although negotiations have broken down in an atmosphere of political vituperation. Peking could have settled all these issues had Mao Tse-tung and his associates not put the tasks of the Communist revolution before China's national interests, and had they not elected in 1949 to rely solely upon the Soviet Union for assistance and to sever all of China's relations with the United States. Despite repeated emphasis that China plans no territorial aggrandizement, its incessant cries for armed struggle against imperialism, however justified from its own viewpoint, have prejudiced the non-Communist world against the fulfillment of China's legitimate goals.

The notion that China must be contained is a legacy of the Korean War. The Chinese Communist intervention in Korea produced in the United States a military-oriented policy for Asia which includes trade embargo, security treaties and military bases along China's frontiers. The recent deployment of Soviet armed forces to Mongolia to prevent the pro-Chinese factions from seizing power and to the Sinkiang and Manchurian frontiers, together with the massive aid to India from both Russia and the United States, have created in Peking genuine fear of "encirclement." All these external pressures, plus the irritation of the Vietnamese war and the failures of foreign adventures, would have toppled any other government in China, but the Communists do exercise absolute control and the deified Mao, with the support of the military and the youth, has smothered all effective opposition. In foreign affairs, Peking now clings to two courses which it deems vital to its interests: through anti-revisionism it tries to salvage whatever prestige and support it can still enjoy among the Communist countries and parties, and through the development of nuclear weapons it hopes to produce a deterrent that will help it break through foreign encirclement in the manner of Russia in the late fifties.

The key to peace in Asia, and in the world, lies with the United States. Although this is not a propitious time for the United States to make a drastic change of its policy toward China, it holds two trump cards which, if skillfully played, may induce important changes in China by appealing to the country's nationalist interests.

First, in regard to Taiwan, some measure of agreement can still be reached without prejudicing the positions of the parties involved. Following thirteen months of bilateral negotiations in Geneva between 1955 and 1956, Peking had agreed to accept Secretary Dulles' proposal that China and the United States jointly pledge to use only peaceful means in settling international disputes. Mr. Dulles had suggested specifically that Communist China could renounce the use of force in the Taiwan area without having to give up its claim to the island. The negotiations became deadlocked when Peking insisted that its renunciation of force in Taiwan be contingent upon renunciation by the United States of its mutual defense treaty with the Nationalist government. Sometime in the future, it may be advisable for the United States to pick up where Mr. Dulles left off and negotiate with Peking a general declaratory agreement concerning peaceful settlement of international disputes and the settlement of rival Chinese claims over the island by peaceful means. Such an agreement would solve nothing, but it would contribute greatly to the easing of tension between the United States and China, and thus perhaps lead to agreements on other larger issues.

Second, Peking's recent proposal, that China and the United States conclude an agreement pledging that neither country will be the first to use nuclear weapons against the other, offers the United States a chance to deflate Peking's militancy in international affairs. The successful conclusion of such an agreement could mark the beginning of a new era in which Peking would seek to achieve such objectives as security and equality directly with the United States. Any move to increase Peking's freedom of action in foreign affairs will mitigate its belligerence. A non-first use agreement might make it easier for China to take part in disarmament negotiations and to accept other plans for world peace such as the proposed nonproliferation treaty. Any such development would have a moderating influence upon the anti-Soviet and anti-American campaigns in China and profound effects on China's political temper.

Since most of the issues involving the United States and China have been the results of the politics and ideologies of the two countries, grossly inflated by the missionary zeal of the Communists and the anti-Communists, there is little that other countries can do to alleviate the tension. The United Nations has been powerless in cases involving highly political and ideological conflicts, and the exclusion of Communist China from its bodies has forced Washington and Peking to pursue their policies toward each other without it. The more the two countries rely upon the bilateral approach, the less compelling for Peking is access to the channels of multilateral diplomacy. If the proposed two Chinas solution (keeping the Nationalists in the United Nations while admitting the Communists) should ever be adopted by the world body, it will become a new device to exclude Peking indefinitely, for it has made abundantly clear since 1950 that it will never pay such a price for entry.

Ultimately, Chinese Communist ideological intransigence can be modified only through the inter-party struggles within the Communist camp and through internal changes in China. Only the moderate Communists can tame the radical Communists. There is nothing that the United States can do to reduce Peking's ideological belligerency; political and military pressures will merely perpetuate it. What the United States can do, however, is seek limited agreements concerning China's nationalist objectives. When Washington and Peking can agree on the substance of China's legitimate national interests, peace in Asia, and in the world, will begin to move from dream to reality.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS I

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

LEO PFEFFER

On October 3 the Supreme Court opens its 1966-67 term and its docket indicates that as in previous terms in recent years, its constitutional law cases will be almost exclusively in the field of civil rights and liberties. That has not always been the case: 1966 marks the 175th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, and the Court took almost 150 years to recognize itself as guardian of that great document. This year thus provides an appropriate occasion to review and evaluate the Court's successes and failures in that role. Beginning with this issue we are publishing three articles by Leo Pfeffer under the general title, "The Supreme Court and the Bill of Rights," which seek to reach an objective and balanced judgment on the Court's performance in each of the three major areas of American liberties—freedom of expression, justice and equality.

Leo Pfeffer, special counsel to the American Jewish Congress and chairman of the Department of Political Science at Long Island University, is the author most recently of The Honorable Court: A History of the United States Supreme Court *(Beacon).*

The omission of a bill of rights from the document submitted to the American people in 1787 almost resulted in its rejection. The fifty-five men who gathered in Philadelphia, though recognizing that all authority ultimately came from the people, were hardly oversolicitous for the liberties of the people. On the contrary, most of them felt that the people could not be trusted with the liberties they already had, and looked to the Constitution primarily as an instrument for the restraint of some of those liberties. Madison, defending the omission, expressed skepticism as to the value of a bill of rights. Experience, he wrote Jefferson, had shown its inefficacy on those occasions when its control was most needed. Reflecting the consensus of his fellow delegates, he suggested that the greatest threat to civil liberties came not from government but from "overbearing majorities," and as to these a bill of rights was little more than a parchment barrier.

Ultimately, recognizing that unless a bill of rights were promised, the people would not approve the Constitution, he went along. A bill of rights, he agreed, does have some modest value against government. It could have a moral value in constituting a "good ground for an appeal to the sense of the community" in cases of abuse by authority. Moreover, if a bill of rights were inserted in the Constitution, "independent tribunals of justice will consider themselves in a peculiar manner the guardians of those rights."

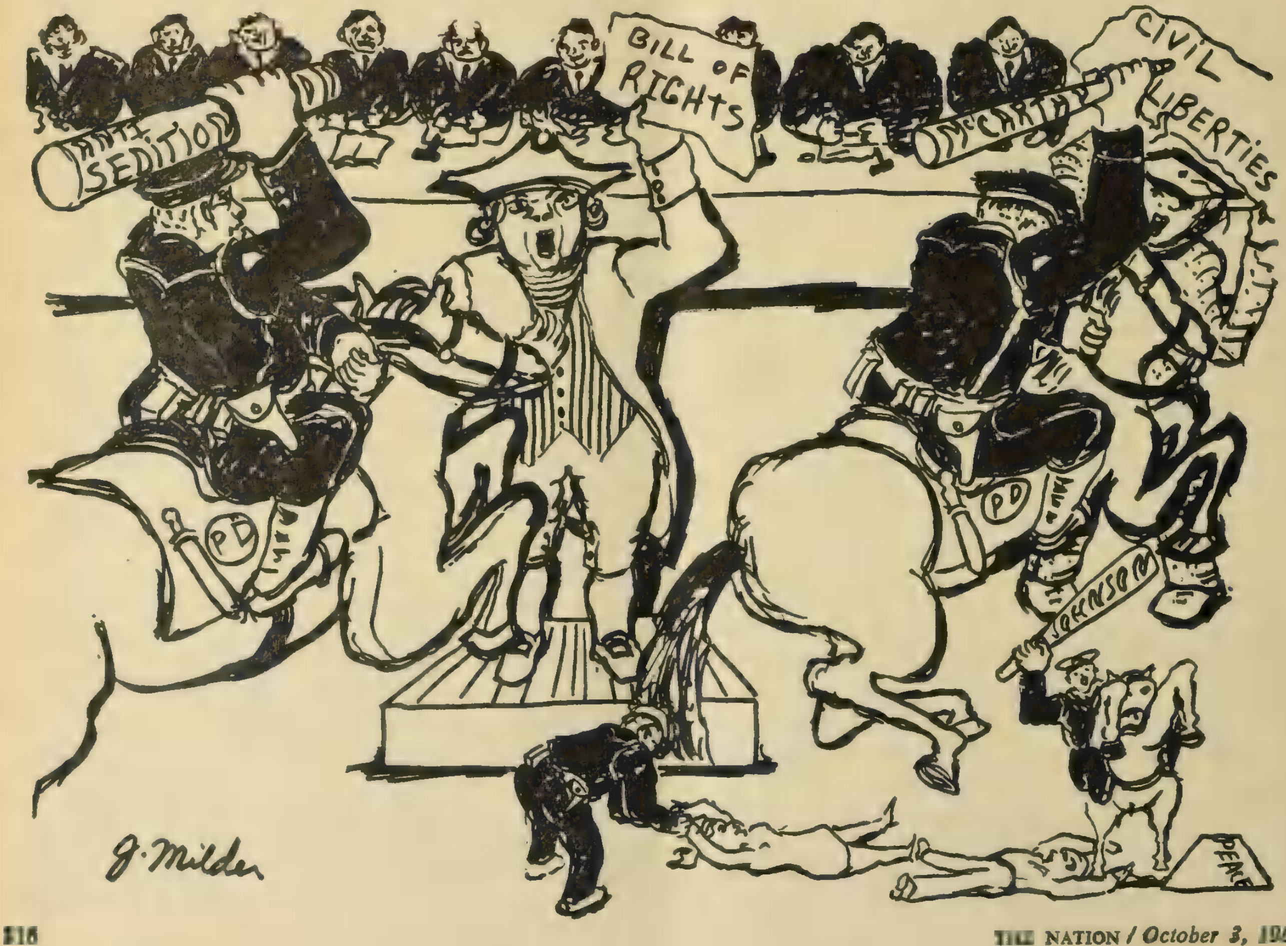
The new nation's first encounter with a major violation of the people's liberties seemed to indicate that Madison was wrong on at least two of the three counts. The assault came from government, not from the people, and the tribunals of justice, particularly the members of the Supreme Court, were allies to the assault rather than guardians of the people's rights.

Barely seven years after the adoption of the Bill of Rights, with its First Amendment prohibition on laws abridging freedom of speech, Congress passed the Sedition Act for the punishment of anyone who uttered or published sentiments tending to bring the government or its officials into disrepute or to excite the hatred of the people. The Supreme Court itself never had occasion to pass upon the constitutionality of the Act (it was repealed after two years and all persons convicted under it were pardoned by Jefferson); but the individual Justices, in their enforcement of the Act as circuit court judges, left no doubt as to how they would have acted as a body. Individually, they not only upheld its constitutionality and enforced it vigorously but conducted trials under it with complete abandonment of judicial dispassion and impartiality.

It is questionable that Madison was right even with respect to his third prediction, that the Bill of Rights would serve as "good ground for an appeal to the sense of the community." The people were sufficiently enraged by the Sedition Act to sweep the Federalists out of office in the election of 1800, but the anger was motivated not primarily by the fact that the Act was a violation of the First Amendment but rather that it was a usurpation of power by the national government as against the states and was aimed against the opponents of war with France, who by 1800 were in a great majority in the country.

The truth of the matter is that in times of crisis our nation has had a low tolerance for political dissent, and appeals to the sense of the community have not proved of much help. The lot of political dissenters has been a heavy one, from the Tories in the Revolutionary War to the left of Center during the McCarthy period, and perhaps beyond. Nor have our political leaders, even the most liberal of them, acted much above the common sentiment. Jefferson's record on freedom of political expression was, as Leonard Levy has shown, at best ambiguous. Lincoln had no sympathy for the rights of the "wily agitator" and acquiesced in the suppression of the press by the military. Wilson refused to pardon Socialists and pacifists jailed for opposing our entry into World War I, and it was his attorney general who was responsible for the notorious Palmer raids after the war. Franklin Roosevelt authorized the detention and relocation of Japanese Americans during World War II; the loyalty programs and the attorney general's list were promulgated during Truman's administration, and only time will tell when escalation of the Vietnamese war will bring an end to Johnson's already strained patience with dissenters.

What has been the record of the Supreme Court in relation to political dissenters during times of crisis? On the whole, unfortunately, not very much better. The next encounter with political dissent the Court experienced after the Sedition Act of 1798 came out of the sedition acts of World War I, and while the participation of its members was less activist and partisan, the net result was the same. If the Court accepted for itself the role assigned to it by Madison as particular guardian of the people's rights, it failed miserably in playing that role. Apparently the only case in which the Court reversed a conviction arising out of opposition to the war was one in which the attorney general himself asked it because he became convinced that the defendants (some twenty-seven South Dakota farmers who had petitioned the government officials that the draft quota for their county was too high) should never have been indicted in the first place. What is particularly deplorable is that every one of the cases in which the Court upheld convictions came to it after the war had ended in victory, so that the Court would have taken little risk in challenging the still remaining passions and prejudices. As Justice Clarke, along with Holmes and Brandeis, one of the



oft-dissenting trio in these cases, said in one of his dissents, the Court had and should have exercised the power "to correct, in this calmer time, errors of law which would not have been committed but for the stress and strain of feeling prevailing in the early months of the late deplorable war."

The first major case to reach the Court resulted in a decision that has been acclaimed almost universally as a landmark by constitutional historians, and upon which, in large measure, rests Holmes's reputation as a great, if not the greatest American judge and liberal. Some Socialists had printed and distributed to men who had already been drafted and were awaiting induction a leaflet stating that capitalist Wall Street was responsible for the war, that the draft was unconstitutional and that the government had no right to send American citizens to shoot up the people of other lands.

The most stringent protection of free speech, said Holmes, would not protect a man from the penal consequences of falsely shouting "fire" in a crowded theatre. The question in every case is whether words are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about an evil which Congress has a right to prevent. In the case under consideration there was a clear and present danger that some of the recipients of the leaflet would in fact be induced by it to resist induction into the armed forces, and therefore the defendants' conviction must be upheld.

Thus was the "clear and present danger" test born, and with it Holmes's reputation as a libertarian. Yet, ironically, it was first used to reject rather than uphold a claim of freedom of speech, and represented a substantial retreat from a position earlier taken by Jefferson and later espoused by Justices Black and Douglas. In his "Virginia State of Religious Liberty" Jefferson asserted that "it is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order." Later, Black and Douglas were to assert that the First Amendment means what it says; that freedom of speech is absolute and no law may be made abridging it. What has most often been quoted from Holmes's opinion is not the phrase "clear and present danger" but the denial of the right falsely to shout "fire" in a crowded theatre, almost always with the critical word "falsely" omitted. When "clear and present danger" is quoted, it is practically invariably in a context that assumes that such a danger does exist. Indeed, "clear and present danger" has become something of a ritual incantation to be recited by a legislature, executive official or investigating committee about to engage in an assault on political unorthodoxy.

Of course, cases are decided by judges, not by legal tests, but "clear and present danger" has been a particularly slender reed for political dissenters to rely on. No sooner was it uttered than it was forgotten. All the other World War I convictions were upheld on the theory that Congress could outlaw and the courts could punish evil intent, and political dissenters could almost be presumed to have evil intent. When, in 1925, the Court upheld the conviction of Ben Gitlow for publishing the manifesto stating the causes that impelled the left wing to sever its independence from the Socialists and form the American Communist Party, it did so on the ground that if a legislature declares certain words or thoughts to be evil and their expression punishable, the courts must follow suit. Vainly, did Holmes, Brandeis and Clarke dissent plaintively that the clear and present test was being ignored in these cases.

It was not until the New Deal Court came into being in 1937 that clear and present danger was rediscovered and often applied. Yet rarely was it effective to uphold political dissent. Thus, for example, when in the late forties, a young Syracuse University student spoke to a group of some seventy-five Negroes in a well-policed hotel room and urged them to rise up in arms and fight for their rights, the Supreme Court upheld his conviction for disorderly conduct on the ground that there was a clear and present danger of disorder. Or, again, a straightforward application of the test would have required a reversal of the conviction of the Communist Ten for violation of the Smith Act, since even the most timorous of judges could not believe in 1951 that the government of the United States could be forcibly overthrown by the handful of Communist Party members who were not on the payroll of the FBI. Even when, in 1957, the Warren Court upset the conviction of the second-string Communists, it did so not by application of clear and present danger but by reading into the mind of Congress an intent it never had.

On the whole, the Supreme Court's record in protecting political dissent has been a sorry one. The Haymarket anarchists were liberated by Governor Altgeld, Mooney by Governor Olson, the World War I Socialists and pacifists by President Harding, Ben Gitlow by Governor Smith, and Sacco and Vanzetti and the Rosenbergs by death—in each case after the Supreme Court refused to intervene.

The record of the Vinson Court has been condemned as particularly bad; Prof. Fred Rodell, of Yale, for example, charged it with staging a "mass attack on civil liberties." But this condemnation is hardly fair; it ignores the truism that no agency of government, not even the Supreme Court, can protect the people from themselves. The brave and eloquent dissenting opinions of Black and Douglas were a luxury made possible by the fact that they were dissenting opinions and that Vinson's opinions represented the effective decisions of the Court. Had Black and Douglas each possessed three votes, so that their opinions would constitute the decisions of the Court, they would have spoken differently or the Court would not have survived. During the years from 1949 to 1954 the people of the United States would not have let anything stand in the way of their obsessive crusade against domestic communism. For the Court to attempt to speak reason to an irrational people would not have been merely quixotic, it would probably have been suicidal. During this period Herbert Lehman was almost alone in Congress in his defiance of Senator McCarthy. It was the liberals who, in 1954, shouted through an anti-Communist law so Draconian that even McCarthy doubted its constitutionality.

Since 1957 the Supreme Court's record in protecting political liberties has been splendid. With but a few exceptions it has upheld every challenge based upon freedom of political expression and association under the First Amendment. It has acted with a degree of caution (it has not declared unconstitutional the House Committee on Un-American Activities or the Smith, Internal Security or Communist Control Acts); but it has acted effectively. This new resolution came about not because the personnel of the Court changed but because the tenor of the times did. The explanation for these decisions lies in the termination of the Korean War, McCarthy's suicidal attack upon the Army, the growing *détente* with Russia, and the relaxation of cold-war tensions. Should the Vietnamese war continue to escalate and bring with it a return of the witch hunt, it is unlikely that the Supreme Court will be able to offer much protection.

The sum of the matter is that the limit of the Court's tolerance of expression can be only moderately higher than the people's. Its record in protecting political dissent has been poor because the American people, particularly in periods of crisis, have been intolerant of such dissent. On the other hand, the American people have been exceptionally tolerant of nonpolitical expression, scientific, religious and aesthetic. The one publicized assault on scientific expression, dramatized in the Scopes trial, made Tennessee the laughingstock of the nation and quite effectively discouraged all further efforts at restricting scientific expression. We have, throughout our history as a nation, also been widely tolerant of religious heterodoxy. Jehovah's Witnesses, the only religious sect which has suffered for its unconventional opinions (the Mormons were penalized because of their marital conduct) suffered because the expression of those opinions (by refusal to salute the flag) was considered basically political and anti-nationalistic and was treated as such by the American people. And notwithstanding our Puritan background, we have enjoyed, at least in recent years, a high tolerance for unconventional aesthetic expression.

As a result, Supreme Court tolerance in these areas has been even higher. Neither the Scopes case nor any other effort at restricting scientific expression has ever reached the Court; should it, we can confidently expect the Court to accord full First Amendment protection. After a number of false starts, the Court guaranteed the right of Jehovah's Witnesses not to salute the flag and protected other forms of their religious expression, particularly verbal attacks upon Roman Catholicism. (It was in these cases that the Court made the most effective use of the clear and present danger test.) It has outlawed religious tests for public office and has accorded nontheism all the rights enjoyed by theism. Notwithstanding its recent adverse decision in the Ginzburg case, its record in upholding the right of unconventional aesthetic expression has been almost perfect. In these areas, at least, it has fulfilled the hope, if not expectation, of Madison and made of itself in a peculiar manner the guardian of the people's rights.

THE BOMB IN THE CELLAR

SANDY MORRISON

Mr. Morrison, a free-lance writer, is at present completing a book on explosions.

At six o'clock in the morning of March 4, 1965, there occurred at Natchitoches, La., 150 yards behind a row of houses, an explosion so violent that it hurled one of its victims 60 feet from her bed. It tore a crater in the ground 70 feet long, 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep. Seventeen people died in the explosion and fire that followed.

Fifteen hundred miles to the north, on January 28, 1966, at 6:50 P.M., the basement of the Paramount Hotel in Boston blew up. The blast threw the floors of the lobby and the barroom against the ceiling and tore a hole in the sidewalk. Nine people were killed in that explosion.

Both explosions were of heating or cooking gas.

In Louisiana, the tragedy was the result of continual pressure of gas at 700 pounds per square inch against a weakness in the wall of the 32-inch pipe line carrying natural gas to the north and the east. But in the holocaust on Boylston Street the gas main had a pressure of only ¼ pound per square inch, and no internal stress burst the pipe. The break occurred first, and then the gas escaped. It collected in the basement of the nearby hotel and waited for ignition—the lighting of a match, the starting of an electric motor, even the ringing of a 6-volt doorbell.

Congressional attention has currently turned to the long-distance gas transmission lines because of a long series of accidents. Authorities are questioning the ability of these pipes to sustain the pressures they carry. According to a study prepared by the Federal Power Commission, in the period 1950 to 1965, more than 1,000 explosions or bursts occurred in these pipes. Sixty-four people have been killed and 222 injured.

Yet in this same period more people have died in explosions due to leaks in street gas mains than have been killed by high-pressure blasts. Official figures are not available, but a study of reports published by the National Fire Protection Association, a fact-finding body for fire departments, and the files of *The New York Times*, has produced a list of 170 deaths and more than 400 injuries in that same period. This is a minimum number, since the tabulation includes only explosions reported in the two sources.

The gas being sold to householders and industry today has no odor. A smell is added to make the gas recognizable should it leak, but as it seeps through the ground, the odor-forming substance is absorbed by the moist soil, and the gas continues onward undetected. Because it rises upward from mains, it tends to accumulate under basement floors, or to fill the hollow spaces in building walls. Thus, tremendous amounts of gas can accumulate before it is ignited. When such a pocket goes off, the result is as though the structure had been hit by an aerial bomb.

Gas flowing at a pressure of a mere ¼ pound per square inch is leaking from utility mains, yet the identical type of pipe carries water at pressure of 75 pounds per square inch, and without any leaks caused by internal force. What is wrong with the gas mains under our streets? Are they falling apart?

Some of the pipes in the gas utilities systems have been underground since they were laid out. Sixty-four major cities in the United States still use some mains that are more than 100 years old. These cast-iron pipes were sealed at the joints with jute packing overlaid with cement or lead. Originally, the plants manufactured their gas by the coking of soft coal. This gas was damp; it kept the jute packing swollen and tight.

Then the utilities discovered the virtues of the gas being burned off as waste at the oil fields. This natural gas, or methane, yields a heat of 1,000 B.T.U. as opposed to 500 B.T.U. of manufactured gas. By converting to methane, gas companies could double the number of customers they could serve without doubling the capacity of their mains. This was what they needed in the boom years following the Second World War. The sale of natural gas soared in the 1950s and has been rising ever since. Today, almost 99 per cent of our heating gas is natural gas.

But it wasn't long after the switch to pure natural gas that utility companies discovered their mains to be badly leaking. Methane gas is very dry. (It is so dry that 1,000 years ago the Chinese used it for drying the salt they took out of their brine marshes.) It shrank the jute packing and seeped out through the apertures. Some mains leaked so much that, as in the instance of a utility company in Kentucky, they were losing almost 60 per cent of the fuel brought from the transmission lines.

Gas enters a city at great pressure, usually at about 700 pounds per square inch (psi). Its pressure is brought down to about 25 pounds, and sent out in intermediary lines. The intermediary pipes tie into the city distribution mains by means of reducing valves, and gas flows into residential meters at about ¼ psi.

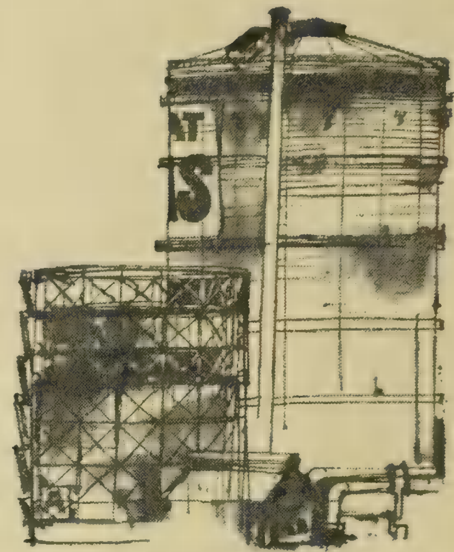
In Brighton, N.Y., a small town near Rochester, one afternoon in September, 1957, an explosion took place in a subsurface vault housing one of these reducing valves. The explosion itself caused no immediate harm to anyone in the vicinity, but it damaged the valve that converts the 25 psi gas to the ¼ pound pressure. The 25-pound gas, free of the restraint of the valve, raced through the low-pressure mains, seeking an outlet. It found it in all the gas meters in a twenty-five block area. Within minutes of one another, like timed demolition charges, forty-four houses blew up. Nineteen were completely wrecked and twenty-five were partially damaged. Fortunately, it was a time of the day when most people were out of their homes. Only three persons were killed and thirty injured.

Gas companies today employ a series of controls to eliminate the dangers of their modern product. An oil-and-water spray treats it as it enters the plants; it is humidified to prevent it from drying out the jute packing, and heavily odorized. Leaks and potential leaks are also prevented by fastening metal sleeves over the seams. Leaks from electrolytic corrosion are forestalled by attaching anodes to the mains; these anodes corrode instead of the mains.

Even leak-proof plastic tubes are available to fit like sleeves inside the pipe. Another method of leak prevention seals the seams from inside the main. A small machine, directed by long wires, is sent crawling through the main. It feels its way to a joint, stops, cleans the area down to bright metal, and then coats the entire seam with a pliable rubber coating. When finished, it crawls on to the next joint like a busy little mole. Runaway gas pressures are prevented by the installation of a second stand-by valve in the intermediary lines.

Gas utilities maintain a program of constant inspection. In Philadelphia, for example, a force of 200 men makes more than 70,000 individual inspections every year of the 2,800 miles of mains. Radio-dispatched trucks, always on the street, can answer within minutes any report of a suspected gas leak. There are many false alarms—they turn out to be just bad sewer odors—but the trucks answer all calls. Systematic inspection of gas mains is in many areas made more difficult by the fact that methane, unlike the old manufactured gas, does not inhibit plant life. It is no longer possible to walk a gas line in an unbuilt-upon section, spotting leaks by the telltale blight of grass and weeds.

Yet, despite all precautions, gas explosions from leaking mains still occur. Not long ago, a drugstore in Long Island blew up. In Charleston, S.C., a café exploded and killed two people. A canning factory in Indiana and a department store in Wisconsin both blew up with great loss of life. The bulletins of fire marshals tell why. At Merril, Wis., in July, 1960, a new building, housing a department store, suddenly exploded. The brick walls were blown outward and the roof collapsed into the interior. Ten people died.



No gas of any kind was used in the store, but investigation disclosed that a sealed-off service pipe leading up to the store had been broken in an area where a heavy bulldozer had been grading a parking space. The leaking gas crawled along the outside of the pipe toward the building, found a crack in the foundation, and filled the cellar.

Evidence of damage to a gas main has shown up in the street outside the Paramount Hotel in Boston. After an explosion in a 100-unit apartment house in Quebec in 1965, a broken gas main was found 15 feet away from the completely wrecked building. The main had been poorly laid by contractors. In the blast of a private dwelling in Pittsburgh, a gas pipe near the house had been damaged by an automobile only twenty-two hours earlier. A church in Washington, D.C., blew up early this year—someone forgot to cap a service pipe that led up to the building.

Damage to gas mains has become the greatest headache of the gas utilities. (Carelessness, incidentally, may be the prime cause in the bursting of that big pipe in Louisiana, and not a defect originally in the metal. According to a news report, investigators have disclosed that soda pop spilled on the pipe by workers may have started corrosion.)

With the growth of distribution mains in our cities and suburbs from 113,700 miles in 1945 to 204,700 miles in 1964, the amount of pipe vulnerable to carelessness or accident has almost doubled. The American Gas Association is aware of this increased danger and distributes to contractors great quantities of a booklet, "Before You Dig, Call." They hope that contractors will get in touch with local gas companies for advice before opening up a sidewalk or digging a trench.

Gas is as safe as you make it. You can say it is safer, for instance, than electricity, if you want to go by numbers. In the United States each year there are five to six times more fires due to bad electrical wiring than to faulty gas connections. What makes gas accidents so terrible is the overwhelming nature of the accident—tremendous noise, complete buildings blown skyward, great loss of life. As one fire marshal said: "Fires you can fight, but how can you fight an explosion? It is over when it happens."

An explosion of another type is now being prepared in Washington. The recent treatment given the auto industry by a lawyer turned author is being made ready for the gas industry. Ralph Nader, according to news dispatches, has been lecturing to engineers on the need for higher standards of safety in the construction and maintenance of transcontinental pipe lines. Claims have been made that many lines are constructed of pipes whose wall thicknesses cannot withstand the great pressures. An engineer from the Labor Department is reported to be working with Mr. Nader. The Labor Department is also believed to be interested because of the high number of workingmen injured each year at the test sites and at the pumping stations. Thirty-five gas company employees were killed and 135 injured from 1950 to 1965.

The gas companies are celebrating the year 1966 as the 150th anniversary of the birth of the industry in Baltimore. Today, 37.4 million customers in the United States use 120 billion therms of gas, and spend $7.4 billion for the privilege. The industry looks forward to 1975 when the present 748,000 miles of combined transmission and distribution pipes will have grown to 1 million, and the present 125 million gas appliances in use will have grown to 200 million. The companies don't want this trend checked by adverse publicity. They want to cover the country with their "total energy" package—a small gas-fed turbine in each home to provide house heat, cooking heat, air conditioning and electricity at a cost to the consumer lower than these items can be obtained separately. (See "The Big Blackout: Whooping Cranes & Power Failures" by Lawrence J. Hollander, *The Nation*, January 10.)

But unless there is some change in the nature of man, explosions caused by accidents to gas mains will continue to occur. Somewhere soon a heavy bulldozer will unknowingly rupture a main; a contractor working with gas pipe will forget a safety precaution. The gas will begin to leak, and the fuse of another time bomb will start ticking.

There's one good thing in the statistics. Suicide by gas inhalation is way down. Natural gas does not contain the up-to-30 per cent deadly carbon monoxide found in manufactured gas. All you can get these days by putting your head in the oven is nausea or a headache—or, if someone should ring the bell: BAM!

NOTE: Two weeks after the above was written, at 11:59 A.M. on August 23, the office building of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation at Fort Wayne, Ind., blew up. The explosion wrecked the two-story brick and steel-girder structure; it killed five people and injured twenty-five others. Fortunately, 140 other employees were out for lunch.

The cause of the explosion was natural gas. This has been ascertained by the Fort Wayne Fire Department. Gas had been smelled earlier in the morning by Phelps-Dodge employees, but not reported to the gas company. A private contractor was connecting a service line to the building, and the "bleeding off" of the line (to rid it of air and debris) was believed to cause the odor. However, not enough gas escaped in that procedure to produce the blast. The cause of the leak, and its location, have not been determined as yet, but the gas utility has been absolved of responsibility.

LATIN AMERICA VI

EDUCATION: THE BAITED TRAP

MICHAEL CHIAPPETTA

Mr. Chiappetta is chairman of the Department of International and Comparative Education at Indiana University. He is the author of the chapter on Latin America in Comparative Education, *edited by Claude Eggertsen, to be published by University of Michigan Press.*

Now and again, but ever more frequently, someone comes forward in a developing country to warn that foreign aid has turned out to be a modern form of colonialism—cultural, capital or technical colonialism. The result of such assistance, so the complaint goes, is a homogenized Western technology. Factories are factories, in Lima, Bangkok or Nairobi. Supermarkets are supermarkets, in Bogotá, Lagos or Kingston.

And why should there not be clean, efficient, productive factories? What's wrong with airy, well-stocked, reasonable merchandising? Monotony. Cultural monotony; behavioral monotony; aspirational monotony. The developing countries, so the complaint goes, purchase good health and more goods, both seemingly desirable, at the uniform going price: Western behavior, Western values, Western culture. If you want to sense also the flavor of anti-Americanism, read "U.S." for "Western."

In Latin America, where many proud protagonists of Iberian or *criolla* culture are to be found, there is great awareness of, if not protest against, the new Yankee colonialism. My purpose here is not to defend or attack the givers or the receivers in this exchange. However, "cultural homogenization" *is* occurring; it is U.S. in origin and direction; and it is making itself felt at an accelerated rate. This short essay has three purposes: to explain the process of homogenization; to challenge Latin American leaders to wage cultural battle against it; and to predict failure to reverse the process.

The status of education in Latin America reflects most vividly the homogenization process. The recent entry of OECD (The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, a European body heavily influenced by the United States) into the counsels of Latin American governments testifies to the success of alien penetration. Educational planning based primarily on manpower requirements to staff rapidly industrializing societies is forcing the imitation of U.S. technical secondary and professional higher education. Schools of engineering and applied technology are fed by increasingly technical and scientific secondary schools. Shortly, the new generation of high school and university graduates will take their place in Latin American industry. Stanford- or Chicago-trained managers will guide the economic machinery of our modernizing neighbors. The point of all this is that engineers and managers look startlingly alike, in Santiago, Rio or New York. They are the new breed of international men. A well-trained Argentine could easily step into a corporate management job in Boston or San Francisco. These people are interchangeable because the system in which they work is universal.

I do not maintain that external penetration of technical and professional education is equivalent to a take-over of the entire educational machinery. It is true, however, that economic development requires specific educational outcomes which may deflect the system from other functions. Further, economic development puts demands on political and social institutions which may be inconsistent with cultural traditions and values. My argument is that economic development exerts a kind of determinism on all aspects of a culture, especially if its demands guide educational policy. Latin American education is, slowly in some sectors and rapidly in others, becoming more American and less Latin.

How can that be? How can the educational structure and content of one society be transferred almost intact to another? Presumably, an educational system reflects and serves the society in which it resides, and the goals of the system are derived from the society that surrounds it. Certainly no one would argue that Latin American societies are like the mid-20th-century United States. Can it be that economic development is so powerful an influence that all social institutions must bend to its pattern? Can it be that, starting from such diverse backgrounds, Latin America and the United States are converging fast toward a homogenized culture? Does not the weight of several hundred years drag against the changes being swiftly impressed upon many Latin American institutions and practices, especially on Latin American technical and higher education?

The answer to these question lies in two vacuums. The history of education in Latin America may not be as glorious as it is long. The present state of affairs has been described as difficult, disastrous, even catastrophic. The failure of Latin American countries to provide minimal education for their masses and quality education for their elites is well documented by the states themselves and the regional organization, the OAS.

In most of Latin America the vast majority of people are not reached by the educational systems. Something like one-fifth of the people finish elementary school, much less than 10 per cent get into secondary schools, and a much smaller percentage reach higher education. One can conclude that Latin American culture has not been created by and is not now being maintained through formal education. From the point of view of the masses of Latin America, therefore, there has been an educational vacuum.

If there has been a vacuum in mass education, what of the elites? In spite of the long history of universities in Latin America, they have not distinguished themselves or their products. In contrast to such institutions in Europe and the United States, few Latin American universities can lay claim to excellence in any field. Where are the renowned faculties of medicine, law, education, philosophy, even theology? In sum, Latin American education at its highest reaches has not fulfilled its mission, the training of an elite, the inculcation of the values and attitudes, the behavior and outlook that would give a culture its identification and distinction. Latin Americans themselves, especially their elites, have given and continue to give proof of this failure through their preference of European and United States universities for their sons and daughters. That is the second educational vacuum.

It is not surprising, then, that transplantations from abroad have found much space for growing in Latin America. One interesting aspect of the transplantation is that it is occurring from the top down rather than from the bottom up. North American forms are much more visible at the university level than at the elementary level of instruction. The result is that strengthened universities cannot count on a continuous flow of good students coming up from the elementary and secondary foundations. The system seems to be without roots.

If importation did not occur there still would have to be some formidable changes in educational organization and practice in order to serve the modernization needs of the region. Latin America faces revolutionary changes in its social, economic, political and cultural institutions. The crucial question is how and what will it choose.

Given the default of past and existing educational systems, what are the possibilities of educational change in the region? The course of events in the technical and professional fields is carrying Latin America rapidly toward the corporate, technical and professional structure of the United States and Europe; those portions of education which most directly supply technical and professional personnel, the universities and the institutes, are disturbing imitations of their United States and European models. This situation has led some people to think of Latin America as a complex of nations fifty or a hundred years behind the United States. It is precisely this point that Latin America should contest. Is Latin America a young, developing United States? Is it on the same development road? Aren't there any alternate routes, even to the same destination? Aren't there any other destinations, equally desirable, and as readily attainable?

That's the challenge. Latin American leaders, of industry, commerce, culture, education, find themselves in one of those famous "crucial moments of history." Latin America can become, if it is not already, the passive receptacle of a foreign aid which will impress a mold of Western homogeneity on the Indo-Hispanic clay. On the other hand, does not Latin America have any options in the matter? Must leaders rush headlong down the road to urbanization and "modernization" in spite of danger signs aloft in Los Angeles and New York? Is not this the time for Latin thinkers and writers to conjure their own utopias, to declare their "manifest destinies" in some independence from Europe and the United States? Certainly the expanse of land and its resources, the variety of cultural streams, the creativity of an imaginative people should produce some blueprints not to be found in Washington or Moscow.

This is not a plea to go back to nature, nor a polemic *against* Yankee or European culture. Neither is it a tirade against modernization, cars, medicines, T.V. It is a plea *for* a careful study of the society of the future, a study of the human relations that will obtain, the values to be recognized, the quality of life of tomorrow. It is a challenge to the leaders of Latin America to set a course such that Latin America doesn't just disappear in the anonymity of a universal tomorrow. Latin America can choose to preserve some of its Hispanic or Indo-American cultures. Or if it doesn't want to preserve anything, it can invent new forms for itself.

Educational expansion without serious examination of cultural and humanistic factors will produce and reinforce the economic pattern and structure of the United States and Western Europe. Technically competent people will flow from the more efficient systems to guarantee the process. I see no reason to believe that a protest against the development current in Latin America would be more effective ten years from now. On the contrary, time is on the side of the homogenizers.

Finally, I do not presume to warn anybody, especially since I am not a Latin American, but I can predict. And I predict that the United States and European programs of assistance to Latin America will be successful. Latin American economic development already shows signs of taking off. In the midst of discomfiting symptoms of tension I foresee staggeringly great, almost unimagined economic growth. I also foresee the homogenization. Cities are cities. Factories are factories. Supermarkets are supermarkets. It would take political, perhaps even religious bravery to stand before the juggernaut. To complicate matters, the alternatives are not at all clear. It is obvious that economic development à la Washington, D.C., means lots of goods, highways, cars, movies, TV, medicine, food; and all of those look terribly attractive to hungry and sick people. The options are not clear, partly because they have not been sought. In this uneven choice it is no wonder that economic development continues, and as it does it compresses other aspects of society into its mold.

In the last third of the 20th century I hold out two hopes for escaping an Orwellian future. The first hope is in a not well founded faith in the imagination and creativity of man; the second is that individualized development may be realized *not* through work in the developing countries but by an awakening in the developed countries to some fundamental questions about the Great Society of tomorrow. New thoughts about urbanization, human relations, computerized work, beautification, use of leisure time, may transform modern societies soon enough to make the exchange with Latin America open, if not reciprocal.

LETTERS

(continued from page 298)

he likes it or not. . . . It was precisely Mr. Bellow's novels that encouraged me to think that there are points of agreement between us: ending the cold war; deepening the understanding between intellectuals of West and East. Therefore I tried to point out how difficult it is for Western intellectuals to know something about our Eastern experiences during the last twenty years. It was equally difficult for Eastern (and perhaps some Western) writers to understand why Mr. Bellow chose an international meeting to attack America's "subculture of literary intellectuals," a wholly internal matter. . . . I perfectly agree with Mr. Bellow also that I "appropriated his speech for purposes of my own." I pressed my purpose in taking part in the International P.E.N. Congress and in writing on East-West meetings of intellectuals by quoting the summing up of Arthur Miller at the close of the P.E.N. Congress: "You and I should emphasize what is similar and isolate what separates us." I am sorry that I was wrong in supposing that these are not only my own purposes but also those of the distinguished author of *Herzog*.

Iván Boldizsár

new kind of witness

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Frank Donner's article ["HUAC: From Pillory to Farce," Sept. 5] about our confrontation with HUAC, while favorable to our style of demolishing the committee, misses or distorts the principal point of the hearings. Mr. Donner reports the "overnight" emergence of a "new kind of witness," who instead of cringing before the un-Americans "boils over with talk . . . attacks the committee, its premises and its claimed legislative subject matter. . . ." The tactic of militantly testifying before HUAC, of turning the hearing into its opposite by accusing the accuser, had been developed by the Progressive Labor Party (five of the six witnesses who testified were PLP members) at two previous HUAC investigations, after the 1963 and 1964 student trips to Cuba. It didn't spring up "overnight." This tactic flowed from our general line of openly and proudly advocating communism and putting forward the necessity of Socialist revolution in the United States, as opposed to the reformist and civil-libertarian stance of the Communist Party.

More important, our testimony was not primarily aimed at attacking the committee, as Mr. Donner implies. Our principal thrust was against the war in Vietnam, the imperialist system responsible for that war, and the Johnson Administration and the entire U. S. Government responsible to that system. The press correctly reported as central our statements about the war being unjust and against the interests of the American people. We felt that attacking HUAC was secondary because HUAC is secondary; in this case it was merely being used as one of several government tools designed to split the anti-war movement.

Rick Rhoads, President
CCNY Progressive Labor Club

morality is the law

Mesquite, Tex.

Dear Sirs: "Christianity" is much esteemed in our society, but morality has been against the law from the time of Christ. Only the method of punishment has changed from throwing the moralists to the lions to sentencing them to years of hard labor and permanent disgrace in the eyes of self-styled Christians. . . . A man must never take seriously such Christian teachings as "Thou Shalt Not Kill" or "Love Thine Enemies" lest he be unable to revise his thinking at age 19, when killing becomes praiseworthy and hate is a virtue.

Henry Thoreau, a moralist, was jailed for failure to pay taxes to a government that condoned slavery. He was also guilty of saying such impractical, inflammatory things as: "The law will never make men free; it is men who must make the law free," and "It is the duty of the citizen to uphold the law when the government breaks it. . . ."

Mrs. Lee Dresh

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TO CRITICIZE THE CRITIC AND OTHER WRITINGS. *By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 189 pp. $4.95.*

FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN

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To have a book like this in one's hands is like revisiting a favorite cousin after several decades. Not only has the cousin grown old beyond belief but he is also a *memento mori* to one's self. In this case, *literally* so, since Eliot has died, having outlived his reputation by some years.

There were times when Eliot's word as critic was taken almost as oracular, as though a man who wrote *such* poetry could not fail in the slightest as a critic. The poetry remains (though almost the whole of it had been published by 1941); and, while our commitment to it has diminished from the 100 per cent of the forties and fifties, to a more modest 75 per cent (Stevens grows as Eliot diminishes, for reasons that it is beyond the scope of this essay to give), the initial enthusiasm for the Eliot of 1915-40 has somehow been justified and need cause no embarrassment.

What of Eliot as a critic? Of course, one needs to ask, which Eliot? Or, the Eliot of what time in his career? For he lived a long time, and his writing endured many changes. The final conservative, even fussily, mildly humorous old gentleman who can dilate upon the meaning of *runcibles* in *Alice in Wonderland* and elsewhere, is here; but strangely, so is the earliest Eliot (earliest, that is, aside from his reviews of philosophical work). His widow explains that the "Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry" and "Reflections on *Vers Libre*" (both of them dated 1917) are included in this posthumous volume "in response to many requests." It is with these two that we need to begin. The little booklet on Pound, published by the then very young Alfred Knopf in November, 1917, is an earnest of Eliot's early position. He was applauding the Pound of the early volumes, of the vivid discussions of Provençal and Chinese and French poetry (a selected group in each case), the Pound who had so recently started writing the *Cantos* that Eliot is able to mention them only in the last paragraph.

Above all, Eliot was discussing Pound the Imagist, the Vorticist, with whom he genuinely shared interests and convictions. These two words suggest the artist as an impersonal (but, somehow also perceptive, sensitive) agent, by means of which the image is communicated, so that, as he said in his famous essay on *Hamlet,* if a system, a structure, of images be somehow put together, "when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked."

This is the Eliot of an assumed "objective," "impersonal" criticism. "Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation," he said in another famous essay ("Tradition and the Individual Talent," 1919), "are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry." It was in that essay that he compared the mind of the poet to the catalyst, in an analogy that became so popular that he had to joke about it later, to shrug it off, as indeed he does in the title essay of this volume. The *ambience* of this analogy, however, was *not* to be ignored in these early years. Both Eliot and Pound were striving for what might be called a perfect aesthetic *stasis,* a formulation of the aesthetic moment that could stand up to the "accuracies" of science. They were not the only ones inclined to mistrust the fading romanticism of late 19th-century poetry and criticism. Criticism was engaged in an almost urgent search for the right, impersonal, nongenteel formulation. The only way in which the personality of the artist seemed permitted to demonstrate itself was in the areas of satire and irony.

Most of all, Pound and Eliot sought a justification of the poet-critic. They did not require that the poetry *affect* the criticism, though much was said by both about the taste of the poet, who would seek out the best and more unerringly find it than nonpoets. Eliot came close in 1923 to suggesting an "autotelic activity" in criticism, as though there were something automatic in the technicalities, both of its process and its results. He meant something else, of course: that the object of creation is "autotelic," and that criticism is *about* that object. This assertion implies that criticism and creation are and will remain separate, but also that the critic has no more right to intrude his personality than the artist has to assert his. The net result is a stringent, limited, technical, above all an *objective* criticism.

Northrop Frye said, in *Anatomy of Criticism,* that when a poet writes a critical essay, it must be judged not as a poem but as a work separate from his poetry. The criticism does not, or ought not borrow prestige from the fact that a poet has written it. This is true; or, if it isn't, much criticism of literature and art must be discarded. In fact, the most substantial work in criticism has been done by persons who have taken the act of criticism seriously, and who have the knowledges that enable them to relate literature to many other elements of a culture. Gradually, in the 1920s, Eliot grew to realize that this is generally true; and he also began to withdraw his rather austere notion of the poet's mind as catalyst. The real problem was the question of belief. The very issues with which Prof. J. Hillis Miller has recently been engaged (in a strange, though impressive book called *Poets of Reality*) were available to the Eliot of the 1920s: the sense of pure, essential reality residing in the image, the spatial dimension (as distinguished from the *depth,* the intensity and the emotional quality) of aesthetic reality. Miller discusses these as the surrogates of theological reality, and of course he includes Eliot among those who helped establish the point of view. But Eliot was the last person to satisfy himself with a reality which excluded a superintending God, and he objected also to a divinity as principle, derived intellectually.

So that his principal issue in the years following the assertions I have been discussing were really concerned with *belief.* At the moment, Eliot was not especially preoccupied with doctrine but simply with the matter of reinserting the emotional powers and values of belief (or, commitment) into the discussion of poetry. In his principal essay on "Dante" (1929), he included the famous debate with I. A. Richards (who in his pamphlet, "Science and Poetry," 1926, had stirred people like Eliot to examine some of the implications of what they had said). The long footnote at the end of Part II has these remarkable concessions: "Actually, one probably has more pleasure in the poetry when one shares the beliefs of the poet. On the other hand there is a distinct pleasure in enjoying poetry as poetry when one does *not* share the beliefs, analogous to the pleasure of 'mastering' other men's philosophical systems." In other words, Eliot began to introduce "irrelevancies," to allow personal choices, in the experience of "enjoying" poetry.

From that point forward, Eliot's criticism, as his poetry, moved further and further toward not only admitting belief into the emotional experience of art but explicitly signifying the doctrinaire terms according to which belief may be specified. The remark made in his *Essays Ancient and Modern* (1935), which Paul Elmer More was so delighted to find, should surely have surprised no one who had been aware of this trend: "The 'greatness' of literature cannot be determined solely by literary standards; though we must remember that whether it is literature or not can be determined solely by literary standards." The days of the "catalyst" analogy and of the stern warnings about the limits of criticism seem far away indeed; and they were to seem even more remote in the series of short books produced in the thirties and forties: *After Strange Gods* (lectures at the University of Virginia, published in 1934), in which the unwary first discovered the conservative Eliot, despite the great poet's disclaimer in the Preface, that he was not serving as a critic but as a kind of intellectual historian; *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (1939), in which the word *definition* meant *limiting*; and *The Idea of a Christian Society* (1939), concerned largely with Conservative politics and religion.

With the exception of the two essays rescued from the oblivion of almost a half century, the current volume simply carries on the tradition of these short volumes. Perhaps, in consequence, they are dull; but their dullness is not solely a result of point of view. The lectures given at the University of Chicago in 1950 and 1951 seem to me to demonstrate an ordinary mind that has lost much of its vigor and is in any case more the amateur than ever. Only the title essay, given at the University of Leeds in 1961, seems worthy among the recent pieces of having been "collected" in book form. Here he discusses kinds and types of critics, but often, again, in a coy "personal" way, as though the subject were really just "among friends." The essay is interesting as a memoir of the man looking at his career as critic: apparently, "it is my earlier essays which have made the deeper impression," he says, and he attributes this fact to "the dogmatism of youth," and—more important—in those days "I was implicitly defending the sort of poetry that I and my friends wrote."

In these remarks there are several implications for the history of modern criticism. Both Eliot and Pound were aware of themselves as having broken new ground in a very significant way in the years from 1908 to 1925 (the first date marks the publication of Pound's first book of poems; the second simply suggests the beginning of a later phase, in which opinions generally take the place of vigorous pronunciamentos). In Eliot's case, more so than Pound's, there is a retreat into a number of traditions, to which he yielded without doing very much to qualify the nature of them. This, among other reasons, explains the startling differences between the last two of the essays published in this volume and the rest of them. Surely, Eliot on education can have only an antiquarian interest; as, indeed, can many other aspects of this volume. But we do not leave this collection, however much it fails in terms of the requirements of a unified book, without being reminded that Eliot was at one time—and for a long while and for his own vital reasons—at the forefront of modern criticism. The effects are still radically seen by us, even though few of Eliot's later public statements suggest that he was fully aware of them.

Eliot As Playwright

CAROL H. SMITH

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To the theatregoer accustomed to the conventions of modern drama, the plays of T. S. Eliot are more likely to baffle than to inspire. Not only do Eliot's plays refuse to conform to today's dramatic modes but each play is theatrically different from the others. Moreover, a play which begins in one dramatic mood typically turns into another before one's eyes. The historical pageantry of *Murder in the Cathedral* is disrupted by jazz meters and the rhythms of 20th-century polemic; in other plays, occult and mystical touches intrude into the world of high comedy or Wildean farce. Eliot is quite capable of including in the same play the most sensitive lyric passages and wisecracking representatives of divinity or parodies of sacramental rites.

Behind these practical difficulties lies the more significant and difficult question of the relationship of Eliot's plays to his poetry. Are his plays to be taken as serious expressions in another medium of the religious position Eliot has presented in his nondramatic verse, or are they a thing apart, separate creations in a separate vein? Early critics of the plays generally expressed the view that Eliot was either writing plays with his left hand while concentrating his major efforts on lyric poetry, or that he was consciously trying to "take in" his audience. Today, in the light of the number of Eliot's plays and the fact that he spent the major part of his mature career in their composition, the seriousness of his intentions can hardly be doubted.

Eliot's interest in drama dates back to the beginnings of his career. His critical essays on Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, his use of the dramatic monologue in some of his best-known early poems ("The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "Portrait of a Lady," "Gerontion"), and the dramatic contrast of episodes in *The Waste Land* all testify to what Edmund Wilson called "the dramatic character of his imagination." But there is a further aspect of Eliot's interest in drama that is often overlooked, although it is a thread woven throughout his early essays and critical pronouncements—his interest in what he calls, in the title of an early essay, "The Possibility of a Poetic Drama."

Eliot's desire for a poetic drama for the 20th century is part of an interest shared by many of his generation: there is an unwritten chapter in the intellectual history of the period to be constructed out of the multiple threads of influence drawn from Henry James's and James Joyce's elevation of the dramatic method in fiction and the essentially dramatic idea of the mask with which Yeats transformed modern poetry. But in Eliot's case the implications of the dramatic form went far beyond aesthetic concerns, and was integrally connected with the religious and philosophical position which he was in the process of formulating. Eliot's much publicized announcement in 1928 that he had become an Anglo-Catholic reflected his religious shift from despair at the disorder of the natural world to acceptance of a supernatural order which transcends and harmonizes the world's apparent chaos. Just as a religious interpretation of existence was needed to order the world of nature and of man, so art, he felt, required a form which could impose order and meaning on experience. The form which Eliot came to see as most perfectly ordered and most complete as a microcosmic creation of experience was drama.

The drama offered the artist the chance to play God more completely yet less obviously than any other literary form, and it can be assumed that Joyce's famous comparison of the artist to the God of creation who pares his fingernails while his creatures play out their parts was not lost on Eliot. Moreover, Eliot had followed with deep interest the work of J. G. Frazer in *The Golden Bough* and the Cambridge school of classical anthropologists in their assertions of the ritual origin of drama. He found in the death and resurrection pattern, which Frazer and his followers discerned at the heart of both Greek tragedy and comedy, a theme which was perfectly suited to both his aesthetic and religious demands. What is found in all of his plays is his own variant of the resurrection pattern: the painful acceptance of God's controlling presence and light by an inhabitant of the natural world of darkness and disorder.

But for drama to provide the aesthetic ordering of experience which Eliot considered necessary, it had to be conceived as a unity of elements, a vehicle which could harmonize the seeming contraries of the natural and supernatural by its language as well as its form; it had to be, in other words, poetic in conception. His consistent criticism of dramatic realism can be understood in the light of his view that drama should be rescued from the secularism and "materialism" of the prose realists. One of Eliot's fullest statements of his position can be seen in *Four Elizabethan Dramatists* (1924):

> The great vice of English drama from Kyd to Galsworthy has been that its aim of realism was unlimited. [S]ince Kyd . . . there has been no form to arrest, so to speak, the flow of spirit at any particular point before it expands and ends its course in the desert of exact likeness to the reality which is perceived by the most commonplace mind. . . . In a play of Aeschylus, we do not find that certain passages are literature and other passages drama; every style of utterance in the play bears a relation to the whole and because of this relation is dramatic in itself. The imitation of life is circumscribed, and the approaches to ordinary speech and withdrawals from ordinary speech are not without relation and effect upon each other. It is essential that a work of art should be self-consistent, that an artist should consciously or unconsciously draw a circle beyond which he does not trespass: on the one hand actual life is always the material, and on the other hand an abstraction from actual life is a necessary condition to the creation of the work of art.

Eliot's desire, then, was for a dramatic form which would make drama conform to the criterion of all art: the harmonious relationship of the parts to the whole. He insisted that such a relationship could be achieved only by the abstraction of reality, a standard which realism could never achieve. Poetry, on the other hand, is by its nature an artistic abstraction of life; by the use of the language of metaphor and the rhythmic patterning of language, the poet draws the parts and the whole into a unified relationship which could never be confused with the "desert of exact likeness" to reality. Eliot's ideal of dramatic form was a work which would re-create in its theme, its form and its language the harmony which explained the untidy surface of life. The dramatist's mission was thus both artistic and religious, and it was envisioned as a process of transformation.

Eliot's pursuit of this concept of form can be seen in all his plays from his first dramatic experiment, the two scenes of *Sweeney Agonistes*, to his last play, *The Elder Statesman*. In *Sweeney Agonistes*, written from 1924 to 1926, Eliot used jazz rhythms and a "furnished-flat" atmosphere to convey the spiritual barrenness and corruption of the natural world. The scenes are ingeniously constructed as a restatement in modern terms of the quotations which stand as the work's epigraphs—the line in Aeschylus' *Choephoroi* which marks Orestes' first awareness of the Furies, and the instruction by St. John of the Cross to the novice who seeks to pass through the dark night of the senses: "Hence the soul cannot be possessed of the divine union, until it has divested itself of the love of created beings." The climax of the piece is Sweeney's description of a grisly murder where the girl's body was dissolved in a lysol bath and where the murderer, perhaps Sweeney himself, experiences the Christian paradox as a state where "death is life and life is death." In the symbolism of the murderer who carries out the divestment of the love of created beings in the most grotesque terms, the emphasis is upon the horror and pain involved in the discovery of the world of the spirit, and upon the in-

WALK IN WOODS

St. Vincent's

I go looking for Strephon and Chlora:
drawing my ribs tight,
plunging my face in dark
branchy places hinted by
gossipy sparrow shocking
jay to raspy declamation.
November's bare for discovery,
air blood temperature,
woods untidy as mind
—tomorrow will be time
to put the house in order—
today is heady, keen,
all within itself: I
call on spice of fallen
leaf, rain smell, moss feel,
squashed redberry, wormwood
and bitten bark, obbligato
of a late grasshopper.
Here's continent for lovers,
plushland of Eros,
room for 'this endless
shadow, this manshape'.
Errors of dream
cancel
in prime matter of woodlight
slanting into man's way.
Give me a big light, Eros,
I'm looking for my cousins,
milkwhite and nutbrown,
inevitable as flesh.
From searching, breath comes heavy,
I will hold my throat,
loiter beside this old nest
to be robined next year:
check a cavern of self
unbothered by existence
for essence of woods.
Sudden rainpoints
fine as sorrow touch
my scalp, rinsing brain
and frozen stars
of relic dandelion fluff
I find in my gathered hand.
If I blow hard
I can star woods to
brightness on my own terms,
giving up all the pieces
broken as looked-in mirror.
But where is my ghostly father
who led me
in his alb and snow chasuble
to this leafy confessional?
I could confess
bless me father for I have wasted
light under honest trees,
by nettles hard and brittle,
near unblown milkweed.
Call Adonai, white
father, he leans on your eye
and on ghosts of lovers
I drape with wet tendril.
He may know the difference
if I'm back.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

ability of the newly awakened soul to communicate his awareness to others. In *Sweeney Agonistes*, the price of awareness is very great, and the sacrifice of human love demanded by the spiritual world is forcefully symbolized by the tragic duty of Orestes who must commit matricide in order to avenge patricide.

In *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935), Eliot attempted a treatment of the theme of spiritual sacrifice in more timeless terms. While the portrayal of the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury is the spiritual center of the play, the role of the chorus of women of Canterbury is of equal importance. In *Sweeney Agonistes*, Eliot had used a jazz version of the Greek chorus, but here the chorus serves a more integral function by showing that God's choice of His martyr is not a private affair between the Deity and the saint, but an event with consequences in the lives of all men. The women are led through the painful process of awareness to the acknowledgment of their share in both the martyr's suffering and his glory. While the drama uses many of the ritual features, it has a closer and more appropriate source for the resurrection theme in the Passion and Resurrection of Christ; Thomas himself makes the parallel between the martyr and Christ quite explicit in his Christmas sermon.

In Eliot's careful avoidance of all but the most necessary historical references, the stylized quality of the characterizations, and the single-minded concentration on the eternal nature of the struggle between man's pride and God's will, he was clearly trying to lift the particular to a universal plane and thereby make the play of contemporary relevance to his audience. The introduction of the Knights's jazz chant in the murder scene and their direct address to the audience in the language of contemporary political debate were clearly intended to lead to the rejection of their view that the martyr be judged of "unsound mind." Despite the play's theatrical success, however, Eliot labeled it a "dead end," for he came to feel that its historical situation had caused his failure to convince audiences of the need for revision of their secular point of view.

So, in *The Family Reunion* (1939), he returned to a contemporary setting, but he replaced the furnished flat of *Sweeney Agonistes* with the English country house. Many features of the play, however, suggest that it is a reworking of the earlier piece. The situation is again based on a contemporary treatment of the Orestes story, even to the re-use of the cry of Orestes, the tale of a murdered wife, and the pursuing Furies. Again Eliot uses the method of turning a situation normally viewed in secular terms into one charged with religious meaning. Into the world of Wishwood where the Monchensey family has gathered to celebrate the dowager mother's birthday, the playwright introduces Harry, the son of the family, distraught, guilt-ridden and a possible "murder suspect." But gradually the Agatha Christie atmosphere, complete with police inspector, is translated into ritual terms as the guilt-laden Harry is led to a recognition of his election by God. In the symbols of the play, Harry rejects the obligation of the human family (thus, like Orestes, causing his mother's death) in favor of union with God.

In *The Cocktail Party* (1949) and *The Confidential Clerk* (1953), Eliot turned to comedy, a time-honored instrument for the disruption of expectations, in his attempt to reveal the divine plan behind appearances. His method in both plays was to create a surface atmosphere unlikely to suggest religious attitudes and then to bring the audience step by step to the awareness of the spiritual analogues in the situation. Eliot saw the possibility of exploiting for religious purposes the orderly and stylized comic world and the traditional comic resolution of all discord in the happy ending.

The Cocktail Party is in many ways Eliot's most ingenious play; by his own standards, his most successful one. The Alcestis myth, the story of Heracles' rescue of Alcestis from the realm of the dead, is re-created as a comedy of manners. Eliot exploits all the comic possibilities of misguided love affairs, double triangles, and cocktail party repartee, but behind the comic treatment of the several love affairs, the playwright examines the Christian assumption that the human condition without grace leads to misguided concepts of the meaning of love. With the help of Sir Henry, Eliot's priest-doctor who represents Heracles, Lavinia is rescued from the spiritual death of self-love and returned to her husband and her hearth; Sir Henry also rescues Celia from the secular world and sends her on the journey toward sainthood and martyrdom. The play marks a significant new emphasis in Eliot's attitude toward salvation; for the first time in his plays both the Affirmative Way of love in Christian marriage and the Negative Way of St. John of the Cross are presented as equally valid approaches to God.

In *The Confidential Clerk*, Eliot explored the religious possibilities in the favorite theme of farce, the foundling child's search for his true parentage. With a situation drawn from the *Ion* of Euripides, but with a comic surface suggesting Oscar Wilde, the play presents Colby's search for his true father which

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ends with his discovery of his Father in Heaven. Through the transparent surface of the farce and the underlying seriousness of the analogies, Eliot was able to avoid the dramatic disruptions of the play's surface and instead create a comic fable which could be read on two levels at once.

In *The Elder Statesman* (1958), Eliot's last play, he dispensed with the idea of discrepancy between levels altogether and allowed the meaning of the source to determine the mood of the surface. Even the verse, which some critics have found indistinguishable from prose, can be seen on close analysis to be carefully constructed to approach the natural rhythms of speech, while poetically exploring the relationship between the modern situation and the ancient source. The play is modeled on Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*. Lord Claverton, like the aging Oedipus who finds peace through expiation, faces the ghosts of his past, and with the help of his daughter's love dies purified. Eliot's choice of *Oedipus at Colonus* for his source seems to suggest that he wished the play to present a final resolution of the theme of spiritual quest, for at the time of the first production of *The Family Reunion* Eliot had written to his director, E. Martin Browne, that "Harry's career needs to be completed by an *Orestes* or an *Oedipus at Colonus*." In its tone of acceptance and its emphasis on the saving power of love, his final play seems to be a fulfillment of that promise.

A Place of Resonance

THE MUSIC SCHOOL. *By John Updike. Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

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The Music School contains nearly all the stories John Updike has published in the past four years. As before, there are too many trifles; unfortunately, chronological arrangement places too many of them at the beginning of the book. Nevertheless, *The Music School* is Updike's best collection, with superior examples of every sort of story that he writes.

"Lifeguard" in *Pigeon Feathers* was a consideration of the ambiguities of secular life through the reverie of a divinity student who is earning tuition on the beach. With a contrapuntal technique that plays on its title, "The Music School" treats the same theme with greater poise. Though more audacious than the earlier tale, which managed to turn bathers into theological terms, this story does not mock its speaker's pain with a brazen virtuosity.

Other stories, formally less innovating, comprise Updike's clever portrayals of marital tension. Cleverness, however, is sometimes evasive here. As Updike showed in *Of the Farm*, a quarrel has its own rhythm. Artificially composed, the notes sound shriller than they need to be, frequently false. The short-story form, particularly as practiced in *The New Yorker*, forces Updike to impose structural neatness upon materials that seem authentic only when free from external restraint. So, in "Giving Blood," the precise oscillation of the Maples' love is cut short arbitrarily. In a restaurant where they go to share the moment of camaraderie, born while they donated blood, the husband finds he lacks money to pay for his affectionate invitation; and the wife, obviously punning, replies: "We'll both pay." Surfeited with cleverness, the reader now disdains the pun implicit in the whole story; what could have been a moving glimpse at familiar despair blinds us with a glossy surface to its underlying truth.

Two tales in *The Music School* manage to make slickness a virtue. "Avec La Bébé-Sitter" and "The Rescue" don't strain for outsize responses. The couples in them are either past the Maples' danger or their troubles are unreal. The first story is a sardonic anecdote about two people on the rocks who hope to cement their foundation by moving to Antibes. One afternoon while the wife is gone, the husband, manfully learning French from their baby-sitter-maid, blurts out the house's secret. Ironically, his confession creates an emotional order on these shifty Mediterranean sands which the family lacked back home. In the second story, a young woman who suspects her husband is unfaithful decides not to yield to disruptive anger. Faced with a fortuitous image of divorced self-righteousness, spread-eagled on an icy ski slope, she becomes certain that her husband must be innocent. Cleverness can capture only small ironies in human affairs, but it is the merit of both stories that their ironies precisely suit their treatment.

Updike's art is more polished in this volume than in his earlier collections, but *The Music School* would be a less resonant place were it not for one group of stories representing an advance in scope. One of these, Updike's best story to date, is another of those doctrinal debates which he presents as ordinary encounters, like Hook and Conner discussing the nature of virtue in the poorhouse sitting room, or Rabbit and Eccles defining grace on the golf course. In "The Christian Roommates" the essential Updike meeting of pharisee and would-be saint occurs at Harvard, an institution designed to train adolescents—thus, a perfect setting for Updike's theme. Not even Salinger has created so touching a display of that mixture of fear and bravado with which the college student approaches an adult role. The background of "The Christian Roommates" is crowded with young souls fixed in brittle postures of self-defensiveness, like the homesick colored boy who warms himself in the unfamiliar New England cold with nightly blowing on a trumpet mouthpiece, or the witty roommates who mask their enmity by collaborating on improvised musical comedies at the expense of all outsiders.

Against this background, Updike presents the engagement of Orson Zeigler, lanky, Midwestern, athletic valedictorian, who has mapped out his future as town physician and pillar of society, with Hub Palamountain, maddeningly arrogant, vegetarian, boor and yogi. Each moment of their conflict is finely rendered. When Orson first enters the room which will become their battleground, Hub dazzles him with those personal details—divorced parents, unpopularity, conscientious objecting to the draft, and arcane religious zeal—which give Zeigler his first glimpse of depths hidden in his own life. In the midst of this recital, Hub accounts rather solemnly for his summer job as gluer in a plywood mill. "It's a kind of excessive introspection," he intones, "you've read *Hamlet*?" Fresh-scrubbed Orson feels his soul challenged. "Just *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice*," he pleads.

Definitive as it is, their contention is never expressed in moments less natural than this one. In his best work, Updike infuses his story with meaning not by commenting on the action but by always finding the right gesture or word for his people so that their significance is the satisfying accumulation of all they have said or done. Thus, for the final impact of Hub's god-lust on Orson's shallow correctness, Updike finds the perfect measured fact: when the boy becomes the man he had envisioned, he carries "a kind of scar . . . without pain and without any clear memory of the amputation. . . . He never prays."

Though "The Christian Roommates" is typical, it suggests the author's willingness to break the essentially domestic walls of his universe, a willingness best realized in two other stories: "At a Bar in Charlotte Amalie" and "The Bulgarian Poetess." The first tale is a rigidly controlled description of events witnessed at a bar in the Virgin Islands. The tableau is formed by the slightest shift in the arrangement of its components: a prim schoolteacher who by entering the bar starts the story is subtly drawn into its languid corruption as a finale. Nothing much happens, but we know this bar down to the last cloying drop of rum with which its inhabitants assuage their aimlessness.

"The Bulgarian Poetess" is the volume's emotive triumph just as "The Christian Roommates" is its triumph in human understanding. There is little fulfilled love in Updike's fiction; he is too aware of its contingency. But "The Bulgarian Poetess" creates a moment of love which is all the more precious for being fugitive. Its hero is an American novelist whose best work is behind him and whose life has dried for want of affection. On a feckless red-taped journey to Bulgaria, he meets a fellow writer whose female grace and tenderness give him sustaining proof of what he has had to live without.

In the course of this story, Updike needs to provide some informed literary chatter for his writers and cultural hangers-on. What he makes them say is intrinsically interesting. How many of our writers can demonstrate a character's intelligence? How many can find the right words for two adolescents who are taking each other's measure? How many can describe the exact sensation of feeling blood drained from your arm or the gradations of shadow as the sky darkens?

Updike's range of experience is both common and confined; he avoids those upheavals in which many of us like to think we find our true reflection. Some readers will persist in finding him trivial; they will miss separable and obtrusive "ideas": even fervent admirers must admit that his situations are often too slight. But within the ordinary moments he selects, his precisely expressive language always embeds an insight authenticated by gesture, a truth extensively portrayed. No one has ever denied his skill. But we ought to remember that in art, skill is not a dispensable adjunct to seriousness; it *is* seriousness: proof that the artist esteems his craft, his subject, his readers. Updike's reverence for life won't disdain small moments and won't compromise itself with inflated or pretentious language. His seriousness is chastened by modesty, his nostalgia is both joyful and unillusioned, his precision is both linguistic and dramatic. Is there another new American novelist who gives such continuous proof of the power of art?

Mr. Keynes and His Age

THE AGE OF KEYNES. *By Robert Lekachman. Random House. 324 pp. $6.*
THE CARTHAGINIAN PEACE OR THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. KEYNES. *By Etienne Mantoux. Introduction by Robert G. Colodny. University of Pittsburgh Press. 235 pp. $2.25 paper.*

JAMES F. BECKER

Mr. Becker is associate professor of economics at New York University. He has published in professional journals as well as in Studies on the Left *and* Columbia Forum.

In this high noon of Keynes's renown, hardly a man is to be found who can face the record of that economist's conquests and doubt their impressiveness. To the elusive goal of putting our affairs upon a rational footing, his economics is generally conceded to have made a decisive contribution.

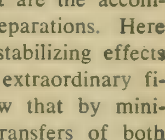
Yet Keynes has not always been regarded as a foe of disorder and, despite the majority opinion, the case for his greatness is incomplete. It is likely to remain so despite the evidence contained in these two volumes if only because Lekachman is too uncritical of Keynes's life and times alike, while Mantoux's famous study, though valuable by reason of its critical acuteness, encompasses too small a range of its subject's work.

Lekachman begins his study where Mantoux, the excellent scholar and Free French soldier, killed in action in World War II, begins and ends, with Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace* and its sequel, *A Revision of the Treaty.* Lekachman accepts without question Keynes's view that the intent of the Allied principals at Versailles was too punitive, the terms of the Treaty reprehensible by the standards of sound economic judgment, and the peace too "Carthaginian." Surely the passage of time has shown that strict justice demanded more from the Germany of World War I than the young Keynes realized. As Mantoux shows us in meticulous detail, the dimness of Keynes's foresight was in his early work matched by the superficiality of his analysis.

As one marvels at Mantoux's annihilation of Keynes's argument for a lenient settlement for Germany, one wonders whether, had that Keynes the maturity of, say, a Veblen, his imagination could have responded to the simple yet stringent conditions for German pacification that Veblen proposed in *The Nature of Peace.* Keynes's spiritual sympathies might then have run with the "tigers" of Versailles whose demands he so ridiculed, and the phrase "transfer problem" that he invented to summarize his brief for magnanimity in the matter of reparations payments from Germany might never have arisen to confuse our thinking. We have Mantoux to thank for clarifying the essential nature of this example of Keynesian semantics.

The problem of reparative transfers, of which economic metaphysicians still incline to make a good deal, consisted of two parts. The first referred to the possible movements of goods and services required to repair the harm done by the aggressor. Here, however, the dictates of justice conflicted under competitive capitalism with the needs of the domestic producers of the Allies who could see their home markets undercut by Germany's reparative exports, and their foreign markets shrunk by her economic dieting at home. Such prospects have been known to weaken even a strong merchant's taste for justice. Mantoux reveals how Keynes would have limited Allied demands so as, in effect, to forestall such embarrassments; for example, by grossly underestimating the capacity of the German economy for "real" repayment.

In its second phase, the transfer problem embraced the international exchanges of money and credit that are the accompaniment to material reparations. Here Keynes perceived the destabilizing effects on money exchanges of extraordinary financial transfers. He saw that by minimizing the volume of transfers of both real and monetary kinds, one would minimize the stress upon mechanisms of international trade and exchange. Keynes thought, of course, that he had described the rather close boundaries of a reasonable and just settlement; what he had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actually described was a set of economic relationships that were not able to bear the weight of the demands of strict justice.

Though few of Keynes's more vengeful compatriots in business and finance saw the mercifulness to themselves of his reparations argument—as Boisguilbert long ago observed, the wealthy seldom know what is in their own best interest—his famous briefs did in fact support mainly the short-term, postwar needs of finance capital, which he so well understood. Indirectly, his argument served the long-term needs of German militarism, whose physical resources later went unchallenged because its social resources were strengthened by the Keynesian myth that injustice had been done at Versailles. That the basic rules of the game of transfers needed to be changed if justice were to be secured is the one possibility that Keynes refused to consider. We may conclude that his allegiance was to established rules and to the men who play by them, rather than to the needs of men in general and of justice in the abstract.

The thesis is not farfetched, though Lekachman fails to reach it, that throughout Keynes's career he restricted himself to the contemplation of possibilities for social adjustment that were consistent with the existing mores of trade and money and the power of those who live by them. So, in the twenties, while British officialdom struggled to re-establish the obsolete, prewar gold standard, Keynes sought to free these officials from their golden hamstrings, and to offer alternative guides for monetary actions along lines which had always been well within the administrative prerogative. Lekachman is right in saying that Keynes ". . . possessed a full measure of the intellectual's confidence in his capacity to produce alternative ideas," but he fails to see that the range of choice within which Keynes worked was always rather narrow. Mantoux was among the first to see that the narrowness had existed from the beginning.

The great consistency that one finds in Keynes's strategic objectives is to be found precisely in his recurring endeavor to reshape the processes of decision within the financial bureaus of government. No doubt Keynes believed—unquestionably he assumed — that intrastitial change would ultimately make for rationality within the social order at large upon which the bureaucracy so relentlessly impinges. Whether this vestige of a Victorian dream is itself rational is a question to which Keynes gave relatively little thought. History may yet name him the chief economist of the hope that dies hard.

PAIN

I

The woody fiber of the leaf; the stalk
With fingers spreading outward
Like an old vine-root, half-seen
In the dusty light, belonging
Half to sleep and half to knowledge.
Or is it a coat worn under the skin,
Wrapped closely around whatever lives?

II

When the sun went off against the windowpane,
Like firecrackers, my hands reached down
And touched your blurred life.
You moved inside yourself, fearing
For your words, and behind the silence
We touched each other with fingers
More than visible; practiced fingers,
Words made of the body, unlike pain
And yet filled with that strange blossom.

III

Shipwreck; the sides of the boat spread outward
Like petals; the columns of grey water
Lift up and dissolve; roofless temples,
Trees with foamy roots, desperate thoughts.

PAUL ZWEIG

Since publication in 1935 of *The General Theory* and the renaissance of its idea of effective demand, it has been difficult to see the importance of Keynes's persistent neglect of the main issue of the proper aim of social science. Because he never inquires whether the means to full employment in the short run are consistent with all else that is needed to insure in the long run the viability of the community (as he put it, "In the long run we are all dead"), and because he fails to relate full employment to other devices that promise to make our social life superior in time to what it now is, *The General Theory* promises to become the Bible of myopic bureaucrats. Thus Lekachman declares, without seeing the magnitude of the Keynesian defect:

> . . . it is possible to see at last that Keynesian economics is not conservative, liberal, or radical. The techniques of economic stimulation and stabilization are simply neutral administrative tools capable of distributing national income either more or less equitably, improving the bargaining position of either unions or employers, and increasing or decreasing the importance of the public sector of the economy.

How tools that produce such effects may be said to be "neutral" Lekachman does not explain, probably because it is inexplicable. Perhaps he meant to say that such tools would be neutral if men would refrain from using them, but he avoids that level of platitude. As the tools are now used, there is no neutrality in them if only because there are, and can be, no men who are outside of politics.

One may even doubt whether Keynes's economics is a social science at all. Social theorists of higher stature—Aristotle, Aquinas, Hobbes, Locke, Smith, Marx—have in common their effort to discover theoretically the political and economic conditions for integrating all social classes into one going concern—nor is there anything in that noble enterprise that precludes a thorough consideration of short-run problems, as their works demonstrate. By this standard, Keynes's is a mediocre economics. Embracing the short-term possibilities for full employment that fall within the confines of a given establishment, his economics leaves the selection among these possibilities—and the evaluation (if any) of their ultimate consequences—to the whims of those who dominate when the decision is made. Some will excuse Keynes's neglect for reason of our desperation to cure by any means the unemployment that confronted us in the thirties. Desperation excuses nothing, however, because it is always the essence of the human condition.

The political versatility of the "new" Keynesian idea—like his earlier idea of injustice at Versailles—accounts for its contemporary power. With "effective demand" one can be economically "scientific," keep one's eye on the main chance, and retain intact one's essential prejudices. This is the economics for which many have longed since Gopher Prairie first came to Washington. Its implicit assumption, that a series of economic patches will add up, eventually, to a piece of whole social cloth, saves the trouble of questioning the serviceability of basic institutions and of devising means for transforming them.

Furthermore, the patchwork school of social science and history to which Keynes belongs makes foolish demands upon science itself. Such a science must have heroes with a demonstrated capacity to grapple with emergencies if the validity of the thesis is to be maintained. At the moment, Keynes serves this exemplary function while Lekachman serves the thesis. This is why we do not have a definitive appraisal of Keynes, but receive in its stead the rhetoric of apocryphy with which some scientists dress their idols.

It is certainly fair to term this "the age of Keynes." But it has not been an age of triumph; nor are we yet done with the more sorry consequences of Keynes's work. It has been a period of precocious and fanciful nationalism. Its most famous lions have been members of the new administrative classes that seek to reconstruct the world in their own image. Our administrators have needed a rationale to justify and guide their handiwork so as to maintain the essential conditions for their own progress, and in answering to this need Keynes found his career. His life and work reveal the disappointments, the seeming victories, and the defeats for all of us that the dubious spirit of our age, the lack of wisdom of our governors, and the shortsightedness of our economists impose upon us now.

A Gallery of Monsters

NORMAN'S LETTER. *By Gavin Lambert. Coward-McCann. 232 pp. $5.50.*

JOHN RECHY

Mr. Rechy, author of City of Night *(Grove Press), has just completed a new novel entitled* Numbers.

In *The Slide Area,* an earlier novel by Gavin Lambert, someone draws a moral from a disastrous landslide that has swept some property away near Malibu: One shouldn't live too near the edge of a cliff.

Sir Norman Lightwood, the narrator in Lambert's new novel, has lived for long on the edge of a symbolic cliff and has surrounded himself with those only too eager to shove him over. His life, in fact, is a morbidly funny dying — an elaborately comic preparation for violence. With compassion never obviated by the deep laughter evoked, Lambert lets Sir Norman tell his own story, in the form of a lengthy letter (spanning 1936-43). Destined never to be sent — and, even if sent, never to be received — it is written to Ahmin, an Arab boy with whom Sir Norman had a furtive sexual encounter in Marrakech. The result is pitch-black comedy.

A wealthy baronet, Sir Norman chooses the Arab boy to write to because he's the only person who hasn't taken him; has, instead, given him something: a memory to cherish. All the others have seized advantage of Sir Norman's weaknesses: the sister who threatens him physically; the singer who marries him only to blackmail him; the woman photographer who may or may not have cunningly "lent" her male-model husband to him; the Santa Fe artist who cons him into commissioning her to do an outrageous mural in a fantastic tower Sir Norman has built à la Hearst in New Mexico; the sometimes sinister, sometimes wise, always crafty guru (most recently "from California") who will probably "inherit" the tower; and finally — and most chilling of all — the mother who leads Norman to a violent encounter with a sinister derelict in Vera Cruz.

But all this is accomplished not without Norman's help. Often a fool, Norman searches out his own violent destiny, crucially and significantly attracted (except in the case of Ahmin, and even with him who knows?) to those who will use him. Not the easiest ingredients for comedy.

Yet Lambert renders all this with just the right degree of exaggeration. Thus Norman's alter ego is Oum Salem, an Egyptian poetess invented by Norman, thereby himself achieving a certain literary success as her "translator" (and posing in drag for the back jacket of "Oum's" book of poems).

Lambert's portraits are subtle commentaries within themselves: In the dawn of a new, strangely inverted time, it is the woman who is the photographer and her husband who is the underclothes model; inevitably, then, it is the "other man," not the "other woman," who can threaten the marriage — through the husband.

In less artful hands, the portrait of Norman's sister — a Fascist — might have been patently offensive. By making her also a strutting, leather-bedecked,

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femme-chasing bull-Lesbian, Lambert, in a few expert strokes, turns her into a parody of Nazism. Now felicitously we can laugh at supermen who are really women in men's uniforms.

Lambert's outstanding achievement in his gallery of monsters is his depiction of the most vampirical of them all: Norman's incredible mother (Lady Dorothea, known as Lady D.), who tried to make him when he was a very young man. (In an outrageous understatement, she describes herself as "only a woman, a widow and a mother.")

After Norman's disastrous marriage has ended in sensational headlines, Lady D. proposes that he spend his time traveling with her. The thought of her sweeping across the world in technicolor while he trails obediently behind her in black and white upsets Norman so much that he passes out. But Lady D. can wait — and wait she does: until weakened by his life among the invited predators, and after a breakdown followed by a period in a sanitarium, Norman can be snatched away by her like carrion by a vulture.

Smothered in black mourning veils, in a somber moment in which Lady D. is brilliantly transformed into Lady Death and Lady Destiny, she leads Norman away to Mexico: "How can I convince my son that I'm no ordinary mother except by taking his hand, leading him like a horse to water and begging him, on my knees if necessary, to drink?" The previously underplayed note of sorrow takes over. Lady D. is leading her son to his inevitable ritual sacrifice. And so, Mom has won. Her surrogate seduction of Norman is terrifyingly complete. Lambert supplies a postscript by Lady D. (which unfortunately, however, erases some of the spooky effect of the last time we saw her through Norman's eyes); and now we see reality in multiple reflections as in mirrors facing each other. Did Norman tell the truth? Did Lady D.? Did either of them? At the end, Lambert lets us choose our own "truth."

Laughing at the Story of O

STORY OF O. *By Pauline Réage. Translated from the French by Sabine d'Estree. Preface by Jean Paulhan of the Académie Française. A note on the* Story of O *by André Pieyre de Mandiargues. Grove Press. 199 pp. $6.*

ALEXANDER LAING

Mr. Laing is professor of Belles-Lettres at Dartmouth College. His poetry has been published in The Nation, The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly *and other periodicals. He is the author of* The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck *(Collier), the literary hoax referred to in his review.*

Fourteen years ago, in *Les Temps Modernes,* Simone de Beauvoir published an essay uncommonly lugubrious even for her: "*Faut-il-brûler Sade?* . . . his books take a grip upon us as soon as we see that throughout their rigmaroles, clichés, clumsiness, they try to tell us of an experience which has the odd quality of refusing to be communicated." From this early statement, which reads like a conclusion, she struggled onward through 63 pages of Sartre's *revue mensuelle* to put her existentialist blessing upon the previously all-male effort, begun by Apollinaire, to refurbish the diligent 18th-century advocate of heterosexual buggery.

Two years later a publisher of Sade issued *Histoire d'O,* by Pauline Réage, a novel of today upon the Marquis' favorite theme. *Combat's* reviewer was cautious in his reference: "if there is a Pauline Réage." The use of a feminine pen name perhaps was encouraged by Beauvoir's recent essay, but the book's style has little resemblance to Beauvoir's except in its inordinate solemnity. *Combat* placed it with "the great classics of French eroticism," and here a distinction is in order. The word "erotic," throughout most of its own history, has defined the happy fulfillment of physical love, over which a gentle if capricious god hovers in approval. True erotic love never occurs in *Histoire d'O*. Its theme, explicit sadism, is not brutal either. Man shares many qualities with the brutes, but he alone devises the crueler corruptions of natural impulse with which this book concerns itself, and from which the maligned god Eros would flap off in dismay.

The protagonist, a dull-witted young Parisian fashion photographer, is given no name but "O" which evidently stands for orifice. Her story details the means, psychological and mechanical, by which a docile human being is reduced to a thing, a mere orifice. The main setting is the standard mansion of gothic nightmare, equipped with Sade's routine gadgets: masks, whips, collars, chains, corsets, branding irons. The literary trick, by contrast, is the use of a style of bogus loftiness to describe aberrant sexual outrages. There is none of Sade's forthright phrasing, nor of his occasional rowdy humor. The vocabulary is as circumspect as Fanny Hill's.

The first French critics were anxious not to be caught out. What if the author of this evidently pseudonymous story were a concealed academician? Why had Jean Paulhan, overdue at the time for elevation to the *Académie,* sponsored *O*? Had he invented her himself? Hence the mixture of evasion and absurd praise. *Critique* placed Pauline Réage "among the two or three true novelists of today." When an American translation appeared last March — the French secret having been kept for twelve years — the early reviewers were similarly ambivalent. One, of the sort who can perceive a Christ symbol in any literary patsy, sanctified O as a Christian martyr.

Judging only by internal evidence, I think the book is a spoof of its own genre. For one thing, how could so many critics have passed over the deliberate fun-poking in Paulhan's preface? With a tenuous reference to O's submissiveness in the process of dehumanization, he speculates upon a notebook recording the grievances of some freed West Indian slaves who petitioned for re-enslavement. This missing document of 1838 "has never been recovered," yet Paulhan discusses the significance of its contents with increasing assurance. He concludes that the compiler of a notebook he never has seen "was not telling the truth," and then proclaims what the truth really was. Paulhan either is warning the reader of more leg pulling to follow, or has forfeited his claim to credence. I credit him with the former.

It could be argued that *Story of O* is the vengeful fantasy of a neglected maiden lady, but a clearer case could be made for a Lesbian author, since the only scenes that even approach erotic tenderness are those between women. The men of the story all follow Sade's reiterated doctrine: that pleasure is the highest good, that the infliction of cruelty makes pleasure most exquisite, and that society should be disorganized so as to put no hindrance upon the right of the strong to enjoy inflicting the greatest torture upon the weak. In *Les 120 Journées de Sodome,* Sade pushed his theory to its ultimate inference in multiple orgiastic murders. *Story of O* is more circumspect. The deluded purchaser who does not scan the last page first will find that a final chapter "has been suppressed" (he is not told why or by whom) in which O is abandoned by her possessor in the gothic mansion of horrors. "There exists a second ending" in which O prefers death to abandonment. "Sir Stephen gave her his consent." Here again transparent spoofing replaces the ugly task of facing a resolution of the issue that has centrally been raised.

Despite *Carrefour's* statement that "the style is of an astonishing purity," many passages bespeak an unskilled author, but others are so crafty as to make these lapses emerge as the deliberate choices of a masquerader, contrived to mislead. Having been guilty in my wayward youth of a similarly solemn hoax (a spoof of the detective story, connecting demonology and monstrous births), I recognized in *Story of O* multitudinous symptoms: an incomplete manuscript of uncertain provenance, the plundering of esoteric originals for horrid rituals, the transplanting of antique atmosphere into modern surroundings, the tongue-in-cheek introduction, the well-wrought flaws. For example, *Story of O* begins in the present tense; but after 3 pages we read, "Another version of the same beginning was simpler." We are given it, in the past tense which persists to the end. A helpful editor would have told an amateur author to make up her mind; but the two beginnings, both given, are an arch balancing of the two endings, neither given: a sophisticated trick. The failure of *Story of O* as a serious novel reflects a likelihood that its author, of whatever sex, had no desire to write one. The theme, taken seriously, should clutch us in deepening pity and terror. Why does it not?

The chief artistic deficiency is a failure at once to establish any basis for concern over O herself. She begins as a docile nitwit and ends as a cipher; nothing significant is destroyed. Sade's Justine is an equally static, and equally dull, character; but she is presented with evident mockery all the way. O is neither a tragic nor a satiric creation. Another serious flaw is the absence of any motive, at outset, for the decision of her lover, René, to witness the ferocious abuse of O by other men. A repressed homosexual admiration for the "grizzled athlete" Sir Stephen, to whom René gives her midway in the account, is hinted at too late. This laxity in characterization of both O and René, moreover, is made more obvious by the hilarious treatment of solemn Sir Stephen, a crude caricature of the French popular notion of an imperturbable English milor'. Most of Sade's important characters, such as Dolmancé and Juliette, are valid satiric creations who monotonously recite their creator's serious beliefs; but the story of O is merely a bad joke.

Why bother with it? Because it reminds us of Beauvoir's question: must we burn Sade? Because, since its appearance in translation, a publisher has lost his final appeal against a stiff jail sentence upon an obscenity conviction? Because the American Civil Liberties Union's steady urging that there is no legal proof of a connection between sadistic books and sadistic crime has just been explicitly refuted by the Pennine Moors murder case?

If the proper study of mankind still is man, of course we must not burn Sade. A view of human nature that ignored the evidence of Sade permitted Nazism almost to inherit the earth. The record of aberrant man's desires and behavior must be kept available, and not merely to the well-to-do. Protection of our freedom to learn the worst about our species includes a defense of the right to read any book, even if it should turn out to be nothing but a bad joke.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

It has been bruited about that I am nostalgic for the 1930s. This is libel: it is the 1830s whose memory I cherish, and even earlier epochs. Witness my fondness for the ballet.

Thus I welcome the City Center Joffrey Ballet in its first regular New York season on West 55th Street. After Balanchine's heavy guns one is exhilarated anew by the light artillery of Joffrey's youngsters. Balanchine has achieved mastery; the City Center juniors are on the exciting path toward that estate. They shine with mounting energy and the results of excellent training under their artistic director Robert Joffrey and their chief choreographer Gerald Arpino.

It is natural and proper to become enthusiastic over the emergence of such a group. "Capitalist competition" among the arts — abundance of production — is beneficial to creativity. (What the theatre needs is more bad plays to open the way for good ones!) But excessive praise is dangerous. It not only warps judgment but leads to later bitterness in those who give it as well as those who receive. Rave notices are good for business; they cripple appreciation.

Apart from its buoyancy, what immediately struck me about the new ballet company is the attractiveness of many of its individual dancers. Thus far I have not been bowled over by any single item of their repertory. *Viva Vivaldi!* is thoroughly pleasant; *Olympics* shows the handsome male contingent to great advantage. *Cakewalk* is an amiable frolic. *Sea Shadow* has a more than serviceable score by Michael Colgrass and two radiant dancers: the incredibly sylphlike Lisa Bradley and the finely wrought Richard Gain.

Among the novelties Lisa Bradley again excels. She is an ineffable creature of the deep in the earlier ballet, a predatory bird in *Nightwings,* and exquisite in both. But *Nightwings* as a whole is not particularly fresh. Nor was I much moved by Eugene Loring's symbolic *These Three,* which despite its topical subject matter — race riots and the heroics of the civil rights movement — possesses little specific impact or abstract grandeur. There is, however, one effective passage in which the three central male figures dance in concord, a motif repeated at the end by four men who resume the struggle of the martyred three. Loring's intention is bolder than what we actually see, which is surprising in view of the kinetic power inherent in his theme and the gift for incisive visualization he exemplified in *Billy the Kid.*

Moncayo 1, named after its composer, is easy to take, but neither fish nor fowl. The score did not seem to me, though it

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did to others, much more than routine Mexicana. But evaluations of ballet music must be modified by an awareness that the conditions of orchestral rehearsals are seldom what they ought to be.

The best compliment I can offer the new company at this moment is to say that after visiting it for three evenings I am eager to return for more, not only to reconsider the works I've mentioned and another première *(Vitalitas)* but to deepen the pleasure of seeing my favorite dancers again. These include, besides those previously cited, Luis Fuente, who glows with pride of vigor; Robert Blankshine, a sprite who makes one think of both Puck and Huck Finn; Margo Sappinton, whose womanly magnetism lends a special warmth to the third strophe of the Vivaldi number; Barbara Remington, whose elegant posture bespeaks breeding while her eyes twinkle cool wit. Finally, there is Ivy Clear, demurely funny in the light-minded mockery of *Cakewalk*. But I should not say "finally" for further acquaintance with this most engaging company will extend the list of discoveries.

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The organization that goes under the name of Theater 1967 and is really the partnership of Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder and Edward Albee at the Cherry Lane Theater has begun a festival season consisting of "elderly" American plays and some new off-beat ones. Each presentation will be limited to a four-week run. The first is three one-act plays by Thornton Wilder.

I was disappointed at the announcement of these plays because two of them are frequently done at community and university theatres. (The last time I saw the best of the three, *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden,* was at a performance in Tel Aviv by students of the English Department from the University of Jerusalem.) Therefore, I was agreeably surprised to find that for all their fragility the three plays held my attention. To begin with, they were in every respect ably staged: direction by Michael Kahn, scenery by Ed Wittstein, nice acting by Paula Trueman in *The Happy Journey,* by John Beal, particularly in *Queens of France,* by Bette Henritze and Guinevare Breeding in two of the three.

Two particular aspects in these short plays stimulated me to speculation. First, I always wonder when I see them (as I do at *Our Town* for which *The Happy Journey* is a sort of preliminary sketch) whether they truly reflect lower-middle-class American life before the First World War, or whether they simply represent the myth of that period. Were the times actually so unremittingly affable or is it just Wilder?

If the question is valid at all, I suppose one must answer that what Dreiser and his like saw and what Wilder reminisces about are both, though not equally, true. After all O'Neill wrote *Ah! Wilderness,* a sentimental *aubade,* as well as *Beyond the Horizon* which is all heartbreak. But there is hardly any pain at all in Wilder's *The Long Christmas Dinner,* the first of the three plays on the bill, even though it traces the life cycle of a family through several generations from flowering seed to dusty decay. Mark Twain's masterpieces grin and guffaw but there is bite, even cruelty, in them as well.

These plays (*Queens of France* is just a joke) were written in the early thirties, and the thirties were marked not only by bruises and battle cries but by a supply of healing unguents and mollifying plasters such as the Wilder plays. Then too the thirties was a time when writers sought solace by grazing in rural pastures.

An even more peculiar aspect of Wilder's plays is their endearing banality. Their content — and "content" seems almost too ponderous a word for it — is sheer platitude. Yet they offend no one, beguile many. The secret of their charm lies in an artistry that suggests more than it says. Details are scrupulously chosen but never insisted upon. There is a wily discretion in the plays; they are good natured without gush. Wilder wins by a tender tactfulness. He abates his seduction before you get a chance to cry "uncle!"

YOUNG MAN

He rushed to meet me
falling sidewise at the stairs
my red bell-boy
as I checked in
at the desperate hour.
His need booms in my chest
a cannon ball
where in a Waldorf
of swapped wives
I wait cow-eyed
as he beats it
with my bags.

CAROLYN STOLOFF

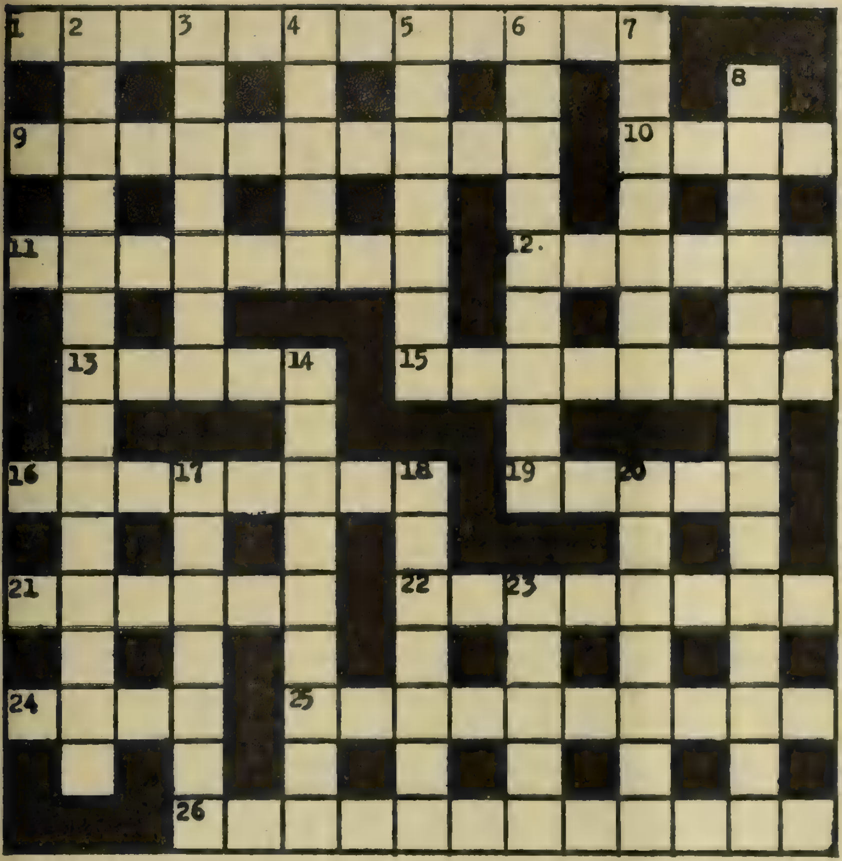
I have been absent from these pages since May, but not from the theatre. Besides a stay in Israel (where American, English and French plays thrive at the expense, so they say, of native playwrights), I saw both new and old plays in London. I refrained from reporting on these because they will certainly occupy a major place on Broadway stages during the coming season.

On my return I saw another British product that merited notice: Arnold Wesker's *The Kitchen.* I withheld discussion of this not only because it had become successful without my aid (!) but because I was due to supervise a seminar for new playwrights at Lenox, Mass.

I refer to *The Kitchen* now — it is scheduled to close on October 9 — because I was recently told an interesting fact about it. It attracted a large audience from the neighborhood — Broadway and 81st Street — where it is housed in a recently opened theatre. The vicinity is not usually associated with intellectual life or with the *avant-garde,* though it is sometimes wickedly referred to by its residents as "Needle Park." Still they flocked to see the play (its title refers to the kitchen of a popular restaurant where all the action takes place) because the occasion was worthy, the play's material and milieu compatible with its audience, the prices reasonable. I have always maintained that our best hope for the future lies in the "regional" theatre even within the confines of Manhattan.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1169

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Your kisser might be affected by a hang-over here! (7, 5)
9 and 20 down Implying a wolf's behavior might be comparatively smooth. (2, 5, 2, 1, 7)
10 Flag, often blue or green on a white background. (4)
11 Probably listed, and therefore possibly docked! (8)
12 The country sounds capable of making things 9 and 20. (6)
13 Wintered between this, when single? (5)
15 Fat in front of the stove? (8)
16 In certain stones it imparts regular motion. (8)
19 The direction a vessel goes is more with the current. (5)
21 A not as bad number? (6)
22 As a merchandiser, one might be useful after something has been 11. (8)
24 Are such utterances extremely native to North America? (4)
25 If there were no right in such commerce there would be no will. (10)
26 Might one consider them almost tractors? (Helps temper a violent outburst, too!) (12)

DOWN:

2 Implying those considered traditionally deaf can hear well enough for eaves-dropping? (9, 5)
3 Confident one might be able to get in later? (7)
4 Forty letters might seem equivalent, or even be superior. (5)
5 Evidently the small business establishment has been built to last a long time. (5, 2)
6 It could be the nag outran another beast! (9)
7 Belonging to both sexes. (7)
8 O, this might reach a lot of people! (8, 6)
14 Those who like the system in the service might adhere to it. (9)
17 What are usually described as running down, go differently with rips. (5, 2)
18 A minor injury implies no handicap! (7)
20 See 9 across
23 Short for 25, when untainted. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1168

ACROSS: 1 Boston massacre; 9 Enlists; 11 Detracts; 12 Swoops; 14 and 23 Digital computer; 15 and 10 Spear-carrier; 17 Eight; 19 Newness; 21 Braise; 25 Laid out; 26 Iterate; 27 Prime ministers. DOWN: 1 Breadline; 2 Saluted; 3 Onslaught; 4 Misstating; 5 Sock; 6 Arrow; 7 Rhizome; 8 Arms; 13 Slow-motion; 15 Sleepless; 16 Riderless; 18 Glacier; 20 Situate; 21 Ball; 22 Storm; 24 Stem.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation,* 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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LETTERS

pomp and benefits

Benson, Minn.
Dear Sirs: Having just lost a DFL primary race here in Minnesota (15,000 votes as against 40,000 for the incumbent) as an anti-Vietnamese war Congressional candidate, I am forced regretfully to agree with the editorial, "The Painless War" [*The Nation*, Sept. 19].

If Democratic Party liberals are the chief purveyors of the "war is good for prosperity" gambit, they are simply adhering to the pattern of politics which began with Teddy Roosevelt who linked "bomb-bast" and imperialism in foreign affairs with sterile reform rhetoric on the domestic scene. Indeed, ours is "The Century of Teddy Roosevelt," not that of the common man.

Theodore Roosevelt and Hubert Humphrey were cut from the same cloth, excepting that Teddy learned to ride a horse during his Dakota episode. An analogy also holds between Roosevelt and Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor who unified Germany under industrial autocracy while pioneering in the field of old-age insurance under prodding from the Socialists. But there is the disquieting knowledge that Bismarck's pomp and imperialism, coupled with fringe benefits for the populace, finally produced the rule of Adolf Hitler. *James M. Youngdale*

sitting it out

Franklin Park, Ill.
Dear Sirs: Albert Parry in "Russia's Other Peace Movement" [*The Nation*, Aug. 22] seems not to understand just what is a peace movement.

A peace movement shows concern for the injustices created by war and works to end these injustices and end the war. The Russian students and others he refers to are not doing this, they are not doing anything. . . . Parry confuses this lack of concern, because it does not follow the Soviet Government line, with peace.

If they did follow the government line, they would then be working for peace—even if possibly for the wrong reason—because the U.S. position is so wrong. But to take no stand . . . is to permit injustice to continue and thus to work against peace. *Jerry DeMuth*

Twain's prayer

Rice, Minn.
Dear Sirs: Whatever became of the "Pray for Peace" U.S. Postal Stamp cancellation program? Can it be that Johnson and his postmaster general, or whoever, became discouraged with the results the scheme was getting? If so, perhaps they could get new inspiration from the following war prayer dictated by Mark Twain:

> *O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst. . . . We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him who is the Source of Love, and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.* *Stewart Graves*

EDITORIALS

If He Wants Peace . . .

A nod from President Johnson is all that would be required for United Nations Secretary-General U Thant to board a plane for Southeast Asia, to lead the war in Vietnam to the conference table. There is a great deal of evidence that he could achieve a peace that would protect both the honor and the legitimate interests of the United States.

Thant's three-point peace plan, combined with the longer vision of the future of Vietnam contained in documents arising out of the meeting last month in Phnom Penh between French President Charles de Gaulle and Prince Norodom Sihanouk, provide the clear framework for a peace settlement. Thant offers the road to negotiations; de Gaulle and Sihanouk suggested its objective: a neutral Indo-Chinese peninsula, in which there is even the possibility of a separate South Vietnam, if its people so prefer.

As an alternative to peace, the chief American delegate at the United Nations, Arthur J. Goldberg, last month opened a new "peace offensive." His speech to the General Assembly presented a burlesque of the Thant plan and, to the surprise of no one, was rejected immediately. Washington had decreed that there should be no boat rocking—at least until after the November elections. Meanwhile, President Johnson continues this "peace offensive" with his projected trip to Manila, pretending to see peace where none is to be found. After the elections, is there hope that the Administration will be willing to explore the clear UN road to "peace with honor"? Lyndon B. Johnson's record in office is not encouraging.

In the early autumn of 1964 Thant, on his own initiative, inquired of Hanoi through the Russians if Ho Chi Minh, with whom Thant has had good relations over the years, would be willing to authorize a meeting between his representatives and those of President Johnson to discuss the modalities of a peace conference. Hanoi accepted the offer almost immediately. Washington stalled for five months, then rejected it, the rejection being punctuated by the beginning of systematic bombing of North Vietnam.

Despite this disheartening experience, in July, 1965, Thant again asked Hanoi whether peace talks might still begin, if the United States would stop bombing. Hanoi said yes, but Washington rejected the offer.

Dismayed, but not yet utterly discouraged, Thant considered how an atmosphere might be established in which negotiations would be possible, even at this late date. After consultations that surely included new soundings in Hanoi, he devised his three-point peace plan. The first point was a cessation of bombing North Vietnam; not another pause, but an end. The second point was a de-escalation of the fighting in the south, including a halt in the build-up of forces on both sides—a silencing of the guns so far as possible, defensive actions where an end to the fighting could not be achieved. Finally, Thant proposed that the United States talk peace directly with the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, as the French, despite misgivings, finally negotiated with the NLF in Algeria.

Thant's three-point peace plan so far has been met by silence in Washington, but Goldberg—after a losing battle inside the State Department—managed to construct a mock-up of his own. In effect, he told the General Assembly that if the North Vietnamese would agree to stop sending reinforcements to fight in the south, the United States would stop bombing North Vietnam. It is difficult to imagine a better bargain for the United States: bombing North Vietnam was undertaken to stop "infiltration" to the south, and has failed to do that. If accepted, Goldberg's "offer" would have accomplished what bombing has failed to do, and with no cost in planes and airmen lost.

With the ability of "the other side" to resist crippled by a halt in reinforcements, and the United States undertaking no similar commitment, Goldberg then proposed that a phased withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops, and American troops, might be arranged. Talking to the Vietcong—or the National Liberation Front—would not be an "insurmountable obstacle," he added, quoting President Johnson. Of course, the Goldberg plan was not accepted.

By contrast to this never-never land, Thant's three-point peace plan could become an active program within a matter of days, if the United States gave the word that Washington was willing to explore this obvious avenue to peace. Ambassador Abdul Rahman Pazhwak of Afghanistan, President of the twenty-first General Assembly, is also a leader of the nonaligned nations here. A group of such nations quickly could frame a resolution to authorize Thant to implement his peace plan. Thant, a Burmese, has facilities for negotiating possessed by no one else in the world.

Since he announced his intention to retire after his present term expires November 3—or at the end of this Assembly, December 20, at the latest—Thant has been the object of international assurances of confidence never given anyone before. Paul Martin, the Minister for External Affairs of Canada, already has suggested that this hymn of praise (led by Goldberg, incidentally) might be converted into a practical power for peace. No one who knows Thant doubts that at whatever personal sacrifice, he would accept another term in office if he really believed he could be instrumental in achieving peace in Vietnam.

Goldberg has grasped the essentials of United Nations usefulness: he stands ready and eager to transmit the word to Thant, Pazhwak and the United Nations in general that the Americans are, at long last, ready to pursue peace in Vietnam with a seriousness unencumbered by a childlike faith that a punch in the nose will solve vexing problems. What is required is the consent of President Johnson.

DONALD GRANT, U. N. Correspondent
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Welcome Aboard

Washington correspondents write prolifically, but they do not necessarily enlighten the reader. On the contrary, it sometimes seems that their mission is to keep the President in good humor rather than help the public to understand. Anthony Howard is among the exceptions, but since he reports the Washington scene for *The Observer* of London, Britishers are likely to be better informed than Americans about some behind-the-scenes maneuvers on the political front.

Howard has discerned, for example, the meaning of the

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THE NATION
Volume 203
No. 11

recent meeting in New York of Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Richard Goodwin, all former members of the Kennedy administration and, in the case of Schlesinger and Goodwin, one-time aides of President Johnson as well. Goodwin did not depart until the beginning of this year, and Mr. Johnson may feel that his new role is especially treacherous. If so, Mr. Johnson should consider the difference between a man writing speeches for the President and a man writing them for himself.

That is not a precise description of Mr. Goodwin's present role; it may be broader. As Mr. Howard sees it, Goodwin and the other two are working together on the Vietnamese dilemma, and their views are generally in line with those of Sen. Robert Kennedy. This agreement is not accidental. The "Kennedy Group"—a kind of shadow cabinet—is in the process of launching a project aimed to put pressure on the President through a "No Wider War" committee, probably soon after the elections. Such a maneuver is not to be taken lightly, either by the participants or by Mr. Johnson. The former are going out on a political limb, since the tendency of the citizens is to support the President more or less blindly in any foreign adventure. But the adventure in this case is so ill-advised that critics of the President's policy may be able to make things hot for him, once they find common ground.

Robert Kennedy succeeded in detaching himself from the Administration's policy with his statement of last February suggesting "a share of power and responsibility" for the Vietcong in negotiations. This was a considerable departure from the Johnson idea that the Vietcong might be allowed to participate with the Hanoi delegation. Neither the Kennedy nor the Johnson concept of the Vietcong role is at all clear, but it is hardly possible to conduct politics without a measure of obfuscation. Kennedy did detach himself from Johnson, and now he is joined by three influential Democrats in a sort of united front. Its policy is one Howard calls "the lowest common denominator among all the critics," namely, resistance to any further acts of American escalation.

How far Kennedy will go remains to be seen. He has been careful to avoid the appearance of a break with the President. Yet no one imagines that there is cordial feeling between the two, or that Kennedy would not like to find a crucial issue on which to differ. He has the issue, but does not wish to confront the President prematurely. There seems to be no doubt, however, that a so-far-and-no-farther position is the one most likely to succeed.

The LBJ Backlash

Lester G. Maddox's victory in the Georgia primary run-off was more "shocking" than "surprising." The vote in the Goldwater precincts of De Kalb County is a clear indication that the young "Pepsi Generation" suburbanites backed Maddox on the assumption that their current idol, the Republican Howard Callaway, could more easily defeat Maddox than Arnall in November. The fact that a moderate Democrat beat a segregationist Democrat in the run-off for lieutenant governor — for which office the Republicans have no nominee — is further evidence of the extent and effect of the switch-over Republican strategy.

Arnall ran an old-fashioned campaign, stayed largely in Atlanta, and did little active campaigning between the primary and the run-off. He was also provoked into stressing the fact that he is a "national Democrat," which in Georgia today is anything but a popular position. The state Democratic machine was indifferent to Arnall, who has never gotten along well with Senator Talmadge. Only one of the other Democrats in the primary (six in all) endorsed Arnall. The recent disturbances in Atlanta were a minor factor; the segregationist vote had "jelled" long before these outbreaks. The vote in the run-off was heavier than in the primary, and the Negro vote in Atlanta was particularly heavy.

How, then, do things stand now? The Atlanta *Constitution* suggests that the Republicans may have outsmarted themselves, that Maddox just might defeat Callaway. One reason for this notion is that the "Mad Democrats" — those who not merely have their backs up on the racial issue but who are furious with LBJ for a variety of reasons — now have a candidate who will elicit their unqualified allegiance. If Arnall had been nominated, many of them might have voted for Callaway. On balance, though, it would seem that Callaway will win the governorship. In this sorry turn of events, how should the Negroes and the moderate whites of Georgia now vote? If they refrain from voting, will Maddox or Callaway be the beneficiary? Or does it matter? More important is the effect that this disaster will have throughout the Deep South, where Georgia has been regarded as the state most likely to slough off the shabby past. Perhaps it is just as well that Lillian Smith, a Georgian who tried hard to break the old pattern of racial bigotry and hate, died when she did.

Myth of Natural Aggression

As our diet of violence grows, the country falls back more and more on the "comforting" theory that a growing army of homicidal nuts is loose upon the land. It does not necessarily follow. The young man who fired from the Texas bell tower was suffering from a brain tumor, but that is no reason for assuming that whoever murdered Valerie Percy in Winnetka, Ill., was deranged. And what of those children on New York's Lower East Side who soaked the clothes of sleeping "bums" and set them afire? The mother of one of them told the press that "everybody talks about the bums and we should get rid of them."

Frederic Wertham has been derided for his campaigns against comic books and TV thrillers, but he persists. When, in the wake of the Percy killing C.B.S. canceled its showing of *Psycho* because its tale of a psychopath who murders women might be thought in "bad taste," Wertham observed sardonically: "I'm not certain it is necessary to show on film how much 'fun' it is to kill a girl."

The point he has to make is a simple one. There is no evidence that aggressive violence is a basic animal instinct; indeed, current opinion among animal behaviorists (see *On Aggression* by Konrad Lorenz; see also "The Anatomy of Violence" by J. B. Scott, *The Nation*, June 21, 1965) is that the "instinct" does not exist in animals lower than man. Man has no other instincts that are peculiar to his species, and the logic follows that aggressive violence is an acquired characteristic. It can be acquired only from society—a society which for centuries has proclaimed smugly that you can't change human nature.

If stabbing and shooting and burning become the commonplaces of our popular entertainment (and the active agents of our foreign policy), a proportion of the public—it seems to be a growing proportion—will see them as normal acts of gratification, and will behave accordingly. If cars are sold on the basis of their jack-rabbit acceleration, their buyers will attempt to beat one another at the crossroads. Is such behavior insane? Dr. Wertham would not so certify. A society gets the sanity it deserves.

The Taste of Inflation

Inflation is no academic matter to a retired couple in their seventies — nor, for that matter, to many a family with employed members. "I can taste inflation," said one elderly housewife who once could afford sirloins and now eats 45c-a-pound chuck roast full of gristle. The rise in food prices may not be as bad for the younger people, but it is bad enough. According to *National Observer*, a 28-year-old housewife in Phoenix, Ariz., dismayed by the steady climb in her food expenditures, placed a four-line ad in a local paper on August 18, asking housewives who wanted to fight this erosion of the family budget to get in touch with her. At last reports, 5,000 Phoenix housewives have joined up. The incident reflects the national concern over rising prices, especially for foodstuffs and particularly the indispensable items — eggs, dairy products, bread.

The latest Bureau of Labor Statistics index tells the story: 0.4 per cent increase in cost of living over the month before. July showed the same increase: 0.4 per cent over June. It adds up to a substantial 3.5 per cent increase in the cost of living since August, 1965, mainly in food. And most economists agree that the index is a dated one which tends to minimize the actual rise.

Two sets of interrelated factors are basically responsible. One is the disappearance of surpluses and the fact that distributors are taking full advantage of short supply and burgeoning demand. The temptation to gouge is one which few businessmen at this level can resist. The other set of inflationary pressures comes from excessive costs on the distribution side. In two reports in *The Nation* (February 21 and September 19) Jennifer Cross tells what lies behind the cost-of-living increase. Fancy packaging, often carried to absurd lengths, adds to the cost of foods, particularly in supermarkets; it is one means whereby the processors can take a little extra from the customer. Advertising has the same effect: food manufacturers spend about $2.2 billion annually to tout their products. Savings stamps add another $680 million to the national food bill. The absence of supermarkets in poverty areas jacks up prices a further 2.8 per cent for consumers who can least afford to pay. So it goes.

Underlying the whole maladjustment is lack of planning. And where planning seems to exist, it is mostly simulated. It was good politics to pour $2 billion a year into farm price supports and the like, to help the farmers and, above all, to garner votes. But whatever has happened to the ever-normal-granary principle? If the surpluses were in storage now, they could be released to force prices down. The increased demand was foreseeable, but the government did nothing. Similarly, the failure to deal with excessive packaging and advertising costs is another proof of subservience to business and unwillingness to interfere with "free enterprise," which as often as not is monopoly in disguise.

A generalized anti-inflation program, relying on such measures as higher taxes and higher interest rates, is not capable of holding down food costs. Nor are a few thousand housewives here and there likely to force down costs by baking their own bread and boycotting selected products. They are on the right track when they agitate — the government never pays much attention to those who suffer in silence—but in the long run only an increase in supply will avail.

WEDGE OF DISSENT

The Democratic Rebels in Congress

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Congress, which Sen. Joseph Clark calls the sapless branch, is not quite dead. The rebels of the Left are weak, but they are more unified and determined than is generally believed. One influence that helps weld them together is their awareness that the counterbalance of dissent is more than ever needed in Lyndon Johnson's Washington.

For years Texas liberals have contended that Johnson displays the classic attitude of one who, if he were in a position to indulge the dark side of his nature, would be something of a *jefe*. A number of politicians around here are beginning to agree, and not all of them are liberals; some are on the Stennis subcommittee and some are on the mostly conservative Democratic Policy Committee.

Those who worry about Johnson's power no longer refer to his control over Congress, because in fact he has lost much there; they worry because Congress has already given him too many arbitrary powers and, in his own ways, he manages to get more.

Sen. Wayne Morse, in many respects one of Johnson's willing allies in Congress but at the same time a cranky constitutionalist, believes it would be hard to find "another time in the history of the Republic when the danger is as great as it is at the present hour in the development of a government by *executive supremacy and secrecy*." One of the East Coast's more urbane Senators, who fears Johnson enough to ask anonymity, called the President "as power mad as Macbeth. He is in the sear and yellow leaf of life, like Macbeth, when he will believe only those who flatter him. There are plenty calling him an s.o.b. behind his back." Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana, of all Senators perhaps the most skeptical of Johnson's intentions, said it "is high time that the division of responsibility within the government be reasserted."

The House also has somber voices. Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin looks around the present scene and observes that "since McCarthy's day the liberals have lost more than they have gained. The public mind has been conditioned against their causes," both domestically and internationally. Rep. Don Edwards, president of the Americans for Democratic Action, sees a "turn to the right" since Johnson has been in the White House, possibly because "there isn't a single adviser around Johnson of the kind we'd like to have." Senator Clark, although he claims "I haven't given up hope that the guy will stop short of total disaster," has become so discouraged by the sound of goose-stepping in the White House that he now talks of retiring from the Senate after 1968. "There's nobody left but Arthur Goldberg," says Clark, one of the Senate's most unyielding advocates of disarmament, "who believes in arms control, *détente* with Russia, a foreign policy of conference rather than conflict. The White House has increasingly come under the guidance of individuals who are skeptical about moves for cooperation and peace." A national columnist reports (and after talking with a couple dozen dissenters in both Houses during the past fortnight I can say it certainly sounds authentic) that in a caucus of the Senate out group, one of those present said fervently: "We must stop this madman."

Such is their unhappiness that when in reality they mean only to sign a resolution begging for de-escalation, they sound as if they were plotting a palace coup.

Some of this unhappiness will shortly be translated into action in the House. There, a flying wedge of dissenters is organizing to go into action as soon as the next Congress convenes. A formal organization is something they haven't tried since the late 1950s, when it fell apart at the polls. Three of the chief dissenters — at that time the big play was for a softer line on China — were defeated in their next election, and that threw a scare into those who survived. But now some of the survivors, strengthened by new Congressmen, are ready to try again. The core group will probably be John Conyers of Michigan; Kastenmeier, a ringleader in the Liberal Project, out of which came the much discussed "Liberal Papers"; Ben Rosenthal of New York; William Fitts Ryan, who helped start the challenge of the Mississippi delegation in 1964, a focal point for a number of the group throughout 1965; Don Edwards of San Jose and the ADA; Phillip Burton of San Francisco, a regional vice chairman of the Democratic Study Group; George Brown, Jr., the only man in the House to vote against the defense budget and a predictable opponent, even if he stands alone, of any program to aid what he calls "those fatheads in the State Department"; Augustus Hawkins and Edward Roybal, both of Los Angeles. Brown is a loner, but he and Hawkins and Roybal are buddies and if one of them goes along with plans for the formal group, probably all three will. Tentatively counted among the dissenters are Donald M. Fraser of Minnesota, chairman of the Democratic Study Group's foreign study committee, and John Dow of New York, who need only survive the next election, they say, to begin showing the toughness of a George Brown. Some are also including Henry Gonzalez of Texas, who rides with the President too much to be a stable liberal but who, when he fights, is a very good fighter indeed. And — though this may come as a shock to the purists beyond Washington's borders — Adam Clayton Powell, the wild hare from Harlem. Powell will be invited in for two reasons: if he weren't, he would probably cut the group's program to pieces; and Powell has more secret admirers among Congressional liberals than the public might suppose.

That's the group that you are likely to see coming over the ramparts in January. Conyers, Kastenmeier, Rosenthal, Ryan, Edwards and Burton are considered "solid" by the inner strategists; the others are probables.

And what could this mean? On the really tough domestic bills, twenty votes or less are often the difference between victory and defeat. Thirteen names are listed above, and before the next Congress the roster may total twenty. That's swing power, dickering power, in a tighter Congress; it would put the dissenters in a position, as Burton expressed it, "to study the priorities."

The group could have an even greater impact on the House through the Democratic Study Group, which at present is pretty much an arm of the Establishment but at the same time is disorganized enough to be swung by a well-rehearsed and dedicated junta of the kind these thirteen dissenters could make of themselves. The misnamed "liberal" establishment in Washington has a real stake in the DSG and fears a splinter group of the sort that is in the making.

On the Senate side, unity is achieved through the overlapping of persistent ideological persuasions, not through any outstanding leadership. Among Senate dissenters William Fulbright, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, would be the natural choice as leader (although he is a Tory in domestic affairs), and one of the younger dissenters insists that Fulbright shows signs of becoming one—"We're closer to Bill, and he's closer to us than ever before."

Actually, as everyone in both Houses knows full well and often says, Fulbright is no leader; he's a loner. The last time I was in his office he was pushing around on his desk a letter from Barbara Tuchman, in which she suggested that the dissenters should consciously set themselves up as the loyal opposition. Fulbright allowed as how it wasn't a bad idea . . . but then again it wasn't a good idea. He had all sorts of excuses for not organizing along that line. "It's a little embarrassing for members of the same party to criticize the President." It's a shame, said Fulbright, that Dirksen and Hickenlooper are in Johnson's pocket. Bob Taft was different. "He said it was the duty of the opposition to oppose—at least for clarification."

Fulbright seemed to recognize that blaming the lack of opposition on the Republicans didn't answer Mrs. Tuchman's proposal, so he went on prodding at her letter and giving other excuses: The dissenters don't have enough seniority. They aren't close to the seat of power. He is top man in seniority among them, and he doesn't rate very high. Etc.

Consequently the leadership of the group has been passed around. Depending on the resolution under consideration, Hartke has sometimes been in front, or Frank Church of Idaho, or (with increasing popularity among the dissenters these days) George McGovern of South Dakota. And sometimes, from sheer ebullient noise, the leadership *seems* to be firmly in the hands of Wayne Morse who, with Ernest Gruening, that grand old rumpled ex-*Nation* executive, holds top seniority in Vietnamese dissent. Robert Kennedy has notably *not* tried to lead.

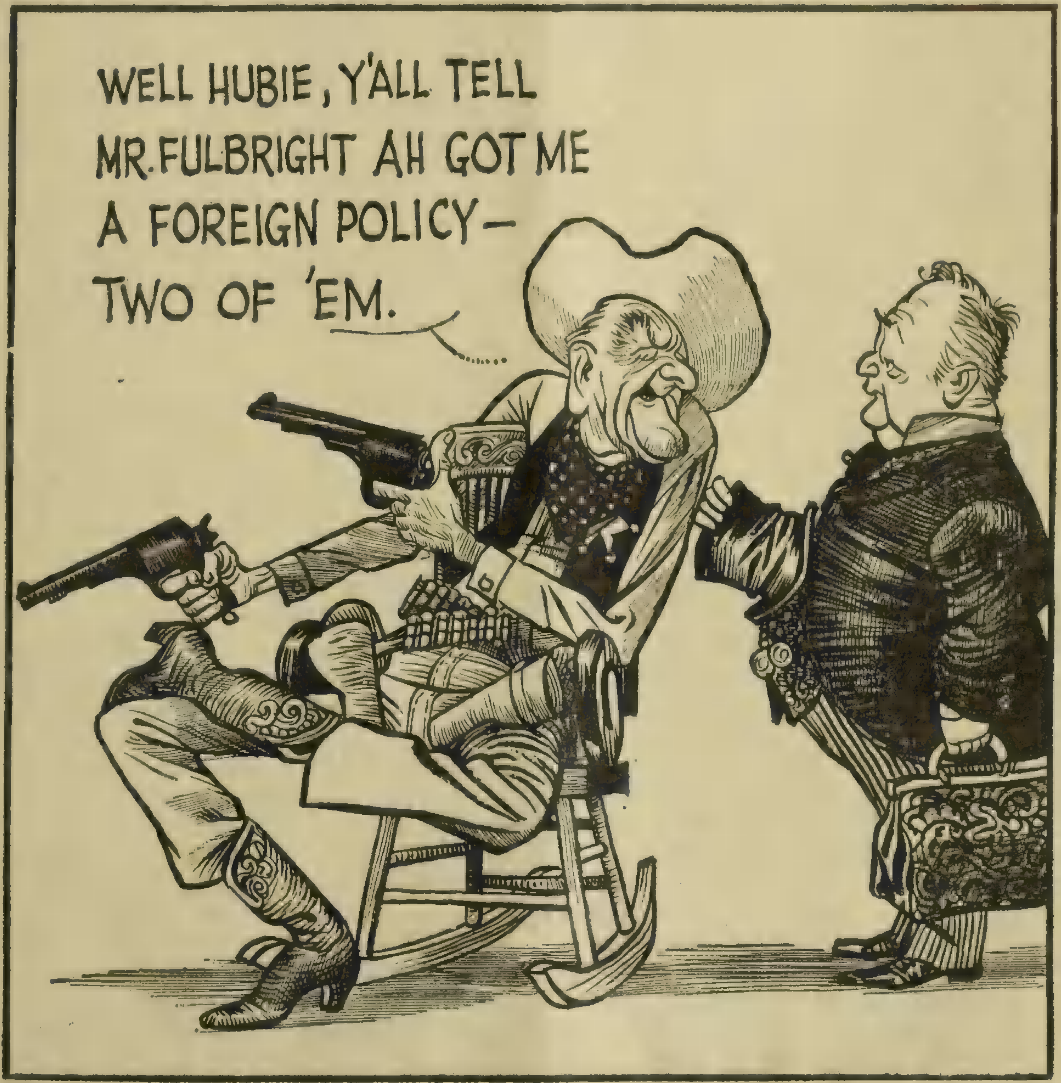
Although the dispute with Johnson usually centers — at least in the headlines — on Vietnam, the unhappiness ranges much wider than that. In general these are the beliefs that hold the dissenters together:

With the death of President Kennedy died the bright promise of a foreign policy tolerant of differences in other nations, aware of U.S. shortcomings, modest in its reaching for world-wide influence, and courageous in its willingness to admit error.

The dissenters argue that it is Johnson the interventionist who is the new isolationist. "Forty years ago," said Gruening, "the isolationist thought of the United States as a power unto itself. Today the interventionist operates by the same concept, by-passing the United Nations and plunging deeper into other countries' affairs against the wishes of the world."

The dissenters believe that in Southeast Asia and in Europe the United States is acting out the role of an international bully — what Fulbright calls the "traditional policy of a great and militarily powerful nation." We've got the power and we feel that we have to use it. "Like ancient Rome," says Gruening, "our legions are everywhere." Clark asserts that "despite the claims of Secretary of State Rusk to the contrary, there is hardly an area in the great arc sweeping southward from Norway and north again to Japan where we have not become the policeman of the free world."

The United States has lost elasticity in its foreign policy, not just in Vietnam but throughout the world. Given a choice between a wobbly civilian government and a sturdy military one, we usually champion the latter. "When the chips are down in Latin America," says Morse, "too often the United States walks out on freedom." We are acting


WELL HUBIE, Y'ALL TELL MR. FULBRIGHT AH GOT ME A FOREIGN POLICY— TWO OF 'EM.

Macpherson, Toronto Star

stuffy, forgetting the origin of our own nation. "We are not, as we like to claim in Fourth of July speeches, the most truly revolutionary nation on earth," said Fulbright. "We are, on the contrary, much closer to being the most *un*revolutionary nation on earth."

Old Dulles-isms are still in style, including brinkmanship, and the Dulles division of good guys and bad guys as laid out ten to fifteen years ago. In response to Johnson's fears of Chinese aggression the dissenters point out that with the exception of a brief border quarrel with India (and that was over a patch that some historians in this country say was clearly China's) China has made no aggressive move in a decade. Strategists for the State Department talk in sly terms of "containing communism" in Vietnam when they really mean containing a China inhabited by 700 million insidious Fu Manchus. Actually there has been no indication that China is trying to break through into North Vietnam, or that Premier Ho Chi Minh, who once spent eighteen months in a Chinese prison and reputedly is no great lover of his giant neighbor, would fail to resist any such attempt. Meanwhile, we — almost alone among the major nations of the world — speak of a U.S.-pensioned Formosa as if it were all China. In the words of Gruening, "To say that a little group of Chinese driven out of China is China is like saying that a group of Confederate soldiers retreating to the Isle of Pines off Cuba is the United States."

In Europe, we face new situations with the same old "rigidity, stubbornness and standpatism," says Church, and when we try to arm and pacify our allies simultaneously we wind up writing treaties with a "ball point corkscrew." (Despite such outspoken dissatisfaction with our foreign policy, or perhaps because of it, Church was the President's excellent choice as a member of the UN delegation.)

While the State Department sometimes acknowledges a softening on Russia's part, it continues to treat NATO as if it were still a military defense organization needed to beat back Russian aggression. Europe is tired of being divided, tired of being forced to choose sides in the old Russia-U.S. game of bluff. "I can't get too enthusiastic about the Administration's near panic over de Gaulle's pull-out. I think there is no real threat from Russia," says McGovern. "NATO is obsolete," says Gruening. "De Gaulle is rendering us a great service in putting us out. European nations don't want us there." Representative Brown believes "the only threat of military trouble comes from the presence of U.S. troops."

In short, our foreign policy is that of a militarist nation. Our outlook, like our economy, is based on arms. Clark, willing to help Johnson get the money for his domestic program, would like to see the Senate, "in a brief moment of sanity," slash military aid. "It's goddamn nonsense the way they [Congress] throw money away," says Fulbright. "Defense — everybody is for it. Space — you can get half a dozen votes against it, that's all. When you try to trim the defense and space budgets, dissent is an academic exercise." While Congress is much to blame, Johnson must take the leader's share, says McGovern: "The rising level of defense, the supersonic plane — he'll talk about them, glamorize them, throw the full weight of the White House behind them," but when it comes to seeking the billions of dollars needed for rebuilding the cities, for pollution and mass-transportation problems, the Administration gives either silent or grudging support.

To the priorities of American spending the dissenters give their most bitter opposition. Ryan sees this bitterness as the best glue for holding together an urban bloc in the House. Clark recently squeezed from Senator Stennis the admission that the Pentagon will have more than $100 *billion*, nearly as much as the entire federal budget, to play with this year, counting unexpended funds from previous budgets. The military budget has climbed to World War II levels—although there isn't a Tojo or a Hitler in sight.

"We haven't mounted an appropriate and well-documented attack on military appropriations as yet," says Edwards. "But it's coming. You can expect a real, organized attack in January, February and March. There'll be testimony before committees, speeches on the floor, amendments to the military budget."

McGovern points out that, while quietly cutting down on wheat shipments, the United States increases its military aid outlay. "We pretend to be the conscience of the world, but we hardly have the image of a peacemaker. I was told, after visiting a number of countries in the Middle East, that the real pride and joy of our effort to utilize arms aid to bolster an anti-Communist nation was Iraq. I had scarcely left Iraq when its army — which we had equipped, supposedly to defend freedom — turned on the government, cut off the head of its young king, and dragged his body through the streets of Baghdad. They assassinated the premier and brought down the whole government, using American arms to carry out the task." Hartke suggested sarcastically that it is all right for us to give tanks to Jordan, though it had declared its intention to invade Israel, since "we also supplied the airplanes for Israel, with which they could knock out the tanks."

What else can one expect from a misalliance of war and peace? asks Kastenmeier. "I debated very long about special foreign aid appropriations to Vietnam. I voted for it and I should have voted against it. It's window dressing. How many 500-pound bombs can foreign aid offset? Foreign aid, so long as there is a war, is hypocrisy." But if there has to be foreign aid, let it be distributed through a third party. "The United States has spent $850 billion for defense since World War II," says Fulbright. "I believe it would be a great thing if we could take one-tenth of the amount now spent for military purposes and give it to the International Bank or the UN Development Fund and have it used to help build up the societies and economies of the underdeveloped world." All the dissenters feel that any distribution of funds should be done through a third party. Unilateral distribution such as we now carry on can only lead, says Clark, to dollar diplomacy. Fulbright and Brown, referring to a *Nation* article [by John McDermott, July 25], warned of "welfare imperialism."

Looking back, the dissenters feel that Congress was sucked into giving Johnson carte-blanche powers in Southeast Asia. Was the Tonkin Gulf incident — after which the President was given a free hand—perhaps magnified all out of proportion, just so Congress would get excited enough to pass the resolution? A growing number of Congressmen begin to think so. And the incident at Pleiku, when some enemy troops walked right through the Vietnamese troops and bombed a U.S. dormitory, was that not a convenient excuse for beginning to bomb North Vietnam? "Of course it was a ploy," says Gruening. "A gimmick," says Morse.

Evidence continues to emerge, some of it from unlikely sources, that Johnson has been itching for a long time to become a global strong man. It did not escape the dissenters' notice when columnist William S. White, whose writings are generally assumed to originate in the White House, said that Johnson for five years has been nurturing in his heart the desire to impose his doctrine on Asia.

Wherever the dissenters' fears take them, they always come back to the tether fear that Johnson wants more power than is good for the country. And they are not made to feel any better on this point when the President's most intimate aid, Bill Moyers, proclaims: "In a world in which power is our lot, the Presidency stands across the path of those who mistakenly assert that democracy must fail because it can neither decide promptly nor act vigorously. That office is occupied now by a man with a talent for power. *If he fails, we all fail. If he succeeds, we all succeed.*"

To the dissenters this is a new and fearful concept of the Presidency: that the destiny of the nation should depend upon the destiny of one man.

After so much complaining, what are the results? From a distance they may not appear much, but in some ways the dissenters have already achieved a great deal. For one thing, they are forcing Johnson's hidden nature to the surface. Not long ago Senator Clark made a speech in San Francisco in which he said that it would probably be a good thing if the Democrats lost seventy-five seats in the House, because it would reduce Johnson's power. No sooner had Clark stepped into the Senate chamber again than Vice President Humphrey pushed him into a cloakroom and demanded to know why he had said such a thing. "Because I believe it," Clark replied. Said Humphrey, "I know, Joe, but you're driving the President crazy."

Any opposition, however weak, has always triggered a Johnsonian tantrum. But the public should know about this by the 1968 elections, and the dissenters are doing a service by bringing it out. They are also revealing the side of Johnson that has been known, but often submerged, since his 1949 character assassination of Federal Power Commissioner Leland Olds as an anti-capitalism suspect. There's a little bit of that going on today, with the Administration operating through favored newspapers and columnists. The kindest thing that Johnson's old friend William S. White calls the dissenters is "lefties." Fulbright believes that the unfriendly attitude of *The Washington Post* toward the group in opposition can be traced partly to Johnson's appointment of a *Post* executive as ambassador to Switzerland. Fulbright points out that when the *Post*'s diplomatic correspondent, Murray Marder, writes a piece critical of the Administration, "it winds up in the *Progressive* magazine, not in the *Post*." Gruening says that when he and Morse made their first major speeches against the Tonkin Gulf resolution, "not a line appeared in either *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*." Johnson's influence in all this is probably exaggerated, but it is nevertheless true that the dissenters have not had a good press. Clark contends that when the dissenters take the Senate floor to make a full exposition of their opposition, "the press deserts us in droves."

Johnson is also suspected of planting stories to hold the dissenters up to ridicule. Well established in Washington folklore is the tale that Church was upbraided by Johnson for making certain assertions about Vietnam in a speech. Church replied: "But I was only agreeing with Walter Lippmann." Johnson rumbled, "Awright, the next time you want a dam in Idaho, go to Walter Lippmann for it." Church denies that any such conversation took place and charges the White House with planting the story "as a warning to us as to what could happen. It was done to make us afraid."

Another very widely circulated story is that Johnson told Hartke: "You were just a two-bit mayor of a two-bit town, and I made you Senator." Hartke denies Johnson ever said such a thing. (He also denies that Johnson had anything to do with his victory in 1958.)

Another negative reaction from the Administration was the shifting of Russell Long off the Foreign Affairs Committee, and his replacement by Dale McGee. McGee denies that Johnson had anything to do with the shift, but McGee has certainly proved to be the voice of Johnson in a most rambunctious way. McGee claims to have "the highest regard for the group" in general, but he says the dissent of "three or four" (and, although he won't specify, it's easy to guess whom he means) is "cheap, not genuine, and showing no depth of understanding or intellectual honesty. They read letters from home and take a position. That's not the way a politician does business in 1966. What does liking or not liking to see the pine caskets coming home to Ohio [home of dissenter Stephen Young] or Alaska [home of Gruening] got to do with what you have to do around the world?" Furthermore, he feels that "this isn't the real Fulbright you are hearing on foreign aid." The bogus one, he says, is the creation of a personal, not an ideological split with Johnson.

Most of their fellow Senators speak kindly of the dissenters, and some credit them with influence. Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who made quite a reputation for himself as a dissenter in his early years but who has now begun to feel his way toward the fringe of the Establishment, sees them "gaining in stature" because "a surprising number of their demands, including the representation of the Vietcong at the conference table, have been adopted by the President." (Actually the United States has sounded both ways on that point.)

Paul Douglas, one of the great dissenters in the Senate on some issues but not on undeclared war, believes the rebels "had some triggering effect on the President's continually saying that he desires to negotiate. I think the attitude of the dissenters also had some triggering effect on the Policy Committee," which recently joined in asking for reduced U.S. military representation in Europe.

Bureaucrats and professionals athletic enough to make the social rounds report no Washington landslide against the group, although one dissenter claims Johnson has tried to get the embassies to scratch them. Norman Sherman, assistant to Vice President Humphrey, says he has "never heard a harsh remark about Mansfield, Fulbright or Morse." Washington society leans heavily to the liberal side, so if there are any complaints to be heard they should be loudest from that direction. They are: Joseph Rauh, prominent attorney and an old hand at steering the Americans for Democratic Action, has infiltrated many a Washington cocktail party recently and he swears that "the people I talk to are way ahead of the dissenters. They think Bobby [Kennedy] should take a much stronger position, and they hope that after the elections he will. The liberal community is farther out on the de-escalation program than Church, McGovern, Fulbright or any of them. That doesn't mean a unilateral pull-out. That's New Left talk, and the New Left represents nothing."

The dissenters do not seem to feel this support. "Good God, I feel isolated and discouraged," says Fulbright, no doubt speaking for the whole group on this point. Already one of the key dissenters is talking in terms of not getting out of Vietnam "until there is a change of administration," and another speaks wistfully of some potential candidate "who will offer to go to Vietnam, like Ike went to Korea. That would do it. He would win." It is an awfully long shot.

On the day that Hanoi and Haiphong were bombed for the first time, half a dozen dissenting Senators were sitting around trying to figure out a way to dissuade President Johnson from escalating the war again. Then they got the news. "Well," muttered Fulbright, "what do we do now?" After a gloomy silence, someone else suggested: "How about petitioning him not to bomb Peking? — that should give us a thirty-day head start."

It was a good summation of the dissenters' position: not defeated, but well aware that they are operating just one leap ahead of a fast-moving extremist.

LETTER FROM GERMANY

A Sword Too Heavy?

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities.

Munich

Now that most of the facts are out (the minutes of the parliamentary defense committee were, as expected, leaked to the press) a layman can draw some conclusions of his own on the recent crisis between the West German army and the ministry of defense. The surface events are relatively easy to state. Three generals handed in their resignations for two distinct reasons. Their complaints made a prima-facie case against the minister of defense, Kai Uwe von Hassel, and his right-hand man, Assistant Secretary Gumbel. Large sections of public opinion, including the notorious Springer press, tore into von Hassel for his shameful neglect of the soldiers' legitimate grievances; liberal opinion abroad, reacting to this attack, tended to back the West German Government's decision to stand by von Hassel. This support was interpreted as a victory of political control over military arrogance, of old democratic tenets over the shadow of Prussia.

But neither the Springer approach nor the liberal reaction was up to date in its evaluations. The little crisis was strictly a postwar phenomenon, concerning the army of today and the West German establishment of today — not Wilhelm's second Reich, nor the unlucky Weimar Republic. The two factors that caused the generals to act were growing uneasiness about a series of fatal Starfighter accidents in the *Luftwaffe* and protracted enmity between Inspector General Trettner and the assistant secretary. In the Strauss era, the Starfighter was decided to be the ideal plane for the newly emerged *Luftwaffe*. It is hotly debated today that this was or was not a political decision — a superfluous argument, since the whole West German rearmament was a political decision. The Starfighter was to be the preparatory step to a West German nuclear striking force; there can be no doubt about that. All the modifications on the U.S.-Canadian pursuit plane (modifications which make it today a $1 million death trap for German pilots) are meaningless if they are not meant to make the plane capable of nuclear pinpoint bombing. In other words: the whole Starfighter program was, from the beginning, a concrete expression of the political aspirations of the Adenauer-Dulles era. It was and is frightfully expensive, it was and is tactically dubious, and it was and is the toy of a nation that aspires once again to military prestige.

But — and here the dissatisfaction of the generals comes in — it was imposed upon a military establishment incapable of supporting it. The *Luftwaffe* has a justified grudge there. It lacks technical manpower and it lacks an efficient and speedy "system management" of the sort installed at the Pentagon by McNamara. These men are by no means future junta *Putschers*; they are first-rate technicians clamoring for the tools they need and for a place in society, and in public opinion, corresponding to their objective skill — and, one may add, their expensiveness. If they are stars, and the German defense concept meant them to be stars, they should rate star pay and star treatment. They draw comparisons with their United States and Canadian fellow pilots and they feel themselves frustrated and disparaged by a clique of civilian bureaucrats.

This bureaucracy — which also caused the resignation of Inspector General Trettner — is the West German establishment's idea of political control over the armed forces; it is intended as the brake to prevent a relapse into the dangerous precedents of the past. In addition to the frightful costs of rearming from scratch a standing conscript army of 450,000 men, the German political establishment must (*a*) recruit the necessary number of highly skilled or highly trainable men in a society dedicated to capitalist goals (a situation very different from that of pre-1914 or pre-1945); (*b*) fight the ghosts of the past — particularly in questions of personnel; and, therefore (*c*) balance the demands of a democratic concept of military leadership against those of military efficiency and *esprit de corps*.

All recent crises and scandals involving the army have arisen from those strains and stresses. In Nagold, where recruits collapsed physically and psychologically under paratroop training, it was a question of modern principles against old-fashioned discipline (which, by the way, is tougher in the U.S. Marines than in the German army). In the case of General Panitzky, it was technical efficiency versus an old-fashioned bureaucracy; and in the case of the inspector general, it was these things plus the question of what place the armed forces have in an industrial society. Trettner was by-passed in a momentous decision: to let the powerful Public Services trade union organize professional soldiers. Before a high court of the land, the union argued successfully that professional soldiers have as much right to present their material demands as do their blue- or white-collar counterparts. Von Hassel, therefore, backed down from a stand previously taken and gave the unions their chance in the barracks. The decision was forced upon him, but he did not want to thrash it out with the highest-ranking soldier in the country.

The crisis is at an end — for the time being — but it would be naive to assume that the air is really cleared. The strains and stresses remain. They are the direct result of political decisions taken from 1947 to 1955, decisions which disregarded the heavy mortgage of recent German history and which were tailored to fit a cold-war alliance. They demanded economic and psychological sacrifices far exceeding the scant resources of the nation that today presents a glittering façade of power to the world. One might say that Germany forged a sword of considerable size and strength, but that it lacks the Siegfried to wield it properly.

THE AMBIVALENT SCHOLARS

Marx and Shame: Socialism Today

HARVEY SWADOS

Mr. Swados is on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College. He is the editor of The American Writer and the Great Depression *recently published by Bobbs-Merrill.*

New York City

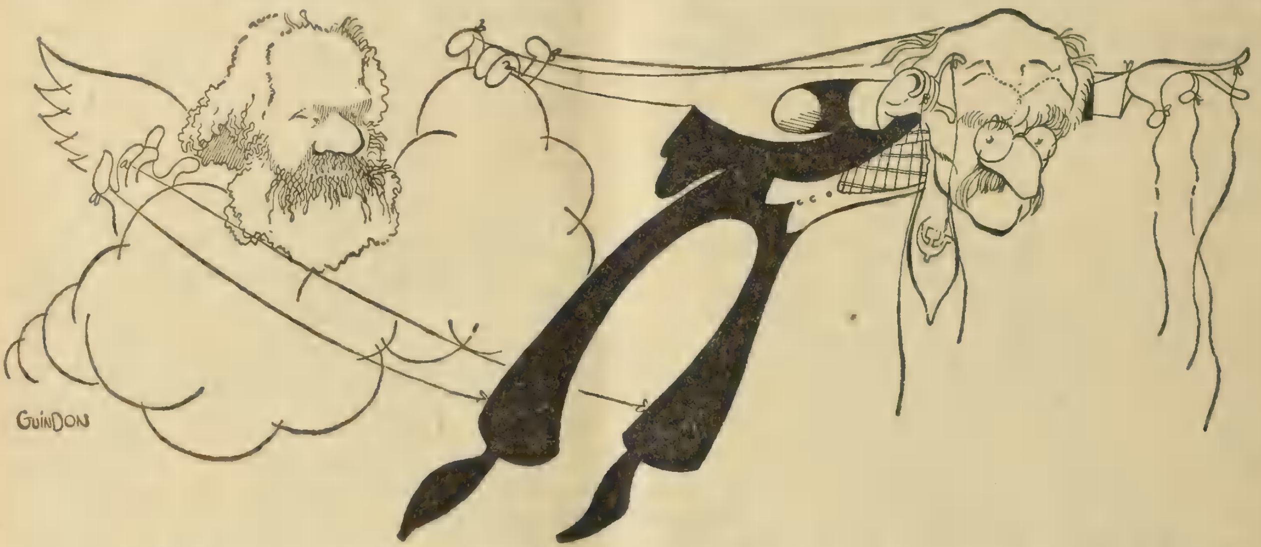
Since I had not attended the first annual Socialist Scholars Conference held at Columbia University in 1965, I did not know what to expect from the second, held at the Commodore Hotel in 1966. Apparently neither did the management of the hotel, which was so taken aback by what developed that future meetings will apparently revert to the more serene and cloistered atmosphere of the campus.

For one thing, the hotel was mobbed. Nine hundred arrivals had been pre-registered, but they were joined by so many hundreds more that it was all but impossible to reach the desk. Three hundred of the newcomers were accepted, to sit in an anteroom and hear the opening session through a loud-speaker; the rest were turned away. For another thing, while all of those who milled about may have been Socialists of some sort, they hardly resembled the scholars simultaneously gathering at other conferences in neighboring hotels to listen to technical papers and exchange information about teaching positions. These for the most part were terribly young, in their very early twenties, and a good many were teen-agers; their clothing, hair styling and whiskers were often of the sort that drives square school administrators into uncompromisingly conformist attitudes.

They had come, the first evening, to hear an address by the star of the conference, Isaac Deutscher, who disappointed neither them nor the graybeards his name had attracted. (Socialists in their thirties and even their forties were noticeably scarce — a generation seems to have disappeared — except for those represented on the steering committee.) Deutscher delivered an old-fashioned revivalist camp-meeting kind of speech, "On Socialist Man," with something in it for nearly every member of the Socialist family. There was a brief attack on Keynesianism ("pseudo-social control over the socialized productive process"). There was a somewhat lengthier attack on what he called "pessimist existentialism," which argues *sub specie aeternitatis* from a teleological premise ("We Marxists see no metaphysical sense in our existence—and no absurdity either. . . . We are concerned with man's condition in society which is his own creation"). And there was an extended attack on Freudianism—an indication, perhaps, that Deutscher regards it as the most potent, viable and mettlesome alternative to Marxist theory ("Freud and his disciples failed to make allowances for the refraction and transmutation of instinctual drives through social devices. . . . Freud, with his mistaken conception of property, begs the question. . . . Should one take it for granted that Socialist man will be subject to the Oedipus complex as we are?"). There was, finally, a sharp reminder that while we speak "colloquially" of Eastern Europe as being composed of Socialist countries, we are entitled to do so only in contrasting them with capitalist society. The typical man of the Soviet Union presents an even more striking contrast to the traditional concept of Socialist man, and indeed the Stalinist and post-Stalinist "Socialist man" of Eastern Europe and the Orient is a *parody* of the original Marxian vision: "I see the main causes of this not in the rulers' ill will—although there has never been any lack of this—but in objective circumstances."

Greeted with a standing ovation, Deutscher stood before the throng hardly as a new Socialist man—as he himself would have been the first to concede—but rather as almost the last of a breed effectively extinguished by Stalin and Hitler. The old revolutionist, the incarnation of scholarly integrity and Socialist fervor, complete with mid-European accent, bald Leninist dome and white Trotskyist goatee, seemed like a character from a novel of the thirties, remarkably reincarnated. He might have been counterbalanced, physically and intellectually, by Herbert Marcuse, but this rival elderly Marxist had to be represented by a letter of greeting to the conference which included a restatement of his estimation of contemporary problems.

Marcuse stressed that the Marxist idea of socialism, because it is not radical or utopian enough, no longer suffices to characterize possibility; that the conference should refrain from premature identification with anti-Socialist "Socialist" groups; that it should articulate and respond to the anti-ideological suspicions of the youth, and their refusal to accept either "the affluent society" or "socialism." The announcement that Marcuse was detained at a Hegel symposium in Prague was greeted with laughter which was somewhat mysterious to those not among the elect. What was funny—that Hegel had come to Prague, or that Marcuse had come to Prague?



In any case, it fell to Shane Mage (Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute) to provide not only a counterfoil to Deutscher but a foretaste of confusions yet to come. Arguing that Deutscher's Marxism was no longer adequate either as explanation of the present or guide to the future in an automated, workless society, Mr. Mage urged more immediate efforts to create the Socialist man through such means as the use of consciousness-expanding drugs like LSD. Mr. Mage's advocacy of what he seemed at this point to be spelling out as the Logical Socialist Drug was hardly acceptable even to the youngest generation present (although one engaging girl graduate student confessed to me next day, "if that was new-style Marxism, then I'm a Marxist!"), for it had already heard his message elsewhere and was eager for a more political and less chemical analysis of the human predicament. And Mr. Deutscher was quick to point out that the current craze for narcotics, hallucinogens and mystical recipes had its counterpart in the extreme experiments of young 19th-century Russian intellectuals who were beating their heads against the wall in a wildly obscurantist and seemingly reactionary czarist social order.

Nevertheless, the younger man had managed to bring out a contradiction which was to become increasingly apparent in the weekend of papers and discussions that followed. For if it was easy for the old revolutionist to demonstrate that the individual flight from reality is a poor prescription for decisively altering the course of modern society, it had been equally easy for the young rebel to observe that, for all its humanity and systematic rigor, Deutscher's Marxism simply did not seem sufficient or even relevant for those committed to combating from within the most powerful imperialist order in world history.

Deutscher had concluded his address with an appeal to "carry the Socialist idea back into the working class." Although that call was greeted with enthusiasm, it was to be almost the last time that the working class was so much as referred to in the panels that followed. When, at the business meeting on the final afternoon, a member of the Ford UAW local from Detroit arose to request that more attention be given at future conferences to labor problems, it was as though a shade had briefly materialized; he was politely received, but it was apparent that the conferees' minds (and hearts) were elsewhere.

Where does a Socialist's heart go these days, if not to the workers of his own country? Well, to the Negroes, to the native poor and to the peasants of distant lands. Running pervasively through almost all of the nine weekend panels was the theme of search for a new constituency; and if Marx's invidious characterization of both the *lumpenproletariat* and the peasantry was all but unanimously rejected, it was obviously not so much for "scientific" as for emotional reasons.

It was significant that Prof. Gordon Lewis (University of Puerto Rico), commenting at the panel on Components of Contemporary Revolutionary Movements as an English Socialist watching American reaction to U.S. behavior in Latin America, Africa and Southeast Asia, quoted Marx to the effect that shame is a revolutionary sentiment. For if anything united the disparate individuals at the Socialist Scholars Conference, it was not scholarship or socialism but shame on the part of those who had been sharing willy-nilly in the bounty of the affluent society. And while Professor Lewis specifically rejected the darkly menacing anti-

West, anti-white myth of the late Franz Fanon in favor of Socialist humanism, Fanon's name continued to reverberate through the Hotel Commodore's meeting rooms. One suspected that this came not so much from the power of the Fanon myth, and its insistence on the therapeutic value of violence for rebellious blacks, as from its LeRoi Jonesian ability to evoke shame and pain in the bosoms of middle-class masochists, all too aware that in the autumn of 1966 no more than a dozen blacks had joined the 2,000-odd registrants gathered together to discuss socialism.

It was significant, too, that while many hundreds of young people at this panel were listening intently to Irving Markovitz (Queens College) discussing Africa and to Franz Schurmann and James Petras (University of California) analyzing developments in Asia and Latin America, only perhaps half as many conferees, most of them twice as old, chose to hear Victor Perlo, Allen Solganick (University of Maryland) and Alexander Erlich (Columbia) on Economic Changes in the Soviet Union. The concerns of the young were different from those of the old, many of whom showed more concern than did the newer generation for the protection of people from the state under "socialism."

On Saturday afternoon, with a choice of not two but three panels, the conferees were fairly well divided between a symposium on Poverty and Powerlessness (taking off from a presentation on organizing the poor by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Piven of Columbia) and one on Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital.* If it was surprising that so many should have been attracted to the latter—which was, after all, fairly recondite and required some grasp of economics—it was even more surprising that the third panel, on Realism in Literature, attracted only a relative handful. It was not political enough, some people said. There was a time when the Left could fill Carnegie Hall for discussions on literature and society, but that time is not now—which is perhaps just as well, given the fact that the critical arguments on this tedious afternoon seldom mentioned a particular book but buzzed about among those generalities dear to academics and literary Stalinists.

The liveliest moment on Saturday was a rabble-rousing harangue by James Haughton (Harlem Unemployment Center) at the Poverty and Powerlessness panel. It was Mr. Haughton's unscholarly Socialist thesis that the difference between the poor and the rest of us, of which the other speakers made so much, is merely one of degree, that a depression is coming which will fling professionals and proletarians into the ranks of the poor, and that all will organize together thereafter to build the barricades of the revolution. Mr. Haughton's presentation was not only respectfully but joyously received—it was as if his hearers, ranging from youthful students to august professors, but nearly all assuredly both white and middle class, were responding to the apocalyptic vision that the road to socialism would be paved with their own pulverization.

This peculiar ambivalence (cross-eyed view might be a more accurate, if less fashionable description) did not escape the attention of the dinner speaker, Conor Cruise O'Brien (New York University). His address was marked more by wit and charm than by substance or originality, but he did observe that neither he nor those whom he was addressing had given up their cushy academic jobs for a dedicated life of propagandizing among the poor—a course suggested by a speaker at the Conference a year ago. He did not pursue the contradiction beyond stating his belief that Stalinist academics already had sufficient to do within the areas of their own competence.

It was only on the last day that this blurriness, this mixture of role playing and gamesmanship, was thrown into sharp relief for one hilarious moment. Once again there was a choice between two panels, and once again the younger people—meaning the vast majority—crowded into the session on the Political Ideology of American Corporate Liberalism (fetching title), and left the other, on the Crisis of the Comintern (fascism and the popular front), principally to the old politicals. Despite the appeal by Isaac Deutscher at this latter panel for an effort to relate the problems of the twenties and thirties to America of the sixties, the presentations seemed to one who was in and out of the room essentially recapitulations of orthodox Stalinist and Trotskyist interpretations of the Comintern's zigzags. They were more dignified than they had been of yore (after all, more than a quarter of a century and 40 million dead separate us from the events argued over), but they hardly proceeded to the relevance for which Deutscher was pleading.

For the majority of the conferees, the assault on the American value system was what was happening. The panel on Corporate Liberalism began tamely enough with a paper on the ideology of labor leaders by Ronald Radosh (Queensborough Community College), remarkable mainly in its attempt to demonstrate, by tortuous logic chopping, that the likes of Matthew Woll had been flaming radicals by comparison with those fascistic collaborators, Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray. It was an argument disposed of with merciful brevity by Gabriel Kolko (University of Pennsylvania).

Then Martin J. Sklar (Rochester University) rose to present a paper entitled "The Corporate-Liberal Ascendancy and the Socialist Acquiescence: An inquiry into Strange Times," and for a few brief moments the light of truth shone on the assemblage. What is strange about our times, Mr. Sklar asserted, is the transmogrifications that have taken place among those who regard themselves as intellectuals, thinkers, apostles of change. The image that confronts us in our separate mirrors is confusing, contradictory and comical. Stalinist has become Trotskyite, Trotskyite has become Stalinist, Marxist has become Existentialist—and as Mr. Sklar went on with his relentless catalogue, the hall rocked with laughter. It was the laughter of recognition and relief, and it had a cleansing force, washing away cant, posturing and boredom.

What was more, it highlighted the contrast not only between genuine political conversions and accommodations accomplished in the guise of high principle but also between sober scholarship and intoxicated activism. For several days the conferees had been traipsing from ballroom to ballroom, browsing en route in the Socialist bazaar that had been set up by competing publishers, parties, splinters and sects on tables lining the corridor. They had hardly paused to consider the relationship—if any—between their papers, some lively and provocative, others as tiresomely scholastic as those of any other scholarly meeting, and the propaganda papers earnestly hawked by Communists, Trotskyists, Maoists, Spartacists, Johnsonites, Third Campers, et al. Nor had they considered whether they were really emancipated laborers in "the intellectual workshops of our country," as Louis Menashe (Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute) had assured them in his opening remarks that they were; or whether they were instead helots in "institutions of intellectual servitude," producing "a dispassionate and studied dullness, a façade of scholarly activity concealing an internal emptiness and cynicism, a dusty-dry search for permissible truth which pleases none but the administrator and the ambitious," as they were characterized in a flier from the Free University of New York. Perhaps they were both? If so, how seriously could they take themselves?

Unfortunately, Mr. Sklar could not sustain his mordant inquiry; he changed his tone, calling yet once more for prompt action, this time on behalf of the immediate constitution of a Socialist party (to be built, apparently, by just those feckless spirits whom, to their delight, he had been excoriating). Mr. Sklar's proposal matched in grandiosity the title of his paper, but while it provoked the expected enthusiasm, particularly from the young, its contribution to Socialist scholarship was open to question.

That task was undertaken with considerable intellectual vigor on the final afternoon by Harry Magdoff (New School for Social Research) in a substantial paper on "The Economics of Contemporary U.S. Imperialism." With the aid of a series of charts, Mr. Magdoff riddled the conventional wisdom which teaches that the relatively small dollar amount of U.S. foreign trade is in itself proof of this country's nonimperialist bent. Describing his paper modestly as "a progress report on a research project," Mr. Magdoff suggested six areas for further research by young scholars: the role of exports in general; the role of monopoly in the underdeveloped countries themselves; the role of existing price structures and trade channels in the underdeveloped countries; the method of operation of the U.S. foreign-aid program, now organized so as to control the economic growth of the underdeveloped countries; the role of the dollar as international monetary unit; and the question of the relation of regional blocs to future superstate arrangements of U.S. imperialism.

While these serious questions were being raised in most stimulating fashion, down the hall Eugene Genovese (Rutgers University) was reading a paper on the legacy of Negro slavery. To the noticeable confusion of those who knew of Mr. Genovese not only as a highly reputable scholar in this area but as one who in the past had engaged Herbert Aptheker from the Left (defending Maoism and attacking Aptheker for Khrushchevism), Mr. Aptheker now attacked Mr. Genovese's paper from the Left, as giving insufficient attention to the rebellious spirit of Negro slaves and thus serving by inference to legitimize myths of black passivity.

It was in the Sunday afternoon business meeting of the conference, open to all participants, that some of the most interesting questions were raised. The substantial contingent of SDSers (Students for a Democratic Society) expressed—for the most part informally—dissatisfaction with the level of many of the papers presented; if their proposed Radical Education Project, one of the most intellectually ambitious student undertakings in a generation, is stimulated to greater accomplishment by the second annual conference (the proceedings of which are to be published in *Studies on the Left* and *Science and Society*), this in itself will have justified the labors of its organizers and sponsors.

On the other hand, the question of broadening participation in future conferences brought out the fact that not merely bureaucratic confusion but personal pique and factional/doctrinal differences had prevented Socialists of considerable stature from being invited to participate this year. When a professor from the State University of New York (Stony Brook) recommended that the Social Democrats, right-wing Socialists, or whatever, who support *Dissent* magazine, edited by Irving Howe (Hunter College), be invited, he was greeted with silence and some laughter. But surely even the SDSers who laughed at the suggestion would be bound in all honesty to concede that Howe's presence would have added immeasurably to the panel on Realism in Literature; that the remarks of Michael Harrington would have added immeasurably to the panel on Poverty and Powerlessness; that Bayard Rustin's presence would have added immeasurably to the panel on The Legacy of Negro Slavery; that the essay of Tom Kahn (League for Industrial Democracy) on the New Left in the July issue of *Commentary* was far more worthy of serious discussion and criticism than many of the papers presented at the conference. What is more, the left-wing Socialists grouped roughly around *New Politics* magazine were also notable by their absence; and it seemed universally agreed that Hal Draper of its editorial board, mentor of the Berkeley revolt, and Chairman of the Independent Socialist Committee, could also have contributed to the conference.

This entire question was aggravated by the suggestion of another professor (from a university which shall be nameless) that future conferences be broadened to include spokesmen from Eastern Europe. Expressing with surpassing unctuousness his admiration for Isaac Deutscher's address, he went on to observe (with something less than accuracy) that Mr. Deutscher had asserted that there was nothing to be learned from the Socialist countries. It was his own feeling that academics from these countries could not only defend Socialist achievements but explain them to American critics.

Mr. Deutscher promptly rose to characterize the statement as a distortion of his position. Of course there must be discussions between Eastern and Western scholars and Socialists, but they must be conducted on a basis not of servility but of intellectual equality and freedom to criticize. Then, in a voice trembling with anger, he stated that he had it on unimpeachable authority that one of the conferees has publicly stated: "It's too bad that a Socialist conference had to be opened with an address presenting the viewpoint of the John Birch Society."

"This kind of slander," Deutscher cried out, "I hoped had died with Stalin. It is absolutely impermissible in a Socialist gathering!"

While this was greeted with a standing ovation, the fact remained that there had been moments during the weekend when the conference presented here and there the spooky aspect of a gathering of ghosts, posthumously rehabilitated in order that they might mutter the wretched canards so indignantly exposed by Isaac Deutscher. There can be no question (there should be none even in the minds of those who for political reasons did not attend the conference) that old-time contributors to Communist publications like Victor Perlo and Herbert Aptheker do have something to contribute. But surely it is questionable whether much can be accomplished on behalf of an ideal by kowtowing to those whose contributions to socialism have consisted primarily in character assassination.

We have reached a point in the world of art in which anyone—whether he be dedicated to chance in preference to conscious selectivity, or even to destructiveness as against creativity—is considered as an artist when he so defines himself; and the critical question becomes not whether he is an artist but whether he is a good or a bad one. Perhaps it would be useful if this attitude could take root in the political world, starting with an association like the Socialist Scholars Conference, which has, according to its own statement, "a broad Socialist perspective . . . in which no one's ideological credentials will be scrutinized." Its organizers, working hard with the most limited of resources, produced an occasion which demonstrated yet again the persistent attractiveness and intellectual magnetism of the Socialist idea. If they—and the Socialists whom they did not invite and who chose to stay away when they could have come—will accept the idea that any man who says he is a Socialist is one, they will not only be in a better position to evaluate the depth of his commitment and the quality of his accomplishment; they will progress yet further in their altogether commendable aim of demonstrating by precept to a new generation what is both new and of lasting value about the Socialist idea.

[*For a report on the first annual conference, see "What Is A Socialist?" by James O'Connor;* The Nation, *October 4, 1965.*]

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS II

JUSTICE FOR THE ACCUSED

LEO PFEFFER

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The Supreme Court can lag somewhat behind the national consensus — for most of its life it has done just that — but it cannot lag too far behind. The last time it did so, in the mid-thirties when it refused to recognize either the Great Depression or the 20th century, it courted self-destruction. It can also be somewhat ahead of the national consensus; for the past quarter of a century it has been that. But it cannot, without inviting disaster, forge too far or too fast ahead, as it has recognized and manifested in its cautious response to pleas for protection of political dissent in times of crisis and passion [see Leo Pfeffer: "Freedom of Expression," issue of October 3].

At the present time the Court's major tug of war with the national consensus is on the safeguarding of the procedural rights of persons accused of crime. It is here that the Court appears to have gone furthest in straining the limits of the people's tolerance, and has had the most difficulty in justifying its decisions to the general public.

There are a number of reasons for this. In the first place, our frontier background produced a tradition, much romanticized in motion pictures and television, of vigilantism and summary justice. Second, more than in most other cultures, we tend to divide people (and nations) into good guys and bad guys and to identify with the former. Cops and robbers, in one form or another, is still the game most Americans of every age play; in no other country is the head of the secret police perhaps the most revered of citizens. It is therefore quite natural for us to be antagonistic to legalistic technicalities which we cannot understand but which seem always to provide devices whereby sharp and unethical lawyers can free hardened criminals and frustrate the well-earned victory of the law-enforcement officers.

In the third place, it is in the area of criminal justice that the tension of federalism, the division of power between the national and state governments, is most acute. Under our constitutional system, primary responsibility for the apprehension and prosecution of criminals rests with the states and they are likely to resent interference from Washington. Their pleas for a laissez-faire policy do not go unheeded even within the Supreme Court. Almost to the day of his death, Frankfurter, who did not hesitate in declaring invalid state laws financing transportation to parochial schools, or providing released-time religious instruction for public school children, protested the Court's interference with the right of the states to fashion their criminal procedures as they deemed appropriate. Frankfurter was so influential on the bench that not until his retirement could the Court take on, really seriously and consistently, its mission of bringing state criminal procedures within the orbit of the Bill of Rights.

In view of these and similar factors, it would seem surprising that the rights of criminal defendants should be spelled out in such careful detail in the Bill of Rights; indeed, most of it is devoted to that subject. The obvious explanation is that the Bill of Rights was conceived originally only as a restraint on the national government; but this is hardly an adequate explanation since the states imposed the same restraints on their own courts and prosecutors. The real explanation lies in the fact that procedural safeguards evolved in a context not of mercenary or personal crimes but of religious and political offenses.

Procedural rights such as the privilege against self-incrimination, the right to be informed of the crime an accused is charged with, assistance of counsel and trial in public, came out of the religious trials in England, most dramatically those of the 17th-century radical Puritan, "Freeborn John" Lilburne. This history was fresh in the minds of the people when the Bill of Rights was written. Preachers of religious heresy were often jailed as late as the outbreak of the Revolutionary War; blasphemy was punished well into the 19th century, and even today remains a criminal offense on the statute books of many states. It was therefore natural to consider these procedural rights as weapons in the continuing struggle against the established church — particularly since Madison, the draftsman of the Bill of Rights, was, with Jefferson, the leader of that ultimately successful struggle.

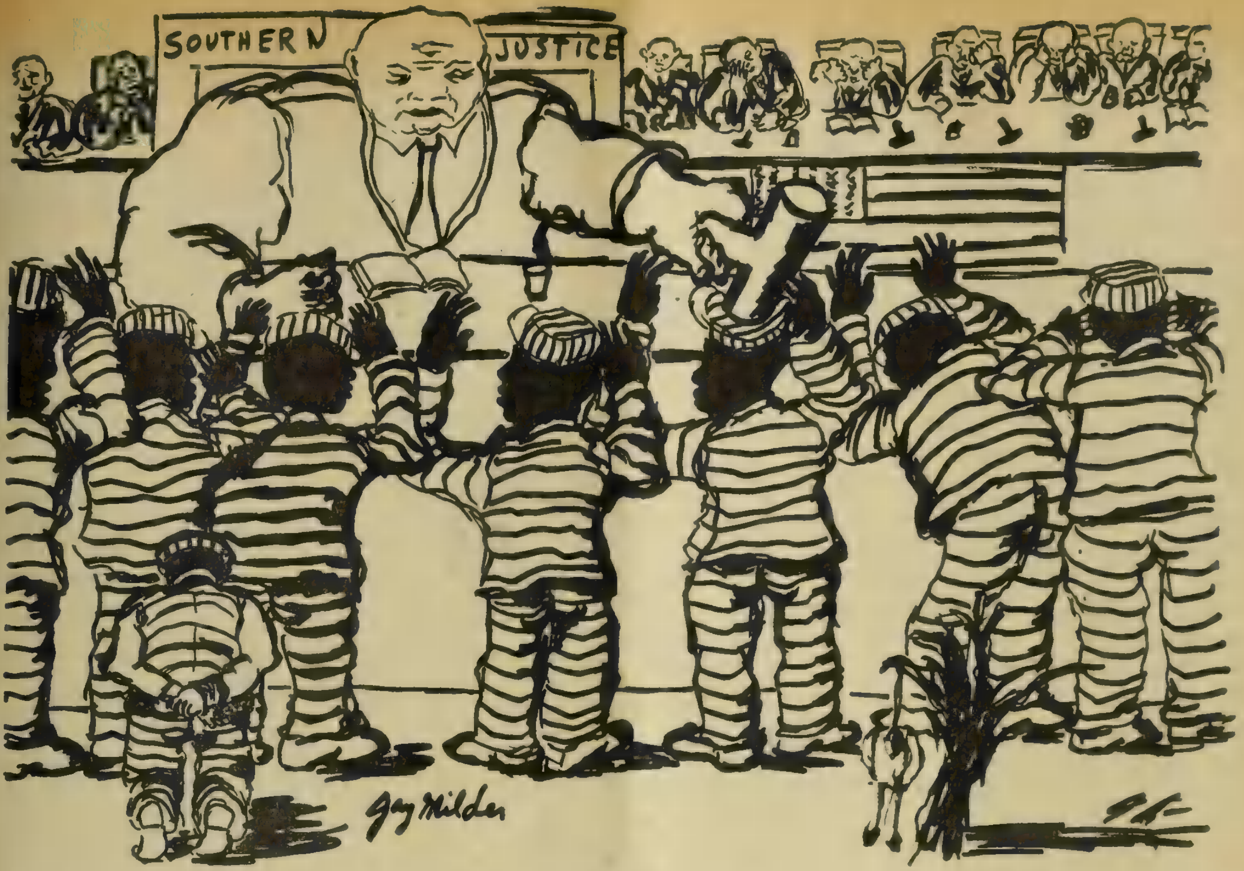
It was natural, too, to consider the other procedural safeguards as defensive weapons against political tyranny. One of the principal grievances of the American colonists in the cold war between themselves and the British king was the issuance by his judges of general writs of assistance, and this complaint found its way into the Fourth Amendment's ban on unreasonable searches and seizures, and its requirement of specific warrants based upon probable cause. Among the offenses charged against George III in the Declaration of Independence were the deprivation of trial by jury and the transporting of defendants to distant places for trial, and these are reflected in the Bill of Rights. Although today we no longer have religious trials, insistence upon procedural safeguards, as the Jencks case illustrates, has been and still is an extremely effective instrument in the hands of the Supreme Court for the protection of political dissenters, and one used by it considerably more freely than the outright protection of the right to dissent. Nevertheless, most cases involving procedural safeguards today arise and are decided in a nonpolitical context, and since most nonpolitical crimes are offenses against state laws, it is in state criminal court cases that most issues in the administration of justice under the Bill of Rights have been decided by the Supreme Court.

For more than a century, the Court had considered the Bill of Rights irrelevant to these cases. One of Marshall's last decisions was a determination that the Bill of Rights adopted in 1791 did not and was not intended to apply to the states. The Fourteenth Amendment, adopted in 1868, did incorporate verbatim and impose upon the states one provision of the Bill of Rights, the ban on deprivation of life, liberty or property without due process of law; but for more than half a century the Court paid no more than lip service to the provision except when it was asserted for the protection of property rights against state social welfare legislation. In the Haymarket anarchists' case, the Court held that the due process clause did not permit it to supervise state criminal trials or disturb the state court's finding that the anarchists had been fairly tried and justly convicted, even though Governor Altgeld found that they had been railroaded to conviction by a judge who conducted the trial with malicious ferocity. In the Leo Frank case in 1915, the Court held that it was unable to do anything about what was clearly a judicial lynching of a New York Jew in a Georgia mill town that reeked with anti-Semitism and hatred of "foreigners" from New York.

The turning point came in 1923 in a particularly egregious case. A group of Negro sharecroppers met in a church in Phillips County in eastern Arkansas to discuss the employment of counsel to protect their rights against their white landlords. The white citizens of the community got word of the meeting and descended upon the church. Gunfire broke out and a white man was killed. A posse of white men, formed to hunt down the Negroes and avenge the white man's death, caught many Negroes, tortured them and killed them. Finally, saner heads prevailed; when five captured Negroes were about to be lynched, a "Committee of Seven," representing the more responsible white citizenry, prevailed upon the mob to disperse by solemnly promising them that the Negroes would be hanged after trial. To assure this outcome, the committee called Negro witnesses and had them whipped and tortured until they promised to testify as directed. The courtroom was filled with angry whites; hundreds more milled about outside, shouting threats at anyone who interfered with the desired result. The trial of all five Negroes took about forty-five minutes; five minutes later the jury came back with a verdict of first degree murder against all defendants.

This was too much for the Supreme Court. Holding that a mob-dominated trial did not constitute due process of law, it reversed the conviction — over the dissent of McReynolds, perhaps the most reactionary Justice ever to sit on the Supreme Court bench, who asserted that the "fact that petitioners are poor and ignorant and black naturally arouses sympathy; but that does not release us from enforcing principles." Nine years later, the Court intervened and set aside convictions in a series of almost equally shocking cases involving the Scottsboro boys.

Since then the Court has shown little hesitation in stepping in to prevent gross miscarriages of justice or flagrant violations of a criminal defendant's rights. Its difficulties have been in cases where the violation is subtle or borderline. Conceptually, the major difficulty revolves about the



question of whether and to what extent the Fourteenth Amendment makes the Bill of Rights applicable against the states. The chief antagonists have been Black (joined by Douglas) and Frankfurter, the latter vigorously asserting that the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment imposes upon the states no more obligation than to refrain from conduct which shocks the conscience of the Court and the community, or violates fundamental concepts of ordered liberty.

The difference is illustrated by two California cases, one decided in 1947, the other in 1952. In the later case, the Court held that forcing a suspect to disgorge narcotic capsules that he had swallowed as he was being arrested, and using them in evidence upon his trial, violated the Fourteenth Amendment, according to Frankfurter because it shocked the conscience of the Court, according to Black because it constituted compulsory self-incrimination, which is expressly forbidden by the Fifth Amendment. The earlier case involved the constitutionality of a state statute which permitted the prosecutor and judge to comment on a defendant's failure to take the stand in his own defense and the jury to draw unfavorable inferences from that fact. The Supreme Court had long held that such comment and inference were impermissible in federal criminal trials since they penalized and thus abridged the privilege against self-incrimination under the Fifth Amendment. Asserting that the Fifth Amendment was incorporated into the Fourteenth and should therefore be applied the same way in state and federal courts, Black and Douglas voted to set aside the conviction. Frankfurter, with whom the majority of the Court agreed, did not find the state's conduct particularly shocking or violative of fundamental concepts of ordered liberty, and therefore voted to uphold it.

Technically, the contest has been won by Frankfurter. The Supreme Court has never maintained that all of the Bill of Rights has been incorporated into the Fourteenth Amendment and is equally applicable to state and federal governments. The barrier is probably the Seventh Amendment, which requires trial by jury in all suits at law where the amount in controversy exceeds $20; the Court cannot see itself requiring jury trials in the thousands of cases tried in small claims courts or before justices of the peace all over the country. But in practice, the victory has gone to Black. In a series of cases, through a process which has been called selective incorporation, the Court has read into the Fourteenth Amendment almost everything in the Bill of Rights. (The 1947 California decision was overruled in 1964, and today the privilege against compulsory self-incrimination is as potent and extensive in the state as it is in the federal courts.) Indeed, in the 1965 birth-control case, the Court read into the Fourteenth Amendment even the Ninth Amendment's provision that the enumeration of certain rights in the Constitution shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

In recent years, and particularly since Frankfurter's retirement, the Court has been engaged in a steadfast campaign to broaden the scope of the constitutional protection available to persons accused of crime. Its treatment of right to counsel best illustrates this. In one of the Scottsboro cases, it held that the state's failure to provide counsel to the indigent defendants constituted a denial of due process. Ten years later, in a decision joined in by Frankfurter but strongly opposed by Black and Douglas, the

Court retreated and held that the obligation to provide counsel applied only in capital cases.

Soon thereafter the Court began to retrace its steps. It held that even in a noncapital case, the state must provide counsel for an indigent defendant who, by reason of youth, mental subnormality or similar disability, could not adequately conduct his own defense, but was not required to provide counsel for mature adults, particularly those who, by reasons of prior encounters with the law, knew their way around the courts. Then, in 1963, the Court blew Gideon's trumpet and held that irrespective of the character of the defendant and the nature of the crime with which he was charged, the state had to provide him with counsel if he could not afford to hire his own. [See "The Banner of Gideon" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, April 13, 1964.] The latest, but not necessarily last step was taken this June when the Court held that the obligation to provide counsel arises as soon as the police begin to question a person they consider to be a prime suspect.

In a real sense, the Court's concern with the procedural rights of criminal defendants is an aspect of its quest for equality, manifested most clearly in its decisions on racial discrimination and electoral malapportionment. McReynolds was correct in asserting that the fact that an accused person is poor does not change the principles applicable to his case, but it does require a careful scrutiny of those principles to assure him his full measure of constitutional protection. If the defendant is a member of a high socioeconomic class it may be assumed that he had the resources to assure this for himself; if he is on the bottom of the economic ladder, the government must assure it for him.

Of course, this new stance of the Supreme Court has aroused considerable controversy and particularly vocal opposition from prosecutors. But their complaint is hardly new. When Sir Walter Raleigh was tried for treason in 1603, he claimed that he was entitled to acquittal unless two eyewitnesses testified against him. To this, one of the judges replied: "Many horse stealers may escape if they not be condemned without witnesses." Both before then and since, every assertion by an accused of the benefits of procedural safeguards not established by ancient precedent — from the assertion of the right not to be tortured into confessing, to an accused dope peddler's objection to the use against him of evidence procured by wire tapping or electronic eavesdropping — has been met with the same objection; that, if it is granted, many guilty persons will escape. The Supreme Court has made the deliberate judgment that the integrity of the individual and equality of justice in a democratic society are more important than the punishment of every culprit. In this respect, it is undoubtedly well ahead of the national consensus, and is quite possibly risking its future on the gamble that the people will catch up.

MILLION-DOLLAR TRINKET

RALPH LEE SMITH

Mr. Smith is the author of several books, among them The Bargain Hucksters *and* The Tarnished Badge *(both Crowell).*

When America is fighting wars, Disabled American Veterans is perhaps the organization in its field that can count on the greatest public sympathy. With the nation involved in the Vietnamese conflict, there is little doubt that DAV's well-known annual "Ident-O-Tag" solicitation — the individualized miniature automobile license tags for key rings that DAV sends out to 40 million motorists a year with a request for a contribution — will get a favorable response in a very large number of American homes. Also working for DAV is the fact that it is one of the seven leading veterans' groups that are chartered directly by Congress, and whose activities therefore enjoy Congressional sanction.

This spring the New York State legislature considered a bill that would require all charity mailings to reveal two figures — how much the charity raised from public contributions the preceding year, and how much it spent for its stated charitable purpose. Representatives of many charities descended on Albany to oppose the bill in public hearings — including Disabled American Veterans. And, in fact, DAV might well be unhappy to make such a revelation. It spends most of the money received in its Ident-O-Tag solicitation for fund raising, and the national organization spends no money at all in direct financial assistance to disabled veterans.

The Ident-O-Tag solicitation was the brain child of a man named Abraham L. Koolish. Back in 1941 he set up a private, profit-making firm called Ident-O-Tag Company. Koolish had previously promoted such items as punch boards and tableware. His activities had been the subject of three Federal Trade Commission orders, and he had been fined $4,500 for violating one of them. Now, however, he had found a really lucrative field — charity.

Koolish entered into a contract with Disabled American Veterans for distributing Ident-O-Tags, charging DAV $62.50 for every thousand mailed. By 1943, the mailings were already totaling 8 million, which means that the Koolish firm was getting $500,000. In 1945, Koolish sold Ident-O-Tag Company to DAV for $1,336,500, a sum that seems very large in view of the facts that the buyer was a charity and that Ident-O-Tag, an extremely simple trinket, is nonpatentable. The agreement also specified that Koolish be retained as a consultant at $1,000 per month, an arrangement that continued until 1952.

Koolish moved on to various other philanthropic green pastures. Among others, he was involved in the solicitation for a group called the National Association of Veterans Employment Councils, which raised $2.1 million in a twenty-one month period in the 1950s, spent $1.9 million for fund raising, then passed quietly out of existence. But Koolish's fattest deal — and the one that finally did him in — was his relationship to the Sister Elizabeth

Kenny Foundation. From 1952 to 1959, with Koolish and his firms doing the fund raising, the foundation raised $30 million, of which $16,260,000 was spent for fund raising, office administration, promotion and "informational services." In 1960, the scandal erupted, and Koolish and several officers of the foundation were indicted. In 1963, Koolish was convicted of giving kickbacks to various foundation officials in exchange for receiving the fund-raising contracts without competitive bidding. He was sentenced to ten years in jail and a fine of $17,000, and was assessed $16,000 court costs.

Meanwhile, DAV demonstrated that it had learned well the fund-raising techniques passed on by Koolish. After it purchased the company, letters accompanying DAV solicitations read: "No professional promoters or outside interests benefit from your donation and no royalties are paid anyone." The letters neglected to note that DAV, since acquiring Ident-O-Tag, did an effective job of spending the receipts without outside help. In 1962, DAV raised $3,532,845 from Ident-O-Tag mailings, while spending $2,988,606 on the promotion — a fund-raising cost of 84.6 per cent. In 1963, DAV raised $3,386,962 from the mailings, while spending $2,974,123 — a fund-raising cost of 87.8 per cent.

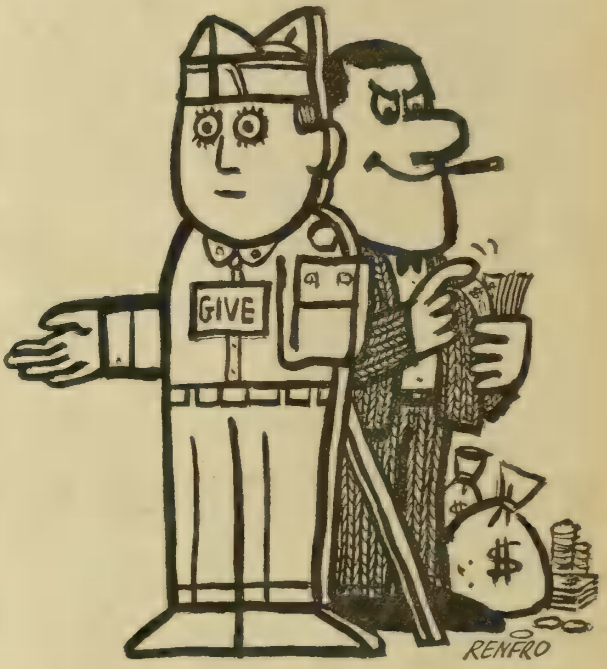
In 1953, a joint committee of the New York State legislature under Sen. Bernard Tompkins conducted a pioneering study of charity problems in the post-World War II era. The committee's 1954 report, discussing in detail the activities of a number of charities, noted that DAV made a practice of using names without authority, even that of the President of the United States. One mailing bore photos of President Eisenhower, General Gray, the Administrator of Veterans Affairs, and General Omar Bradley, along with statements by each that seemingly endorsed the fund-raising drive. All three repudiated the use of their names.

The committee also noted that DAV actually gives no direct financial or welfare aid to disabled veterans. "The D.A.V. has conducted fund-raising campaigns for many years on the strength of the well-inculcated though erroneous belief that the organization gives direct aid to those of our nation's citizens who are the most deserving of our gratitude and help, our disabled veterans," says the report. DAV's principal service to veterans — then and now — consists in maintaining "service officers" who help veterans file claims with the Veterans Administration. About sixty other groups are also certified by the V.A. to perform this service. State agencies in a number of states will also help, or the veteran can file the claim himself, with no help at all or with the help of a V.A. staff member.

In 1958, the House Veterans Affairs Committee made a study of fund-raising activities of veterans groups, and produced further data about DAV. The committee stated that DAV bought a twin-engine passenger airplane for use by its executives, paying $105,655.43 for the plane and another $49,488.57 for a hangar. The plane was piloted by Mel Corbly, an assistant national adjutant of DAV, who was the son of DAV national adjutant Vivian D. Corbly.

Also, said the committee: "The DAV has a policy of giving Christmas gifts and other gifts to its officers, employees, and friends. . . . From December 1950 through May 1957, a list of selected items compiled by the Committee totaled $50,375.72. . . . Items referred to above were all purchased from a Cincinnati firm, Raybill, Inc. From November 20, 1950, until July 21, 1955, Vivian D. Corbly was Vice President of Raybill and owned 25 of its 150 shares of stock. This company not only supplied merchandise to DAV National Headquarters but sold quite a bit to the Departments. In soliciting business from the various Departments liberal use was made of Mr. Corbly's name and the fact that he was an officer of both DAV and Raybill."

When these revelations were made Corbly resigned under fire, with DAV voting to pay him his $18,000 a year salary for two more years to assure him full pension benefits. A new national adjutant has taken the reins, but there have been recent indications that DAV has gotten itself into new trouble. In December, 1964, a federal grand jury in Illinois indicted four men for mail fraud and conspiracy, charging that they had bilked DAV of more than $2 million while under contract to the organization to solicit contributions of property and materials.



Illinois Attorney General William G. Clark said that one of the arrested men, Harold Sager, had been posing as "Colonel Harold S. McClintock." The "colonel," said Clark, had received $750,000 in "rightful salary" from DAV, and had increased it by transactions in which DAV did not receive its proper share of property and goods contributed. Clark's complaint cited the instance of the Borden Company, which, in response to Sager's solicitation, had donated two soybean processing plants, real estate, buildings and machinery to DAV. The property, said Clark, had brought in $851,000, of which DAV received only $250,000 and had thus "lost $601,000 on this transaction alone."

None of this prevents DAV from flooding the nation with its annual Ident-O-Tag mailings and with other solicitations involving such unordered merchandise as personalized mailing stickers—nor has it so far prevented the public from responding. It is perhaps high time for the House Veterans Affairs Committee to ask seriously whether an operation of this kind should be conducted under the august mantle of a Congressional charter.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Seeing Williams with Fresh Eyes

THE WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS READER. *Edited with an Introduction by M. L. Rosenthal. New Directions. 448 pp. $7.50.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

Any new work on William Carlos Williams must meet the challenge of the critical temper represented by the recent remarks of a reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* who wonders if it is "impossible for this poet to be flatteringly presented," and of Marius Bewley's view that "Williams is the dullest poet of any importance America has produced in this century." Mr. Rosenthal, a student of modern poetry, is aware of the challenge — his introductory essay is entitled "More Than Meets the Eye" — but he has not used the occasion to do for Williams what Malcolm Cowley did so admirably and opportunely for Faulkner in his Viking *Portable*. What Mr. Rosenthal has selected for the *Reader* has intrinsic merit. One questions his selections primarily on the basis of what he has made of them, on the grounds that anthologizing is criticism and must not only stimulate our interest in the author but make us — as F. O. Matthiessen, an eminent anthologizer, said — "see him with fresh eyes. . . ."

This is especially crucial in the case of Williams who, when not neglected, has been superficially criticized (relegated) because he stands outside (and against) the reigning critical and poetical endeavor of our time — that "poetic officialdom," which is, according to James Dickey in *The Suspect in Poetry*, "based largely on the principles which the New Criticism has espoused. . . ." (To say that Williams is dull may also impugn the sensibility produced by a pervasive kind of modernism.) We need to find in an attentive and thorough concern with Williams' writing another language of criticism with which to treat him. Good work on him has been done in articles, theses and books, such as recent studies by Linda Wagner of his prosodic development, and by J. Hillis Miller of the "spaces" of the poet's world. Still, the critical necessity is a hard, close reading of the entire body of Williams' work, and in its behalf the reprinting, in good editions, of *The Great American Novel, Spring and All, A Voyage to Pagany, A Novelette and Other Prose,* and the extensive fugitive materials.

Williams has been prejudged in much the same way as Hart Crane who, it was said, could not possibly write a successful long poem because he wasn't learned and disciplined enough. Yet Crane admirably schooled himself as a poet (his *Letters* record this education) and he wrote the best long poem of his generation of poets. In the case of both poets, R. P. Blackmur, whose early critical views unfortunately did so much to establish the opinions of others, was at fault. Now Mr. Rosenthal, after properly correcting Blackmur's limited understanding of Williams, advances views of his own which seem inadmissible to me — views which show, like the dispersed character of his introductory essay, how difficult it is to place Williams, as he tries to do, within the reigning school.

He says, for example, that Williams accepted "the assumptions of the religion of art by which the symbolists and their successors have lived." This gives him an acceptable lineage, but it is not true: art for him was not religiously but socially redemptive ("to repair, to rescue, to complete"), and he abhorred its visionary uses (this was part of his quarrel with Crane). The world of art, of created objects, was for Williams a formal achievement, another world made of the materials of this world, a world *alongside* or *along with* the world of nature, not a "transcendent" one. His views of art have more in common with Dewey's in *Art as Experience* than with the symbolists, for he wishes to interact with the world, not flee it. Rosenthal speaks of "the transforming and saving power of the aesthetic imagination," but Williams himself does not quite put it in this way and seldom uses "aesthetic"; the imagination is enough for him and he celebrates it: a complex agency of contact with and being in the world, a power enabling the artist to "Invent, Create, Achieve," an injunction of Henry James he cites. Rosenthal also tries to bring Williams closer to Eliot, in spite of all the evidence that Williams, as he once told a correspondent, would contest Eliot to his last breath:

. . . there is as much to say
and more
for the one side
and that not the darker
which John Donne
for instance
among many men
presents to us.

Williams says this in the coda of "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower," where, with magnificent assurance, he works motifs of *The Waste Land* into his own affirmation of light.

Though the *Reader* displays Williams' work in drama, fiction, poetry, history, autobiography and criticism, Rosenthal does not grasp this advantage to present the poet in his role as a man of letters. The book's introduction tells very little about the writer's artistic development (Williams' lifelong search for "measure" is hardly noticed); or about his life (he is the least impersonal writer, feeding his art at the deepest roots); or his milieu (his full participation, for example, in the literary awakening at the time of World War I: his part in *Others* magazine and the editing of *Contact*; his association with poets *and* painters; his involvement in the little theatre — all of which contributed to his style and aspiration as a literary man).

The selection of poems in the *Reader* is good, though for purposes of introduction (and restoration of reputation) I would have chosen more poems from the latter half of Williams' career, such poems of the forties as "The Pink Church," "The Clouds," "Burning the Christmas Greens," and of the last years, any number from *The Desert Music* and *Journey to Love*, books of the highest order, rivaling the achievement of any poet of our time. The selections from *Kora in Hell* (1920), Williams' exercises in free association, are especially in need of editorial help.

These "Improvisations" — more carefully chosen — would have served to introduce many of Williams' poetic motifs and aesthetic ideas. They are not the kind of thing Williams did later in *The Great American Novel* (1923), and to group the "novel" under that rubric is confusing. *The Great American Novel* belongs with *Spring and All* (1923) and *In the American Grain* (1925), for it is an aesthetic demonstration like the former and an attempt to find a form for the concerns of the latter. The two chapters from *A Voyage to Pagany* (1928), Williams' fictional resolution of his commitment to America, are not primary examples. Still, it would interest readers to know that the fictional Jack Murry was actually Robert McAlmon and that the supper at the Trianon was with Joyce and other notables, and was reported again by Williams in *The Autobiography* and by McAlmon in *Being Geniuses Together*. The chapters from *White Mule* and *In the Money* are well chosen; so are the short stories, none of which, however, bears out Rosenthal's assertion that Williams' method "approaches that of Anderson and Hemingway."

Some of Williams' early stories do have the oral quality and the pastoral nostalgia of Anderson, but Williams found nothing in Hemingway, whose dialogue he considered artificial. A scene from *A Dream of Love,* Williams' most significant play, represents his work as a dramatist, but again the domestic crisis between a doctor and his wife needs explanation, supporting elucidation from a variety of autobiographical sources. The chapters from *The Autobiography* deal with Williams' long friendship with Ezra Pound, his early experience as an intern, and the close relationship between medicine and poetry.

They are set apart within a separate section which, it seems, requires some explanation of Williams' autobiographical intent (how many major poets or artists of Williams' generation have put themselves to this test?). The final section covers "other prose": samples from *Spring and All,* some chapters from *In the American Grain,* Williams' appropriation of American history, and several critical essays, none, incidentally, of the outright programmatic kind. No letters are included — at least, Williams' long letter to Kay Boyle on the literary situation of his generation in 1932 and his letter to Richard Eberhart on "measure" should have been.

For the price of the *Reader* one can have in New Directions paperback editions a small library of complete Williams' texts. Williams is an available writer. And as he tells the reader in "The Pink Locust," where he questions the right of other poets to deny him his place:

I'm persistent as the pink locust,
once admitted
to the garden,
you will not easily get rid of it.

The Model A Spirit

FREEWAYS. *By Lawrence Halprin. Reinhold Publishing Corp. 160 pp. Illustrated. $12.50.*

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect who has taught at Columbia University and the Urban Design school of the Architectural Association, London. He is now on the faculty of the Cambridge University School of Architecture. His book on urban conservation, Lost New York, *will be published by Houghton Mifflin this winter.*

Books by architects, planners and landscape architects have traditionally been along one of two different lines. If the designer is well known, an expensive portfolio of his work can be produced. Books of this kind have ranged from the various personal *Architettura Civiles* of the 17th century to the seven-volume Zurich edition of the complete projects of Le Corbusier, a modern paradigm (the only way one can now know most of Corbu's work, in fact). The other kind of book is the how-to-do-it, or what-I-have-learned or (intellectually less honest) what-I-believe book — usually a pastiche of the scholarship and theories of others, but at its best, as in Vitruvius or in Humphry Repton's 19th century treatises on landscape gardening, both an advertisement for the author and a powerful force for popular enlightenment. The architects Philip Johnson and Edward Stone have recently won enough fame to claim books of their own in the first category. Other current books, for example by Theo Crosby, an English architect *(City Sense),* Victor Gruen, a planner *(The Heart of Our Cities),* and Lawrence Halprin *(Cities* and the book under review), are products of designer-authors whose prosperous practices don't yet command such public attention.

Mr. Halprin is a successful San Francisco landscape architect who lately has had much consulting work in town planning and the design of freeways (he says he "backed into" it). This book, with brief text and many pictures, appears to have been produced by several members of his busy office. Instead of showing some of Halprin's accomplishments on Ghirardelli Square or the Bay Area Transit system — he has won some prizes for his work, and it deserves a close look — we find instead a pabulum of second-hand ideas on road building; borrowed ideas which are fortunately (as I will point out in a moment) thoroughly unconvincing. His book — just to get the intention clear and over with — is a prime example of Formula Two, self-promotion through how-to-do-it.

The book starts by claiming that cars are vehicles beloved in popular fancy, and motor travel makes for trips full of high excitement. Freeways are "symbolic of the intense dedication of our age to motion . . . away you go — fast. Planing over the land at tree-top level — the roofs of houses below you — almost like flying." The roofs of houses below you? Halprin says that pushing elevated highways *through cities* provides the greatest excitement. "In cities the great overhead concrete structures with their haunches tied to the ground and the vast flowing cantilevers rippling above the local streets stand like enormous sculptures marching through the architectonic caverns." Under these beautiful structures, the local residents, gulping with astonishment, play in parks on land that is "kept open for use" by raising the roads.

There is no mistaking the overwhelming impact of the freeways, particularly in cities. "In Los Angeles you never seem to say where you are going; you explain how to get there. First you take

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what's happening
on the other side
of the Wall?

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WHITE PASS SKI PATROL

His high boned, young face is so brown
from the winter's sun,
the few brief lines in each green eye's
edge as of a leaf
that is not yet gone from the limb—
as of a nut which is gold or brown.

For he has become very strong
living on the slopes.
His belly and thighs are newly
lean from the thin skis.
Tough torso of the man, blue wooled.
Thin waist. White, tasseled cap of the child.

Beneath the fury of those great,
dark panes of glass, that
seem to take a man out of grace,
his gentle eyes wait.
(We feel their melancholy gaze
which is neither innocent nor wise.)

Like those knights of the winter snows—
with a healing pack
(sign of the cross on breast and back)—
serene, snow-lonely,
he patrols the beautiful peaks
and the pale wastes that slide like a beast.

Sometimes still blind from his patrol,
you'll see him pull down
from the dangerous Cascades his
heavy sledge of pain,
its odd, black booted, canvas laced
shape alive or dead, without a face.

Colors blooming in the sun he
carroms down his own
path, speeds (bending knees), dances side
to side, balancing.
Under-skis glow golden in the
snow spume around his Christiana.

And as he lifts away from us,
skis dangle like the
outstretched limbs of a frog in spring.
He swings gently in
the air, vulnerable, so much
the "poor, bare, forked" human animal.

And now he slowly rises up
over trees and snow.
He begins to grow more thin, and then
vanishes in air!
as, high in the lithe boughs of pines
the silver dross flakes silently down.

There are the shadow tracks he left
down the long, white hill
beside the lift. Wait! Look up! a
trail in the bright sky!
Breathing a wake of snow ribbons,
something has just gone over the mountain!

JOHN LOGAN

the Santa Ana Freeway, after 10 miles you change over to the Santa Monica Freeway which you stay on for 15 miles, and then turn onto the Anaheim Freeway. Then you are there." Oh yes, Halprin warns about preserving important buildings and old landmarks in existing cities. "Open spaces should be considered inviolate." And local precincts should be spared because they frequently are inhabited by "ethnic groups" whose neighborhoods have many virtues, even though these groups "have no great ability to bring pressure on City Hall." But after all, these are only things that need to be weighed in the balance on considering "community impact." The important question — one to which most of the book is devoted — is, should the freeways be at grade, depressed, elevated, stacked, tunneled, or on embankments? Halprin's most resolute belief is that soaring road interchanges embody motion experiences that can be aesthetically meaningful to the tired commuter. The highway can even be "a great adventure in choreography," a thought he admits to be inspired by "my wife, the avant-garde dancer, Ann Halprin." Indeed, we see her on pages 20 and 21, in an eighteen-frame dance sequence among the columns of an elevated freeway. Ah California!

Let me admit that *Freeways* is firmly grounded, albeit in the clouds of an American dream. When the Model A Ford appeared, many people believed it to be the great liberator which would democratize and civilize the country. With a car just outside the front door and the open road beyond, no barriers of distance mattered. No one had to be an uncomfortable stranger when motor cabins were springing up everywhere. This dream of a nation on wheels, free and happy, lasted through the depression and the war. The fact that it wasn't soon to come true didn't change things. Some of the Model A spirit's important manifestations were the New York Parkways and Robert Moses and the 1939 World's Fair. At the fair's General Motors pavilion, Norman Bel Geddes showed the city of the future where the buildings were actually *shaped* by urban highways. As things turned out, Moses of the Parkways and the World's Fair of 1939 proved poor prophets for New York. It was California that bought the dream of the Model A spirit. It seems to me not an irrelevant fact that most of those who escaped the depression in the East and the dust storms in the Midwest, came to California by car.

The Model A dream is nevertheless not conceptually dated everywhere. Los Angeles, with its built-up area of 50 by

80 miles, has sprawled as its new postwar freeways have spread. To say that that city has no central density misses the point: it has become a new kind of city, based on very long communication routes. In such low-density settlement the disturbance freeways can make in the urban fabric is largely irrelevant. Unlike the ruinous Boston Central Artery and San Francisco Embarcadero which smashed through densely compact cities (and the proposed Lower Manhattan Expressway, which threatened to do the same), the freeways in Los Angeles have created no giant rifts and psychological barriers. As the planned 4-mile grid is completed, the cuts, elevations and embankments of the new roads are actually shaping and enclosing the city for the first time.

However, if there are no doctrinaire objections to Mr. Halprin's book, there are still serious practical ones. It is absurd for a landscape architect-planner to consider one form of transportation alone (even though our government planners habitually do), and a bit dangerous to discuss it in these sentimental terms. Even if he were to confine himself to a discussion of the art of movement in motor vehicles, the concept of *Freeways* as his subject is obtuse. Mass communication systems are dendritic forms, like rivers with tributaries or trees with branches. The problems of automotive travel are largely unrelated to freeways, the fat, rich trunks of the dendritic systems (although Mr. Halprin's practice may be solely concerned with them). The issue is what happens out in the branches — whether a man can park by the door he seeks, and whether it's worth building a city with the area to give every possible destination and route that much unobstructed space. Among many similarly misleading accounts — whether deliberately so or not — Halprin describes the advantages of slim elevated highways without pointing out that in an urban situation the frequent access and exit ramps are what determine their size.

Freeways is mainly a vulgarization of *The View from the Road,* a book on zoom aesthetics published two and a half years ago, written by Donald Appleyard, Kevin Lynch and John Myer of the Harvard-M.I.T. Joint Center for Urban Studies. It is out of place to review *that* book here, but I am glad that Mr. Halprin's echo of it, probably destined for a larger audience, hasn't got its scholarly background and cold calculation. I mistrust discussions of art — even highway art — when it's more than likely that life is getting in the way. These books (and in particular the Appleyard-Lynch-Myer one, which would be a completely convincing account of motion studies if it were sculpture they were talking about) seem to be typically American in their piecemeal approach to planning. Having designated roads as our major national goal, and having spent practically the entire postwar generation building the highway masterpieces we once dreamed about, some of our more thoughtful professionals are now concerned with making the trip more meaningful and exciting in the next generation of highways. And should we be building more of them at all? This sort of question is asked only by practitioners in the British Buchanan Report, *Traffic in Towns.* Back in America we presumably will soon be soaring over highways designed from space-motion and "Motation" studies, while citizens frozen up tight in towns below stare incomprehensibly at our vast dark undersides.

Where the Air Is Unclear

POISONS IN THE AIR. *By Fred Warshofsky and Edward Edelson. Pocket Books. 160 pp. $1 paper.*

M. G. WURTELE

Mr. Wurtele is professor of meteorology at the University of California (Los Angeles) and the author of articles in various journals of the geophysical sciences.

It seems strange that contemporary man requires propaganda to persuade him to support political measures assuring the purity of the air he breathes and the water he drinks, or protecting the sensual pleasures afforded by his immediate environment. Yet his indifference to these immediate concerns is a fact of our social life; such propaganda is necessary. *Poisons in the Air* is a work by journalists with this aim, and as such it is a well-researched and effective book, to be recommended as a broad, up-to-date survey of the present situation in air pollution and its regulation throughout the United States.

If anyone doubts the urgency of air-pollution controls, ignoring relatively minor warnings such as that of Donora, Pa., he may consider the horrific example of the London smog of December, 1952, to which are attributable more than 4,000 deaths. The known disasters of this sort are accurately, even conservatively, reported here, together with some statistics which imply frightening forecasts for many communities which have as yet experienced from air pollution only discomfort to human life and depredation of vulnerable properties.

The problem of air pollution is a difficult one, both scientifically and socially. From the former point of view, it is to be emphasized that different communities are threatened by different pollutants, and that in many cases the threat exists without the community's even having taken the necessary technical measures to identify the major pollutants.

Certain of the common toxic substances, such as the oxides of sulphur, are primarily products of industry, released into the atmosphere in great quantities from relatively few and concentrated sources. Many urban regions of the United States are now wrestling with the problem of control of this vaporous industrial sewage, but difficult as it may seem, this goal is in the end politically attainable, as we know from examples such as that of Los Angeles. [See "Smog Today and Smog Tomorrow" by Morris Neiburger, *The Nation,* December 6, 1965.] The research, public education and legislation accomplished by this community during the past twenty years constitute a remarkable social achievement.

Yet Los Angeles still has a most serious pollution problem, attributed to the

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emissions of the internal-combustion engines of 3 million automobiles. (The chief poisons of these little factories are hydrocarbons, nitrogen dioxide and carbon monoxide; but the chemistry of this smog is extremely complex.) And this type of pollution is becoming a threat to every urban area, whatever its climate. Here we run into the social fact of the absence in the automobile industry of any vigorous program of research and development. As this review is written, a federal grand jury is investigating this industry for "conspiracy to obstruct and delay development of smog devices on motor vehicles." Whatever the outcome of this investigation, whatever "device" may or may not be developed, we seem to be stuck for a good many years with no economic alternative to today's internal-combustion engine and its toxic effluents.

One aspect of pollution control which might have received greater mention in this book is the wishful tendency to recommend manipulation of the environment rather than control of the source. This has been particularly evident in Los Angeles, where tunnels bored through mountains, and fleets of helicopters or giant fires to aid convection, have been suggested. Such schemes can be shown to be uneconomic and undesirable. The meteorologist, like the chemist and engineer, is most effectively employed as a planner; and since there is every sign that our megalopolises will continue their explosive growth, the book's emphasis on urban planning is most appropriate and welcome.

The Mafia Establishment

THE MAFIA AND POLITICS. *By Michele Pantaleone. Introduction by Carlo Levi. Preface to the English edition by Denis Mack Smith. Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $5.50.*

GABRIEL GERSH

Mr. Gersh teaches at Long Island University and specializes in Mediterranean affairs. He has written for The New York Times, Saturday Review, The Progressive *and other publications.*

Michele Pantaleone is a young Socialist journalist from western Sicily, the stronghold of the Mafia, and a native of Villalba, which was also the home town of Calogero Vizzini, "Don Calo," head of the Mafia from the end of the war until his death (in bed, and highly respected) in 1954. He is more than an authority on the Mafia. Apart from Danilo Dolci, whose name has become a byword for social reform in Sicily, Mr. Pantaleone is probably the Mafia's most dogged and persistent enemy in Sicily. With great courage and at the risk of his life, he has exposed the activities of the Mafia, condemned its political influence and denounced its crimes, its violence, betrayals and complex intrigues.

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The Mafia, with its spuriously romantic veneer, is a subject perfectly matched to his talents. The works of Gavin Maxwell and Norman Lewis have brilliantly given us the feel and tone of brutalized Sicily. Mr. Pantaleone's book, a collection of articles and essays on various aspects of the history and activities of the Mafia, adds to this a frightening, well-documented account of how the Mafia entrenched itself in Sicily, how it works, and how it has been allowed to work.

To understand the environment, both spiritual and material, which could encourage the development of an institution like the Mafia is difficult for a northern European or an American with his sense of order and his instinctive application of principles of social organization.

In its origins the Mafia was a form of self-help, providing rough justice against the misrule of the Bourbons and security for property owners against brigands and robbers at a time when the state was unable to do so. Its primitive code of vengeance, silence and obedience flourished in Sicily, a backward island that often seems to be only a nominal extension of Europe. Originally the Mafia had a Robin Hood aura, but soon it developed into an immense protective racket by corrupting all levels of society, by extorting money from the poor and by terrorizing and murdering those who refused to submit to its authority.

The most exciting and convincing part of Pantaleone's narrative is that which deals with the rehabilitation of the Mafia by the Allies at the end of World War II. Pantaleone produces evidence of the part played by the naive Americans — wittingly or unwittingly — in restoring the Mafia to power. In these chapters the protagonist is Don Calo, who manipulated the Allied command at will — the triumph of medieval man over modern.

It was Don Calo who in 1943 prepared for the Allies a list of names suitable for office of mayor in western Sicilian towns. He pointed out that many of them had only recently emerged from Fascist jails and the Allies did not investigate his claim that his nominees had suffered for their political ideals, rather than for their crimes ranging from robbery to murder.

At the height of his power, according to a journalist quoted by Pantaleone, Don Calo, "by making a simple telephone call, could get in touch with the Cardinal Archbishop, the Prefect, a General in command of an Army Corps, the President of the Region, a Mayor or a Deputy whenever he chose." Unfortunately, it has been under parliamentary government that this kind of influence has been successful. Mussolini, fearing the Mafia as a rival to his Fascist party, tried to crush it, though many Mafiosi received positions in the Fascist hierarchy.

The author gives a fascinating but frightening account of the way in which the Mafia reasserted its influence and power upon the return of democracy, particularly at all levels of the Christian Democrat Party. Pantaleone also deals, in horrifying detail, with the career of Salvatore Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit

LUNCH HOUR IDYLL

Budding iris in April —
in the shadow of Trinity Church
where Wall Street begins
among stones and grass
and historic prisoners of grass.
Sandwiched between the hours
the church clock races
from graveyard to river,
the iris takes its tear-shape time.
After a long winter
the office girls sun themselves —
their coats open,
their eyes closed.

SAUL TOUSTER

who was ruthlessly used, then as ruthlessly betrayed, by the Mafia. Here one sees how far and deep the corruption extends. What could be expected from the Christian Democrat government in Rome, when it had so plainly negotiated with the bandits? Or the Christian Democrats in Sicily, who had gladly used the Mafia to enforce their ends? Or the police and *carabinieri*, cynically engaged in a phantom campaign, whose end was not to capture Giuliano but to keep him at large as long as he was useful?

The book provides a vivid account of how the "old" Mafia of the feudal estates has been overrun by the "new" Mafia of the industrial towns since the war. The old Mafia was mainly rurally based, though with extensive ramifications among the professional classes and in the church (two of Don Calo's uncles were bishops), unobtrusive in its activities and respectful of each other's spheres of influence. The new Mafia of the towns is dominated by gangs returned from America, deals in narcotics, has international contacts, is flashy in appearance and brutal in style.

The struggle for supremacy has been so bloody that the various Mafias have tried to cooperate in an effort to settle disputes amicably rather than shoot it out in the streets of Palermo. A Mafia tribunal has been formed to adjudicate disputes among the gangs. However, the new Mafia is assured of victory and it is a victory which is hardly threatened by the prospect of a final elimination of Sicilian feudalism and underdevelopment — indeed the new Mafia is the product of a boom environment.

Public indignation and the courage of a few Italian journalists and social reformers like the author and Danilo Dolci have led to the creation of a parliamentary commission to investigate the Mafia's doings, and a number of Mafiosi have been either arrested or deported to other parts of Italy. Does this mean that the end of the Mafia's influence and activity is in sight? It is well over three years since Parliament set up the commission, yet when Dolci denounced a former minister to the commission, it was he, not the minister, who found himself on trial.

To destroy the Mafia altogether will be a difficult task because of its grip on a people whose spirit has been crushed and whose conscience has been anesthetized in a prolonged climate of fear, illiteracy and suspicion of the outside world. In the continuing attempt, Pantaleone's book, a first-rate story of adventure and intrigue set in its proper historical and social context, is also a work of courageous activism.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

If someone should tell you that Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance* is a brilliant play (which it is), ask: "What is its theme?" If another declares that it is very well written (also true), insist on knowing exactly how. And if its staging is praised, try to discover in what regard.

One might discuss the play's accomplishment in the context of its craftsmanship: a slight plot suffices to sustain a long evening and to maintain suspense. In *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* this was achieved through the sparkling venom of the dialogue. The new play proceeds through a continuous enrichment of its theme. Its style crystallizes its meaning.

The play dramatizes discomfort. Its world is not absurd and it is not cruel; it is without comfort. Here one's soul finds no resting place, no spiritual security. The distress that plagues it is all the more acute for being encased in a glittering shell. This private world which is Albee's, to a greater degree than most of us know or care to admit, is largely ours as well.

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What produces this "plague"? We love and cannot bear one another. We need our fellow men desperately, yet cannot reconcile ourselves to their otherness. We yearn for closeness, yet a dismal distance separates us.

This is seldom apparent to us because we are not savages or hoodlums: we generally treat one another with courtesy. In *A Delicate Balance* we are, in contrast to *The Zoo Story*, among sophisticated circumstances. There is an unnatural elegance about the environment. The talk is colloquial enough to be thoroughly American and elaborate enough to approximate the speech of an 18th-century drawing-room play. This is deliberate. Albee wishes us to be at home and yet to remove us to a more abstract sphere. His people are familiar and somehow strangers. They are personae — masks. Ordinary words and phrases are transformed into a special language which we never hear spoken except on a stage. It removes us from the mundane; while it is peculiarly attractive it also disturbs and makes for a slight but persistent uneasiness. It hides its hurt and hate. It is not realism but perhaps high comedy. A jazzy decorum, usually euphonious, is the mark of an extreme tension.

The characters are well-to-do, though we never know how they earn their living. (The absence of a specific background passes unnoticed because the time of the play's action is compressed into thirty hours of a weekend.) A country club is mentioned; we are presumably in the sleek suburbia.

Middle-aged Agnes is the family's fulcrum: she keeps its balance by the force of propriety. Her husband, Tobias, is evasive, taciturn, suppressed: he is rarely allowed to finish a sentence. He is reasonable and invariably correct. Everything painful or messy, all emotional anarchy is firmly checked by Agnes.

Claire, Agnes' sister, is the dissonant but ineffectual voice of dissent. A resolute alcoholic, or more accurately, she asserts, a drunk, she understands everything but is incapable of decided action. She is a rebellious "outsider," herself in need of protection. She cannot even declare her desire for her brother-in-law.

Agnes and Tobias have had a son, who died. She wanted another child, but the shock of the boy's death has filled Tobias with terror at the idea of bringing new life into the world. As a result, his sex appetite is arrested. There is a daughter, Julia, who has been thrice married and divorced. On her return home we learn that she has left her husband.

Into this household where good manners barely clamp the lid on hysteria, come Harry and Edna, members of the country club. They have come to stay permanently. They have no other explanation for their intrusion except that they are *frightened.* Their fear is all the more scary for being without defined cause. They proclaim their right to take refuge in their best friends' home. Julia, who seeks solace in the bosom of her family — a cold bosom since there can be little warmth where so much is repressed — resents these friends who have pre-empted her room. She demands that her parents order Harry and Edna out.

The decision falls to Tobias because, as Agnes points out, by his very passivity Tobias has actually ruled the hearth. In the crucial confrontation of the play Tobias, through an anguished confession, finally takes a stand, the kind of moral decision that most of us seldom make. Though he has never really felt "one" with Harry, never really loved him and wishes he had never been troubled by Harry's sudden dependence on him, he pleads with Harry to stay. For they are *friends* and what does friendship mean unless it goes to the limit of giving all one has to give?

This scene might have been a trite bid for sympathy, in accordance with the Broadway stage code which demands that you must root for someone in every play. But the situation is saved from sentimentality when we hear Harry's admission that he would not have allowed Tobias to live with him if the case were reversed. Harry and Edna leave. Neither man is a good or a bad person. They are just folk. What Albee means to convey through them and the others is the almost insuperable difficulty of loving one's neighbor, and the absolute necessity of behaving with love despite that difficulty.

It would be beside the point at this juncture to compare Albee's play with those of foreign authors who treat adjacent themes. One must first of all recognize the American accent in Albee, his individuality. Nor will it profit us to resist him at present because his vision is not yet broad enough to give his subject greater scope. The play has social relevance, though in this vein insufficient social extension or precise dramatization. Like so many of his generation Albee is as yet too self-absorbed for the broader exertion. His present success lies in the very deft objectivation of his inner state. Our reservations should not mar our appreciation. The play is a further step in the author's progress: it is superior to the more sensational *Virginia Woolf.*

The production is technically proficient. In most cases I am content to indicate as much and let it go at that because I am thoroughly aware how ungrateful an undertaking it is in our disorganized theatre to do full justice to a subtle play.

Able and sympathetic actors have been cast in all the parts, but several of them have been miscast. As performance, Hume Cronyn's is the best. He understands Tobias, he is relaxed and true; he has feeling. But since the play deals in *types* — notice that none of the characters is given a family name — something more is involved than the actor's personal merit.

Alan Schneider, the director, has realized that the play requires a certain reserve or coolness of statement. For this reason he has avoided insisting on seething emotion. Still, his method does not convey the play's quality. Tobias should not be rendered as a "little man" (I am not speaking of height) but as an outwardly imposing figure, a very "senator" of a man, a pillar of our business community in whom the springs of sensibility have begun to dry through disuse. The welling up of his being in the play's crisis would then become more stirring and, what is more important, exemplary. The "little man" of the play is Harry who as cast looks more like a Tobias.

Edna too should have a humbler look instead of the bearing of command Carmen Matthews assumes by her very presence. Thus when Edna claims her and her husband's right as friends she should not appear self-righteous but pathetically lost. Jessica Tandy, as handsome as a Gainsborough portrait, hews close to the director's "line" for Agnes, but this can only become dramatically moving through her almost heroic effort to control the surrounding as well as the inner havoc — the very thing which makes her suspect, in hope more than in dread, that she might some day go mad. This note is absent from Miss Tandy's playing. Her daughter Julia should give the impression of having been the pride of her "Vassar" class, a woman efficiently bright and smartly sexy whose clamorous outbreak should strike us as something entirely unpredictable. Marian Seldes looks as though she had always been as sensitive as a violin string. Rosemary Murphy is effective as the bibulous sister, but through the directorial unbalance she has been edged toward a complacent comedic comment. There is not sufficient torment beneath her sallies.

William Ritman's setting is just what the author has asked for but does not create the style or mood the play demands: a wan space in which amid the status-stamped appointments loneliness creeps under the door and pervades the proceedings like a fog. Such a setting need not appear obviously anti-realistic. Robert Edmond Jones, for example, knew how — through the disposition of properties, lights and colors — to make a setting speak a dramatic message without obstructing the audience's recognition of practical topography.

These critical remarks should not mitigate my readers' obligation to see the play at the Martin Beck. *A Delicate Balance* deserves our close attention. There will be very few new American plays this season to warrant the same.

All quibbles aside, the evening of poetry and folk music by American Negroes under the title *A Hand Is on the Gate* at the Longacre Theatre should also be attended during its limited run. Poems and songs are given by a splendidly attractive company: Leon Bibb, Roscoe Lee Browne, Gloria Foster, Moses Gunn, Ellen Holly, James Earl Jones, Josephine Premice, Cicely Tyson.

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BACH: *St. John Passion*. Kurt Equiluz, Max van Egmond, Jacques Villisch, Bert van t'Hoff, Siegfried Schneeweis, vocal soloists; Wiener Sängknaben, Chorus Viennensia, Concentus Musicus, Wien; Hans Gillesberger, cond. Telefunken SKH 19.

The events through which the *St. John Passion* unfolds are notably monodimensional and direct among Bach's large-scale works, with a one-to-one relationship between the effective time-scale and dramatic functionality of each section of text, and the texture and phraseology of its musical projection that is almost perfunctory in comparison with the inexhaustible subtlety and depth of ramification and development within and among sections that characterizes the later *St. Matthew Passion*. In this respect, the *St. John* is closer to the *Magnificat*, the *Ascension Oratorio* and some of the middle-period cantatas than to the other *Passion*. The most evident quality shared by these works is their presentation of first-rate initial ideas that are often conventionally developed or rigidly sustained, with the result that one senses either a truncation (especially in the *Magnificat*) or an over-extension (especially in the *Ascension Oratorio*). Accordingly, they require in performance an especially sharp delineation of the characteristic profile and texture of each event; otherwise the undifferentiated continuity is simply fatal to the sustained perception of a work as long as the *St. John Passion*.

It is necessary to raise such considerations to explain why a performance as conscientious, delicately played and sung, and precise as the one on the present recording must yet be regarded as an ultimately unsatisfactory representation of the work. The principal problem appears to be Hans Gillesberger's overdiscreetness in articulating dynamic accents and inflections, and the oversimilarity he imposes on the sonority, tempo and texture of the sections. But the distinction prevalent in other aspects of the performance, enhanced by the lovely, sonorous framework produced by using the "original" Bach-era instruments, makes it difficult to dismiss this album without regret.

BERNSTEIN: *Chichester Psalms. Facsimile*. Camerata Singers, New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6192/MS 6792.

COPLAND: *Dance Symphony*. MORTON GOULD: *Spirituals for Orchestra*. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Morton Gould, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2850.

Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms* are mostly innocent, inoffensive little choral pastiches that have none of either the ambitions or the problems—and hence none of the interest either—of his earlier *Kaddisch*. Their superimposition (especially in the final *Psalm*) of a "Broadway" manner onto a traditional choral context recalls Kurt Weill; but even Bernstein's finale is unable to match the sheer Broadway vulgarism of Weill's own *Kaddisch*, since it lacks the ultimate daring of Weill in invoking real "blue" chords to articulate liturgically climactic moments.

Aaron Copland's *Dance Symphony* is interesting mainly as an index of the influences on his formative years; in particular, the signature of Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite* throughout the work reveals, rather surprisingly, how importantly Prokofiev's work must have impinged on Copland's experience during this period. Otherwise, there is little in the *Symphony* that one would recognize as a typical Copland sonority or event, aside from a certain spareness of statement and sections where the virtual absence of events over long spans creates, in context, a special sense of "suspended" continuity.

Morton Gould is the arch-professional in the domain of sonically clever arrangers' music; the *Spirituals* are as "modern," "jazzy," "rhythmic," as could be

ASYLUM

After the tour was over, we drove home
Past probing steeples of the radar screen
For Greater Philadelphia. The screams
Of jets bounced back from high walls of the sky;
Beyond the Industrial Highway, orange gloom
Hung over rows of intricate towers moored
In the river by the Navy Yard.
Upstream, the bleak spires of our city loomed,
But on that island we had come from
Sycamores arched across the water.
Peacocks, elegant in saunter, leaned
Cockaded heads in a rage toward us—they'd scream,
Scream us away. In the rhododendron
With mâchicoulis of Sears Roebuck picket fencing,
Purple battlements behind a vermilion drawbridge
Menaced the implausible Poconos.
Ten yards away, above the falls,
The good ship thwarts the current. Steady oars
Sweep long ripples as the gig
Glides nowhere on matched fours.
Imperial Marines lean back to pull
In everlasting fealty to their Admiral
The Emperor, who paces on the parapet.
Astern, a waterwheel is turning—what intricacies
Of crankshaft rig it to the dummy oarsmen!
—A classic therapy, they amusedly explain—
This is his life.
He's harmless in his kingdom.

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In Congressional districts around the country, a grass roots movement for peace is challenging the destructive consensus of the cold war; in many of these, electoral victory can now transform dissent into real political power.

Almost alone in Washington, a handful of Senators and Congressmen has been seeking to put the issues of this war before the people. They must be joined by others on all levels of government and throughout the country. This will not happen unless Americans care deeply enough to support "new politics" candidates against the "old politics" of military intervention abroad and racial and economic injustice at home.

The National Conference for New Politics is assisting issues-oriented liberals, peace and civil rights activists and anti-poverty organizations who are striving to win elections. It is a co-operative effort to provide financial, research and human resources to those candidacies and constituencies speaking clearly for peace and a full scale assault on the root causes of poverty. It is now abundantly clear that the cost of the war has doomed hopes of any meaningful attack on our slums and ghettos. We can no longer be satisfied with politicians who whisper sentiments for peace in private that they fear to utter in public.

In recent months the conference has contributed large sums of money and services to candidates in Alabama and Mississippi, New York and California and elsewhere across the nation. Particularly disheartening, however, were those close contests in which a few thousand dollars might have meant the difference between defeat and victory.

This time we want to make sure that pliant supporters of Lyndon Johnson's war do not go to Congress because the "new politics" of peace is short of funds. Moreover, we are convinced that growing numbers of Americans see the need to continue the efforts of political organization and education beyond the November elections, if our country is to turn back to the ways of peace and fulfill the long delayed promise of equality for all its citizens.

This is our opportunity to transform dissent into real political power. Send a contribution today to help elect public officials of conscience and courage who will not be manipulated into silence.

Please! Make your check payable to NCNP and mail it now.

> *"I happen to hold to the point of view that it isn't going to be too long before the American people repudiate our war in Southeast Asia."*
>
> Senator Wayne Morse
> Senate Foreign Relations Committee Hearing
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BRAHMS: String Quartets Op. 51, Nos. 1 and 2. The Weller Quartet. London CM 9432/CS 6432.

HAYDN: String Quartets Op. 33, Nos. 1-6. The Weller Quartet. London CMA 7214/CSA 2214.

The playing of the Weller Quartet, despite the youth of its members, is an almost totally faithful representation of the Viennese chamber-music performance tradition, with a few "modernizing" variances. Thus, regardless of the music being performed, the same maximally glucous sonority is maintained, with unbroken, sliding connectivity in all pitch successions, and an articulative approach that mainly involves maximal lingering and distension at every possible structural juncture, however subsidiary. This is accompanied by a consistent application, judiciously varied, of a large repertory of dynamic swells that substitute an imperceptible note initiation rising to a mid-point accent and slow decay for any sense of individual attack or phrasing. The "modern" aspects of the Weller Quartet's performances consist primarily of somewhat brisker tempos than are characteristic of older groups (apparently they are able to pack their full range of expressive inflection on each note into less time) and somewhat less exaggerated elongation at articulation points. As ever, the competence of any given performance depends entirely on the degree to which the invariant approach happens to correspond to the inherent qualities of the particular piece involved; of these recordings, only the Brahms Quartets survive by virtue of the clarity they impose on a texturally dense, articulatively continuous surface. And it probably ought to be noted that the Weller Quartet appears completely competent mechanically and musically, to realize its chosen instrumental and interpretive objectives.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

As fast as possible, the pictures that were successfully showcased last month at the New York Film Festival are being brought into the first-run houses. The impulse to cash in on the publicity is natural enough (indeed, that seems to be largely what the festival is all about), but some of the films may find the Lincoln Center tiara a rather abashing embellishment in their commercial runs.

For example, *The Shameless Old Lady*, adapted and directed by René Allio from a story by Bertolt Brecht. It is almost impossible to talk about this movie without seeming to patronize it — it is so sweet, so prettily done (and so lacking the satiric impudence we associate with Brecht). It is a work to be dropped in on, and any more formal approach is too much for it.

The method of the film is to exploit the resources of the French actress, Sylvie, in the title role. She is indeed splendid, but she is also so evidently meant to be seen as splendid that the picture keeps falling off into a demonstration of acting rather than getting on with the acting itself. Any fellow actor might profit from observing Sylvie prepare and eat a simple widow's supper, and any fellow actor might despair of ever catching the trick whereby Sylvie indicates that a gleam has come into her eye. But the public profits more when acting of this caliber is sublimated into a performance.

The fault is not in Sylvie but in the "salesmanship" with which the camera shows her off, and in the fact that, lacking material of any great substance to work with, she falls back, as good craftsmen do, on technique. For the story is fluff. An old woman of Marseilles, having spent her life drudging for a large and largely unappreciative family, emerges in widowhood as a bombazine butterfly and sips nectar for her final eighteen months. She is helped in this by the neighborhood trollop and a flamboyant anarchist cobbler who adopt her and her life's capital. Her family, whose own jarring lives are shown in flashes, watch in bourgeois outrage as she is made use of with a tender gaiety they never offered. And that is it — a thoroughly sentimental little tour de force for a rainy afternoon. I have read that old people may be expected to enjoy the film; I should think they would find it unbearable.

The supporting cast is visually strong — a group of vital men and women — but they all seem a little exaggerated, as though they were running hard to keep pace with Sylvie, who can outdistance any of them with contemptuous ease.

Masculine Feminine was one of two Jean-Luc Godard films screened at Lincoln Center (the other, Belmondo in *Pierre le Fou* which has not yet opened commercially). It is good in its detail, rather frustrating overall. No one yet has found how to make a substantial creative work out of one of the current dominant "social" themes: the alleged entropy of contemporary youth. Since by definition these boys and girls do nothing from conviction or in any consistent pattern, it is possible to show them in vignettes, but bafflingly difficult to set them in a dramatic frame that an outsider can understand and retain. It is said that the "scene" is subject enough, and that may be true for the section of the audience that is watching its own autobiography; for the others, these reports on youth adrift may seem no more than the extended preparation for a scene that never gets under way. (In fact, Godard attributes his narrative to Guy de Maupassant, but considering that a narrative is precisely what fails to unroll, the credit seems only bizarre.)

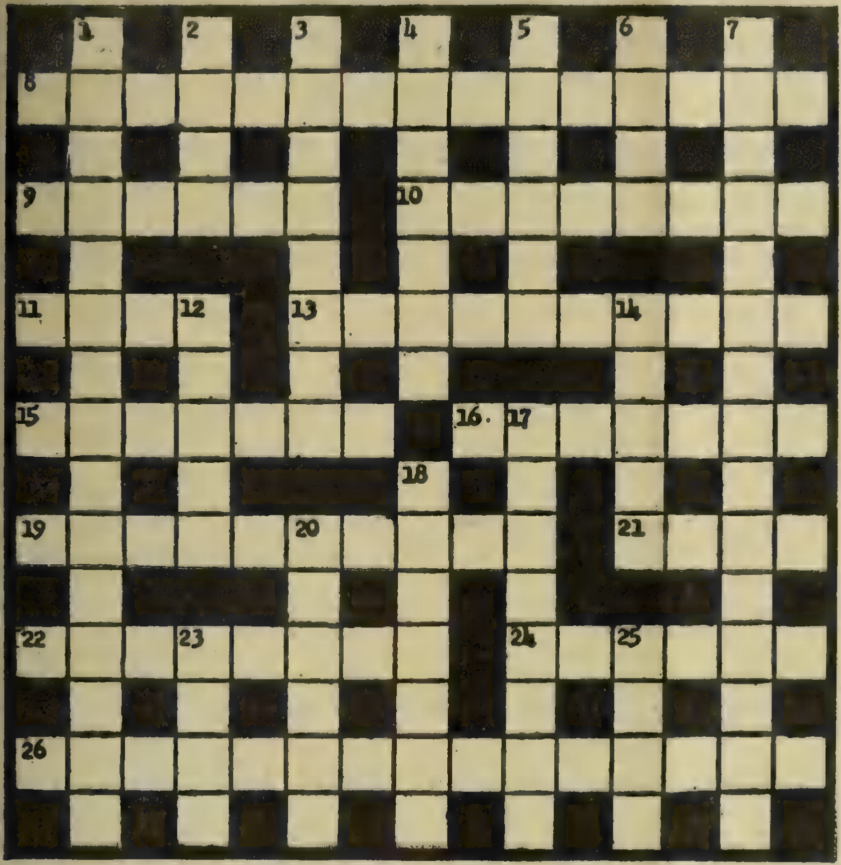
Godard attempts to give some current to the eddying of his young people by interpolating episodes of unpredictable, anonymous violence; these seem to punctuate the random motion and at the same time suggest that needing to hold themselves anesthetized from just such shocks is what has produced this unfocused generation. True, they declare themselves opposed to the war in Vietnam, but one gets the feeling that for these French boys and girls one attraction of the stand is that their views are so irrelevant to what takes place as to reinforce their general position of estrangement.

Beyond that, *Masculine Feminine* is in its detail a warm and ingratiating picture because Godard is so clearly fond of his wan hipsters. He has noticed, and makes affectionate use of, their folk customs: the moments of wild, symbolic revolt that spring without warning out of lethargy; the laughless wit based on self-mockery; the wide-eyed sexual frankness; the habit of submitting one another to searching personal interrogations in lieu of conversation. He finds a darling innocence in these underage hedonists that gives his picture a glow, if not exactly a point.

Or at least he finds it in the boys. His girls, by contrast, seem cold, self-watchful and narrowly competent. It may be that Godard has more sympathy for boys; or perhaps he feels that if girls would only make the traditional home-and-babies demand of the boys, this generation would get itself on the road at last. If so, it is very French bourgeois of him.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1170

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 Couldn't be trusted with a certain weekly magazine, by reputation! (15)
9 Point to the timekeeper for a sample! (6)
10 Sort of bored after the fighting for play clothes! (8)
11 Aims for quits! (4)
13 Sort of rune believed to be not bought back. (10)
15 A movement of the barrier around the platform. (7)
16 Those who might not let you read fliers, in a sense. (7)
19 Reckoning funny fellows show which way the game went? (10)
21 And this divided, etc., should be before long. (4)
22 Trophy committee supervisors in the cabinet? (8)
24 When the monarch loses his head, he might be disturbed by such quarters. (6)
26 Go formal? (5, 2, 8)

DOWN:

1 Artistic descriptions the traveling salesman might be used to? (7, 8)
2 Charge made by one in a race? (4)
3 Where washers might be properly seated. (8)
4 He also might make a charge in the race, but not like 2. (7)
5 Slept soundly, obviously. (6)
6 Start agitation in prison? (4)
7 A flip remark of the loser, possibly. (6, 2, 7)
12 Sounds like what one shouldn't do in flight. (5)
14 Birds in the wilderness. (5)
17 Do they promise to cover your losses in England? (8)
18 Future explanation might enable one to do so. (7)
20 A corny combination, but it might draw well. (6)
23 Might it tie up the stock? (4)
25 Is this a bad sign in almost the last state? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1169

ACROSS: 1 Blarney stone; 9 and 20 As slick as a whistle; 10 Iris; 11 Detailed; 12 Greece; 13 Inter; 15 Potbelly; 16 Agitates; 19 Newer; 21 Sonata; 22 Retailer; 24 Utes; 25 Interstate; 26 Pamphleteers. DOWN: 2 Listening posts; 3 Reliant; 4 Excel; 5 Stand up; 6 Orangutan; 7 Epicene; 8 Circular letter; 14 Ritualism; 17 Tears up; 18 Scratch; 23 Terse.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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LETTERS

coincidence

Chamblee, Ga.
DEAR SIRS: The article "The Campus Scare Campaign" by William Wingfield [*The Nation*, Sept. 12] contains a very serious factual error. I refer to Mr. Wingfield's reference to Young Americans for Freedom as "a Birch Society affiliate." . . . If Mr. Wingfield were as fond of research as he is of throwing mud, he would find that YAF has absolutely nothing to do with the John Birch Society. *Charles Flynn*

Covina, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: The California subcommittee on Un-American Activities specifically identifies the Young Americans for Freedom as a Birch front. Members of the YAF advisory board include John Rousselot, the Birch Society national public relations director; Dean Clarence Manion, member of the Birch Society National Council, and Edgar Hiestand, former Birch Congressman from California.

At one time, one of the top YAF officials in California was Robert Gaston, who calls himself a "Rousselot-Republican." In my home town, the Young Americans for Freedom hold their meetings in the Birch Society's local bookstore. I personally know several Birchers who also admit membership in the Young Americans for Freedom.

For a group that claims it has no connection with the John Birch Society, the Young Americans for Freedom seems to have more than its share of Birch leaders. *William Wingfield*

no ban

Kalamazoo, Mich.
DEAR SIRS: Mr. Wingfield discusses Loeffler's boast that students at Western Michigan defied their "leftist professors" by reading *None Dare Call It Treason*. . . . *No* teacher on Western's campus told students they *could not* read the book. None of my colleagues are naive enough to believe they can control what a student reads on his own, nor do they wish to. Only fear-peddler Loeffler who embraces totalitarian methods would impute them to others. . . .

Lynwood H. Bartley, Broadcasting Dept.
Western Reserve University

thorn of the *Tribune*

Brooklyn, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: The anti-labor image painted by James G. Smart in "Death of the *Herald Tribune*" [*The Nation*, Sept. 26] will leave most liberal non-*Tribune* readers with the impression that its demise is small loss. The opposite, of course, is the truth. . . . The *Trib*, whatever one may have thought of its editorial page, served an extremely important function: it kept *The New York Times* honest in its news columns. Anyone following news from Vietnam, for example, was immediately struck by the change in coverage by the *Times* when dispatches to the *Trib* no longer threatened news beats, and the *Trib*'s small Washington bureau was constantly able to come up with items that kept the larger *Times* bureau on its toes. In city news the last couple of years was a period of crusading reporting which heavily contributed to Lindsay's election as mayor.

During this period when everyone attempts to manage the news and the *Times* is probably the single most important source of the news, it was particularly important to the reading public that the *Trib*'s thorn be in the *Time*'s saddle.

(Continued on page 388)

EDITORIALS

Mr. Johnson's Problem

One of the staples of political commentary these days is that the President of the United States, by all odds the most powerful of world leaders, is not trusted, either by his own people or by foreigners. The most crucial aspect of this distrust is in relation to Vietnam. The President is represented as being seriously interested in a negotiated settlement, and unable to understand why there is so much skepticism about his position. It is not much of a puzzle.

Any President, any ruler, must be something of a manipulator, something of a conniver, in order to do his job. Friend and foe alike expect as much. Mr. Johnson's trouble is that he has carried intrigue too far, so that the gap between his words and his actions has widened beyond acceptable limits. The glaring example, of course, is Johnson the candidate, a moderate vis-à-vis Vietnam in contrast to the firebrand Goldwater, and Johnson elected, acting as the voters had assumed Goldwater would act—or worse. After that, why should any reasonably critical person accept the President's protestations at face value?

Skepticism is the more justified because the President has continued on a course of pretense and deception and seems to be incapable of handling the burdens of his office in any other fashion. Consider the stage setting for the upcoming Manila session. Ambassador Goldberg launches still another peace offensive at the UN, differing only in microscopic detail from previous manifestos. President Marcos of the Philippines comes to Washington, is given a big reception and a big loan, and takes his turn at the UN. No sooner is Marcos out of the country than Mr. Johnson "accepts" an invitation to fly to Manila in the cause of peace. The Asian participants in this confabulation will all be client states of this country, dependent on us for arms and money. So constituted, it must look in Hanoi more like a war conference than a peace conference, and Mr. Johnson must look no more trustworthy than in the past. The stage management is so clumsy that Americans, except for the most sheeplike, can hardly be taken in either.

The original date for this gathering of the anti-Communist alliance was October 18. Could this timing have anything to do with domestic politics? What with Mr. Johnson's popularity slipping, it could indeed. It would put him precisely where he wants to be between the end of the World Series, when Americans will again have time for problems of state, and the November 8 election. The trip would dominate the news while Mr. Johnson and entourage are en route, while they are in Manila, and when they are back in Washington for the report to the Congress, press conferences, and the speculations of the commentators as to what is behind it all. The political implications of the trip as originally projected were in fact so palpable that the President felt compelled, as criticism mounted, to expand the itinerary so as to give the appearance of a broader purpose. But note that the schedule has been delayed slightly, so that live television coverage via satellite can be set up. There is altogether too much showmanship involved to allow much hope that a serious attempt at a settlement is really in prospect.

No doubt the President would like to secure a settlement—on his own terms. His role as an impresario reveals the carrot-and-stick strategy which has marked his previous promotions. Goldberg offers the carrot at the UN. Even while he pleads for peace, Secretary McNamara announces a hike in the purchase of combat aircraft. The President goes to Manila, ostensibly in the cause of peace. McNamara goes on a military mission to Saigon. If all these answers fail, what comes next? The President may boggle at the use of nuclear devices, but the least he will be able to settle for is a tougher war. It will be deferred until after November 8; when it comes, trust in Mr. Johnson will drop still another notch.

Party Politics and Race

The myopic schemers who mastermind the Republican Party sense that they can build an issue around "riots and disorders" by calling for "firmness" (in Birchite nomenclature, "support your local police") and by hinting that "subversion" is responsible for disturbances involving Negroes. Stated bluntly, they are tempted to make race the primary issue. Since they are not willing to take a stand for peace, race better suits their purposes than Vietnam.

To call this cynical is to engage in understatement. It is cynical, sinister and contemptible; it seeks to profit from the streak of racism buried deep in the American psyche—by no means universal, but far from negligible in political potential. Despite this bias, it was possible earlier to rally major support for civil rights in areas outside the South. The Negro vote was pivotal in many big cities in populous states, and liberals, religious groups and fair-minded Americans generally were demanding civil rights action. What made such action relatively easy was that the thrust of civil rights legislation was directed against the South. For Negroes in the North, voting, serving on juries and political equality in general were pretty much taken for granted. Supporting the extension of such rights to Southern Negroes involved no sacrifice for Northern whites.

In 1964, the "white backlash" began to be talked about. The expression originated in the North and reflected Northern irritation at discovering that the Negro aspired not only to political but to economic equality. Until the movement reached this stage, the Northern white community could enjoy race supremacy and feel virtuous at the same time. But when moderate Negro leaders failed to get for the slums the expected benefits, and slum dwellers began to call attention to themselves in the only way that seemed to them still open, a large section of the white community resorted to the standard defense of dominant groups intent on maintaining their dominance. They did not blame themselves, they blamed the victims; the misery of the slums was the slums' own fault.

Thus *Time* (October 7) expresses its sorrow that the "Negro revolution" is devouring its children. "During a summer of insensate riots and black-power demagoguery," *Time* editorializes, "the Negro's legitimate struggle for full citizenship sadly lost momentum, while white reaction against Negro excesses continued to mount." This rising white reaction, caught at the flood, is what some GOP leaders see as the party's opportunity. If they seize it and succeed, the

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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THE NATION

Volume 203
No. 12

ultimate cost may appall even them, but their vision does not extend beyond the next election.

The deadly stalemate which could ensue, with violence far exceeding anything experienced heretofore, is already in view. In proportion as the white reflex mounted, the South began to take heart from the fact that the struggle had shifted to the North, and the North was exhibiting Dixie attitudes, with only minor concealments. The Northern backlash has fomented a renewed reaction in the South, of which Lester Maddox, the ax-handle aspirant for the governorship of Georgia, is one symbol, Wallace in Alabama another, Johnson in Arkansas a third, and others sprouting all over. With not more than 3 per cent of the South's Negro children attending integrated schools, the segregationists are making a stand against further integration, even at the token level. The degree to which they have been emboldened is shown by Rep. Mendel Rivers' McCarthyite manhandling of U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe.

Two courageous voices have been heard amid this racist tumult. One was that of Rep. Charles Weltner, who repudiated Maddox at the cost of his own Congressional seat. The other was raised by Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, who scornfully dissociated himself from statements by Republican national leaders, including former President Eisenhower, to the effect that the Administration had condoned and encouraged street violence. Responsibility, Mr. Rockefeller said, rested with the mayors of the cities where violence erupted.

If the white blacklash presents an intra-party problem for liberal Republicans, Weltner's dramatic action is almost certain to raise complications for President Johnson. The counsel of caution would be to remain above the battle, but if the Republicans ally themselves with racism, can the President stay aloof while valiant Democrats of less prominence sacrifice their careers to their principles?

How Much for a Life?

It depends, of course, on whose life you are talking about. Until recently, in accordance with a 1929 treaty negotiated by some ninety nations in Warsaw, a passenger killed in the crash of an international airliner was worth $8,290—no more, no less. In 1965, after much pulling and hauling, the International Air Transport Association expressed willingness to raise the indemnity to $50,000 per dead passenger. If, on the other hand, the passenger happened to be a well-heeled businessman on a New York-San Francisco flight, the heirs were more fortunate; a jury might go as high as $500,000 in its evaluation of this extinguished life.

But these are all Caucasian lives, and among them American lives have the greatest cash value. For Asian lives, the American Government has another standard. When a Vietnamese civilian is killed by misdirected U.S. air attacks—a not unusual occurrence—the surviving family (if any) is awarded $34. This is quite in line with other calculations of the South Vietnamese government, the U.S. Defense Department and other U.S. agencies. Refugees from our air attacks who seek survival in camps in areas free of the Vietcong are granted an allowance of 9c a day. The United States is a rich country, but frugal withal—except in killing, where no expense is spared and no cost is too great.

The bargain-basement valuation of Asian life may have some connection with General Eisenhower's counsel that we should not rule out the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam. Next to biological warfare, which has not yet been perfected, atomic warfare is the least expensive means of wiping out a hostile population. We would not even have to pay the $34 indemnity.

'New Politics' in California

From West Virginia to California groups are beginning to organize with an eye to independent political action. *The Nation* is in thorough sympathy with the impulse behind this widespread and growing demand for a "new politics," given an impetus by the surprising number of "peace candidates." Indeed, we voiced the demand long before the National Conference for a New Politics was organized ("Time for a New Politics" by Carey McWilliams; *The Nation*, May 26, 1962). Maddox vs. Callaway in Georgia, and Tower vs. Carr in Texas, are not choices but cruel echoes.

Today it is all too clear that the malfunctioning of the two-party system is creating a dangerous national mood of bitterness, frustration, anger and deep concern. Not surprisingly, the demand for independent action is strongest in California where party structures are notoriously weak and where "peace candidates" have fared better than elsewhere. At the moment, the state has the largest potential constituency for a "new politics."

But merely to give vent to the existing frustration is not necessarily the best way to set a "new politics" in motion.

Consider, for example, the recent State-wide Conference on Power and Politics in Los Angeles. (See page 377 of this issue.) The impressive turn-out — 2,089 delegates — clearly reflects the existing annoyance with the sad state of our politics and our parties. By an estimated margin of 60 to 40 (there were no roll-call votes), the delegates voted to boycott both Reagan and Brown. Since the prime purpose of the conference seemed to be to proclaim a hex on Brown, the effect of the action was to divide the potential constituency for a "new politics."

Across town, another group, "State of the Future Conference for Californians," met for the purpose of endorsing Governor Brown. Speakers included: The Right Reverend James A. Pike, Sen. Edward Kennedy, Harry S. Ashmore, Dr. S. I. Hayakawa and Wallace Stegner. But the appearance of the rival group was merely one of several indications of the divisive effect of the decision to boycott Brown.

At the "new politics" conference, five liberal California Congressmen — Philip Burton, Augustus F. Hawkins, Edward R. Roybal, Don Edwards and George Brown — released a statement endorsing the Governor. The delegates could hardly criticize the voting record of these men, some of whom might be defeated if Reagan were to sweep the state. The AFL-CIO is, of course, supporting Governor Brown, but so is the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and so is Cesar Chavez's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee. A few Negroes and Mexican-Americans attended the "new politics" conference, but they could hardly be regarded as spokesmen for their respective groups. Even the liberal intellectuals identified with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions were divided; some attended one conference, some the other.

The reason for the division is clear enough. Reagan vs. Brown is not a Hobson's choice like Maddox vs. Callaway or Tower vs. Carr. "We have been critical of the Governor," to quote from the statement of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, "in the past and no doubt will differ with him again in the future. But we would be less than grateful, as farm workers, if we did not now urge his re-election." The lesser-evil argument is tedious and has been grossly abused, but the margin of choice between Brown and Reagan is significant and the outcome can have important national implications. More to the point is the question of the tactical wisdom of raising an issue, late in the campaign, which was certain to divide those who, on almost any reckoning, would necessarily make up the constituency of a "new politics." The boycott will probably not injure Governor Brown's chances — it may improve them — and in the end many of the delegates who shouted approval of it may vote for him. But the question remains: was this the best way or the best time to launch so serious an undertaking as the projection of a "new politics"?

Hidden Ingredient

When the United States Information Agency thinks that a book published in this country should be read by peoples abroad, it will subsidize a foreign edition—paying for the translation and in some cases buying enough copies for free distribution in influential circles to make the venture attractive to the publisher. The job of USIA—an unenviable one these days—is to put America's best foot forward, and supporting books which are thought to further that aim is in principle a legitimate part of the work.

But sometimes USIA cannot find a book that expresses the view it wants aired on a subject it thinks important. Then it becomes more active; it finds a writer, supervises his work (how closely it supervises is a skittish subject with agency personnel) and puts him in touch with a publisher. The foreign edition appears in due course, but often the publisher will also bring out an edition for domestic sale. In such cases, American readers are asked to buy a book which they have, in effect, already paid for through taxes. More important, they are asked to read a work that was commissioned as U.S. propaganda, but the government's hand in the matter is not evident anywhere in the volume.

Until recently, when the House Appropriations Subcommittee became upset by the policy, USIA kept secret the list of books in which it had an interest. Now the titles have been released and in the future cautious readers can presumably ferret out the subsidized books. But that is carrying *caveat emptor* rather far; in simple honesty, books that are midwived by USIA should have the fact recorded on their title pages. However, that is an aspect of packaging, and packaging, as Congress well knows, is not the most ethical of pursuits. It is more than probable that we shall need a law obliging Praeger (the most active publishing colleague of USIA) and the other participating firms to carry a suitable notice when works they distribute at home are feedbacks from the government's overseas public relations.

The Red Paint Incident

The following advertisement appeared recently in the Denver daily press:

"First Unitarian's vandalism insurance policy was canceled last fall by the company which held our insurance. This despite an eight-year record of more than $4,000 paid in premiums and only $1,200 in claims filed for all purposes, not just vandalism. Not a bad profit for any insurance company, you might think. But the company didn't think so.

"What provoked the cancellation was featured on the front pages of the local papers as 'The Red Paint Incident.' Distressed church officials were pictured pointing to the church building walls where vandals had thrown oil-penetrating 'bombs' the night before. We'd rented our facilities—as we have to other 'controversial' community groups —to a group which was pleading the 'Stop the War' cause. Someone apparently didn't like that.

"But we'd rent again for the same cause or to the opposing side. For we believe that truth will not be vanquished as long as reason is left to combat error.

"First Unitarian Church, Richard Henry, Minister."

The Right to Abortion

In the *Saturday Evening Post*'s "Speaking Out" department someone does occasionally speak out—witness Dr. William B. Ober in the October 8 issue on "We Should Legalize Abortion." Dr. Ober asks, "By what right does state or church claim a jurisdiction superior to that of the woman involved in pregnancy? I believe that every woman should be able to have an unwanted pregnancy aborted at her own request, subject only to the consent of her husband and the advice of her physician." Even wider liberalization is advocated by Alice S. Rossi, a research sociologist at the University of Chicago, writing on "Abortion Laws and Their Victims" in the September/October issue of *Trans-action*. Dr. Rossi's position is that "any woman, whether married or not, should be able to secure a safe abortion, upon her own request, at a reasonable fee, in a licensed hospital by a licensed and competent physician."

Such views are prevalent among the educated and sexually permissive, but will the general public support abortion reform? Approval must be unequivocal or state legislators (each state being sovereign in this field) will consider the issue too hot to handle. But actually it is hot on only one side. The National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago scanned a representative sample of nearly 1,500 adult Americans in December, 1965, and found that 71 per cent favored legal abortion where the woman's own health is endangered, 56 per cent where she is pregnant as a result of rape, and 55 per cent where there is a strong chance of serious defect in the baby. But the percentages were abruptly reversed for the mother of a low-income family that could not afford more children or when the woman did not want to marry the man by whom she had conceived, or if, being married, she simply did not want any more children. The maximum favorable response in these categories was 21 per cent.

Judging by this survey, Americans are willing to sacrifice the fetus for the sake of the mother's health or to spare her anguish for which she is in no way responsible, but they do not hold with the abortion-on-demand principle approached in the Japanese Eugenic Protection Law of 1948. Where the conventions are involved, they still favor punitive motherhood: an unmarried prospective mother, for instance, must embark on a high-risk marriage, or go through the pregnancy and put the child up for adoption, or bear and rear an illegitimate child. The majority will neither tolerate abortion as a last-resort birth-control measure nor recognize the absolute right of a woman to decide whether or not she wishes to bear a child.

Estimates of the number of illegal abortions performed annually range from 250,000 to more than 1 million. To make a beginning in cutting down this national disgrace, it would seem best to seek early changes in the abortion laws in conformity with the present state of public opinion, and to allow time for America to catch up with Japan before attempting wider liberalization.

WARMING UP FOR NOVEMBER 8

ILLINOIS

A Boy Wonder Grows Up

PETER M. DEUEL

Mr. Deuel, a reporter for the Chicago Daily News, *has been covering city and state politics since 1957.*

Chicago

Paul H. Douglas, the senior United States Senator from Illinois, is having thrust upon him an honor that he's doing his best to avoid. It is the right to ride the coattails of President Lyndon B. Johnson, a mode of transportation which most political office seekers admit is hazardous this season. The sponsor of this privilege is Charles H. Percy, the one-time boy wonder of Illinois and national politics who is making an impressive stab at taking from Douglas the Senate seat he has held for eighteen years.

Percy no longer qualifies as a boy wonder; he was 47 on September 27, and two tragedies — one personal and the other professional — have aged him. The more terrible of these was the murder of his 21-year-old daughter, Valerie, on September 18. Those who know this millionaire industrialist well say his enormous reserve of inner strength will enable him to recover from this senseless tragedy and drive on with renewed purpose in the campaign.

The professional tragedy, of less savage importance but nonetheless a part of the new Percy, was the 1964 gubernatorial campaign in which he learned a valuable political lesson: organization is what wins campaigns, not being "right." Percy, like so many other promising Republicans that year, was the victim of another set of coattails, Barry Goldwater's. He lost his race for the governorship by a little more than 170,000 votes, while President Johnson was literally burying Goldwater.

His daughter's death caused him to halt his campaign temporarily (Douglas did likewise), but until the Percy family went into seclusion to try to find strength from their Christian Science beliefs to carry on, Percy had been doing right all the things that he had done wrong before. And Douglas was feeling the pinch of it. He began to attack Percy for his stands on Vietnam and inflation, a tactic the one-time economics professor would normally shun.

But the one issue on which the candidates can find little to disagree, except in method, is civil rights and it is there that Percy is most likely to pick up votes. Chicago has been the Northern focal point for the equal rights drive of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Dr. King has moved his headquarters to Chicago, determined to bring Mayor Richard J. Daley to his knees.

Strangely, Percy has made a complete about-face in his stand on the most volatile of the civil rights issues — open housing. Two years ago, when it was not a key political issue, Percy opposed state-wide open occupancy. This year, when the white backlash has reached immense proportions in Chicago, Percy favors it.

Douglas, long a friend of the civil rights movement, must count heavily on the Chicago Negro vote, and the polls show Percy cutting into that usually Democratic bloc. At the same time, although he is considerably more liberal than most of the backlashers would like, Percy seems to be the beneficiary of their bitterness: he is running a good 5 per cent ahead of his last campaign in areas where the reaction to the summer's demonstrations has been strongest.

Recently, the race has been further complicated by the entry, as a write-in candidate, of Robert Subonjian, Mayor of Waukegan. During a two-day riot last August in that northern Illinois city's Negro district, Subonjian referred to the rioters as "scum" and "winos." While his candidacy carries little hope of victory, politicians view him as a magnet for the white backlash vote, most of which seems to be falling to Percy.

Percy has never stopped running for office, any office, since his defeat, and he's broken the rules of politics by trying to carry out some of his campaign pledges even though he lost. Accordingly, he has been popping into and out of the public eye for nearly eighteen months. One of his major projects has been a literacy program that provides illiterates with the equivalent of a sixth-grade reading and writing ability in eight weeks. Percy saw illiteracy as a major cause of the rising number of unemployables and enlisted the aid of a friend, insurance tycoon W. Clement Stone, to finance it. In one year, more than 500 men and women completed the course. Another of his interests has been the New Illinois Committee, a privately supported war-on-poverty organization that engaged in neighborhood organization, slum-improvement projects, employment programs and similar ventures.

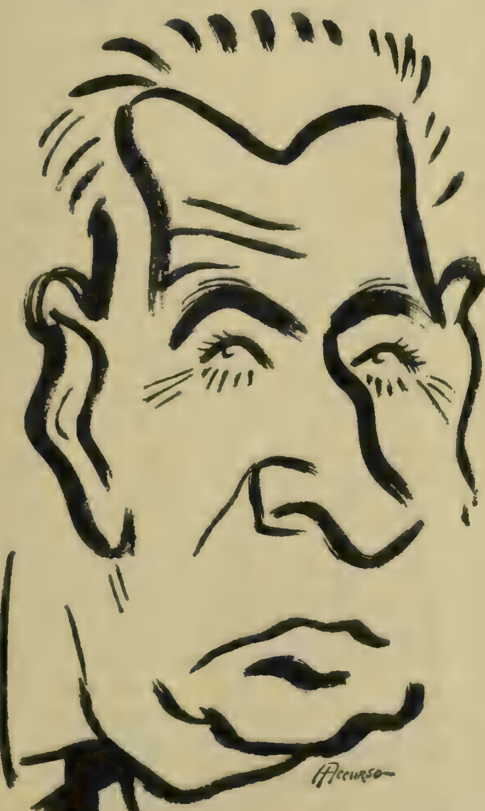
In the course of all this work, Percy matured. He retains much of his boyish good looks, but he has found a new toughness and an ease with people, and he's a lot less naive. Although people still call him Chuck, he shows a lot less of the "gee, whiz" reaction that reduced his stature in 1964. His advisers, most of whom were amateurs and showed it, are closer to being professionals now. They also learned from the bruises of that year.

All of this is telling on Douglas, and reporters covering the 74-year-old Senator's campaign detect a snappishness that reflects his concern. Recently, while stumping the northwest corner of the state. Douglas discovered that a new aide had neglected to put out an advance text of his speech.

"Dammit, man, don't you realize we're in a war?" he yelled at the aide. And a war it is. Percy has hit upon the issues which he thinks will end Douglas' public career: Vietnam and inflation, wrapped in the baleful shadow of Lyndon Johnson.

Not content with criticizing Douglas, Percy has countered with proposals of his own. One such idea, the All-Asian Peace Conference on Vietnam, has won wide attention, even from the President, and Douglas finds himself nearly alone in his opposition to letting Asians meet by themselves on the Vietnamese problems.

The two campaigns provide an interesting contrast. Douglas, although he does not command the grandiose oratory of his Illinois colleague, Everett McKinley Dirksen, still cuts a fine figure on the podium. He has stuck to set speeches as his electioneering mainstay. Percy, who talked too much and listened not enough in 1964, now does little set speaking and a lot of handshaking. The results have been amazing. Those accustomed to seeing him stride aloofly through a crowd after leaving a platform can now watch him munch on picnic fare while surrounded by admirers, or join a folk dance or sign autographs.



Drawings by Accurso

Paul H. Douglas

Percy is also trying to make something of his age advantage, but is having only limited success because Douglas shows remarkable vigor. When Percy recently went swimming in a chilly Lake Michigan, Douglas' press aides put out a release reminding voters that their Senator takes a daily one-hour swim for exercise. When Percy did a little chain dance at an Assyrian picnic and got his picture taken kicking his heels, Douglas the next day was photographed kicking a football off a tee to open a political rally. Though silver-haired, Douglas hasn't grayed much around the intellect. He is still a master campaigner and can talk about John Stuart Mill with a downstate farmer and a university professor and pull off both conversations.

Although Percy is not belittling Douglas, he does make it seem as though he were a little sorry for him. "I like to pretend I'm a Chicago precinct captain," Percy told a visitor recently. "Why should I go for Paul Douglas? What's Douglas ever done for me? Besides, why remind the voters about Vietnam and the cost of living by bringing up a Lyndon Johnson man when I can stick to the local candidates. Look at the fix I'm in." That fix is Douglas' reputation for political independence, which he has had to forgo this time around in favor of closer links with Mayor Daley's organization.

Paul Douglas has been the Democrats' best vote getter in history. In 1948, a professor from the University of Chicago and former Chicago alderman, he was put up with another prominent Illinoisan, Adlai Stevenson, as Democratic reform candidates for Senator and Governor. The man who engineered this coup — both candidates won sweeping victories — was Jacob Arvey, the Illinois National Democratic committeeman and Chicago powerhouse. Arvey has since become little more than a figurehead because Daley runs things his own way.

There are those who predict that Percy will one day be a national candidate and, knowing the determination of the one-time camera company president, few will take bets against it. But he has to make it past the Senate race first, and he finds it hard to rid himself entirely of that "gee, whiz" image brought on last time by the romantic bewilderment that overpowered his whole campaign team at the thought of big-league politics.

Percy is a millionaire now, but there were many days during the depression when his parents had no money. His father was a bank official who felt a moral responsibility to help repay losses his bank incurred when it failed, even though he had no legal responsibility.

Percy worked his way through the University of Chicago and held a number of jobs including one campus-based business that grossed $150,000 a year. He also worked part-time for Bell & Howell, and became a friend of its president. After college he joined the camera firm and became its president at the age of 29, one of the youngest corporate heads in the United States. In fifteen years, he took the firm from a moderate-income operation to a gigantic business with international operations. During all this time he was active in Republican circles and helped with both fund raising and platform writing on a national level. He became good friends with then President Dwight D. Eisenhower, a closeness that lasts to this day.

Percy served in the Navy during World War II. Douglas, although 50 at the time, managed to wangle an enlistment in the Marine Corps, and after pulling more strings saw action in the Pacific. During one of his encounters, he was wounded and lost the use of his left arm.

The tempo of Douglas' junket through northwestern Illinois took a strong upswing when his attractive wife joined the team. She is an extremely effective speaker with the women's groups and accompanies her husband whenever she can. Percy's campaign has a lot more hooray to it. He frequently travels with the Perquettes, a group of handsome teen-age girls who wear red, white and blue uniforms and pass out campaign literature. And he can be sure that his advance men will turn out a crowd. Even a labor rally in downstate Sparta, which should have been more a Douglas venture, got him 5,000 welcomers and a warm response. Despite loud-speaker advance announcements, one street-corner appearance by Douglas netted him six people in a Negro neighborhood of Moline, a thriving industrial city on the Illinois-Iowa border.

Douglas is stuck with a campaign theme — "you never had it so good"—that does little to stir up the voters. People, he says, are bringing home fatter pay checks. The economy is booming. Opportunities have never been greater.

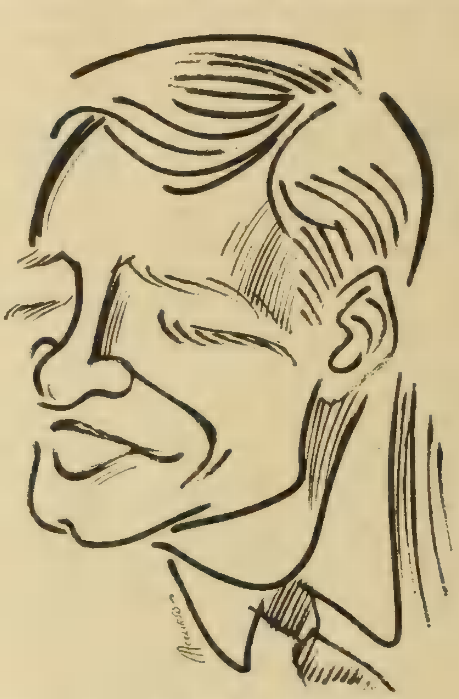
To this Percy counters: "People don't care how big their pay check is. They want to know what they can bring home with it and it's less these days. Everybody has sort of a gut feeling that things aren't going right. They want to take it out on President Johnson, and since they can't they'll settle for Paul Douglas. And President Johnson is making it easy because he's trying to prove to people he's a good campaign aid whether the candidates want his help or not."

The first samples taken by the pollsters seem to show that Percy's analysis of the campaign so far is right. He is apparently running well ahead of his 1964 pace, especially in Chicago, and Douglas is dropping behind previous marks. The polls, as usual, do not yet reflect the power of the Cook County Democratic Committee, which will send its precinct captains out about ten days before election for a blitz. No political organization, or to use Percy's term, machine, works better than Daley's when things get tough.

Another imponderable in this race is the effect of Valerie's death. The polls have shown little sympathy, but many Democratic politicians expect an appreciable reaction on November 8.

These experts also point out that Percy has done the work necessary within his own party to solidify a state Republican organization that was shattered over the Goldwater issue. In 1964, Percy set up his own state-wide organization through a citizens' group. The regular Republican organization, a Goldwater captive, was at best lukewarm to Percy, and he in turn straddled the Goldwater fence, satisfying neither side in that battle. This year, Percy is relying on State Central Committeeman Victor Smith to operate the downstate campaign and is managing only Cook County himself.

Percy's campaign manager, Thomas Houser, a suburban political leader, says the campaign is short of funds. Douglas, on the other hand, is said to have a fat bank roll because of union support. Percy cannot himself spend more than $25,000 on his own campaign and will probably spend less because he intends only to match the largest contributor, and it is a fact of political life that big donors fight shy of Senatorial campaigns. Governors can pay back through political favors a lot faster than can Senators.


Charles H. Percy

Paul Douglas is a tough man in a fight, and he has going for him something that is impossible to measure on the political dope sheet: his reputation for honesty. One suburban shopper expressed it when she said: "Chuck Percy is all right but Paul Douglas is the most honest politician in the state. It seems a shame to have to turn out a man of his caliber to elect Percy."

And some of the big guns in Douglas' arsenal have yet to take the stage. What effect will the appearance of Senators Robert and Edward Kennedy have on the campaign in a state where passion for the Kennedys runs high? The late John F. Kennedy felt that Daley elected him President by squeaking him through in Illinois. Can Daley do it again for Paul Douglas?

Republicans doubt that Daley can turn the trick this time. And the chorus of GOP hacks who cautioned Percy not to take on Illinois' most powerful vote getter has stopped its moaning and is beginning to jockey for position. They smell an upset in the making and want a piece of it. But considering Percy's abhorrence of party hacks, the piece they stand to get will be contemptuously small.

CALIFORNIA

Barbecues and Other Trivia

GLADWIN HILL

Mr. Hill is head of The New York Times *Los Angeles news bureau.*

Los Angeles

If candor reigned in politics, Californians of both parties might well be driving around with bumper strips reading: "The Only Ism For Me Is Negativism." As the campaign for governor plods into its final weeks, the axiom that people vote *against* things rather than for them is getting a notable workout.

The trouble is that Californians, by and large, are prosperous beyond precedent. The basic indices — production, employment, wages — are at record levels; migration into the state continues almost unslackened, infusing plasma into the economy. The politician's traditional shadow play of a Promised Land becomes an exercise in lily gilding, and there's nowhere for people or politicians to turn, except to carping.

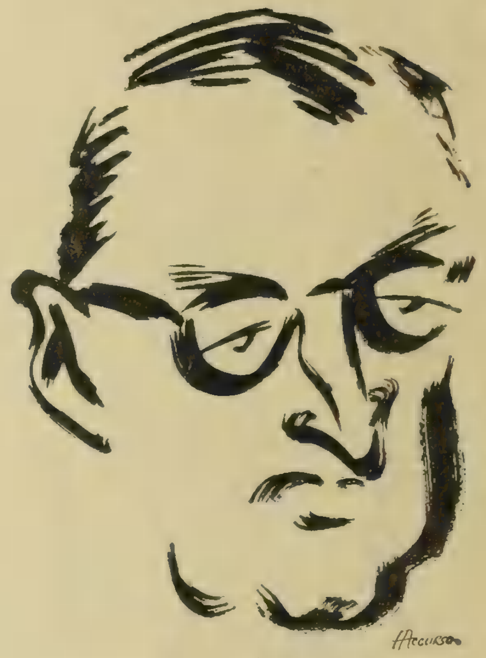
Ronald Reagan has been busy trying to prove statistically that California has more of everything bad, from "crime" (does that mean overtime parking or homicides?) to Dutch elm disease. Governor Brown, having had to present his "Promised Land" spectacular in 1958, and again in 1962, finds that this year's edition plays to cold audiences. So he has taken to knocking his Republican opponent on every available count from the actor's Birchite friends to his often inaccurate Hollywood-and-Vine notions of what, where and how things operate in California.

California's 7 million voters have done little to animate this barren scene. Their most acute concern, according to all professional soundings, is "high taxes" — a complaint that has lacked novelty since the Boston Tea Party. The rival candidates dutifully deplore the high taxes, but when they are asked — and they are repeatedly asked — how they would reduce them, all that comes out is double talk. When a state's overhead has reached $4.6 billion a year, it is obvious that sizable economies can be made only by abolishing basic services, and no candidate dares propose that. The one state activity that the public feels it could dispense with, surveys consistently show, is the nebulous category called "welfare," which consumes more than $1 billion a year. But to voters, "welfare" connotes an undeserving relief recipient, while in the state budget it includes such fixtures as prisons, hospitals and mental health clinics. The result is more rhetorical shadowboxing.

The exercise in futility is conducted at an exhausting pace. One recent day found Mr. Reagan flying 400 miles from his Los Angeles home to successive rallies on a Vallejo street corner, at the Yountville Veterans' Home and at the Krug winery in St. Helena — topped off by a barbecue at Yuba City. Simultaneously, Governor Brown was visiting the John F. Kennedy Grammar School at Daly City, addressing a Democratic businessmen's luncheon club at San Mateo, attending a Mexican-American reception at San Jose, and finally starring at a "Re-Elect Governor Brown" banquet at Palo Alto.

The Brown organization is much more massive, professional and smooth working than the Reagan team, hastily assembled from such varied sources as the Goldwater, Rockefeller, Nixon and Murphy campaigns. One day recently the Reagan headquarters was bottling up as top secret the advance text of a Reagan speech, hours after Brown scouts had procured a copy and were cranking out assorted rejoinders.

The present administration finds itself hoist with its own good works. Brown's private-opinion polls show that thousands of voters, who four or eight years ago were marginal blue-collar workers and wedded to the Democratic cause, now have "arrived"; they own homes, boats and maybe even white collars. Suddenly they're conservatives, deploring taxes and concerned lest a Negro move in down the street.

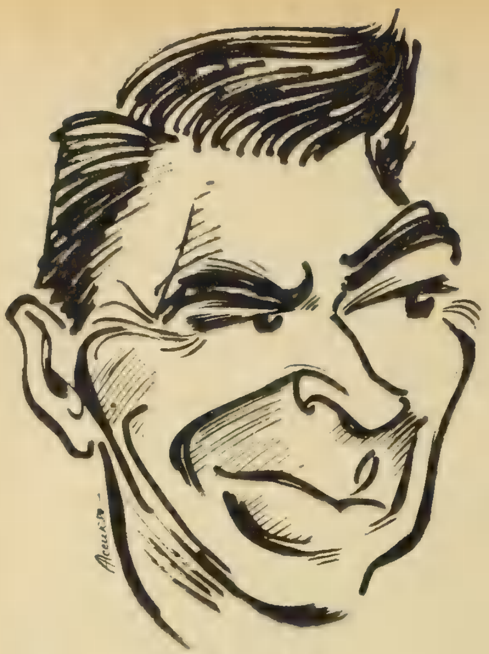


Edmund G. Brown

The Brown forces started the campaign committed to the Rumford fair-housing act, which they had campaigned for in 1963. Reagan at first advocated repeal. Recent surveys have shown a division of 33 per cent for, 43 per cent against the act; and meanwhile both sides have altered their positions. Reagan now favors "revision"; Brown wants a commission to study "possible revision."

This is a good example of how California's historically "bipartisan" electorate, unpolarized because of singularly weak party structures, vitiates issues. Each party must seek votes from the other side. Consequently, any question that threatens to separate sheep from goats, or Republicans from Democrats, is frantically neutralized by contending candidates to avert any such alarming delineation.

Instead, the voters get such nonpartisan popcorn as Reagan's arm-waving assertions of what "I as governor" would do about the University of California. Neither he



Ronald Reagan

nor any governor is going to do anything about the university, beyond appointing an occasional regent, unless the state constitution is amended. Constitutionally the university is a corporation as autonomous as General Motors, and beholden only to the legislature for operating money.

Such air kicking has presumably contributed to Reagan's decline in the ratings from an 18 per cent edge after the June primaries to approximately even standing with Governor Brown in September. Reagan has been projecting himself fairly mellifluously in set appearances crafted by his handlers; but the old ham urge to top the script with adlibs keeps tripping him. To date, remarks he has ventured about various phases of state government have evoked formal, official contradictions on matters of fact from the State Resources Agency, the state health and welfare administrator, the state Savings and Loan Commissioner and the University of California administration. But for all that, he's a fresh face. Brown has been prominent on the California horizon so long that when he speaks it's an event hardly less novel than the sunrise.

The negative quality of the campaign is emphasized by the remarkable number of notables on both sides who for one reason or another prefer to stay in the shadows. Pierre Salinger, a symbol of Democratic Party cleavage in 1964, has modestly confined himself to raising money. The Kennedy-oriented Tom Braden, the Oceanside publisher, and Lloyd Hand, Mr. Johnson's recent expert on protocol, who in May were equating California's salvation with their abortive efforts to displace Lieutenant Governor Glenn Anderson, have since been invisible. The powerful Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, whose "old pro" faction was defeated by a liberalish rank-and-file junta when it ran Mrs. Carmen Warschaw for Democratic state chairman, has given little public indication of whether he favors Brown or Reagan. Mrs. Warschaw and her coterie have been spurning reconciliation overtures from Governor Brown, who supported her, but not, she complained, vigorously enough. National Committeeman Eugene Wyman has avoided the limelight because of long-time hostilities with the Unruh-Warschaw axis and with Mayor Samuel Yorty, whose 900,000 anti-Brown primary votes the Democrats are wooing anxiously. Yorty himself, with his eye on support for a 1968 Senate race against Sen. Thomas Kuchel, is affecting such sedulous neutrality that he will view the November 8 election from the vantage point of Tokyo. The California Democratic Council, the state-wide federation of local Democratic clubs that claims to be the main voice of the party rank and file, has been kept in the background so that its liberal leanings would provide a minimal target for Reaganites trying to depict it as the left-wing counterpart of the Birch Society.

On the Republican side, Senator Kuchel, the California GOP's top-ranking figure, is viewing Reagan's race in studied silence on the Potomac. Former Governor Goodwin Knight has remained as elusive as he was in 1962 when his bête-noire, Richard Nixon, was running. Former Sen. William F. Knowland, Brown's 1958 rival, has been similarly silent. Only San Francisco's George Christopher, the forlorn "moderate" entry whom Reagan defeated in June, has spoken out, in recent days. In effect, he spoke on Brown's behalf by needling Reagan as to whether he would support Senator Kuchel in 1968. Reagan's chilly response has been that it would be improper for him to indicate a preference in advance of the 1968 primary.

Constant jibes about his refusal to repudiate the Birch Society finally impelled Reagan to declare the subject — as Richard Nixon in 1960 declared the mysterious Howard Hughes loan — out of bounds, but this has scarcely stopped the Democrats from harping on it. Governor Brown recently sent a tongue-in-cheek telegram of welcome to Nixon, who was on a speaking trip to California, noting that in 1962 Nixon repudiated the Birch Society, and imploring him to prevail on Reagan to do the same.

Columns of space and hours of air time have been spent in vacuous debate on whether the two rivals were wittingly or unwittingly parties to racially restrictive covenants (inoperative for some years) on their dwellings. This disputation was eclipsed in due course by a furor over the propriety of State Republican Chairman Gaylord Parkinson's enjoying a $30,000 well-wishers' subsidy fund, similar to the Nixon $18,000 fund of 1952.

"Brown only talks about me; he won't discuss the issues," Reagan complained on a recent telecast — ignoring the fact that in Democratic eyes Reagan himself is the main issue: his right-wing past and his questionable qualifications for the state's top executive office. Indeed, the burden of Reagan's offensive is to attack Brown's competence. To which the plump, bespectacled Governor's essential response is to gulp incredulously and point to the state of California, still in place and growing.

The candidates have steered clear of Vietnam, since strong pro-Administration sentiment in California makes any criticism a possible vote loser. However, anti-Viet militants had their say over the October 1 weekend, when the New Left staged a two-day conference at Los Angeles attended by several thousand—many of them expense-paid representatives of underprivileged sectors of the state. Prime movers of the conference were the national New Politics co-chairmen, Julian Bond and Simon Casady; the *Ramparts* magazine hierarchy, and a covey of staff members of Santa Barbara's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (which itself had no connection with the assemblage).

The keynote of the conference was: "Don't vote for either Brown or Reagan: both represent outworn, reactionary political mechanisms. Let's look ahead to constructive, humanitarian, opportunistic radicalism, unformalized as a third party—yet." This view, well publicized in advance, occasioned a schism among intellectuals. Harry Ashmore and Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike of the Center staff, among others, threw their weight with a concurrent, rival conference on "The State of the Future" promoted by Brown people to neutralize the New Left manifestation. It drew a comparable attendance across town for a one-day meeting, salted with such luminaries as the Governor himself and touring Senator Ted Kennedy.

Bishop Pike took time out from the pro-Brown gathering to try to dissuade the New Left meeting from its boycott idea. His sentiments persuaded several hundred of the New Left participants to walk out; they were for the most part white-collar liberals and Marxists attuned to explicit political action.

Among the New Left activists were five of the "peace" candidates rejected in last June's Democratic primary. On the Congressional front, indications are that California's solidly gerrymandered districts will produce no more than the change of an odd seat or two in the present 24 to 14 Democratic-Republican line-up.

Amid a cacaphony of trivia, electoral sentiment in California has moved into the familiar, cryptic, head-in-the-shell, penultimate phase when no one is sure what the voters may finally do. Neither candidate has yet conspicuously preempted the "nice-guy" role — the defensive, put-upon exponent of stability, holding at bay a disruptive rock thrower — that is often decisive in California contests.

NEW YORK

The Donkey Beats Himself

JAMES DESMOND

Mr. Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, *is the author of* Nelson Rockefeller *(Macmillan).*

Albany

The New York gubernatorial campaign in these critical October weeks is running true to form — all is confusion. The Democrats, who put up the colorless Queens County District Attorney, Frank D. O'Connor, at their convention last month are dismayed, dispirited and, as of this writing at least, broke. The Republicans, gradually moving toward some sort of togetherness because of Nelson A. Rockefeller's rebound from the low his popularity hit last year, are still bedeviled by factionalism and the conflicting national ambitions of Rockefeller, Sen. Jacob K. Javits and Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City. And the Liberal Party, which was euchred by Alex Rose and David Dubinsky, its elder statesmen, into nominating the somewhat shopworn Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., is so fragmented that it may well lose the third line on the election machines — a line it has profitably exploited for patronage, by trading with both major parties, for more than twenty years.

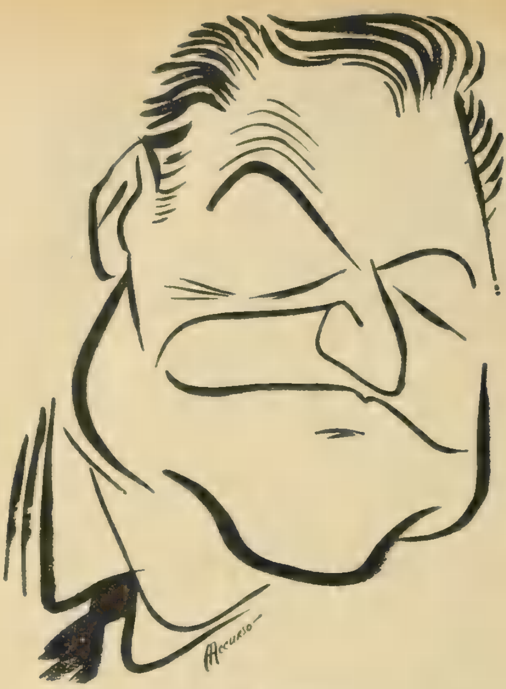
Only the Conservatives are showing anything like unity. Still feeling the momentum of the substantial vote polled by William F. Buckley, Jr., in last year's New York City mayoralty election, they are bidding to dislodge the Liberals from third place among the state parties with a platform somewhat to the right of Barry Goldwater and an evident, but unexpressed, solicitation of the "white backlash" vote. Whether Paul Adams, the obscure upstate college dean who heads the Conservative ticket, will be able to draw votes as did the puckish Buckley last year is a big question. Buckley, incidentally, couldn't be the nominee, a role he probably would have relished, because he moved back to New York from Connecticut only last year and there is a five-year residency requirement for governor.

The Democrats are in the deepest trouble and, as usual, their troubles are all out in public. Neither Robert Kennedy nor Robert Wagner approved the nomination of O'Connor, and while they are now co-chairmen of his campaign, their fervor at this point can best be described as tepid. The fact that Kennedy pushed his own candidate, Eugene Nickerson, the Nassau County executive, until the cause proved hopeless — and even then refused a kind word for the nominee until after the September 7-8 convention — still rankles in the O'Connor camp. And Wagner made no friends at the convention by quietly putting out word that he was available if anybody was interested. Moreover, neither Kennedy nor Wagner did anything to prevent the so-called convention "uprising" that snatched the nomination for lieutenant governor from the preferred Orin Lehman, with his famous name and ready access to campaign money in the board rooms of New York City finance, and gave it to Howard Samuels, the upstate industrialist who was O'Connor's only remaining opponent when the convention opened. Additionally, Wagner waited three full weeks after the convention before coming out for O'Connor, and when he did so his phrases suggested duty more than pleasure.

The upstate people are still to be mollified. Within a week after he accepted second place, Samuels publicly criticized O'Connor in an airport interview. And Frank Sedita, of Buffalo, who confidently expected to be named for lieutenant governor after the important Erie County delegation switched to O'Connor, felt he was jobbed, although he grabbed at the chance to run for attorney general.

In fact, the only one on the Democratic ticket who was not embroiled was the state's strongest Democratic vote getter, Comptroller Arthur Levitt. Considered unbeatable for his office, Levitt was routinely nominated for a fourth term, but he was never seriously considered for the top spot.

All this was in September, when Democratic hopes were



Nelson A. Rockefeller

soaring on the notoriously erratic summer polls that showed any Democrat could beat Rockefeller. (Why experienced politicians give credence to such polls must always remain a puzzle.) Now in October everything is changed. Rockefeller has been gaining since mid-August and now must be rated even money, or better, to win a third term.

Not that the Republicans are without their troubles. Although there was no sign of dissension at their dull convention, also held September 7-8, neither was there any enthusiasm until the final session when Rockefeller's magnetism lifted the delegates to their feet with his acceptance speech. The scene recalled 1958, when a disgruntled Republican convention dutifully nominated Rockefeller and caught fire only when he was first presented on the platform.

But the Republican troubles, as always, are more subtle and far less publicized than the Democratic squabbles. First, there is the hard core of upstaters, conservatives all, who tried last winter to get Senator Javits to run against Rockefeller for the nomination and fired him up to the point where he made a state tour to count delegates before realizing that his cause was dead. This bloc would never go Democratic, and few are likely to stray as far right as the Conservative Party. But going fishing on Election Day is an old GOP tradition north of the city line, and it worries the Rockefeller campaign managers. This worry is ameliorated somewhat by reports that GOP legislative candidates, who ran the other way when asked to pose with Rockefeller last year for the special legislative election, now clamor to be at his side when he reaches their home grounds.

More complex is the matter of personal ambitions. Few around him doubt that Rockefeller, despite statements to the contrary, will be right back in the 1968 Presidential picture if he wins a third term. The disclaimers, in fact, are accepted as political necessities in a state election year and not to be taken seriously. A defeat would of course make the whole question academic.

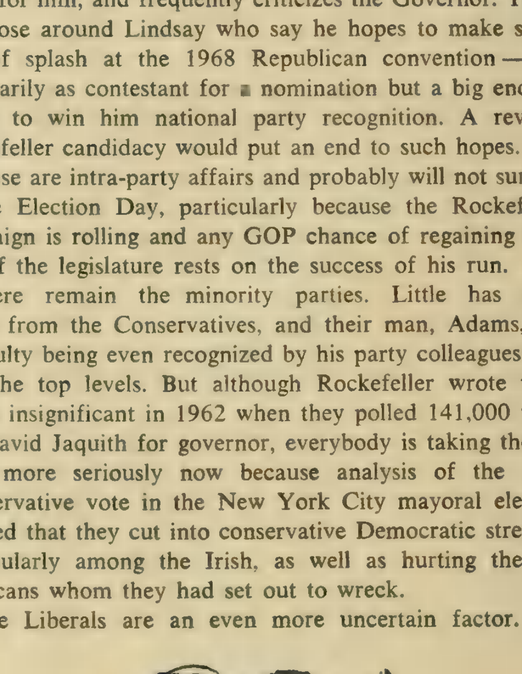
But Rockefeller on the national scene in 1968 would all but doom Senator Javits' very apparent hope of winning second place on the ticket. With Rockefeller in control of the delegation and personally involved, Javits would have no leverage for seeking the nomination for Vice President. This has created a delicate situation. Javits is chairman of the Rockefeller campaign with very little to do about running it, but when he speaks out on policy he often puts his foot in the Governor's mouth — as, for example, his pronouncement that Rockefeller would campaign for the New York City Civilian Police Review Board, a statement that came out on the very day that Rockefeller was declaring he considered the matter a local question.

Then there is the young man in a hurry, Mayor Lindsay. He has given lip service to Rockefeller, but refuses to campaign for him, and frequently criticizes the Governor. There are those around Lindsay who say he hopes to make some sort of splash at the 1968 Republican convention — not necessarily as contestant for a nomination but a big enough splash to win him national party recognition. A revived Rockefeller candidacy would put an end to such hopes.

These are intra-party affairs and probably will not surface before Election Day, particularly because the Rockefeller campaign is rolling and any GOP chance of regaining control of the legislature rests on the success of his run.

There remain the minority parties. Little has been heard from the Conservatives, and their man, Adams, has difficulty being even recognized by his party colleagues outside the top levels. But although Rockefeller wrote them off as insignificant in 1962 when they polled 141,000 votes for David Jaquith for governor, everybody is taking them a little more seriously now because analysis of the 1964 Conservative vote in the New York City mayoral election showed that they cut into conservative Democratic strength, particularly among the Irish, as well as hurting the Republicans whom they had set out to wreck.

The Liberals are an even more uncertain factor. The



Frank D. O'Connor

International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, long the moneybag for Liberal candidates, isn't going to put up money for Junior Roosevelt, which greatly diminishes their influence. And Roosevelt, who introduced the bossism issue into the campaign when he was contesting O'Connor for the Democratic nomination, has failed to start any fires.

The labor situation is highly unusual. Unions representing about 600,000 workers have already pledged themselves to Rockefeller; this represents nearly 30 per cent of labor's claimed membership in the state. Perhaps as many are neutral, and many others have simply avoided disclosing their political plans. The numbers are unimportant. What counts is that labor, which since the days of FDR has (with a few notable exceptions) been wedded to the Democratic Party and which customarily opened its treasuries and furnished the doorbell ringers, won't be on the firing line this time. The blow could be fatal to Democratic hopes.

On balance, therefore, the situation sums up this way: The Republicans, well heeled, with a veteran staff running the campaign, and steadily picking up adherents in the labor unions, look like the winners of the gubernatorial race — barring a wholesale desertion to the Conservative banner.

The Democrats, starved for finances, because big labor unions — most notably the state AFL-CIO — are denying them funds by staying neutral or switching to Rockefeller, are in deep trouble with the road ahead all uphill.

BOATMEN'S PARADOX

CONSUMERS OF THE RIVER

WENDELL BERRY

Mr. Berry is a poet now living in Kentucky. His latest book is The Broken Ground *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

We were awakened shortly after sunrise one Sunday morning by a woman's voice imitating a top sergeant over a public-address system. The amplifier was turned up to such volume that the sound seemed to come from all directions. The air was full of it. It could have been heard a mile away. Such a noise blasting into our sleep might have been alarming if it had not been so easy to guess the source: on the night before two cabin cruisers had tied up 100 yards or so downriver from our house, and this was their method of waking up. That morning it had to be our method too.

The P.A. system continued at full volume for maybe two hours: first the woman's strident sergeant imitation, waking up her fellow boatmen, and then radio music. Finally I went down to where the boats were tied and asked that the speaker be turned down, and was told by one of the boatmen: "We didn't know anybody lived around here."

There is no need to repeat all that was said, but the boatman made one other remark that surprised me. When I insisted that he had no right to create such a disturbance, he said: "We're on the *river*, you know."

I came home shortly after dark one night to see the light of a campfire on the shore of the river below the house, and when I stopped my car I could hear rock'n'roll coming up from a radio. Several men, their boats moored at the shore, were sitting around the fire, drinking and talking, their conversation enclosed in music there as it would have been in a bar. I told them they were welcome, and asked only that they carry off their bottles and other garbage.

One of the men replied: "Why, *we're* boatmen."

His tone implied that my request was so unnecessary as to be insulting—that boatmen were not only respectful of the river but, as a group, *especially* respectful of it.

The next morning when I went back the boats were gone, and the rocks were strewn with bottles and with plastic and paper trash. The place had hardly been used, much less respected — it had been perched upon, befouled, ignored.

Our house stands on a slope overlooking the Kentucky River a few miles from its entrance into the Ohio at Carrollton. It has been a long time since this was a "natural river." A system of navigation locks and dams was built in the last century, and the land of the bottoms has been as intensively farmed as any in Kentucky. Yet, for those who know where and how to look, the valley still has a rich natural life. In the summers we see wood ducks and muskrats raising their young along the banks. The great blue heron fishes here. In the woods on the bluffs and around the sloughs there are still enough big trees for pileated woodpeckers to make a living. At night we often hear the awesome family talk of barred owls, or the barking of a fox. Occasionally we see deer. And beavers have begun to appear again on the banks of the river and its bigger tributaries where they were exterminated long before anybody now living can remember.

Here and there on the wooded slopes of the valley are tall open groves of a solemn beauty that keep, as if in a profound interior withheld from the ceaseless drone of engines, a fragment of the great quietness that two centuries ago lay upon the whole valley. The delicate flowers and mosses and ferns and the colorful mushrooms of the woods grow there. The voice of those places is that of the wood thrush, whose notes, without replacing the quiet, flow into it from some hidden perch—and into the hearing of whoever may be there, to attach itself like a clarifying emblem on the memory. In rainy times the streams step noisily and brilliantly down the rocky notches. If one can respond to the quiet of those places with quiet, and with enough attention, the woods will reveal its lives: squirrels and chipmunks leading the eyes into unsuspected places among the treetops and among roots and rocks and fallen logs on the ground; vireos and warblers singing and feeding in the dense foliage; water thrushes searching the edges of rocky pools.

Knowing this valley, once one has started to know it, is clearly no casual matter. Like all country places, it is both complex and reticent. It cannot be understood by passing through. It does not, like Old Faithful, gush up its inwards on schedule so as not to delay the hurrying traveler. Its wonders are commonplace and shy. Knowing them is an endless labor and, if one can willingly expend the labor, an endless pleasure.

I am not sure how one would judge a valley or compare it to any other. I guess that this one must be as attractive as most. To me, because I have been its inhabitant and intimate, it is the most attractive of all. I know that among all the other lives it holds and promises there is the possibility of rich hours and days and lives for people.

I have known this valley all my life. From the first it has been a source of pleasure to me, an object of interest and curiosity, an attraction. Every day I am here I learn more about it, and the more I learn the more clearly I see that my knowledge of it is one of its fragments.

The one part of its history that I have known from the beginning is the pleasure-boat era. Since the end of World War II motorboats have increased from rarity to such prevalence that on summer holidays and weekends the traffic is comparable to that on a highway. There are days when the river will not grow quiet from the wake of one boat before it is disturbed again by the passing of another, and these boats frequently travel in groups of a dozen or two.

The episodes that begin these notes are not typical of the behavior of vacationers on this river. But I think that they are symptomatic, and that they clarify some of the meanings of the boating phenomenon, and I am disturbed by what I think those meanings are.

The generalization that the activities of the boatmen tend to support is that, in relation to the natural world, the pleasure of Americans can be destructive in the same way that their work has already proved to be. It is not, certainly, a conscious destructiveness. But in that very unconsciousness it becomes an aspect of one of our worst national failings: our refusal to admit the need to *be* conscious. Or to put it more meaningfully: our refusal to admit that unconsciousness, in our time, is almost inevitably destructive.

The destructiveness of the boatmen is of a peculiarly modern kind. It is essentially the same as the destructiveness of certain industries, and it has the same causes: the use of powerful machines, and the discarding of more or less imperishable refuse. The destructiveness of the boatmen differs from that of industry mainly in the sad paradox that the boatmen destroy what they supposedly want to keep. They do not intend to exploit or damage anything. They have come to enjoy the river—and their enjoyment of it damages it. They do not use it as a fisherman uses it, leaving it as it was; they use it as clothing is used, leaving it always a little worse for the wear. They are the consumers of the river.

The aspect of this destructiveness that has attracted most attention, and has finally become the object of a state law, is the dumping of trash into the water. Of all the boating offenses this is certainly the most noticeable, and in many ways it is the most disgusting. An amount of trash that would be a relatively minor eyesore on a highway will deface the river for miles, carried and dispersed on the currents. One Fourth of July, while we ate a picnic on the river bank, we watched a procession of bottles and cans and wadded papers from a lunch being served on a boat a few hundred yards up the shore. That sort of thing can give the open country a feeling of almost urban crowdedness. Much of the refuse that gets into the river is, of course, thrown in from the shores, and washed out of dumps by high water. But there is some that is just as certainly attributable to the boatmen. I have seen, for instance, whole table settings of paper and plastic dishes floating along together.

There is another concern which — because it has apparently received no attention, and because I am not a scientist — I can express only as a question: What effect is the turbulence of all this traffic having on the banks of the river? Of a wide river with gently sloping low banks this question would probably not need to be asked. But the Kentucky is narrow as navigable rivers go, its banks are high and extremely steep, and they are often composed largely of sand. Along such banks there will naturally be a continuous wearing by the current, but I think there is reason to suspect that this natural erosion is now being hastened by the wake of the boats. The waves particularly of the larger boats strike with great force, leaving the water muddy, and the wetted banks more vulnerable to the wake of the next boat. Some of the wearing in the banks seems clearly to have been caused by the lateral action of the waves rather than the longitudinal flowing of the current. And there is some crumbling to be seen along the banks in times of low water, when there is no current but a heavy traffic of boats. Officials in Frankfort have told me that no consideration is being given to this problem. In view of the likelihood that the number of pleasure boats will increase steadily for a long time, it seems to me that some consideration *should* be given to it.

This worry is hardly a part of the boatman's experience. Speeding along, he has before him a tranquil river scene, peaceful and enticing as if pictured in a tourist brochure. When the shores begin to churn and the water to cloud with mud from the violence of his passing, he is not there.

But not only are the holiday boatmen often careless of the river — they monopolize it. There is no such thing, apparently, as a slow pleasure boat. Even the large, awkwardly shaped houseboats are customarily equipped with powerful engines that send them along at cruiser speeds. When these boats take to the river in weekend numbers the pleasure of motorboating becomes the only possible pleasure. The use of a rowboat is possible, but hardly pleasant; canoeing can even be dangerous. Fishing, from a boat tossing and beating in the turbulence a cabin cruiser can stir up in a narrow stream, is simply impossible. Out on the river in a canoe or rowboat, it would be dangerous to act on the assumption that any approaching motorboat will do the common courtesy of slowing down. It is rare that one will do it. And even courtesy is curiously thwarted by the fact that the violence of the wake of some boats increases as they slow down.

From the confluence of its headwater streams at Beattyville to its mouth at Carrollton, the Kentucky River is 255 miles long. On a summer holiday this much river could accommodate many hundreds of canoes and rowboats and fishermen and swimmers, who could share it quietly and in some isolation from one another — the quiet and the isolation being, I assume, the reasons one would go to a river instead of an amusement park. But a hundred or less of these fast motorboats, evenly distributed over the length of so narrow a river, will produce the effect of crowdedness, fill it with noise, and substantially reduce the pleasure and the safety of everybody else.

But suppose that the river is used not by a hundred of these boats but by several hundred, as it is on summer weekends and holidays. Suppose that some of these boats are broadcasting music or talk over amplifiers, as some do. Suppose some of them carry on their decks men and boys pot shooting with rifles, as they frequently do. It will be seen then, I think, what a disproportionate share of the good of the river is taken by them. It is not that the boatmen *want* to take so much. It is maybe more troubling to reflect that they take it automatically, thoughtlessly, simply because they go fast and make so much commotion.

There is another destructiveness involved in this sport that is less easy to understand, but which once explained may help to explain the rest. The use of these fast and powerful boats is not only destructive of the river and of the pleasure of other people; there is a sense, it seems to me, in which it is destructive of the pleasure of the boatmen themselves.

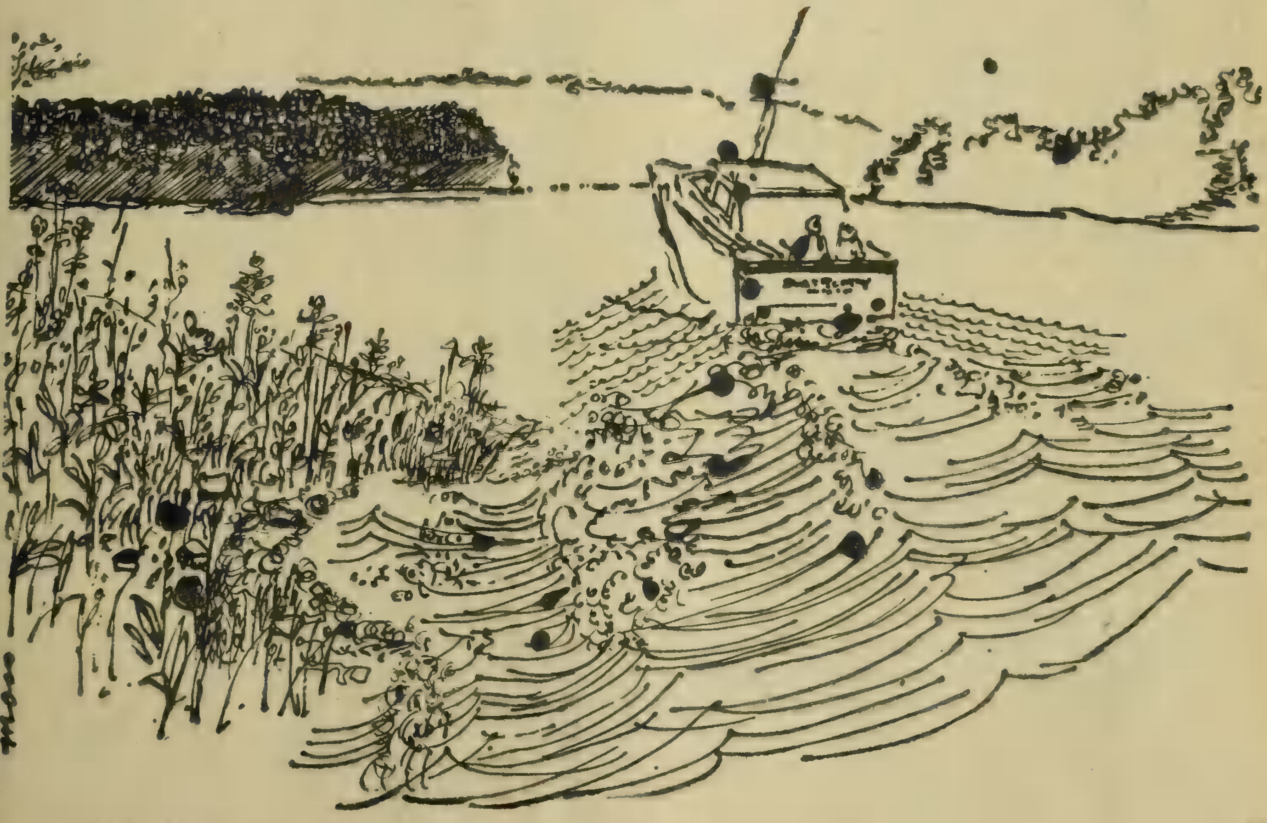
I know that if one of these men were asked to justify his sport he would certainly say that there is pleasure in the ownership and use of a fine boat, and that there is a pleasure in speed. I would agree. Some of those boats are indeed beautifully made; I understand the satisfaction there would be in the maintenance and use of one. And I also am a creature of the time and know the pleasure of going fast.

But then another question is suggested: If the handling and speed of the boat are the pleasures sought, then why should these people not be content to go round and round or up and down on a 10-mile course near their dock? Why should boatmen from Cincinnati and Louisville, who have the wide Ohio to maneuver on, come to a comparatively remote stream like the Kentucky that is narrower, crookeder and more difficult?

The only answer I can think of involves another pathetic paradox. They come in search of peace and quiet, solitude, some restorative contact with the natural world. Which is a little like going in search of a forest with a logging crew. Once they get it, they no longer have it. They come to seek the stillness of a natural place, and their way of seeking assures the failure of their search. They seek relief from restlessness and anxiety in these expensive, fast, superhorsepowered boats, which are embodiments of restlessness and anxiety. They go toward their desire with such violence of haste that they can never arrive. They go to the country to rest, only to reproduce there the noise, haste, confusion — and, surely, the frustration — of city traffic.

The boatman's pursuit of pleasure is determined and limited not by his and his family's need but by the size and speed of his boat, and so he takes far more than he needs. It may be that he actually gets *less* pleasure because of taking so much. And the excess of his pleasure, useless to him, is useless to everybody else. Because he takes too much, he creates the possibility that others will have too little. The boatman, then, has become what more and more seems the ideal man of our society: a super-consumer — which is to say, a waster, a ruiner, a benefit to "the economy," a burden to the world.

The mentality that could support delusions so damaging to itself is strange to the world, alien to creation. It is like a dog that, chasing its own tail, catches it and bites it off. It is both a kind of madness and a kind of unconsciousness, so impenetrable by reason that I could not articulate the



questions it raises, much less find answers, until I began to reflect on the two statements of the boatman quoted in the first of these notes.

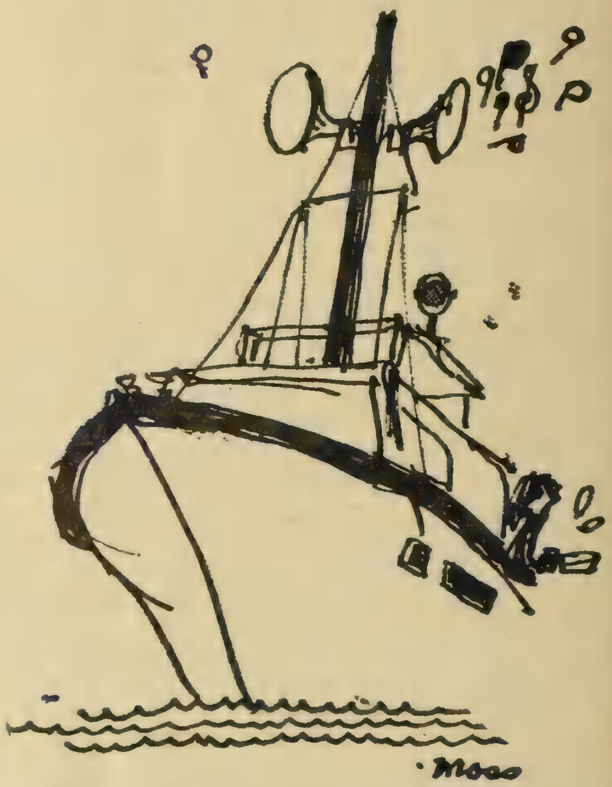
We didn't know anybody lived around here. They had come, one must suppose, in answer to the summons, still much alive in America, that brought some men to the frontier: the attraction of a wild uninhabited place. And the high wooded banks of this river had permitted an illusion that would have been dissipated by a glance at a road map, or even a moment's thought. *All* of Kentucky is inhabited now. The settlements have grown here for nearly 200 years. The wild country is gone, along with the Indians and the buffalo and the wolves and the elk and the passenger pigeons and the parakeets and nearly all the old forests and much of the fertility of the land. Kentucky is inhabited all right, and for the most part the inhabitants have treated it as if it were uninhabited, or soon would be.

We're on the river, you know. He meant, of course, that he was in a public place, not my place, and so I had no right to complain. But I think he meant more than that. A wild, uninhabited place, such as he wanted to believe he had come to, is by the definition of our frontier experience a *free* place. One has no bosses there, one is free of responsibility and can do purely according to pleasure. How illusory that is is proved by the fact that the country *is* inhabited and that some of the inhabitants objected to anyone's behaving as if it were not. How illusory it is, and how dangerous, is proved by American history: those pioneer forebears of ours, so attractively free of responsibility, not only settled the country but used up the fertility and wealth and beauty of it at a rate that made their lives a disgrace to them and a burden to us. It is invariably damaging when men with neighbors act on the presumption that they are alone. And we are seeing with greater clarity and greater sorrow every day that the most solitary have had neighbors, and that the loneliest have had heirs.

What has troubled me most and longest is that these people, having come within reach of the decent harmless restorative pleasures that I know to be possible here, are oblivious to them, as remote from them as if they were looking at panoramic shots of the valley on a movie screen.

Propelled at 20 or 30 miles an hour by a roaring engine, one can experience the country only as "scenery" — a painted landscape without life or sound. "Scenery," as we speak the word, involves an oversimplification and falsification of nature. It is landscape with all the vital details excerpted. It is the notion that permits the indulgence of our wish to prettify nature — to pretend that nature is represented by butterflies but not mosquitoes, sunrises and sunsets but not hot noons, moonlight but not darkness, life but not death. But to know the mountain, as John Marin said, it is necessary to know what is on the mountain's back. One must go close and be still. And that cannot be done with a motor, or with a motorized intelligence. At 20 or 30 miles an hour the countryside can be no more than the pretty package a vacation comes in — to be used like other packages, disposed of as soon as the contents is used up. It is hardly to be kept in mind after it has been used, which means that it is likely to be used carelessly, or even contemptuously.

At night the roar of the engine is replaced by the radio. The watch fires of ancient travelers in the wilderness have their counterparts in the loudly playing radios of these modern voyagers. But it is no longer death that must be guarded against. It is life. What surrounds them now during their night stops is no longer the threat of attack by some enemy or large animal; it is nothing more than the life of the world as it is still serenely and persistently voiced in natural places at night in the sounds of the air and the water and the night creatures, each sound spaced, singled out, surrounded by a silence infinitely greater than it is, reaching to the stars.



It is maybe most of all that silence that they are so intent to guard themselves against. And there is indeed a potential of terror in it. It raises, still, all the old answerless questions of origins and ends. It asks a man what is the use and the worth of his life. It asks him who he thinks he is, and what he thinks he's doing, and where he thinks he's going. In it the world and its places and aspects are apt to become present to him, the lives of water and trees and stars surround his life and press their obscure demands. The experience of that silence must be basic to any religious feeling. Once it is attended to, admitted into the head, one must bear a greater burden of consciousness and knowledge — one must change one's life. If one has nothing in oneself with which to respond it would be unbearable. If the silence within the man should be touched by the impenetrable silence that ultimately surrounds him, what might happen to the thin partition of flesh and possessions? How might they have to be looked on then?

In the face of that silence — enmeshed as he most likely is in the demands of a life in which the prevalent motive is to take all you can get, and the ultimate check is everybody else's determination to do the same — no wonder he turns on the radio. No wonder he opposes the river by strewing on it his garbage and his noise. No wonder he goes as fast as he can. Pursued into the wilderness by questions he is afraid even to ask, no wonder he finds his comfort — to his bewilderment, surely — in what he thought he wanted to be free of: crowdedness and commotion and hurry and mess. He came to a natural place to be free of responsibility, only to receive from it the intimation that he cannot be free, that his life is surrounded by more demands and considerations than he can bear to admit.

Man cannot be independent of nature. In one way or another he must live in relation to it, and there are only two alternatives: the way of the frontiersman, whose response to nature was to dominate it, to assert his presence in it by destroying it; or the way of Thoreau, who went to the natural places to become quiet in them, to learn from them, to be restored by them. To know these places, because to know them is to need them and respect them and be humble before them, is to preserve them. To fail to know them, because ignorance can only be greedy of them, is to destroy them.

Nature has never permitted freedom from responsibility. The world is a most wakeful and exacting account keeper. Abusive and greedy lives are as certainly recorded on the face of the earth as they are said to be in the Book of Doomsday.

But that, the vacationing boatman seems often to conclude, is the world's fault, and to hell with it—and he dumps his breakfast plastic over the side.

The concern I have expressed here is justified less by the damage I have seen done than by the damage I believe certainly will be done if our minds do not change. For boating and the other mechanized pleasures, like everything else in our country now, are on the increase, both in the number of participants and in the power of the equipment. In all that I have said there is an apprehension of the question: If we continue our attempt to enjoy the world, as well as live and work in it, with our need for space increased by many horsepower, and our population getting always bigger, where are we going to find the room? Such a question is not addressed to the possibility of control by law but to the consciences of persons. I do not believe that the abuse of the world can be stopped by law.

What I hope—and it is not an easy hope—is that people will begin to come into the countryside with a clearer awareness of why they come, of what they need from it and of what they owe it. I assume—and it is not an easy assumption—that the world must live in men's minds if men are to continue to live in the world.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS III

DISCOVERY OF EQUALITY

LEO PFEFFER

Mr. Pfeffer, special counsel to the American Jewish Congress and chairman of the Department of Political Science at Long Island University, is the author most recently of This Honorable Court: A History of the United States Supreme Court *(Beacon).*

Our Declaration of Independence asserts that all men are created equal and, according to Lincoln, it was to this proposition that our nation was dedicated. Nevertheless, except in one place, neither the Constitution nor the Bill of Rights mentions the word equal or equality, and in that instance it was for the purpose of effecting inequality of persons (by barring amendments depriving states of their equal representation in the Senate). The constitutional fathers were, of course, not oblivious to the institution of slavery. But they sought to protect rather than destroy it and did this by forbidding interference with the importation of slaves for twenty years (after which nature could be relied upon to provide an adequate supply) and by commanding the return of fugitive slaves. Yet they were not insensitive to what Gunnar Myrdal was later to call an American dilemma—the contradiction of actual practice to the preachment in the Declaration of Independence—as is made evident by their careful avoidance of the word slaves or slavery, and their employment instead of such euphemisms as "other persons" or "persons held to service or labor."

The first encounters the Supreme Court had with slavery occurred during Marshall's administration, but these were only preliminary skirmishes; the major encounter culminated in the most catastrophic decision ever handed down by the Supreme Court. Whether or not the Civil War was in any event inevitable, and as to this historians differ sharply, the Dred Scott decision made it so. It was considered by the American people to mean that under the Constitution, as interpreted by the Court, the peculiar institution was also a permanent one, changeable only by constitutional amendment (which the South's veto power made impossible) or armed force. (Ironically, this was the first decision in which the Supreme Court applied the Bill of Rights; a slave, Taney stated in his opinion, was property of which the owner could not be deprived without violating the Fifth Amendment.)

The end of the Civil War brought with it the Reconstruction Congress, that body of remarkable men who occupied the Capitol in the decade beginning in 1866. As Lincoln is the most unjustifiably sanctified figure in American history, the members of the Reconstruction Congress have been the most unjustly maligned. Notwithstanding the D. W. Griffith interpretation of history, the Reconstruction Congress was the noblest and certainly the most effective Congress in American history—if, for nothing else, for its adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment which is today the basis of perhaps 90 per cent of the appeals to the Supreme Court for the protection of personal rights and liberties.

The Fourteenth Amendment was, of course, not the only constructive product of the Reconstruction Congress; anti-Klan laws enacted by it are still the only even partly effective means of bringing some measure of justice to racists who murder Negroes and civil rights workers. But it was the amendment which put the word equal into the Bill of Rights and was conceived as the medium for assuring the Negro a full place in a free society.

Unfortunately, the nobility of purpose which motivated the Reconstruction Congress was short-lived and the conscience of Congress became dormant for more than four score years; from 1875 to 1957, not a single civil rights measure, even of the most modest kind, was enacted by Congress. The immediate and apparent cause for this extended hibernation was the Hayes-Tilden gentlemen's agreement of 1876 under which the Southern Democrats traded the Presidency for a free hand in their efforts to restore the South as far as possible to its ante-bellum patterns.

But the real cause was much deeper. Neither Hayes nor Congress could have brought reconstruction to its abortive end had not the American people themselves tired of the egalitarian drive which made reconstruction possible. From 1876 to 1929, Americans' all-consuming urge was to get as rich as possible in as short a time as possible. The pursuit of happiness meant the pursuit of the dollar, not of justice or equality for the Negro. After 1883, when the Supreme Court struck down the last civil rights measure of the Reconstruction Congress, a number of Northern states did enact measures forbidding racial discrimination in places of public accommodation, but these soon became dead letters. The lack of Northern concern for Negro equality is perhaps best shown by the fact that the defendant which gave its name to the 1954 decision that outlawed racial segregation in public schools was the Board of Education of Topeka, Kan.

In such a milieu it would have been unrealistic to expect the members of the Supreme Court to steer a course widely divergent from that of the general consensus, even if they had been inclined to do so, which, with the exception of the first Harlan, they were not. Like everyone else, the Court's primary concern was the protection and expansion of capitalism, and as its main instrument for this purpose it used the very Fourteenth Amendment that had been fashioned by the Reconstruction Congress to achieve equality for the Negro.

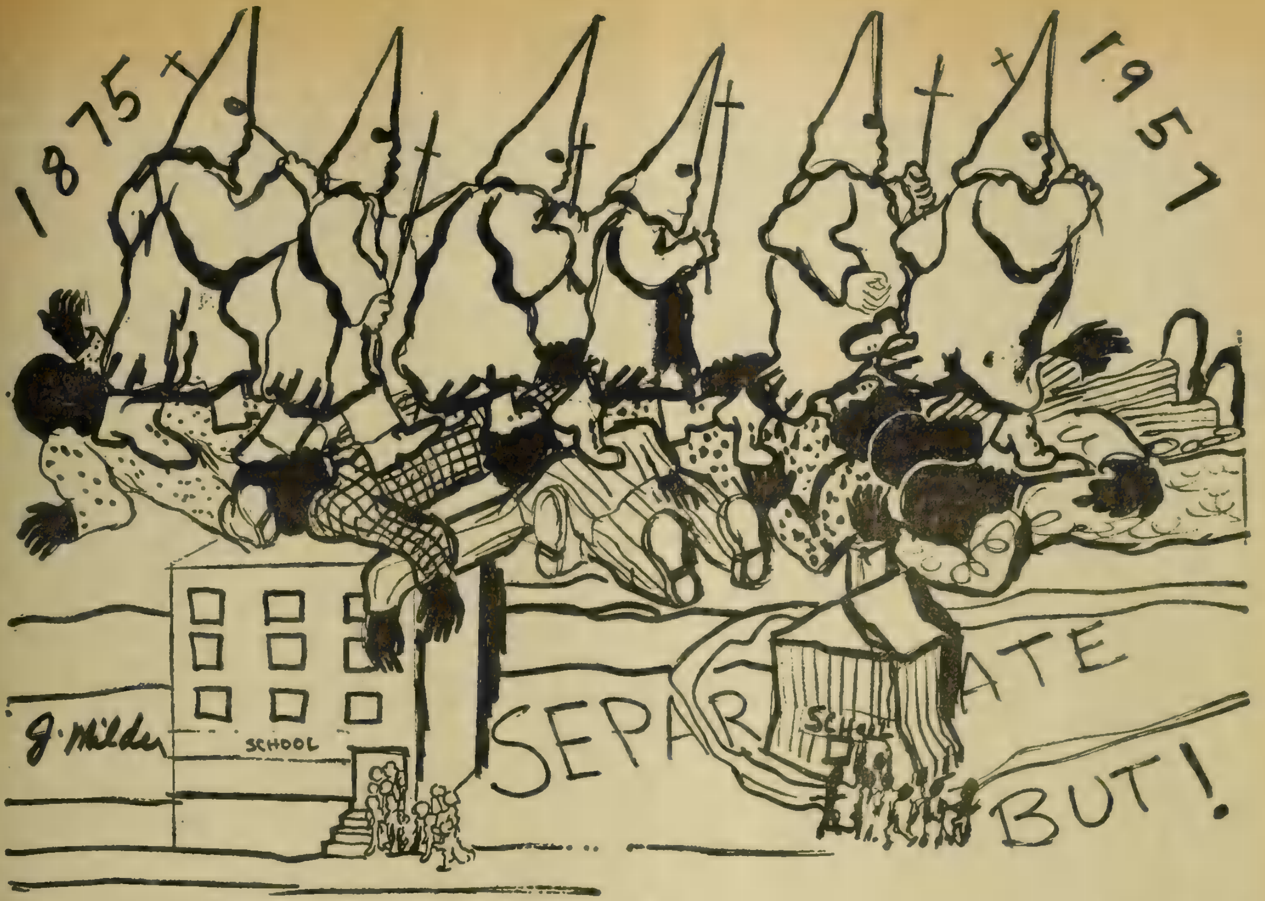
By the time the first major civil rights cases came to the Supreme Court, reconstruction was dead, and the Court made no effort to revive it for some sixty years. In a few cases, the Court did pay minor obeisance to the ghost. In one case, it forbade the deliberate exclusion of Negroes from juries. In another, it outlawed the "grandfather clause" whose purpose it was to close the polls to illiterate Negroes while keeping them open for illiterate whites. In a third, it struck down a city ordinance which forbade Negroes to occupy houses in blocks the majority of whose residents were white. (It did this by upholding not the Negro's personal right to live where he wanted to but the owner's property right to sell his land for the highest price he could get.)

These, and most other similar efforts proved of negligible practical value, and in all instances the Court sanctioned the devices that made them so. In respect to the first, it allowed the use of voter-registration lists and other standards which effectively excluded Negroes from juries. For the second, it upheld the outright exclusion of literate as well as illiterate Negroes from primaries, the only elections in the one-party South having anything but ceremonial significance. As for the third, it upheld the validity and enforceability of gentlemen's agreements or racial restrictive covenants which were quite effective in keeping Negroes out of white neighborhoods.

The two principal instruments used by the Court to frustrate the hopes and intent of the Reconstruction Congress were the concepts of state action and separate-but-equal. Judicial decisions are not made by legal concepts but by the will of judges, operating within the limits imposed by the national tolerance and, to a considerably lesser extent, the precedents of prior judicial decisions. Had the Court not invented state action and separate-but-equal, it would assuredly have found or fashioned other concepts to achieve the same ends. But these two principles proved particularly efficacious in keeping the Negro in his place; the first is still viable and constitutes the most formidable barrier to a judicial attack upon *de facto* segregation.

The state action concept was first expressed in 1883 when the Court threw out an indictment framed under a key provision of one of the anti-Klan acts. The defendants were twenty members of a lynch mob who had seized four Negro prisoners held by a state deputy sheriff and beat them severely, killing one. The Court held the provision unconstitutional because the Fourteenth Amendment only forbids a *state* to deprive a person of life or liberty without due process of law and the lynch mob were private individuals unconnected with a state.

The *coup de grâce* came later in the same year. A number of individuals were indicted under the Civil Rights Law of 1875 for denying hotel and theatre accommodations to Negroes, and a railroad was sued for rejecting a Negro woman passenger. (The hotel and theatre were in San Francisco and New York; only the railroad was in a Southern state, Tennessee.) The Court held the law unconstitutional because the amendment forbids only states from denying persons the equal protection of the laws, and the hotel, theatre and railroad owners were private citizens. (Later, the Court held political parties to be private associations, like social clubs, and could therefore find no state action in their white primaries. Nor could it find state ac-



tion in the enforcement of restrictive covenants not to sell houses to Negroes.)

The separate-but-equal principle was announced in 1896, when the Court upheld a Louisiana law requiring all railroads to provide separate coaches for white and colored passengers and making it a criminal offense for a person of one race to sit in a coach reserved for members of the other race. So long as the facilities were equal, the Court said, it did not violate the Fourteenth Amendment that they be separate. The Court's tolerance in applying separate-but-equal is illustrated by a decision wherein it upheld the action of a local school board which, finding that maintenance of separate high schools for whites and Negroes imposed a severe burden on the taxpayers, decided temporarily to suspend the colored high school—although of course it did not permit the colored children to attend the white school. Since, the Court said, the evidence did not conclusively establish that the school board has acted out of hostility to the colored race, or out of a belief that in any event a primary school education is all that Negro children should have, it would not intervene.

Thus the situation stood at the time of the revolution of 1937 which transformed the Court from the nation's principal defender of property rights to its chief protector of personal liberties. It was in the area of equality for Negroes that the Court first entered into its new role and most consistently and effectively executed it. The Great Depression of the early thirties and the anti-Nazi ideological conflict at the end of the decade gave the American people a new perspective on the relative values of property and human rights, and the Court recognized and responded to this before Congress and the President did. Moreover, in taking up where the Reconstruction Congress left off in 1876, it filled a void left by the default of both the legislative and Executive branches of government. It was not until 1964 that Congress enacted a substantial Civil Rights Law, but by that time the Court had for more than a quarter of a century been engaged in seeking to achieve equality for the Negro.

It started modestly in 1938, when it held that the separate-but-equal requirement was not fulfilled by providing a law school for white students at the University of Missouri and sending Negro student to a more northern state which maintained an integrated law school at its university, even if Missouri offered to pay the travel, living and tuition expenses for its Negro would-be lawyers. Six years later, the Court began to search more imaginatively for state action in discriminatory conduct. Overruling its prior decision, it held that a political party is not a private association and its white primaries are forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment.

Thereafter, the decisions came with increasing frequency, and almost never did a challenge to racial discrimination or segregation receive anything but an affirmative response from the Court. Again overruling a prior decision (during this period judicial precedents fell thick and fast), the Court found state action in judicial enforcement of racial restrictive covenants and told realtors and home owners that they would thereafter have to rely on a gentleman's word for the enforcement of a gentlemen's agreement. Then it held that a state could not postpone according a professional education to a Negro applicant until an all-Negro school would be completed; to assure constitutional equality it either had to admit the Negro to the all-white school or close that school until the Negro school was ready. Shortly thereafter, it held that in any event separate-but-equal did not apply to professional or postgraduate institutions such as law schools.

The climax came in 1954 when the Court overruled a sixty-year-old precedent and held that separate-but-equal could no longer be applied to elementary and secondary education, and in a series of subsequent decisions held that it was equally inapplicable to all facilities or services furnished by government, directly or indirectly. Although exhibiting considerable patience in the rate of desegregation in Southern schools, it withstood Governor Faubus' attempted defiance at Little Rock and made it clear that its patience was not endless, with the result that there is today at least token integration in the public schools of every state in the Union, even Mississippi and Alabama. It refused to allow evasions of its decisions by municipal leasing of facilities to private individuals, and stretched traditional legal concepts almost to the breaking point in according constitutional protection to sit-ins and other peaceful civil rights demonstrations. After Congress had timorously adopted a constitutional amendment forbidding poll taxes in federal elections, the Court, without benefit of amendment or statute, outlawed poll taxes in state and municipal elections as well.

In one area, that of *de facto* segregation, it has refused to intervene. While it has rejected challenges to legislative and administrative efforts aimed at such segregation, it has until now refused to extend the concept of state action to impose an affirmative obligation upon the states to eliminate it. It is not that the conceptual barrier is insurmountable; a Court which has interpreted freedom of speech to encompass non-speech, and freedom of religion to encompass atheism, would not have too much difficulty in interpreting action to encompass inaction—indeed the Court has in effect done that in the malapportionment cases.

More likely, the Court has concluded, at least implicitly, that there are certain limits to what it can do and that some problems are simply not amenable to judicial solution. The Negro community too appears to be coming to the same conclusion. Increasingly it is expressing dissatisfaction and impatience with what has been accomplished by litigation, and is asserting greater reliance on self-help, popularly what is unfortunately called black power.

Yet even here the Court has made what time will show to be an invaluable contribution. Its anti-malapportionment decisions have begun to shift the focus of political power from the countryside to the cities, and the Negroes are becoming increasingly an urban people. The Catholics and Jews were able to rise on the socio-economic ladder in no small measure because they are city dwellers and are able effectively to exercise their political power as well-organized interest groups. It is only a question of time before the Negroes will be able to do the same. When this happens, the Court will have accomplished the task that it has assumed for itself, the achievement of true equality by the Negro in fulfillment of the purpose and intent of the Reconstruction Congress and the Americans who gave their lives in the Civil War.

IN CONCLUSION

The Bill of Rights has been part of the American Constitution now for 175 years. It took almost a century and a half for the Supreme Court to recognize its existence, but when it did get around to doing this it quickly made itself the nation's chief guardian of that great document. In one respect—the protection of the right to dissent during periods of political crisis—its performance has been less than could be hoped for, though perhaps not much less than could be realistically expected. In the other areas of American liberties—freedom of nonpolitical expression, justice to persons accused of crimes, and the achievement of equality for the Negro and other racial minorities, it has in the last quarter century discharged faithfully and effectively the responsibilities imposed upon it by the generation that adopted the Bill of Rights.

LETTERS *(continued from page 370)*

But Professor Smart did not choose to relate today's tragedy to the *Trib*'s contemporary role; instead he . . . left the impression that Jock Whitney was forced to pay up for past anti-union sins, certainly the most mythical of Marxist Sunday school lessons. . . .

The complicated truth is that we have all lost, and it serves no useful purpose to create illusions that the bad guys finally got what was coming to them.

Robert B. Dennis

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: The passing of the *Herald Tribune* deserved better at the hands of *The Nation* than the slapdash analysis by Prof. James G. Smart. . . .

The paper was bold, progressive, interesting and newsworthy. It molded minds that could disagree with ideas in a magazine like *The Nation*, and yet defend the right to express those ideas. . . .

To assert that an alleged ancient "alienation from the causes of humanity" helped to bring down this giant of journalism is really to raise questions about the qualifications of the author.

Theodore R. Kupferman, Congressman,
17th Cong. District, Manhattan

logic of feeling

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: The wit of Robert Elegant's article on China ["The Enormous Revival Meeting," *The Nation*, Oct. 3] is a pleasure, and is in itself a powerful argument, reminding us how valuable are some of the things which the Communists set themselves to destroy. Perhaps it is the only serious argument in the article. Mr. Elegant finds it absurd, even hilariously illogical, that the Chinese should undertake to withstand a U. S. attack which they are convinced will occur. He finds it quite clear that they will depend on fanaticism, as it is quite clear that they must. And here one comes to the limitations of the clever journalist; Mr. Elegant should not concern himself so exclusively with what is logical, since he means by that word what people *should* feel. Surely he must pay some attention, at least, to what it is that people in fact do feel. The fact is unquestionably going to be of some importance. *George Oppen*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Fixer in Another Country

THE FIXER. *By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 335 pp. $5.75.*

DONALD FANGER

The author of Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism *(Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger teaches Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.*

All of Bernard Malamud's considerable strengths as a writer are in this new novel. His hero, as before, is what used to be called a "little" man, modest, long-suffering, intelligent, good-hearted, poor; aspiring, innocently and against the odds, to a new life; resourceful in dealing with what fate brings him — which is usually more trouble. Malamud's characters are almost random pieces of larger communal destinies, made triumphantly concrete through a language that captures a sensibility, a complex of attitudes toward life and the self and the world. If he writes about "unimportant" people, his eye is always on the important things. In this he is like the 19th-century Russians. And *The Fixer* is set in Russia: for the first time, the Malamud hero is shown in direct confrontation with history.

He has not, of course, willed it ("I don't want people pitying me or wondering what I did to be so cursed. I did nothing. It was a gift. I'm innocent," he says of his life — before the catastrophe). Thirty-year-old Yakov Bok, handyman, freethinker, Jew — destitute, abandoned by his young wife — leaves the *shtetl* for Kiev early in 1911. The *shtetl*, he says, is a prison; it's time to try elsewhere. Into the dangerous world he leaps.

After a period of living from hand to mouth, bad luck brings him a good job. He has saved a drunken anti-Semite from freezing to death on the street, accepts work from him, assumes a Russian alias, and lives outside the area permitted to ordinary Jews. Made supervisor of the Russian's brickyard, he begins to save money against possible emigration to America. Preparing to flee when the murder of a Russian boy threatens to become the pretext for a pogrom, Yakov is arrested, and exchanges his metaphorical prison for a real one.

The greater part of the novel is an account of his sufferings in prison, over an incredible thirty-month period, while a set of corrupt and reactionary officials concoct an indictment of ritual murder against all the Jews of Russia, whose representative the unlucky Bok turns out to be — "the accidental choice for the sacrifice."

The story of Yakov Bok is based on the notorious case of Mendel Beiliss, of which several substantial accounts exist in English, including Beiliss' own, published in New York in 1926. What is of interest here is not what Malamud has taken from the historical record, but what he has changed, and why.

He has, in the first place, given a focus to a complex political situation by limiting his narrative to Bok's point of view (brilliantly rendered). A *cause célèbre* is thus seen from the inside; nothing is reported but what Bok does, sees, thinks and feels. This means, among other things, that where Beiliss actually received considerable support, both inside and outside Russia, Malamud's Bok gets (or learns of) very little. Beiliss' long and dramatic trial ended in acquittal for him (he subsequently emigrated, first to Palestine, then to America), but Malamud's novel stops with Bok in a carriage on the way to the courthouse, the outcome left forever in doubt. Not his trial but his trials are the main thing: "He had learned, it wasn't easy; the experience was his; it was worse than that, it was he. He was the experience. It also meant that now he was somebody else than he had been, who would have thought it?"

The emphasis on lessons learned through suffering suggests Dostoevsky, and perhaps Tolstoy as well. But Malamud's novel is resolutely anti-Dostoevskian. What special value can suffering have for a man who has known it, in one form or another, all his life? "Suffering I can gladly live without," Yakov thinks, "I hate the taste of it." Dostoevsky saw suffering as the price of final happiness in Christian brotherhood, but Yakov Bok can see it only as the price of Jewish endurance, the price of hope, something to be gotten through. "You suffer for us all," his lawyer tells him, "I would be honored to be in your place." But Bok knows better: "It's without honor. . . . It's a dirty suffering." As for the Tolstoyan counsel to be patient, since the truth must eventually come out, Bok can only sigh: "And till then, what of my wasted youth?"

The change his suffering brings about boils down, as he puts it, to this: that he fears less and hates more — which is to say that he has perceived the need for the politics he had shunned, for active struggle against a government that destroyed a Jew's freedom "by reducing his worth." Where the characters of the later Dostoevsky and Tolstoy come to accept their individual guilt, Malamud's hero comes to accept instead his human responsibility: to create morality. Levin, in *A New Life*, records his belief that "the main source of conscious morality [is] love of life, anybody's life. Morality [is] a way of giving value to other lives through assuring human rights." This is why there are so many hauntings in Malamud's works: they are moral tests. "Am I responsible for you then, Susskind?" an American in one of the Roman stories asks the nervy stranger who has invaded his life. "Who else?" Susskind replies. "You know what responsibility means? . . . Then you are responsible."

In embroiling his fixer with politics so directly, Malamud has broadened his previous theme (the struggle of character and circumstance, the gradual perception that the two are inseparable) and put a whole society to the test. There are two "fixers" in the book: the Czar, who has condoned this attempt to "fix" Bok, and Bok himself, the humble repairman. Both are representative figures.

But the main success of the novel lies in the creation of Bok, free of any false pathos or any false grandeur. In his intelligent simplicity, his sanity, his humor, he is — if the expression is allowable — a kind of Jewish Everyman. Consider his musings on sex, as he waits for the daughter of his anti-Semitic benefactor, in her bedroom:

> Should I stay or should I go? . . . On the one hand it's been a long season without rain. A man is not a man for nothing. What do the Hasidim say? "Hide not from thine own flesh." On the other hand what does this mean to me? At my age it's nothing new. It means nothing.

Or on love, as he recalls his proposal to his wife:

> "Why don't you talk?" I said. "Say yes or no." "Why don't you say love?" she said. "Who talks about love in the shtetl?" I asked her. "What are we, millionaires?" I didn't say so, but it's a word that makes me

> nervous. What does a man like me know about love? "If you don't love me I can't marry you," she answered me. But by then the father had his nose in my ear. "She's a doll, a marvelous girl, you can't go wrong. . . ." So I said love and she said yes.

Bok is admirable; the book is admirable — a chilling and engrossing experience. If it inspires any reservations only the extent of its success entitles us to speak of them.

In *The Fixer,* Malamud has demonstratively staked a claim in the territory of the great "classical" novelists, abandoned Chekhovian themes for those of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy (not to mention Kafka). How is innocence to cope with monstrous and ramified accusations? What is the meaning of suffering? Does God exist, and (to put it crudely) what difference does the answer make? Though Malamud's material is historical rather than contemporary, there is still the possibility of saying a new word, simply by virtue of his non-Christian attitude to these questions.

Here, however, art seems to demand more than life. The drama of Yakov Bok, for all its impressiveness, is straightforward and uncomplicated. "One thing I've learned," he reflects on the last page, "there's no such thing as an unpolitical man, especially a Jew" — but the lesson seems out of proportion to the suffering that has produced it. We are startled not by dramatic revelation but by its absence. The character has changed too little — because there has been too little to change. With justice the only issue in the novel, with no character shifting his moral position in the course of the book, with the story itself that rare case — a struggle in which right and wrong are absolute — the chances for spiritual drama are pretty rigidly bounded.

Sinned against but not sinning, miserable but without cause for remorse, denying God without guilt or ill effect, whole, healthy, decent — Yakov Bok is the hero of a memorable story that is pitiful and terrible, yet deliberately anti-tragic.

Survivor's Heritage

LAURENCE GOLDSTEIN

Mr. Goldstein is on the staff of A.B.C. Television News and is a book critic and film writer.

The Novels of Elie Wiesel

NIGHT. *Translated from the French by Stella Rodway (1960). Hill & Wang. 116 pp. $3.*

DAWN. *Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye (1961). Hill & Wang. 90 pp. $3.*

THE ACCIDENT. *Translated from the French by Anne Borchardt (1962). Hill & Wang. 120 pp. $3.*

THE TOWN BEYOND THE WALL. *Translated from the French by Stephen Becker (1964). Atheneum Publishers. 179 pp. $3.95.*

THE GATES OF THE FOREST. *Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye (1966). Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 226 pp. $4.95.*

Elie Wiesel's first book *Night* etches with painful fury his childhood in the death camps of Auschwitz and Buchenwald. It is at once a document of the suffering of a people and a revelation of the growth of a child to manhood in a world suddenly emptied of all values except survival. Since the child is a mystic, a passionate Talmudic student devoted and trembling before his elusive God, his life harmonizes with that of his people, and his voice resonates with their expectation of deliverance. When that world is wrenched from him, he becomes both witness and victim, arbiter and accuser. He stands between his God and his suffering world; the shadow of his faith eclipsing each. Night is God's silence, and the Nazis merely faceless echoes of that silence. Survival becomes a terrible assertion of self, a sigh howling against the dying of the world. To live in the death camp one must choose to live, and that choice is blasphemy in a malignant universe. Finally, man is left with his broken body and dreams to salvage his place among the legends. He must rediscover himself by testing his limited expectations. Although he has not lost his God, he must create out of the pain and numbness a new experience that will keep his God from vanishing among the unforgettable faces of the thousands whose bodies he saw turn into "wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky."

This is where the novels of Wiesel begin. His total work records the fitful journey of man across the ravaged landscape of the postwar world. Wiesel's language must mitigate the terrible reality it describes or each sentence would become an uncontrollable accusation. Feeling must be alienated from sensation, thought severed from belief, if the author's voice is to master the unbearable world it confronts.

Torn from the confines of the *shtetl,* the Jew is set loose in that world as victim-accuser, a suffering Everyman compulsively engaging God to remind Him of his existence. Since the fact of his life is a triumph over the indifference of the world, his destiny is dramatically self-contained. He is both the living repository of his people's legends and the sole interpreter of their meaning. His actions are so bound by their historic implications that they become ritual at the moment of commission. But while his movement in the world is choreographed by its symbolic necessity, his imagination is free to dart among the dreams and memories, desires and fears that assert his uniqueness.

In *Dawn,* the second of Wiesel's books, the hero called Elisha has moved from the death camp to Palestine. His imagination has been awakened by a dedicated Zionist who appears to him as a messenger out of the Hasidic legends bridging heaven and earth to make him understand his fate. No longer will he be humiliated, persecuted and pitied — the captive of an indifferent world. But Palestine is a great prison and he is placed in its innermost cell. A Jewish underground fighter has been captured by the British and sentenced to death; and in reprisal a British officer is to die at the moment the Jew's life is taken. Elisha is made the instrument of this ritual bloodletting. He is assigned to kill the British officer. Fate has come full circle and Elisha is still a victim. He is both executioner and the innocent man he must kill. Human experience has been polarized, and he is forced to play his role in the minute space that separates the extremes.

As in all of Wiesel's novels, the physical world is reduced to its most suggestive essentials. In *Dawn* the hero is confined to a room above the basement where he must perform his act. Outside, the night is the faces of the dead he has known. The sum of their lifeblood is the inheritance of the survivor, and his act consecrates their death and gives it meaning.

It is in *The Accident* that the defects in Wiesel's art are most apparent. The narrator has moved to New York as a correspondent for an Israeli newspaper. Here he is nameless and his suffering is abstracted from the world in which he lives. He feels himself to be just a messenger of the dead among the living. Within the first few pages of the novel he is struck by a cab and taken to a hospital where a team of surgeons saves his life. Against his will his body heals and he is forced to live with the terrors of his past. From the confinement of his hospital bed his memory reaches out and seizes upon the dead, crippled and tortured souls he has known. He clings to his grandmother, dead in the gas chambers, wearing her black shawl "that seems to hold the nights and days of the universe." She is the enveloping past informing his life with the substance of death. Even his relationship with the woman who loves him becomes subject to the icy expectations of the dead. The only true contact he maintains with the living becomes a parody of the brutalized past. The act of love must be deliberately turned into a ritual of suffering, passion wedded to death, before it can be consummated.

With no dramatic support but the narrator's tormented memories, the chamber of horrors begins to take on the cast of a wax museum. Episodes and fragments are inserted that obviously shock but do not grow from the consciousness of a man reworking and defining their meaning with the fevered determination of the earlier novels. They remain, even within the context of his life, isolated events. There is a long passage about a girl who was made a prostitute by the Nazis at the age of 12. The story is harrowing, but it has no meaning beyond its telling. Without a defined dramatic structure and a narrative sensibility that interprets, deciphers and explores within that structure, the story becomes anthologized and fixed within its own terms. The narrator's feelings, which bridge each story, move to the edge of hysteria, while his intelligence reduces emotions to aphorisms. This is the great danger in Wiesel's art. His search among the charred bodies of his past is so compulsive and impassioned that it risks becoming too private a document. The suffering he relives is so elemental that it must cohere as myth to move his readers beyond pity.

In *The Town Beyond the Wall,* Wiesel's finest novel, the journey of the hero is the progress of the human soul, from guilt and alienation, to test the limits of compassion and understanding. It is an attempt to seize the last human ember from the ashes of the crematorium and fan it into a flame held up to the silent lips of God Himself.

As in all Wiesel novels, the hero is confined to a prison whose walls give structure to the universe. But imprisonment is no longer entombment. It is the cavern in which old legends echo and seek release as new truths. Michael, who has survived the concentration camps with the memory of the world as an indifferent witness to his suffering, returns to the Hungarian town of his childhood to find The Other; the bland, banal, bored face in the window who watched as the Jews perished, whose passionless eyes watched and wanted only peace and quiet. The village is under Soviet occupation and the journey is a dangerous one. He is smuggled into the town by a close friend, and he searches the remotely familiar streets remembering his youthful love of a God whose glory was to become a shadow in the empty eyes of a spectator. When Michael finds The Other, his festering accusations evoke neither pity nor remorse; and The Other betrays him to the police, finally demanding Michael's hatred. Michael responds with the cruelty of forgiveness.

Michael's encounter with The Other is threaded among the strands of his consciousness while he is being tortured. The police want him to betray his friend Pedro who has brought him into the country; and he is stood before a wall so his legs will turn numb and he will scream out the name of his friend. The torture is called the prayer because Jews pray standing. Michael endures by savagely pursuing to the edge of madness the God who has abandoned him.

His agony is a metaphor for the quest which drives him to understand the depth of his friendship with Pedro. Through that friendship he discovers new possibilities in addressing God. His love for Pedro softens his accusations as his imagination reaches out to his friend in a dialogue that embraces the God he had condemned. Finally, Michael triumphs over his torture and preserves the integrity of his friendship by refusing to pronounce his friend's name. He is placed in a cell with a young boy who is barely sane. He fights desperately for the boy's sanity, entreating him to cling to humanity: to realize that evil is human, weakness is human — but indifference is not. In struggling for the boy Michael saves himself. He has found new truth in the legend in which the roles of God and man are reversed and the universe is charged with the ancient dialogue filled, most of all, with infinite yearning. Michael tells the boy: "Ask me who I am and I'll answer, 'I'm Pedro.' And that will be proof that man survives, that he passes himself along. Later, in another prison, someone will ask your name and you'll say, 'I'm Michael.' And then you will know the taste of the most genuine of victories."

The extent of that victory is tested in Wiesel's most recent novel, *The Gates of the Forest.* It begins with the hero's gift of his Jewish name Gavriel, which means Man of God, to a stranger as an offering of friendship. Gavriel then as-

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sumes the Christian name of Gregor. Together they inhabit a cave hidden from the Nazis until the stranger, "Gavriel," allows himself to be captured to save his friend. Gregor escapes and finds refuge in the house of an old family servant. Because she passes him off as the mute son of her lost sister, the villagers confide in him without fear of betrayal. But Gregor is cast in a play as Judas, and in that role he finally speaks out demanding the village to chant after him that "Judas is innocent and we humbly implore his forgiveness." The villagers rise up against him to tear out his tongue and protect their secrets from one another. He is saved only by the authority of the mayor who brings him to Jewish partisans hiding in the woods. He soon persuades the underground to try to rescue Gavriel, but they fail and their leader, who is a childhood friend of Gregor, perishes as a result of the attempt. Gregor falls in love with his dead friend's mistress; after the war, they marry and settle in a ghetto section of Brooklyn. He becomes involved with the Hasidim, the most devout of the Jews, to understand the meaning of his guilt and God's. Finally, after a hallucinatory encounter with Gavriel, he reclaims his name and begins his painful journey back to the community of men.

Wiesel's novel unfolds in a series of stories that move its hero through trials on which nothing less than salvation itself depends. Naked and vulnerable before his God and man's hellish world, severed even from his name, he must re-create himself in the formless void and darkness that is God's silence. Again the roles of man and God are reversed: the past becomes present, objects loose the shape of the words that hold them, and identity flows and merges with that of all mankind. Madness, the total dislocation of sensibility, is the only hope of brutalized man and the final promise of redemption.

As a mute, Gregor absorbs the words and the darkest passions of men. To them he represents the fragile edge of consciousness "where words and images float freely, unconnected to the shore." When he finally speaks out as Judas in mockery of the self-righteous Christianity that has perverted the Jew's relationship with God, he forces men to enact the cruel parody of their religious rite by offering his blood to expiate their crimes.

When Gregor himself betrays a friend and causes his death, the betrayal is accidental, but he accepts the responsibility. To live is to betray the dead; to survive is to cast one's lot with the executioner. His love for his dead friend's mistress is the final obscenity. In that love, which is man's only triumph, must reside the inevitable assumption of guilt. But it is only at the end of the war, in the heart of a Hasidic community in Brooklyn, when his love has been eroded by the guilt, that Gregor demands the return of his name. Tearing at the foundations of the temple that has harbored him, twisting his faith in judging the faith of others, Gregor reclaims his name. "I am what I choose to be; I am in my choice, in my will to choose." With that final assertion he has wrested his identity back from God. The act and the image are one; the self realized in its possibilities.

The art of Elie Wiesel is shaped by necessity to assert in myth the substance of man's perishable triumphs. The novels are written with a possessive reverence for language that treats the word as Law and the story as a complex melody celebrating and redeeming the ferocity of man's will to survive. They are driven by an ardor that gives form to the terrible passions that play beneath the surface of civilization. Wiesel has extracted the drama rooted in legend and bent it to the shape of man's search for identity. Masterfully, passionately, desperately, he has dredged from the horror of the holocaust a vision of man as moving as his suffering and as powerful as his survival. ■

In the Shtetl of Bilgoray

IN MY FATHER'S COURT. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 307 pp. $5.50.*

JULES CHAMETZKY

Mr. Chametzky is associate professor of English at the University of Massachusetts and editor of The Massachusetts Review. *He will be on leave during 1966-67 to teach at the University of Zagreb in Yugoslavia.*

In My Father's Court (*Beth Din* in the Yiddish original) brings together as a memoir a series of sketches I. B. Singer wrote for the *Jewish Daily Forward* about his childhood years. His father, a Hasidic rabbi, held court in Warsaw just before and during the First World War. For anyone interested in the mind and art of Singer — as who is not these days? — the book is indispensable.

The "memoir" aspect of the work is rendered brilliantly and with masterly economy. There are wonderful vignettes of this lost world of Warsaw Jewry — coal dealers and wagon drivers, bakers, thieves, minor Hasidic *schnorrers, shmegeggis* and saints. The last third of the book comprises a more or less connected narrative (the earlier portion is largely episodic) — from the shot at Sarajevo and the reactions to that by Singer's family and community, through the hunger of the war years in Warsaw, toward the return, with his mother, to the old family village of Bilgoray. This return was of immense importance to Singer: in the *shtetl* of Bilgoray he encountered the past. It was a place in which "time seemed to flow backwards," and the writer-to-be found "in this world of old Jewishness a spiritual treasure trove." In this end, we know, was a beginning — for without that experience, much of *The Slave, The Magician of Lublin, Satan in Goray* and many of Singer's shorter pieces would not have been possible.

But even more fundamental than the theme of "a return" that informs the last section of the book, is the dialectic of growth within the young boy. On the one hand there is the example of the father, scholarly and serene, although "just a few feet away from him, abominations were being committed"; on the other, the influence of his brother Israel Joshua, "boy philosopher," young Socialist, budding artist and journalist — the encounter between the old unworldly pieties and the Enlightenment. Through this confrontation, the boy learns to distrust the things of this world — a world in itself *tref* (not kosher) — but also to marvel at and immerse himself in its wonders.

Aside from this engrossing aspect of the book — the record of a most gifted man's spiritual and emotional growth — we are privileged to see into the workshop of an artist: that rich store of impression, incident, remembered scene and snatch of dialogue to which the novelist will later give fictional point in more extended narrative. But as a writer and Jew, Singer must have felt keenly the difficulty and poignance of rendering much of the material in this book. In his introduction, Singer calls *In My Father's Court* a literary experiment of sorts — an attempt, he says, "to combine two styles — that of memoirs and that of belles-lettres." In saying this, Singer may be betraying some uneasiness or uncertainty about his material and its treatment. If one is an honest writer and a good man, what *is* one to make of that lost world? If it were "only" an honest memoir (and not an act of filial piety), there would be the danger of advertising for one's self — did all that exist, and perish, for the writer's development only? How outrageous. And if only belletristic?

The superficiality would speak for itself. What then to do with that rich and complicated world of East European Jewry — benighted and exalted, mean and glorious, criminally backward, yet wrapped in millennia of culture — so actively present, alive, *there* at one time, now irrevocably, brutally liquidated? To memorialize is one possible response.

Singer presents some sketches that may be justified simply on those grounds: so and so lived, did such and such — and no moral or point is or can be drawn. It is an act of naming, a recording. "May these memoirs serve as a monument," he concludes one tale, "to him and his like, who lived in sanctity and died as martyrs." If some of the sketches seem inconclusive, perhaps that *is* the point — any more artistic shaping would be sacrilegious. Though Singer ends only two of his forty-nine sketches by noting that such Jews as he writes about were killed by the Germans, that knowledge of course always exists beneath his and our consciousness. Such knowledge must not be lost — yet it can be, as other Yiddish writers have found, a paralyzing awareness. How to reclaim the indispensable past — *this* past — without false sentimentality, without frozen and conventional responses, and without dishonor to the dead? That, I think, is the true nature of the "literary" experiment Singer assays in this memoir. The last word in the book is "love," and it is with love, dignity and restraint that Singer walks his difficult tightrope and achieves the miracle of art.

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The Cool of Jakov Lind

LANDSCAPE IN CONCRETE. *By Jakov Lind. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. Grove Press. 190 pp. $4.50.*

IRVING HALPERIN

Mr. Halperin is a professor of English at San Francisco State College. He has recently returned from two years in Germany and Israel, researching the literature of the holocaust, for a book in progress. His articles and fiction have appeared in many publications.

Although Jakov Lind has written only two books; *Soul of Wood,* a collection of short stories published two years ago, and his current novel, *Landscape in Concrete,* he has already acquired a considerable reputation. Within the critical view which holds that the sufferings and horrors of World War II should not — and perhaps cannot — be rendered by direct emotional involvement, but rather obliquely, dryly and, above all, coolly, Lind has been widely praised for his style, fantasy and lunatic humor.

Certainly these qualities are conspicuous throughout *Landscape in Concrete.* The protagonist, Gauthier Bachmann, a *Wehrmacht* sergeant in the last days of the Second World War, goes on a macabre odyssey in search of his regiment from which he was separated on the Russian front. Army doctors have discharged Bachmann after finding him mentally unfit, but this ruling does not deter him from wanting to rejoin his regiment and to fight for the honor and glory of the fatherland. The novel charts a series of adventures which befall Bachmann along the route of his search. In France, he is tricked into shooting a homosexual *Wehrmacht* cook who deserted his unit. In Narvik, Norway, on orders from a vindictive quisling, he shoots four members of a prominent local family. Returning to Germany, he is declared sane by another board of army doctors. As the story closes, Bachmann is still determined to find his regiment.

Nazi Germany was indeed a place of organized madness, which men like Wohlbrecht in *Soul of Wood* and Bachmann in *Landscape in Concrete* epitomize. Lind's wit is lethal in pointing up the compulsions of Germans for order, duty, solid burgher comfort, hygienic cleanliness, fate and "universal cosmic unity." But if the characters and their situation are true to the demented world of the Third Reich, the trouble is that the reader never gets beyond the frozen atmosphere of Lind's landscape: "As far as the eye could see a desert of ashes under a lead-gray sky. The stillness was palpable, as colorless and bare as the walls of a monk's cell. Nothing moved in the deathly silence, nothing crawled, rustled, or murmured." This same gelid condition is especially present in Lind's grotesques. They feel neither anger nor hate nor concern for one another. Mainly they keep cool. Bachmann describes how "without batting an eyelash" he killed four people: "No, I didn't lose control of myself, I wasn't upset, I kept cool. That's the main thing." All this is in keeping with Lind's intention to underscore the inhuman in Hitler's Germany. But the unrelieved, chilling lifelessness of the novel's characters ultimately repels the reader.

Certainly a sufficient detachment between the writer and his work is necessary to fiction, but there is an excess of distance in *Landscape in Concrete.* In a story concerned with the atrocities of Hitler's bloodletting, what is wanted is the kind of wounded outrage against totalitarian barbarism which characterizes Picasso's painting, "Guernica." Surely it is no disservice to art to approach work with the kind of anger and hate powerfully and *directly* rendered by other writers on this subject. A study of the differences involved is instructive. In *The Last of the Just,* Ernie Levy, having been assaulted and humiliated by Hitler Youth hooligans, in turn destroys scores of insects:

> The swallowtail landed on a violet. Ernie Levy enveloped the flower and the insect in his still moist handkerchief, and slipping a hand

beneath it, he snatched at both things together, the butterfly and the violet, and then kneaded them between his already sticky palms. After the swallowtail came a dragonfly, a giant cricket, a beetle, a small butterfly with pearly-blue wings, other butterflies, other dragonflies, other grasshoppers. Ernie Levy ran through the meadow, arms spread wide, flapping his hands, gummy with vermin. . . .

Tadeusz Borowski's short story, "This Way for the Gas," also openly expresses anger and hate. A concentration camp prisoner is assigned to a special work detail to strip fellow prisoners of their food, valuable belongings and money, and turn the loot over to the Nazis. Despising himself for submitting to this assignment in order to save his own skin, he pathologically hates the victims he betrays:

> I am furious, furious, unreasonably furious at these people — that I must be here because of them. I don't feel any pity for them. I'm not sorry that they're going to the gas. Damn them all! I could throw myself at them with my fists.

By contrast, whatever hate for the murderous robots of Nazi Germany lies behind the writing of *Landscape in Concrete*, such emotion is insulated from the reader by the icily manipulated performance of grotesque caricatures. The novel becomes a sick-joke cartoon strip on a human disaster. In the end, Lind's novel does not bring us closer to the truth of the recent past. Moreover, coolness of presentation begets coolness of effect. The third and fourth lines of Lind's book may be read as a comment upon his method: "A landscape without faces is like air nobody breathes. A landscape in itself is nothing."

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DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

Blood in the Recipe

BLOOD ACCUSATION: The Strange History of the Beiliss Case. *By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. 295 pp. $5.95.*

CURT LEVIANT

Mr. Leviant is on the faculty of Hebraic Studies at Rutgers University. He is the editor and translator of the recently published Sholom Aleichem collection, Old Country Tales *(Putnam).*

The Beiliss case of 1911-12 involved an obscure Jewish workingman who was accused of killing a Christian boy in order to use his blood for matzoths. Engineered by the Russian Government, the trial sought to pin the blood accusation on the Jews, using Mendel Beiliss as a scapegoat. The regime's plan was that the hoped for pogrom would kill two birds with one stone: some Jews and the growing demand for liberalization in Russia. The conspirators were an unholy alliance of czar, judiciary, high officials, criminals, right-wing politicians, a student at Kiev University and the police. To round out this cross sampling of Russian society, there was also a monk, a bribed doctor and a professor emeritus. The list of characters is completed with a sentimental two-brothers touch: one, the reactionary, anti-Beiliss Minister of Interior; the other, the liberal member of Beiliss' defense team.

The trial was the grandstand culmination of a thousand-year-old myth that has serpentined through Europe and resisted all efforts at interment. Lest we be smug and think that the blood libel is safely quarantined there, it should be noted that it was flirted with briefly some thirty years ago in upstate New York. When a little girl was found to be missing, local Jews were accused of killing her and using her blood for Yom Kippur. (The upstaters obviously flunked their course in Medieval Bigotry: any moderately proficient accuser should have known that for the blood libel Passover was *de rigueur.)* Fortunately, the girl returned (she had been lost in the woods) just before the onset of the holy day, and the threatened violence against the Jewish community abated.

The Leo Frank case in Atlanta, Ga., was distressingly similar to the Beiliss case: an innocent Jew accused of killing a child, a social outcast who had actually committed the crime testifying for the prosecution, trumped-up evidence and false witnesses, a politically ambitious prosecutor, and grass-roots anti-Semitism exploited by rabble-rousing editors. Leo Frank was subsequently lynched; Beiliss lived out his life (he died in 1934 in the United States) a forgotten man.

Astoundingly, belief in the old canard is not dead. In recent years it has appeared as a vociferous accusation in the backwoods of the Soviet Union, and as a quiet question on an American college campus: Was it really true, asked a sophomore, that the Jews needed blood for baking their Passover matzoths?

There is a strong temptation to see the Beiliss trial as symptomatic of the whole corrupt and dying order of prerevolutionary Russia — the Powers of Darkness aligned against the Legion of Light. Maurice Samuel has shown that it was not a case of Russia united against Beiliss, the Jew. Most of the defense lawyers were Christians. Figures from the worlds of culture, science, religion and politics in Russia condemned the blood accusation. Russian peasants and workers called strikes of protest. Even a renowned anti-Semitic editor of a leading rightist Kiev paper denounced the accusation as claptrap and felt ashamed for Russian justice.

Beiliss, then, was alone neither in Russia nor abroad, where manifestos were signed by the intelligentsia of Europe and America. But the presence of peasants on the jury and the judge's prejudicial charge made no one sure of the verdict. In the end, the trial boomeranged on its producers. At home, despite a loaded jury, Beiliss was acquitted; abroad, via worldwide press coverage, Russia was censured.

The Jews won the battle but, as life under the Soviets was to prove, lost the war. Despite the fact that the czarist regime decreed restrictive legislation against the Jews, limited their freedom of movement and residence, condoned and, at times, supported pogroms, Jewish cultural, communal and religious life thrived. Not since the golden age of Spain had so much distinguished Jewish literary activity taken place at one time in one region. Under the Soviets, there was a curious reversal. The new regime outlawed anti-Semitism. Freedom of movement for Jews (within Russia, of course) was not hampered. But spiritually and culturally, their hands were tied behind their backs. And Stalinist purges — infinitely more selective — took the place of pogroms.

A superb critic, cultural biographer and translator, Maurice Samuel — one of America's distinguished stylists — is at his best in the interpretive, polemic and analytic roles this study requires. When his material gives him elbow room, he is devastating.

On Rasputin:

> Like Nicholas, this remarkable man is well remembered. He capers onto the stage like a satyr, unwashed, illiterate, insatiably lecherous, a roisterer in public places, a lover of wine and gypsy music, crafty, patriotic after his peculiar fashion, possessed of hypnotic powers and endowed with such physical stamina that his assassins had to shoot him several times after he had swallowed, unawares, enough potassium cyanide to kill a horse: a singular illustration of the adage that what you don't know won't hurt you.

On the shambles the Minister of Justice made of the Russian judiciary:

> In other branches of government [besides the courts] Russia had been going backward while Europe had been going forward. It was Shcheglovitov's determined aim to bring the judicial system into line with the other branches of the government.

Owing to its meticulousness and scope, *Blood Accusation* will no doubt be the definitive study of the Beiliss case. In addition to a résumé of the trial, the book presents the political background to the affair, character portraits of its high and low figures, and reaction to the trial in Russia and beyond. An added dimension, ironically, is given by juxtaposing comments on the trial with excerpts from the post-revolutionary commission that investigated Beiliss' investigators.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Toward the close of *The Investigation* (at the Ambassador Theatre) the main "speaker" pronounces the most ideologically cogent words of the evening. Referring to the mass murders and brutalities that took place at Auschwitz, he says: "Since such a great number of us came into the camp and since the number of those who brought us there was also great, you would think what happened there would still be comprehensible today." In other words, you the torturers or the bystanders are very much like us the victims, and we the victims are as you are: therefore we should all understand one another and be understood.

But there's the rub: we don't fully understand. And for two reasons. When another witness for the prosecution tells of a 9-year-old boy in the camp who, on being complimented by one of the camp's personnel for being "smart," answers "yes, I know a lot, but I don't think I'm going to learn any more"; and then steps into the train which is to carry him to the gas chambers, bidding farewell to the authorities with "you will never be forgiven," we are moved—or, more exactly, I am moved.

I am moved because the incident is not only singular but "modest." The vastness and impersonality in the trial of twenty-one persons who participated in the destruction of 4 million prisoners at the German concentration camp of Auschwitz, as we read about it and more emphatically as it is enacted on the stage, tends to anesthetize our sensibilities and thus our comprehension.

I felt the horror of Nazism in 1933 when first I heard of the burning of the books. Certainly such an action is in no way comparable to the gasing of thousands of people. But the literary holocaust inspired me with a sense of the terrible iniquity of the Nazi spirit. When immediately after Hitler's advent to power the composer Roger Sessions, who had spent a winter in Germany in 1932, told me he knew the kind of thing the Nazis were capable of when he had read a letter Hitler had sent some of his cohorts praising them for having kicked a Communist to death somewhere in a provincial town, I strongly felt the imminence of doom that was to befall Germany and Europe. When much later I saw a photograph in *P.M.* (the liberal daily of the forties) of a storm trooper in a Berlin street amusing himself and a group of his companions by plucking out, one by one, the hairs from an old Jew's beard, I shivered with dread and compassion.

Such moments—so mild compared to the later humiliations and tortures suffered by millions—made a deeper impression on me than the prolonged accounts of scientifically organized savagery recorded in *The Investigation*, which is Peter Weiss's verbatim arrangement of the testimony presented at the trial held in Frankfurt from January, 1964, to August, 1965.

What I failed to understand before the war but have recently begun to understand is how it could be that so many presumably intelligent and informed people remained unperturbed by the threat which Hitler and his like represented. I remember a party given in London shortly before Munich at which I strongly voiced the need for a common front against the Nazis. A well-known English actress turned to me and said coolly, "You think that because Hitler is bent on destroying *your* people." I have since wondered what that lady was thinking soon after when the bombs fell on "*her* people"!

This trifling incident made painfully clear to me how obtuse and callous people can be, while a library of documents and statistics may induce little more than a state of inanition in us (or me). I am reminded of the character of the chaplain Stogumber in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. He will listen to no extenuating considerations on Joan's behalf: he incessantly demands that she be burned. But when he sees her burn he cries out in agony, indeed goes mad with guilt. We need some measure of personal contact to comprehend the reality of things outside the usual orbit of our experience. A work of art may

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supply such contact; *The Investigation* is not art.

Still it probably functions as a shattering event where it is presented to an audience which in one way or another has been intimately involved with its horizon: in Germany, Poland, Russia or France, in brief, with people who have been brought into close confrontation with it. On Broadway, though we should not categorically set its audience down as unfeeling, *The Investigation* may prove a "shocker" but not a truly meaningful occasion. It will not get under the audience's skin, it will not "teach them a lesson."

It is in the nature of most of us to retreat from the face of evil and avoid the sight or even the recollection of torment. (This, to a degree, may be a boon.) Art, I repeat, may provide the bridge between the tragic and terrible aspects of existence and our frightened consciousness, but *The Investigation* on our stage is now simply a fever chart—impersonal by its very elaboration.

Yet I cannot leave it at that. Since *The Investigation* is not in the accepted sense a "play," I must approach it in its own terms—beyond the theatre. The very day I saw it, a nice American, a person whom most of us would describe as "a man of good will," one furthermore who saw and was appalled by the concentration camps, was quoted as saying that he would not automatically preclude anything, including the use of nuclear weapons, to end the war in Vietnam. "When you appeal to force," he added, "to carry out the policies of America abroad, there is no court above you." Perhaps it hasn't occurred to the gentleman or to those who may agree with him that if nuclear war succeeded in wiping out the enemy in Vietnam it would at the same time eliminate most of our friends as well. No wonder there are folk who could not recognize the menace of the Nazi state of mind, or who now try to ignore what happened, or yet again fail to see in it the parallel with other times, places and people!

It is so very difficult for us to learn anything important from hearsay or history: we must first learn to *see*. There is wisdom in the French use of the word *bête* to mean both "beast" and "stupid." Our bestiality does not arise so much from vindictiveness or wickedness as from stupidity. It is a trait universally shared. It takes enormous effort on our part to turn the "beasts" we are into human beings.

A final word about Peter Weiss's text itself. Apart from the details of ferocious cruelty it presents, certain of its elements are unparticularized. When one of the Nazi hirelings speaks of how "*they* had to be rooted out," we do not know whom "they" refers to, except to the victims in general. There is no mention of pacifists, Socialists, Communists or Jews. It is a fact that the Auschwitz camp was chiefly an instrument in the "final solution" — the extermination of Jews as such. But Weiss has said he wished to de-emphasize this aspect of the situation, since the Jews, being people like all others, might in certain circumstances behave as murderously to others as their persecutors had done to them. Without arguing the speciousness of this reasoning, it must be plain that, so interpreted, *The Investigation* should strike an audience as more nihilistic than *Marat/Sade*.

The point here is not made for its own sake alone but for the light it sheds on a major defect in the proceedings: Weiss intended to make his documentary as factual as possible but it ends by seeming abstract. It is not the abstraction of art. On the contrary, it neutralizes the effect of the performance.

That is why I can say very little about the production. Many of the "faces" are well chosen. The text is well spoken. The style shifts from reportorial reading to one of suggested emotion and then again to straight "acting" or illustration. We are neither in a real courtroom of real people nor within an original and self-justifying stage form.

The great Russian director Meyerhold was severely brought to task when he chose to produce *The Lady of the Camelias* in Moscow in 1934. It was a decadent play, so went the complaint, and hardly literature. Meyerhold de-

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1. Date of filing: October 1, 1966.
2. Title of publication: THE NATION.
3. Frequency of issue: weekly except July and August when bi-weekly.
4. Location of known office of publication (Street, city, county, state, zip code): 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers (Not printers): 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:

Publisher (Name and address):
James J. Storrow, Jr.
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Editor (Name and address):
Carey McWilliams
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Managing Editor (Name and address):
Robert L. Hatch, Jr.
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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B. Paid Circulation:

1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 3,755; single issue nearest to filing date, 4,500.

2. Mail subscriptions: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 25.558; single issue nearest to filing date, 26.110.

C. Total Paid Circulation: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 29,313: single issue nearest to filing date, 30,610.

D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 160; single issue nearest to filing date, 160.

E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D): Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 29,473; single issue nearest to filing date, 30,770.

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SOCIETY COLUMN

At this party I picked the wrong
name, and one of the disputed colors.
Two of the talking machines programmed
for attack, attacked; and I began to
accumulate a burden of subliminal
illogic. In a corner one
of the real people held my arm,
weeping a drug I had never known.
The tray of aphrodisiacs and CIA
miniature receivers in campaign buttons
came by. Meanwhile, my voice and
appearance had incensed a fine-looking
couple, who followed and detested me,
but for reasons I could do nothing about.
Near the buffet a woman leaned her head
on my shoulder and left powder and scent,
the kind that never goes away.
At the door someone's daughter offered me
her hand, curtsied in her first high heels,
and said, "Goodby. I am so old
you will probably never see me again."

WILLIAM STAFFORD

fended himself by saying that though the play was old-fashioned in workmanship and writing, it still contained values in its indirect criticism of the old bourgeoisie.

Seeing the revival of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber's *Dinner at Eight* at the Alvin Theatre, I fancied that Tyrone Guthrie thought of this play of the early thirties as a sort of American restoration comedy, frivolous in manner, satiric in content: a kind of classic. Despite my abiding skepticism in the matter, his production almost persuades me that he may have been right.

The people invited to a swank dinner party are all shallow and innocent. They are a shallow lot, in the first place, because the play is; they are innocent because Guthrie has made them so. Oliver Jordan, the reluctant and ailing host, is the owner of a respected shipping line verging on bankruptcy; his wife Millicent is a featherbrained "society lady." (Was there really any "society" in America in those days? There is none now.) The Jordans hardly seem to have any blood kinship with their daughter. The guests of honor (who never show up) are an English lord and lady whom the Jordans barely know. Invited to the dinner too is Jordan's doctor, an indifferent rake who is having a casual affair with a floosie, formerly a night-club hat check girl, now married to a vulgar and crooked operator out of Montana, a man who in the course of the play cheats his host out of his business. The Jordan girl is having a do with a silent movie star on the skids; he commits suicide because, besides harsher humiliations, he hasn't enough money to pay for a taxi to take him to the party. Among those invited, there is also an actress past her prime (more "personality" than artist) now comfortably retired, though worried as she is no longer able to elicit favors in jewels or furs from ardent admirers. The chauffeur and butler in the Jordan kitchen fight with lethal utensils over the maid.

Not a nice group. Did the play offend anyone by its "realism" or nastiness when first produced in 1932? Not at all: no one believed any of it. It was entertainment. There were good parts (several of them memorably played), fashionable gowns, and a blazing blonde snuggled in a sumptuous bed.

Some such things might also be said of restoration comedy. It is vicious but artificial enough to pass as fun. What keeps it alive is the brilliance of its writing, its wicked wit. What probably made Guthrie believe in *Dinner at Eight* is its clever construction and box-office shrewdness. But beyond that I suspect he felt that the wealthy middle class is very much now as it was thirty-five years ago —not corrupt so much as silly. If the play were more literate, its people more than the sketchiest of stage effigies, he might have a point. To convince us that the play exists as a play Guthrie felt he could rely on his immense gifts as a director.

There are some delightful bits of business. For example, when the floosie is berated and very nearly beaten by her crude keeper, she consoles herself by cuddling a teddy bear. In fear of actual fisticuffs, Guthrie has the girl cower in her clothes closet among the silks and

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satins. When Mrs. Jordan is informed that the lobster aspic is not to be served at dinner (it was destroyed in the battle between the chauffeur and butler) she cries out in tones of Attic tragedy, "No aspic for dinner!" And the whole fracas of conflicting thematic chords at the curtain of the second act is hilarious. The final scene of the play too in which the hosts and all the guests hover in the drawing room before dinner is conducted like a *Pavane*, each couple adding another note of dignified dissonance to the grand exit to the feast which of course is a total bust.

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

1

A woman
sleeps next to me on the earth. A strand
of black hair flows
out of her cocoon sleeping-bag,
touching the earth hesitantly, as if thinking
to take root.

2

A mountain-stream
and the blood wind
down their ancient labyrinths. And
a few feet away
charred stick-ends surround
a heap of ashes, where burnt-out, vanished
flames
absently waver, absently leap.

GALWAY KINNELL

Why despite these assets does the show work to a limited degree only? For two reasons: Guthrie shapes the scenes and external characterizations with skill and imagination, but does not cast the parts with a sufficiently sharp sense of type and does not help those he has cast with anything beyond their movements and byplay. Like most English directors he leaves the basic acting problems to the cast itself.

Many of the players, whatever their age, seem too young for their parts. This in a way is a social phenomenon. Americans of 40 in bygone days looked like people with forty years of life experience. Many of the present cast somehow strike one as kids. If the play were done by kids (at a regional or university theatre, let us say), the show might come closer to Guthrie's conception of it as a perhaps meaningful frolic. If the actors seemed more mature, if there were greater type verisimilitude in the casting, the play's satiric potential might be realized.

Guthrie is a man without malice, so the play has no sting; and for gay sport the actors are not free or extravagant enough. Most of them, working loyally and intelligently, are suspended between the two possibilities of satire or spoof.

Exception should be made for Blanche Yurka as the Jordan cook and for Daniel Keyes in a bit part as a justifiably irascible square. Pamela Tiffin is luscious and comes off well because her youth and softness (she is not the 29-year-old toughie of the script) give the role wistfulness (she curtsies every time she meets a guest at the dinner party), a quality which seems to correspond to Guthrie's sense of the play. If this is so, I conclude that he has not succeeded in finding a clearly marked style to serve his interpretation or his enthusiasm.

Off-Broadway organizations are beginning to get the idea: it is well worth while, it may even prove a pleasure, to see "old" American plays. Of course most of them will be "dated," but may that not be part of their charm? Why is a play which smacks of its period necessarily dull? A person who speaks of himself as "a man of the sixties" makes me think: "In that case in 1970 you will be ten years old." No wonder we have so much difficulty in growing up.

Now that the Wilder one-acters have attracted an audience numerous enough to warrant moving them to the Orpheum Theatre on Second Avenue, the City Center has initiated an American Playwrights Series with *The Country Girl* by Clifford Odets. The weakness of the series (but no reason for scorning it) is that the plays may be insufficiently rehearsed —although Stanislavsky once said: "If you haven't time enough to rehearse a play for as long as it should be rehearsed, two weeks will do."

The Country Girl is the thinnest of Odets' plays. (Is it too cynical to say that that is one cause for its having been more successful than several other of his better plays?) It is straightforward, clear and effective on a simple level. It is warmed by the subjective heat of Odets' desire to explain certain of his own personal flaws and to confess his need for the help of a patient and trusting woman, as well as for the aid of an artistically and humanly loyal companion in the theatre. It is above all a play which demands superb acting.

While Uta Hagen was excellent in the original (1951) production, Paul Kelly was not up to the central part. Michael Redgrave, on reliable report, played it magnificently in London where the play was a solid hit. Franchot Tone was scheduled to play the role at City Center and began rehearsing it when he fell ill. My guess is that he would have been very fine.

Joseph Anthony stepped in. He plays the failing old actor well but it is not "his" part. He makes sense but not pathos. What the part calls for is an aura of grandeur. As the actor's wife, Jennifer Jones comports herself nicely rather than impressively. Rip Torn as the director who works with fierce devotion to restore the actor's confidence and powers is most fittingly cast. I was glad to see the play again.

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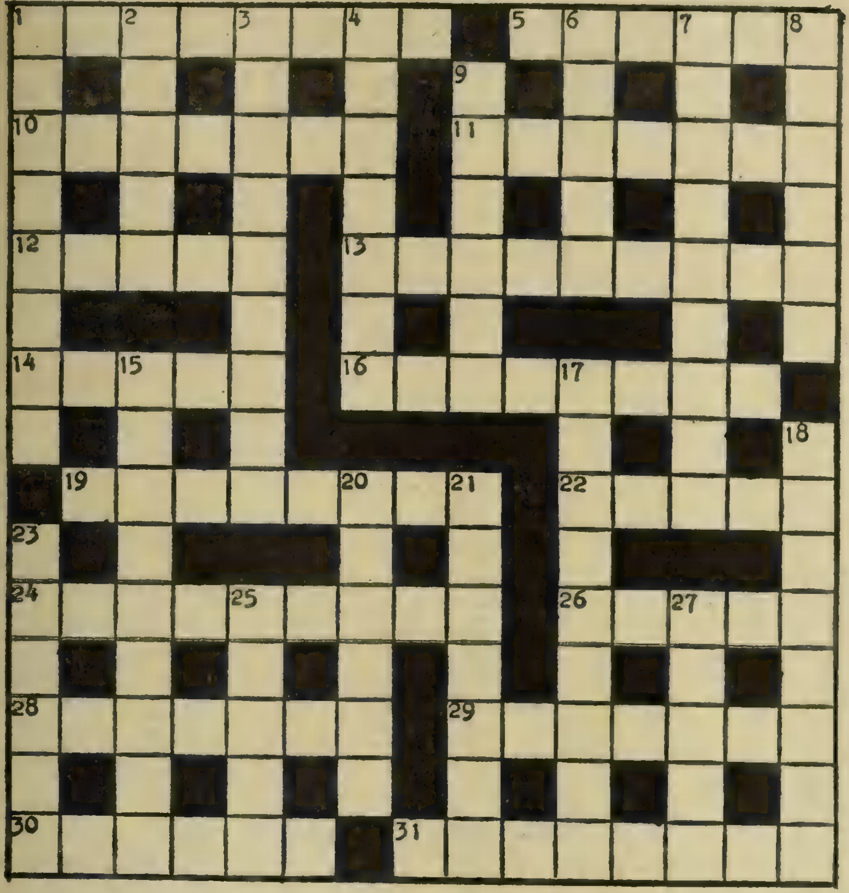
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This soup's ads aren't very substantial, even when blown up. (8)
5 and 29 Play with what Pooh liked? (1, 5, 2, 5)
10 Dying, it seems, should be a stately condition. (7)
11 A hint to keep out a soldier? (7)
12 The color of the poet's last bloomers? (5)
13 This fared rather badly, as divers usually go. (4-5)
14 Don't let the sound of the timekeepers get under your skin! (5)
16 Did a real turn for the head of state at one time. (8)
19 The headgear's shade just about tops everything! (8)
22 Should this make a light beam? (5)
24 Sam Weller should have been! (9)
26 Count ill-favored, but up to now contained. (5)
28 The cheese is soft and the pudding is plain! (7)
29 See 5 across
30 Potentially deadly part of your tennis technique? (6)
31 Chief country where Kipling's fire sinks? (8)

DOWN:

1 If the lady is to change make-up, expect an appearance in society. (8)
2 Hamlet's man was like one in action. (5)
3 Fit with such things [illegible] might be objective, for example—but their habits might be yours. (9)
4 Water with the hose? Not when this! (3-4)
6 A possible title for all takers. (5)
7 Where one goes up and down and round and round. (9)
8 Turns inside out. (6)
9 Grace doesn't exemplify such a position. (6)
15 Part of a letter? (9)
17 Marched out into the open. (9)
18 Talked of peace, perhaps where the wild deer play. (8)
20 A paladin to exist in alternative surroundings. (6)
21 Certain items of value might be dependent on it. (7)
23 Jars of grain? (6)
25 A course followed? College men might go out for it. (5)
27 Friendly when proper, otherwise light and moving. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1170

ACROSS: 8 Procrastination; 9 Swatch; 10 Wardrobe; 11 Ends; 13 Unredeemed; 15 Dadaism; 16 Banners; 19 Scorecards; 21 Soon; 22 Cupboard; 24 Rancho; 26 Stand on ceremony. DOWN: 1 Drawing accounts; 2 Scot; 3 Bathtubs; 4 Steward; 5 Snored; 6 Stir; 7 Double or nothing; 12 Stair; 14 Ernes; 17 Assurers; 18 Predict; 20 Crayon; 23 Bond; 25 Nome.

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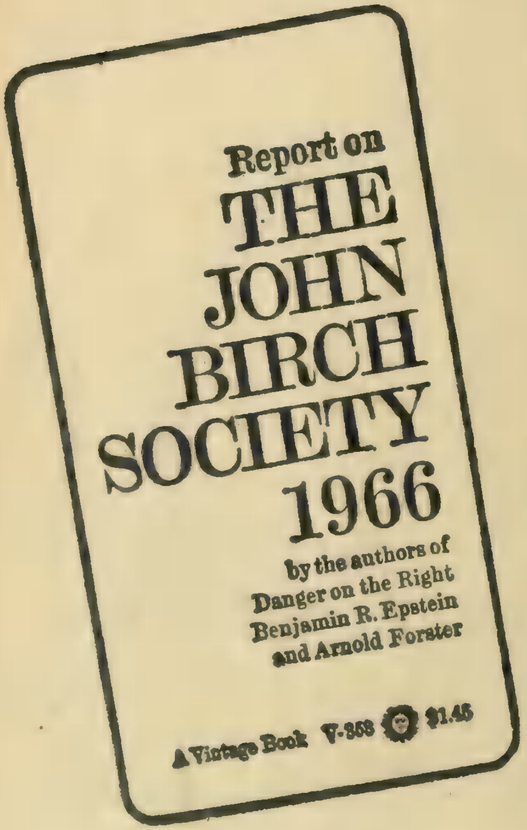

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LETTERS

campus names

Stanford, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Frank J. Donner states that "A [House Committee on Un-American Activities] investigator had obtained from Stanford University lists of student members of certain registered campus organizations" ["HUAC: From Pillory to Farce," *The Nation*, Sept. 5].

This statement is somewhat misleading. In response to a HUAC subpoena and on advice of counsel, the university provided the committee with the names of officers of four student organizations. While an organization must provide evidence that at least five members of the university community are interested in its activities, the university neither requires nor maintains membership lists for any organization.

Bob Beyers, Director, News Service,
Stanford University

correction

Two most unfortunate printers' errors appeared in "Marx and Shame" by Harvey Swados (*The Nation*, Oct. 10). Where Mr. Swados characterized 19th-century Russia as a "seemingly hopelessly reactionary" social order, the word "hopelessly" was dropped; and where he cited Prof. Conor Cruise O'Brien as believing that "Socialist academics already had sufficient to do within the areas of their own competence," the word "Stalinist" was substituted for "Socialist."—*The Editors.*

Stalin at home and abroad

Bronxville, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: In his article "Why We Fear Peasants in Revolt" [*The Nation* Sept. 26] Barrington Moore, Jr., presents us with an interesting but questionable argument: (a) If we deny that "Stalinist socialism played any significant part in bringing on the cold war" (b) "from that it would follow that under Stalin the Soviet Union constituted a freer, more humane society than did the capitalist democracies, in the years after the Second World War and a long time previously." Such an argument puts "an enormous strain on the organs of credulity," he concludes.

But the strain for me is in accepting Professor Moore's logic. He is suggesting that anyone who saw Soviet policy in the early postwar years as a defensive reaction to our own aggressive cold-war mentality must also deny the existence of purges, labor camps and censorship and be an apologist for all features of Soviet society. But it does not at all "follow" that a nation's domestic and foreign policy bear a one-to-one relationship to each other. The same Stalin who crushed all real and imagined opposition within his country may well have conducted himself in a conciliatory and cautious spirit when facing the world after World War II.

How much longer do we take the internal crimes of Stalinism as prima-facie evidence of Soviet culpability in starting the cold war? . . . *Michael Parenti*

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In the paragraph to which Professor Parenti refers, I was both summarizing and rejecting certain aspects of Marxism, having in mind its moral and political commitment to socialism. Perhaps I erred in giving the impression that the system has greater logical coherence than it does. The next paragraph gives my own views and explicitly rejects any one-to-one correspondence between foreign and domestic policies.

On more specific issues, it seems to me that Soviet caution after World War II probably reflected a lively

(Continued on page 419)

EDITORIALS

The *Detente* Rides Again

After many months of maintaining a rigid and even threatening countenance to mark its disapproval of the American role in Vietnam, the Soviet Union shows signs of warming up to a renewed dialogue with the United States. Its leaders and its press continue to denounce "American aggression," but recent concrete moves indicate that Moscow has decided to tread further the path of peaceful coexistence with Washington.

This change is no doubt linked, at least in part, to the continuing deterioration of Sino-Soviet relations. After the October 1 demonstrations in Peking and the expulsion of students from each other's country, the break between China and Russia seems beyond repair. The natural counterweight is closer relations with the West, and especially with the United States. There are many reasons to believe that all along the Soviet leadership would have liked to continue developing its ties with the United States in spite of the Vietnamese conflict but was prevented from doing so by the fear of providing fuel for Peking's propaganda successes with other Communist parties, especially in Asia, Africa and Latin America. In a remarkably short time the Chinese regime has lost considerable ground in its ideological struggle, and the excesses of the Red Guards have contributed to its isolation from the rest of the Communist world. Peking's inroads in the developing countries have been cut short, if not rolled back (as in Indonesia). Moscow has therefore regained a greater freedom of action.

The *détente* started moving again a few weeks ago with the announcement of a long-delayed American-Soviet agreement for a direct air link between the two countries. It developed further in talks between Soviet Minister Gromyko and Secretary Rusk, which have focused on two main topics: an international treaty to regulate activities in space and insure the demilitarization of the moon and other celestial bodies, and an agreement designed to halt the spread of nuclear weapons.

After a fairly auspicious beginning, negotiations on the space treaty had stalled when the Russians suddenly insisted on complete and obligatory reciprocity of rights to the use of tracking stations. This meant extending automatically to the Soviet Union the clause of "the most favored nation" in matters of space observation. After Ambassador Goldberg offered technical talks on this subject leading to the usual bilateral agreements, the Soviet delegation produced a revised version of its space treaty with considerably toned-down requests. Consultations are now proceeding smoothly enough, and the prospect of concluding and signing the treaty during the present session of the General Assembly is foreseen by both sides. This event would be hailed as a very important step in the *détente,* whereas only recently it seemed doubtful that the USSR would co-sign with the United States any meaningful agreement as long as the Vietnamese conflict continued.

The treaty on nonproliferation is much more complex and does not depend solely on the two superpowers. However, any progress has been prevented from the outset by

JAN 25
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basic disagreement between Washington and Moscow over limited nuclear sharing by West Germany. The fading of prospects for NATO's nuclear integration has eased the situation, and Andrei Gromyko has made unusually optimistic statements, which among other things concede the sincerity of the American desire to reach agreement.

He has expressed similar feelings toward the United States' junior partner, Britain, and has invited to Moscow Foreign Secretary George Brown, whose predecessor was snubbed when he tried to mediate in the Vietnamese War. True, Mr. Gromyko has again refused Mr. Brown's appeal for convening the Geneva Conference, but statements from Moscow, which had previously listed a whole series of conditions for initiating peace talks, are now selecting the cessation of bombings as the condition which would open the way for negotiations.

The Administration has always been eager to make concrete progress in its relationship with Moscow, but up to very recently it was rebuffed in direct proportion to the escalation of the Vietnamese operations. President Johnson's stepped-up campaign for an accommodation with Eastern Europe, on the eve of the Manila Conference and the November elections, seems to be well timed from the point of view of Soviet receptivity.

The crucial test—for Washington as well as for Moscow—will be whether the renewed dialogue can break the Vietnamese diplomatic deadlock and whether Moscow is willing and able to play broker with Hanoi.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

What About Priorities?

A recent two-day conference at Columbia University was devoted to a discussion of "The National Priorities Problem: Choices and Consequences." Called by the indefatigable Seymour Melman and a group of faculty associates, it gave rise to nine illuminating papers on such topics as "The Garrison Society," "The Economic Consequences of Vietnam," "The Decay of American Cities," "The World Poverty Gap," etc. The question of priorities is obviously crucial. The mystery is why some alert and ambitious politician—say Sen. Robert Kennedy—has not perceived its enormous political opportunity.

Using only minimum figures and relying largely on government reports and official data, Melman inventories $76 billion a year of appropriations needed for a variety of programs: housing, health, education, transportation, natural resources, water and power, elimination of stream and air pollution, waste disposal.

The sum is large, but the money exists; however, today it is not going into constructive projects. Military spending, space and the AEC account for about $79 billion a year, or three-fourths of the federal budget. Patently something has to give. Awesome our gross national product may be, but it is still expressed in twelve digits. Hence the priorities problem. It is clear that the President has quietly abandoned his own contention that the American economy could sustain a steadily widening war, provide all the conveniences and luxuries that the middle and upper classes regard as their due, and simultaneously launch The Great Society.

Not so long ago, Mr. Johnson was uplifting Appalachia

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

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and getting credit for his humanitarianism. In the *Charleston Gazette*—such promises are not quickly forgotten in West Virginia—Harry Ernst reports from Washington that Governor Hulett C. Smith returned from a recent White House conference with orders to defer construction projects "in an effort to restrain the war-heated economy." The Governor, Ernst pointed out, "really doesn't have much of a choice because the President is in the process of trimming the federal aid which feeds most state construction projects." Among other projects that are being deferred in West Virginia is a $1 million expenditure to enable county school systems to take advantage of National Defense Education Funds, and $500,000 for vocational education. These cutbacks will hardly cool off the war-heated economy, but they indicate what is happening in various federal agencies and in those states where the politicians do not vociferously press their demands.

Aside from money considerations, priorities involve allocations of skilled manpower, which is always in short supply. It is impossible to tie up a major part of the country's most advanced scientists and engineers in military research and development without starving other fields of national interest. On this ground alone priorities should be an issue of national debate. The problem should be seen in the large so that people will understand what options exist. Our present politics are largely on the make-believe level, politicians vying with one another to make elections as meaningless as possible. An honest grappling with priorities would do much to restore reality to the hustings.

Our Bourbon Allies

In the October 9 *New York Times Magazine*, Neil Sheehan, under the autobiographical title "Not a Dove, But No Longer a Hawk," presents the most candid and shocking account of the Vietnamese War to date. Sheehan is qualified: he served as the *Times* correspondent in Vietnam for two years, beginning in April, 1962; then returned for another year in 1965. This second tour ended last August. Sheehan's dispatches were not notably expostulatory; another *Times* correspondent, David Halberstam, raised considerably more hell during his stay. But now that it is over for him, Sheehan has unburdened himself with redoubled force.

The gist of his revelations is that the United States intervened in a class war, a war in which the mandarin caste and its mercenaries were and are arrayed against the Communists, with the bulk of the rural population in the middle. Involuntarily—for he went to Vietnam as a supporter of the U.S. crusade and still sees no way out—Sheehan is a witness for the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. He shows how in the first Indo-China war, the native aristocracy cooperated with the colonial French. "Now," he says, "the same Vietnamese, for identical reasons, cooperate with the United States." Among these coadjutors or, to use a less polite term, quislings, is the current premier, Nguyen Cao Ky, once a pilot for the French. Other members of the ruling junta were likewise officers or sergeants in the French forces. "They are the Vietnamese who have inherited the worst of two cultures—the pretentiousness of the native mandarins and the rigidity of the French colonial officers and administrators." Plus, he could have added, a massive dose of American hypocrisy.

All measures for reform, in land ownership for instance, "have been sabotaged because the regimes were and are composed of men who are members of, or who are allied with, mandarin families that held title to properties they have no intention of renouncing. While there are some patriotic and decent individuals among them, most of the men who run Saigon have, like the Bourbons, learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They seek to retain what privileges they have and to regain those they have lost. . . . The Communist Party is the one truly national organization that permeates both North and South Vietnam. . . . The Communists, despite their brutality and deceit, remain the only Vietnamese capable of rallying millions of their countrymen to sacrifice and hardship in the name of the nation and the only group not dependent on foreign bayonets."

A more corrupt regime probably has never battened on the lives and treasure of a great power in modern times. Sheehan says that American officials with long experience in Vietnam estimate that about 20 per cent of U.S. aid supplied for counterinsurgency projects in the countryside finds its way to the Vietcong, while another 30 to 40 per cent is diverted by government officials. "What gets down to the poor son of a bitch in the paddy field," one U.S. official told Sheehan, "is a trickle." Complaints from the U.S. Embassy led Ky to warn his fellow generals that "they were embezzling too much and should exercise some restraint. Their reply was that they had to think of their families." Ky then publicly executed a lone Chinese businessman.

The moral effects are what one would expect: "Bars and bordellos, thousands of young Vietnamese women degrading themselves as bar girls and prostitutes, gangs of hoodlums and beggars and children selling their older sisters and picking pockets have become ubiquitous features of urban life." In a parallel manifestation of "GI culture," the countryside is ravaged by American bombs and chemical defoliants. More than a million displaced peasants crowd the refugee camps, where the government leaves most of them to shift for themselves. Both the urban and rural societies of an ancient civilization are being destroyed.

Sheehan, now serving as the *Times* correspondent at the Pentagon, ends his account on a note of near despair. As he sees it, we have gone too far to retreat. We shall have to put up with our mandarin allies, continue to rely on our magnificent killing machine, and hope that its efficiency will be so high that "someday" it will bring us to a "favorable" settlement.

One can appreciate his dilemma, one can even feel a twinge of sympathy for him as he hangs suspended between hawks and doves; just the same it is a strange position for a man of his discernment and compassion.

Confrontation at Latrobe

During the first week of October, residents of the greater Pittsburgh area who dialed the local Birchite "Let Freedom Ring" number were told that "the international Communist conspiracy suffered a major defeat" from a right-wing razzle-dazzle aimed at forcing the cancellation of a college forum.

This event had caused reporters and television cameras on October 3-4 to converge on Latrobe, a community some

40 miles east of Pittsburgh, where the most unlikely antagonists turned out to be 120-year-old St. Vincent College, conducted by the Benedictine monks, and a noisy crowd of right-wing extremists.

The script was familiar: a student organization with the sanction of the administration and encouragement of the faculty, had scheduled a seminar on Marxism, and had further shocked conservative community opinion by inviting a real live Communist to lecture. The Birchite troops, of course, became his best advance men and focused attention on a seminar that would have otherwise gone unnoticed beyond the campus.

Three hours before Dr. Herbert Aptheker, the Communist historian, and his three fellow panelists were scheduled to begin "A Week's Study on Communism" in the college auditorium, some 200 pickets appeared at the campus entrance. The Benedictines, who along with student association leaders had been receiving numerous telephone threats, reported a call that a bomb was located in the building.

State police had been advised by the college months earlier that the seminar and its controversial participant might provoke demonstrations. Instead of undertaking to impose order, however, the cops urged cancellation of the forum "for public safety." They would even be happy to escort Dr. Aptheker off the campus.

At this point, the Benedictines departed from the script. Instead of knuckling under to the Birchites at the gates, they suspended classes for one day, so that all 800 students and an additional 300 seminarians might attend the seminar. A packed student union—with closed-circuit television bringing the proceedings to overflow audiences in two additional buildings—heard the Communist, a New Left defector (Philip Abbot Luce), a Hungarian general and a political scientist discuss Marxism and answer questions.

With the exception of the press, youthful state police in collegiate dress and obvious FBI types detailed to cover Aptheker, the program was limited to the academic community. The bomb intimidation moved St. Vincent President Maynard J. Brenan to say that only a "vociferous minority" had opposed the seminar, and to note that some were incensed because a Catholic college was playing host to a Communist.

"But why not a Catholic campus?" Father Brenan asked. "If anything, 'Catholic' implies open-mindedness, fairness, justice and charity above all. We must be open to dialogue, questioning, constant change." The students agreed. They denounced the pressure and observed that a Birch sound truck had rallied the pickets with emotional charges of "treason on campus while our boys are dying in Vietnam."

Father Brenan and the student leaders held a press conference three days after the truncated "Week's Study" took place. They told of the well-financed campaign to intimidate, the threats and the bomb scare. "Christian Crusaders" of Billy James Hargis were on campus in cars with Oklahoma plates, radio time was purchased, leaflets distributed.

But in the end the Birchers only dramatized the fact that it could be dangerous to conduct a lawful assembly on a college campus, that the police would rather cancel than protect such a meeting and that academic freedom has come of age in places that have not always espoused it.

'Traitors To Their Constituents'

In discussing whether the Constitution contained adequate safeguards against usurpation of power by the military, the 26th "Federalist Paper" found reassurance in the fact that Congress would be obliged, at least once in every two years, "to deliberate upon the propriety of keeping a military force on foot; to come to a new resolution on the point; and to clear their sense of the matter, by formal vote in the face of their constituents." The inference was that a member would become "a traitor to his constituents" if he were to give free rein to the military, and the aggrieved constituents would rise up and deal with the miscreant who had so abused his power.

Much of the thought of the founding fathers, so cogent in the context of the late 18th century, has this same air of quaint irrelevance today. In *The Professional Soldier: a Social and Political Portrait* (1960), Morris Janowitz quotes Lewis Dexter, who interviewed selected members of Congress, as saying that "no one with whom I talked ever maintained that Congress has any significant role in the formulation of military policies." Such is the effect of imposing, permanently it would seem, a huge military establishment on a country that for the major part of its existence had little use for large standing armies or naval forces.

A striking confirmation of the impotence of Congress in ruling the military establishment is to be found in the action of the House on an amendment to the military appropriations measure, at the session of October 11. The House voted 305 to 42 to give the President power to call up any unit of the ready reserve for a period not to exceed twenty-four months, *without declaring a national emergency*. The Senate passed the same measure by voice vote. Usually Congress has insisted on its right to approve mobilizations; President Kennedy obtained approval to call up the reserves at the time of the Berlin crisis. Now Congress has relinquished even this remnant of its power and responsibility to declare war, and until June 30, 1968, the President can call up individuals and units of the reserve without further ado.

The President has never requested authority to summon reservists to active duty without the normal prerequisite of a declaration of national emergency. Congress acted this time of its own volition in a matter where the Executive has traditionally taken the initiative. Apparently some members, Senator Russell, for example, feel so strongly that some reserve units should be called up that they insisted on thrusting this power on the President.

Regardless of what considerations may have prompted it, this is an extraordinary delegation of power to the President—to any President. Yet it has been done, and with little public notice or concern. It would seem that for the public, as well as Congress, a new era has dawned, in which the old safeguards are no longer treasured.

The author of the 26th "Federalist Paper," whose ashes have long since become "siftings on siftings in oblivion," was, of course, Alexander Hamilton—no negligible fighter himself when there was fighting to be done, and for these many decades admired beyond all the other founders by the well heeled and well born. Apparently he too has been cast away, and the ship sails on over uncharted waters.

THE PRESS VIEWS LBJ

FEARSOME ANTAGONIST

CHARLES ROBERTS

Mr. Roberts has been Newsweek's *Washington correspondent for twelve years. His* LBJ's Inner Circle *was published by Delacorte.*

Washington

In the historic East Room of the White House, its grandeur only slightly marred by the blinking red eyes and snaking cables of TV cameras, President Johnson laid down two big news stories for the Washington press corps on October 6. At one of his rare live-TV news conferences, he announced plans for his 25,000-mile, six-nation Asian-Pacific tour and named career diplomat Llewellyn Thompson as Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

In the question period that followed his announcements Mr. Johnson's answers were, for the most part, substantive and responsive to the questions asked. (He said firmly, for instance, that he had "no plans" to support segregationist Democratic gubernatorial candidates in the South.) Even more remarkable, his replies were delivered in good humor. He had no complaints about recent stories misrepresenting his position, nor did he cut off correspondents in mid-question or browbeat any who presumed to ask searching questions in sensitive areas.

It was the President's seventy-eighth press conference in less than thirty-five months — and one of his best performances. To "regular" White House reporters who have covered most of his conferences, at home and away, there was a simple explanation for the President's good behavior: he was on TV.

When it comes to meeting the reporters, the regulars learned long ago, there are two President Johnsons. In his office, where most conferences are held, without benefit of TV cameras, the President is a fearsome antagonist. The transcripts of these encounters, printed in only two or three newspapers, rarely show how severely the President deals with questions—or questioners—he doesn't like. The other Lyndon Johnson emerges when TV cameras are projecting him into the living rooms of Keokuk and Alhambra. (He has had just twenty live-TV conferences.) Then he is the very model of a modern President—courteous, smiling, sincere, uncomplaining, exuding information and brimming with bonhomie.

Washington newsmen can and do live with this schizophrenic situation, but the President's news conferences are only a small, though highly visible, part of his dealings with the press. His press relations, which go on for 365 days a year, are a more complicated—and a sadder—story. It is a story that needs telling not because there are some disgruntled reporters in Washington but because the press (including radio and TV) is still the primary means of communication between the President and the American people.

It is, in fact, his primary means of communication with the world. A President may be a formidable man in face-to-face encounters, as Lyndon Johnson is when he administers the "treatment" to a visiting head of state. He may fire off 100 letters a day and he may be tremendously effective on the telephone. Lyndon Johnson has made the phone an instrument of national policy. But what he has to say *publicly*—whether to officials of his own Administration, to President de Gaulle, to Premier Ky in Saigon, to an unruly left-wing faction on a Caribbean island, or to warring Watusi tribesmen in Africa—he must communicate through the press if he is really to be heard.

At the same time, in its reporting of what he says and does, the press has a unique opportunity and responsibility to hold the President accountable for the conduct of his office. If the press is, as its owners insist, a public trust, then it must examine his every act critically. And, in the Presidential press conference, it has the opportunity to raise questions on behalf of the public, to make him answerable to his vast constituency.

The Presidential press conference is still our nearest equivalent to—and in some ways an improvement on—the time-honored question period in the British House of Commons. This is an important relationship then, not just for newsmen or the President, but for the welfare of the country. It is, in fact, as Walter Lippmann has said, "a great matter of state."

The first thing to be said about Presidential press relations, in fairness to Mr. Johnson, is that friction between the Chief Executive and newsmen and news media did not originate with Mr. Johnson; it is as old as the Presidency itself. George Washington, who was generally scornful of "publick" printers, nevertheless resorted to the primitive device of playing favorites to get a good press. He handed the only copy of one of his most important speeches to a single Philadelphia newspaper. Other papers called him "treacherous," "mischievous," "inefficient" and "pusillanimous."

When he submitted the first draft of his Farewell Address to the first Presidential ghost writer, Alexander Hamilton, it contained a passage striking back at the press for its abuse of him. It was Hamilton, apparently, who struck out the passage, thus establishing a rule that some wise politicians still follow: Don't fight the press, or, in more earthy terms, don't get in a spraying contest with a skunk.

Washington's successor, John Adams, had a simpler idea for getting things printed just the way he wanted them to appear. He proposed the establishment of a paper that would speak for the President. Thomas Jefferson, the man who said he would prefer a nation without a government to a nation without newspapers, seemed to prefer a nation with just one newspaper while he was President. He designated a single journal, the *National Intelligencer*, as his mouthpiece. Not surprisingly, he was accused in other papers of being an atheist, keeping a mistress, trying to seduce a friend's wife and padding his expense accounts.

This led Jefferson to make a cynical proposal which I can almost hear Lyndon Johnson making today. Jefferson suggested, half seriously, that editors should divide their papers into sections labeled "Truths," "Probabilities," "Possibilities" and "Lies." The first section, he observed wryly, would be the smallest and the last the biggest.

Almost every President since has shared this acid feeling toward the press when things weren't going his way —when he was having trouble prosecuting a frustrating war (the Civil War, the Korean War or the Vietnamese War); when he was embarrassed by the misdeeds of his associates (the tribulations of Grant, Harding, Truman, Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson come to mind); or when the press pried into his family affairs (here you can name any of the thirty-five men who have held the office).

The Presidents have struck back at their tormentors in various ways. Theodore Roosevelt, though he was the first President to provide working space for the press in the White House, shunned correspondents he disliked, while lavishing exclusive stories on "reliable" reporters.

Woodrow Wilson, who in 1913 conceived the Presidential press conference as we now know it—"to take the people of the country into his confidence"—lost confidence in his own invention and simply stopped seeing the reporters.

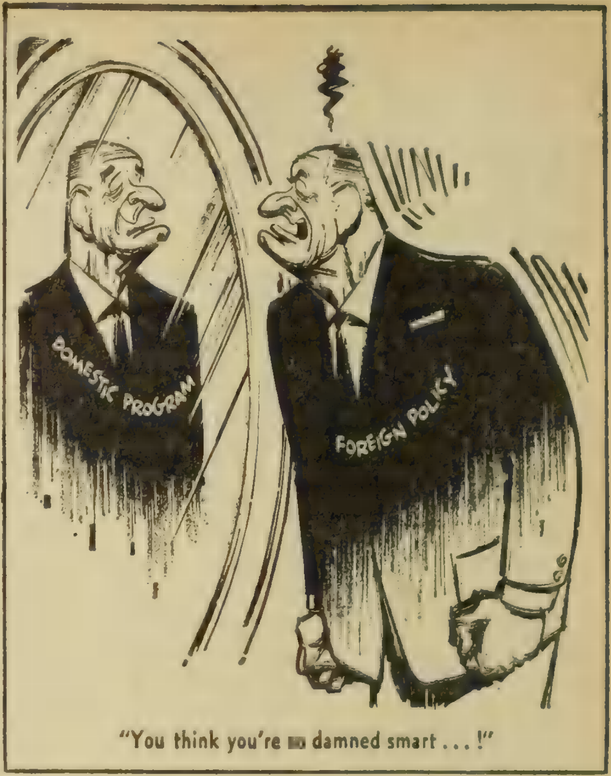
Franklin D. Roosevelt, though generally regarded as the most adept President at handling newsmen, once tried to stand a reporter in a corner with a dunce cap on his head and, on another occasion, awarded the German Iron Cross to a correspondent he thought had given comfort to the Nazis. Harry Truman, in a sulfurous letter, threatened to kick a *Washington Post* music critic where it would hurt the most for writing an unsympathetic review of his daughter's vocal efforts. Even President Eisenhower, whose bland manner evoked gentle handling by the press, once stalked angrily out of a news conference when pressed on the subject of McCarthyism in his administration.

John F. Kennedy, almost as thin-skinned as President Johnson, made light of his bad notices with the deft paraphrase that he was "reading more now but enjoying it less." But this did not alter the fact that he phoned reporters to complain about their stories, that he peevishly canceled his subscription to the New York *Herald Tribune*, and that on at least one occasion he phoned a publisher in an effort to have a reporter taken off an assignment. *The New York Times* left David Halberstam where he was—in Vietnam—and Halberstam won a Pulitzer Prize.

It is clear from history, then, that the relations between press and President never have run smooth—at least not for long. But never in the past decade of off-again-on-again Presidential press relations have those relations been *off* for as long as they have been under Mr. Johnson.

There is no way to measure press relations, but all evidence suggests that Mr. Johnson's are the worst since an aloof, embittered and inept Herbert Hoover pulled into a depression foxhole in 1931 and asked the press, in effect, to leave him alone. That was, by coincidence, the year that Lyndon Johnson first came to Washington, as an aide to a Texas Congressman. It is one of the ironies of the present situation that when he succeeded to the office Mr. Johnson had had more experience in dealing with the press (a period of thirty-two years) than had any President before him.

After he became President at Dallas, LBJ enjoyed a traditional press honeymoon of three or four months. During that abbreviated era of good feelings, newsmen swam naked with the President in the White House pool, attended *Kaffeeklatsches* in his office, and enjoyed beer barbecues at the LBJ Ranch. Though it was sometimes difficult to make notes on the President's "background" thoughts while clutching a barbecued rib in one hand and a paper cup of beer in the other, there was almost a spirit of camaraderie.



"You think you're so damned smart . . . !"

Conrad: Los Angeles Times

During those first four months, White House regulars —the handful of reporters who cover the President daily, at home or on the road—amused themselves by trying to guess when and where Mr. Johnson would hold his next press conference. He tried a dozen different formats, including one on a bale of hay at the ranch.

A curtain of ice first descended between press and President in March, 1964, after reporters wrote that Johnson had sped at 80 or 90 miles an hour down a Texas highway in his white Lincoln Continental with a Dixie Cup of Pearl beer close at hand. The President had entertained us at his ranch that day. There was precious little drinking—of beer or anything else. When the first stories appeared, he felt, with some justification, that his hospitality had been violated. But in the aftermath there seemed to be no soul-searching on the part of the President who, after all, *had* endangered the life of the leader of the Free World. There was just anger at the press for printing the story. He has never been quite as relaxed with reporters since.

The speeding story was followed by a difficult period in which Mr. Johnson was surprisingly uncommunicative —for a man so garrulous. George Reedy, his then press secretary (he has had three in less than three years), tried to fill the word gap with a torrent of circumlocution, but was largely uninformative. Some of Mr. Reedy's long-winded answers used to remind me of the boy who was asked to spell "banana." "I know how to spell it," he said, "but I don't know when to stop."

As expected, the President thawed out during the 1964 campaign when he felt the need of a good press. But the situation was exacerbated, rather than helped, by his landslide victory that November. At his first post-election press conference, in a memorable thirty-minute session at the LBJ Ranch, he took four gratuitous slaps at the weary instant historians who had followed him through the campaign. A couple of examples: He ridiculed us for "premature" speculation about his intentions in Vietnam. The "speculation" all came true, in spades, a few months later. He told us we had "misled" our readers about the possibility that a Texas politician, Marvin Watson, would join his staff. A few weeks later, Watson joined his staff.

Since then, despite the fact that no President has worked harder to cultivate a good press—he is attracted to the press as is a moth to the flame—Mr. Johnson's press relations have suffered a steady erosion. Now, despite some heroic salvage efforts by his third press secretary, Bill D. Moyers, there is deep distrust on both sides. And during the period since his election the Administration's "credibility gap" has widened by a country mile.

On his side, Mr. Johnson has many complaints—some of them well founded—against the press. He is wary of "self-styled intellectuals" in the Washington press corps (a phrase he used in a San Antonio speech). He is weary of those recurring stories comparing his "style" with that of President Kennedy—a weariness that I share. No two Presidents have the same style, and style is *not* substance, as some Kennedy-worshiping LBJ critics contend. He cannot bear stories probing or guessing at his motives or intentions—which is a highly hazardous pastime in the case of so complicated and unpredictable a man.

Never reconciled to the fact that conflict makes bigger news than orderly events, he sees his minor embarrassments and reverses (such as an unfavorable vote in a Congressional committee) magnified, while his hard-won and significant victories (such as the establishment of a democratic government in the Dominican Republic) are relegated to the back pages. In short, he feels that he doesn't get a fair shake from those newsmen who follow him around like friends, but obviously aren't.

How do the newsmen feel about him? First, it should be made clear that few, if any, of Johnson's Boswells are against him on partisan grounds. Many, perhaps most, are advocates of both the Great Society and the Vietnamese War. Nearly all stand in awe of the President's back-breaking work schedule and his tremendous legislative record. Most agree that he has been the most accessible of Presidents. Mr. Johnson has seen more reporters individually and held far more news conferences in his first three years in office than did either President Eisenhower or President Kennedy.

But there is much more to press relations than accessibility and holding news conferences. The working White House reporters' grievances against the President divide roughly into five categories.

¶ Impediments to good reporting, minor annoyances, crop up with such regularity that they seem to be planned—perhaps by a vindictive President.

¶ The President is hypersensitive to criticism, or even to stories which may provoke criticism.

¶ The President has a passion for secrecy.

¶ His press conferences are proving unsatisfactory as a means of extracting information from him.

¶ And most important, it has become the fact that the White House, yea, even the President, cannot always be believed.

These grievances add up to a serious indictment and they therefore require substantiation. First, the minor irritants. Every business has them, but at the White House, under LBJ, they seem to be systematically manufactured, as if someone in there were saying: "Lets make it hard for those so-and-sos to do their jobs." Early in this Administration, for example, "pool" reporters—representing the entire White House press—were removed from the President's airplane, thereby cutting the contact we had maintained with him (and his predecessors) between jet stops.

After that, press planes (booked by the White House but paid for by the correspondents) began flying so far behind the President that on some trips reporters covering the President never saw him. On a trip to Princeton, N. J., the press plane was diverted to an outlying airport, and reporters had to make their way to the scene of a Presidential speech by commandeering a garbage truck. There are enough such examples to make it certain that such confusion doesn't just happen. (In Eisenhower's day, under James Hagerty, the planes, trains and mimeograph machines ran on time.)

Next, the President's thin skin—the thinnest in American politics today. His hypersensitivity to criticism, despite thirty-five years in public life, could be forgiven if Mr. Johnson took his lumps in retrospect like, say, Harry Truman, author of the famous political dictum: "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen"; or Winston Churchill, who said he didn't resent criticism "even when, for the sake of emphasis, it parts for the time with reality." President Johnson takes no such philosophical attitude. On the contrary, he is outraged by almost any story that portrays him in a less than flattering light. And when thus incensed, he habitually turns on the press as a whipping boy.

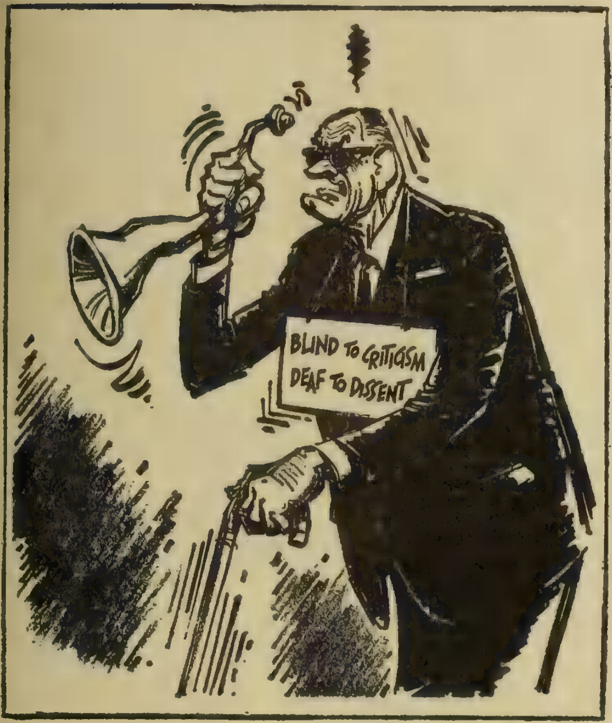
When he sent Secretary of State Rusk instead of Vice President Humphrey to Winston Churchill's funeral—and was criticized—he failed to acknowledge, except in a bitterly sarcastic jibe at the press, that he might have erred. It was the press that made an incident of it, he insisted.

When he angered a whole subcontinent by his abrupt and undiplomatic cancellation of invitations to Pakistan's President Ayub and India's Prime Minister Shastri, again it was those troublemaking reporters—not the President—who had stirred up a fuss.

Last spring, when the President intimated to a group of White House fellows that he might ask Congress for a tax increase soon if prices continued to rise, and the Associated Press duly reported his remarks, the President took an even more startling tack. He angrily blamed the conscientious A.P. White House correspondent for that day's $10 billion drop in prices on the New York Stock Exchange.

A phrase the President used in deploring the Ayub-Shastri stories gives some insight into his ideas about the functions of the press. When I asked at a news conference about the postponement of the visits, he glared and lamented that we had "speculated" about his reasons for telling the two Asian leaders, in effect, to unpack their bags. To Mr. Johnson "speculate," clearly, is a dirty word. And all stories ruminating on what he might do or why are branded "speculative," which is to say, *evil.*

Though for many years such stories, variously known as think pieces or thumbsuckers, have passed for public discussion of problems confronting the President, Mr. Johnson feels that they narrow his "options." Apparently the President thinks that the press should print the news, in tape-recorder fashion, just as he dictates it, without any unauthorized explanation, interpretation, background or speculation. If that day comes, it should be noted, there will be no need for White House correspondents—the *Federal Register* dutifully reports the President verbatim.



Conrad: Los Angeles Times

The President hates to be anticipated, and this relates to the third grievance—Mr. Johnson's love of secrecy. The timing of announcements is essential to both politics and statecraft. For years, we have heard a succession of White House press secretaries say: "When we have anything to announce we'll announce it." And most of us agree that a President should not "permit the priorities of the press to hustle the procedures of government."

But with Lyndon Johnson, secrecy is carried to such extremes that it sometimes seems to interfere with the orderly process of government, as well as with reasonable enterprise on the part of correspondents. The President, in fact, seems to have an Alice in Wonderland concept of the news. Like the Queen of Hearts, nothing is so until he says it's so. And if anyone in government says something is so before Mr. Johnson says it, he risks the fate of the Queen's courtiers.

Nothing angers him more than to have the name of a prospective Presidential appointee appear in the press before he makes the appointment. Last March he was furious when *The Washington Post* reported that he had decided to name Deputy Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson as his ambassador to Japan.

After reading the report he barged into a news conference being conducted by Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman to denounce it. He branded it "some kid's statement over at the State Department"—a phrase that was changed to "some*one's* statement" in the sanitized transcript of his remarks put out by the White House.

His obvious anger at being scooped by the *Post* made the future of Alex Johnson a forbidden subject at the State Department—until last month when Mr. Johnson, apparently having cooled down, made it official and named him our ambassador to Japan.

After many such instances, White House aides have adopted a policy of refusing to discuss even what *kind* of man the President might seek to fill any government job. I laughed, a year ago, when a member of the President's staff told me that if I printed the name of a likely candidate for a sub-Cabinet job, I would scuttle for all time that candidate's chances of getting the job. But then, last month, in a lecture to newsmen on the evils of speculation, the President virtually confirmed that that *is* his policy:

> When you see on the ticker that Oshkosh says that Bob Pierpoint may be named Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff [he said, looking at C.B.S. News Correspondent Robert Pierpoint] you don't necessarily give much credence to it, because the very fact that it is on there is the best indication that it is not likely to happen.

This is now known as "The Oshkosh Rule."

The fourth grievance is aimed at the quality of the President's press conferences. Mr. Johnson, as I have noted, holds enough of them. ("Enough of them" reminds me of Bill Moyers' reply when asked how long was the incision the surgeons made to remove the President's gall stones. His reply was "long enough.") As of the week of October 3, the President had faced the press seventy-eight times in less than thirty-five months—an average of better than two press conferences a month. But on qualitative, rather than quantitative analysis, LBJ's conferences fall below the standards set by his two immediate predecessors.

Unlike Eisenhower's and Kennedy's, which were scheduled and announced to correspondents in advance, Mr. Johnson's are known in advance only to LBJ. In most cases, White House correspondents are called into them with little or no advance warning. These "quickies" exclude journalists from other beats—the State Department, Justice, Treasury and the Pentagon—who might come to ask prepared, incisive, detailed questions in their areas. The regular White House correspondents, who must be specialists mainly on LBJ, rarely have time to prepare for a dialogue in which they, willy-nilly, speak for the voters.

The President is obviously aware of the advantage he carries into such a conference. In these impromptu meetings, a Presidential aide once boasted to me, the reporters "never lay a glove" on the champ. To make sure they don't, the President keeps reporters off balance by interrupting them, twitting them about the shortcomings of their profession, and bristling at those who probe into sensitive areas.

President Eisenhower, despite his tangled, five-star syntax, usually told us what he thought. Mr. Kennedy gave witty answers, but was basically an artful dodger. President Johnson, though he has a firmer grasp of issues than Eisenhower, and just as firm a purpose as JFK, is neither candid nor witty. Indeed, the President's purpose in his impromptu conferences seems to be to dominate and even intimidate the press rather than tell reporters what is on his mind.

Nothing the President does has engendered more hostility among newsmen than his constant deriding, belittling and berating of the press. If reporters could talk back to the President in his news conferences—which, by custom and in the interest of public safety, they can't—one of the first messages they would get to him would be: "Look, Mr. President, you run your business and let us run ours."

But the gravest of Johnson's errors in dealing with the press is not his continual criticism of it but his repeated efforts to try to fool the reporters, and hence the public. The fact that the President of the United States cannot always be believed is far more ominous for his and the country's future than his rudeness and lack of consideration toward journalists, his hypersensitivity or his passion for secrecy.

White House reporters who had not covered LBJ as a Senator got their first inkling of his deviousness, of his willingness to play a little fast and loose with the facts, less than a month after he took office. In his first press conference, asked about the federal budget he would send to Congress in January, 1964, the President pointed out that John F. Kennedy's last budget amounted to $98.8 billion, and he would have to add about $3.5 billion to that to cover "built-in" increases in the cost of government.

A few days later, at a backgrounder in Austin, Tex., reporters were led to believe, on highest authority, that the President couldn't possibly keep the budget under $100 billion. They wrote their budget stories accordingly.

When he submitted his first budget in January, 1964, about a month later, it totaled $97.7 billion—a breathtaking $3 billion to $4 billion under what the President and his aides had held out as an irreducible minimum. *Voilà!* Mr. Johnson looked like a fiscal Houdini—and the press, which had been used, looked ridiculous.

Later in 1964, the North Vietnamese government extended a peace feeler to the United States through UN Secretary-General U Thant. The Secretary-General was sufficiently impressed to get the Hanoi government to agree to meet an American representative in Rangoon.

We might never have heard of this offer if U Thant had not made a speech in February, 1965, charging that the American people were not getting all the facts about the war. When the White House was asked to comment, it denied U Thant's charge, saying there were then no "meaningful proposals" before the U.S. Government.

Not until last fall, after Adlai Stevenson's death, did the press—and the public—get the facts straight. Eric Sevareid, a distinguished alumnus of this school, then reported that Ambassador Stevenson had told him, before his death, of the Hanoi feeler.

How now? the State Department was asked. "Yes," State then recalled, there *had* been a proposal from Hanoi through U Thant, but it was "too nebulous" to be taken seriously.

The White House had an out, of sorts. It had said that it had no "*meaningful*" proposals before it. But in view of the President's oft-repeated call for "unconditional" talks, and his insistence that "our antennae are always out" for feelers, the Administration had not enhanced its reputation for veracity.

The next widening of the credibility gap, or the chasm of candor, came in February, 1965, when the President first ordered sustained aerial bombing north of the 17th Parallel in Vietnam. Correspondents were routed out of bed that morning of February 7 to hear that American planes had attacked an ammunition dump at Dong Hoi, just over the North Vietnamese border.

Did this mean the President was escalating the war? No, we were told, it was a "reprisal" raid, answering a Vietcong mortar attack on the American barracks at Pleiku the day before. It was not a change of strategy, the White House maintained, but only in "tactics." The Administration stuck to that position during the weeks and months of air attacks that followed. These facts are susceptible of only two interpretations: Either this is the longest reprisal raid in history and the war was never escalated, or the White House uttered an untruth.

Two months later, in April, 1965, President Johnson ordered 2,500 American paratroopers into the Dominican Republic. The sole purpose of his intervention in the Dominican revolution, he solemnly told us, was to protect the lives of some 2,000 Americans living in that country.

When, after 1,100 Americans had been evacuated and the President had escalated the U.S. troop commitment to 21,500 (about twenty times the number of Americans remaining to be protected) newsmen asked whether this was still just a life-saving mission. The answer was "yes."

Not until May 2 did the President acknowledge that he had intervened to prevent a Communist take-over in Santo Domingo. Then, the following month, in a burst of Texas hyperbole, he told a news conference that "some 1,500 innocent people were murdered and shot and their heads cut off"—a statement that has never been substantiated by any investigating agency.

The Dominican case is the more distressing because there was no apparent need for distortion. There is, in fact, good reason to believe that some readers and listeners who gagged on the story of the life-saving mission would have swallowed with alacrity a simple explanation that we were intervening to prevent another Castro in the Caribbean.

In the fall of 1965, when aluminum producers announced a price increase which the President regarded as inflationary, our credulity was again strained past the breaking point. The Administration promptly announced it would dump aluminum from government stockpiles on the market. This was an obvious (and incidentally, successful) move to force a price rollback. But when newsmen asked the obvious question, the White House told them there was "no connection whatsoever" between the two moves. LBJ, we were supposed to believe, had just decided to get rid of some old aluminum.

There are other examples of outright prevarications, half-truths, and misleading denials by this Administration. Few of them involved the national security, where most newsmen are willing to abide by Bill Moyers' prudent finding that "there is a season for everything, including silence."

The record is now so murky that Mr. Johnson is suffering what his own ambassador to the UN, Arthur Goldberg, called a "crisis of confidence" and what the Republicans are gleefully advertising as the "credibility gap." Now, when the President says there is no need for a tax increase, we wonder. Now, when he says we are willing to talk to anyone, anywhere, any time, about peace in Vietnam, the heads of other governments must ask: "Does he really mean it?" This despite the fact that no one loses more sleep over the precarious state of our economy or more wants an honorable peace in Vietnam than Lyndon Johnson.

Defenders of the President may say, with him, that the news media are sometimes wrong, too. They are sometimes wrong out of malice, sometimes from haste, and often for want of better information from the government. But the central fact in any discussion of comparative credibility is that the United States Government cannot *afford* to be misleading or untruthful. As we learned in the U-2 incident and at the Bay of Pigs, not only the President but the whole country suffers when our head of government is caught dissembling or lying. As James Reston has noted: "Even the most powerful government cannot be effective if it is not to be trusted, if thoughtful and disinterested men, including our friends and allies, are always scanning our official statements and actions for some unstated motive other than the one given."

The President's press relations, then, are important, not just for the newsmen or the President but for our national security. The Presidency is too important an office to be covered by a habitually disgruntled press. Skeptical reporters, yes, but not angry reporters. And the role of the press in covering the President is too important for the President continually to deride and derogate it.

What can be done?

The situation, as I see it (and as the French would describe it), is hopeless but not desperate. An easing of tensions could start with token concessions on both sides. If, say, the President would start announcing his weekend travel plans by Wednesday noon, the press would stop dropping cigarette ashes on his sculptured blue carpet. If the President would hold one pre-announced, live-TV news conference every fortnight instead of three unannounced quickies a week (and not consume most of them reading prepared announcements), then the reporters would ask more intelligent questions.

From these minor accommodations we could proceed to more substantive matters. If the President would recognize that the press is not working either for him or against him, but merely doing its job, then the press could rededicate itself to the difficult task of covering clearly and objectively a very complex man in an incredibly demanding job. (This would not rule out "speculation," but we could do with fewer stories on LBJ's "style" or lack of it.)

We then would still be a long way from a full *détente.* But for our part, we do not want fraternization—only full disclosure within the bounds of the national security. We do not want to be captivated by the President's charm any more than we want to be intimidated by his anger.

Solution of the most serious problem—the unbelievable White House—is admittedly most difficult, for here the initiative must come from the President. And this, I fear, may be like asking the leopard to change his spots.

However, I don't think we're going to have a healthy relationship between press and President—with mutual respect and lessened hostility—*until* Mr. Johnson is convinced that Presidents of the United States must tell the truth, and nothing but the whole, unvarnished truth. Helping him make that decision is surely a job for the one ordained Baptist minister on his staff, his press secretary, the Rev. Bill D. Moyers. In this undertaking, Mr. Moyers will have the full support of the White House press.

MISSISSIPPI

THE NEW PLANTATIONS

MARVIN HOFFMAN and JOHN MUDD

Mr. Hoffman is director of Leadership Training for the Child Development Group of Mississippi. Mr. Mudd is the Group's executive director.

The tragedy of the poverty program, as it emerges today in Mississippi, one of the states where the need for it cries out most loudly, is that just when it is becoming possible to visualize the social processes necessary for effective "community action," this understanding has been made irrelevant and unusable by the impending emasculation and dismemberment of the Office of Economic Opportunity. The creative potential of OEO's programs and the courage of its leaders have been consumed by the expanding influence of a conservatism alarmed by Vietnam and fearing inflation, the increasing alienation of the poor who remain unaffected by its promise, and the disillusion of liberals over projects controlled by precisely those institutions whose failures made the program necessary in the first place.

Since the goals of the program necessarily aroused the hostility of conservatives, its only hope for survival was to create a grass-roots political constituency among the poor themselves. But the poor were not mobilized, and the poverty program has fallen by default to the active support of the big-city mayors who find in it another supply of oil for their machines, with the frustrated liberals acquiescing because they are unable to create any positive alternative. Given this unradical sponsorship, the poverty program, if it is to exist at all, will focus on "safe" programs such as the Neighborhood Youth Corps and conventional Head Start projects which, like traditional welfare activities, hold out no possibility of creating basic changes in the society. Ironically, the anti-poverty program, though conceived in the spirit of social reform, has had less effect on transforming existing institutions than the traditionally less reform-conscious courts.

The Community Action Program (CAP) was to be the revolutionary core of the original anti-poverty act passed by Congress. The bill stipulated city, county, or multi-county boards to be composed of representatives from government, private civic agencies and the poor, which would administer and coordinate all the anti-poverty efforts in their area. Most significant, and most often betrayed, was the call for "maximum feasible participation of the poor."

In Mississippi, as elsewhere in the country, disappointment with CAP has been twofold. First, what was "feasible" turned out to be a tokenism which allowed for only minimal and peripheral involvement of the poor. Second, the jump from social impotence to a seat alongside the members of the power structure unavoidably aroused in the poor feelings of inadequacy and fear. An intermediate stage in which the poor could develop skills and confidence through experience of controlling an organization or a program was neither perceived nor provided for. The OEO favored throwing the unevenly armed forces together to effect instant "community" — with predictable one-sided results.

The creation of the kind of community action originally envisioned requires certain essential preconditions. First, in locales where individuals come from vastly different backgrounds (as in Mississippi and in virtually every American area of poverty) there must be a sufficient consensus, a perception among the diverse groups of common problems, a mutual self-interest in their solution, and psychological readiness to accept the full implications of cooperation. Further, the poor must have the kinds of information and skills which are necessary to participate effectively. And finally, innovative plans for eliminating the *causes* of poverty must be developed and supported. The consideration of only stop-gap palliatives for poverty creates the illusion of action but none of the substance.

When these three preconditions are present, the concept of community action through the mobilization of all residents and groups to fight poverty is sound. When they are not present, it is OEO's *obligation* to insure their development rather than to condone the establishment of structures which falsely assume them.

The disastrous effects of overlooking such unpreparedness for community action are painfully obvious in Mississippi, where not a single community has met the preconditions described above. It is self-evident to those who have first-hand experience of the state that there *is* no community in Mississippi. There are several communities split along economic, religious and, most blatantly, along racial lines. Although the long-range common interests of the two racial communities may be apparent to an outside observer, they are invisible from within the society.

The white community wants no part of a program in which Negroes participate as equal partners, now or in the future. No effort to deal with the root causes of poverty is likely, since the social policy of the white power structure has been to preserve a sufficient supply of cheap unskilled labor and, at the point where this population becomes superfluous, to encourage emigration. One moderate resident of Canton, Miss., requested an audience with the president of the Chamber of Commerce following the tear gassing of the Meredith marchers. He expressed his displeasure with the police tactics and argued that programs such as federally subsidized housing for the Negro community should be initiated. "Oh," replied the C. of C. man, incredulous at the naïveté of the suggestion, "but if we do that, then they won't *leave*."

The poverty bill projected umbrella community action agencies as a way to coordinate local efforts. However, the commendable desire to avoid wastefulness and inefficiency has in practice provided a device for blocking the creation of "dangerous" projects which threaten existing power relationships. In Mississippi, the establishment of Community Action Programs is clearly motivated by the desire to control all poverty funds flowing into the community. Most counties in the state began forming their CAP boards in earnest only after independent groups like the Child Development Group of Mississippi raised the specter of economic autonomy. The implications of independent insti-

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tutional forces with a broad popular base were not lost on local and state political leaders.

The considerable power inherent in CAP to prevent, rather than encourage, efforts to change the position of the poor can be seen in the process by which board members are typically selected. CAP boards in Mississippi are undemocratic and unrepresentative, frequently controlled by the county Board of Supervisors. In many counties this has created a situation in which White Citizens' Council members, Klansmen and police officials notorious for their mistreatment of Negroes sit on committees whose stated goals are to undo the damage for which they are largely responsible. As Fannie Lou Hamer said recently before a state-wide meeting of 2,000 Negroes in Jackson: "The people on those boards are the same people who were shooting at us in '63 and '64 — and OEO says that's okay!" Alongside these habitual custodians of local power sit Negro members of the community who are hand picked for their willingness to be parrots for the white community, on whom they remain economically dependent. The CAP boards also enjoy the cooperation of the "Negro power structure," which sees the new programs as a spawning ground for a leadership that might jeopardize its traditional position. One could hardly conceive of a less promising team of anti-poverty fighters.

OEO has made some effort (particularly in areas where protest from the Negro community has been most vocal) to make the CAP boards less blatantly unrepresentative. The usual solution has been to expand the current board by the election of additional poor Negro members. The number of new seats is never sufficient to wrest control of the board from its founders, and the poor Negro community remains powerless, and the more galled by its lack of "objective" grounds for complaint. In addition to these legitimate, but ultimately futile forms of election, cruder manipulative tactics are widespread. In one Mississippi county, when the existing board was informed by OEO that additional elections were necessary, it approached three Negroes and instructed them to call community election meetings. Their selective invitations brought out an audience which overwhelmingly elected the three to the board.

In summary, the CAP board structure in Mississippi is in direct conflict with the aims of community action stated in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964. The poor are again deprived of control of factors which most directly affect their own lives, and, as a result, lose the opportunity to acquire the competence which would allow them to sit as equals, able to represent effectively the claims of their group.

In fact, a traditional authoritarian pattern, which at best approaches humanitarian paternalism, is reinforced. The few immediate beneficiaries of the programs among the poor will receive a short-term boost to their incomes through their dole as "aides," but even these gains are contingent on the acceptance of whatever strings of dependency may be implicit. The danger of spawning such short-sighted poverty programs lies in the unwitting creation of a "low-level equilibrium trap" in which the human basis for continued growth is throttled rather than liberated.

What is needed, therefore, in Mississippi (and what is being deliberately rejected) is a training ground to provide poor people with new skills, confidence and competence, one in which they, as a group, can exercise control over programs which are more than hollow. The efforts of the Freedom Democratic Party and the Lowndes County movement have provided this kind of opportunity in politics—and to a certain extent, also, in economics, through the budding co-ops in Lowndes County and elsewhere. However, our primary concern here is with the "anti-poverty" bill and ways in which this intermediate stage of development can be provided for under it.

Since the direct control of CAP boards by the poor is unlikely, particularly in Mississippi, it is essential that government agencies become more receptive to the emergence of independent projects run by the poor.

A report of the House Committee on Education and Labor (No. 428, pp. 7-9) affirms that:

> The Congress has contemplated the existence of independent single-purpose agencies in the same community that [*sic*] a community-wide structure has been created. Such competitiveness and experimentation is appropriate in an area in which conclusive remedies have not yet been established.

This stated policy has hardly, if ever, been implemented, although it clearly would provide an ideal opportunity for groups that might otherwise be crushed under the heel of a Community Action Program which poor Negroes are unlikely to control in the present political environment.

Officials who fear that such projects constitute high risks must recognize that control by the poor does not necessarily imply the exclusion of competent professionals. When the help of specialists is needed, the poor have proved their ability to select it in their own best interests. An alliance of the poor and the professional on this basis holds out great promise for the fullest possible development of the human resources of the poor community. Such programs encourage democratization of the CAP structure from within by preparing the ground for an effective partnership between the currently divided groups in the community.

The Child Development Group of Mississippi is the only large poor-controlled and anti-poverty project in the state that has had the resources and the orientation to develop into an effective, creative force in the society. CDGM was organized in the spring of 1965 by professionals bent on regenerating an outmoded social order by working with the "untarnished" pre-school children, and representatives of the poor communities responsive to this new opportunity. With the encouragement of OEO, which had just begun to develop its nation-wide Head Start program, it grew far beyond its intended scope and found itself running a summer program for more than 6,000 children in eighty-odd communities.

At that early date, CAP boards had not yet been formed in the state and the Mississippi power structure suddenly found itself confronted with a force it did not control that enjoyed a government-paid budget of more than $500,000 a month. Support of the project was a daring political act by a young and pioneering OEO which has abruptly sunk into middle-aged conservatism, partially from the pressures exerted by Sen. John Stennis who made it pay dearly for this encroachment on his home territory. Three of the four-hour hearings the Subcommittee on Appropriations held in October, 1965, on the $1.5 billion anti-poverty appropriation were devoted to a $1.4 million grant to CDGM.

As a result, OEO was far less bold when the request to refund CDGM was submitted in November of 1965. The money was not granted until late February, 1966, and only then after receiving considerable external encouragement from liberal organizations led by the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, a coalition of civil rights, religious and labor groups, supported by such strong voices as Martin Luther King and Walter Reuther. This new grant assigned $5.6 million to serve 9,000 children in 121 communities for six months. As it turned out, the demand for participation was so great that 12,000 children were enrolled. At that time, there was little legal basis for denying funds to CDGM, since the formation of umbrella agency CAP boards was still just getting under way.

The second grant officially terminated on August 31, 1966, although certain aspects of the program were allowed to live through October 15. On October 3, OEO formally announced that it was rejecting CDGM's proposal for an additional year of service to more than 13,000 children. The CDGM achievement is to be disposed of in two ways. In counties where CAP boards now exist, control of the Head Start Program is transferred to them, the changeover to be expedited by an eighteen-man OEO task force which has been in the state for several weeks.

The larger allotment, encompassing all nineteen CDGM counties where there is no CAP board, as well as forty-one other non-CAP counties in the state, will go to a secretly formed group, Mississippi Action for Progress, Inc. (MAP), which became known to CDGM only when news of its existence was leaked to a local newspaper. The formation of this board was initiated directly by Sargent Shriver, who in August approached Mississippi NAACP leader Aaron Henry and industrialist Owen Cooper and instructed them to round up members for the substitute board. Henry, in particular, was informed that CDGM was guilty of gross administrative mismanagement which would make it impossible for OEO to continue the program. Details of this charge have recently been published and show no problems which were not internally correctable. They were made known to CDGM only after their release to the press, on the day when the grant was officially refused. The decision was transparently political.

Henry collected his brother-in-law, a political lieutenant in his home town of Clarksdale, and two Negro businessmen, who, together with Henry, formed the Negro backbone of the Mississippi Democratic Conference, a now almost defunct coalition around which national Democratic headquarters hoped to create a loyalist party after Mississippi gave 87 per cent of its vote to Goldwater in 1964.

The white membership of the board was characterized by its opposition to ex-Governor Barnett, which in Mississippi qualifies one as a moderate. Hodding Carter, III, a Greenville newpaper publisher, is an officer of the Young Democrats of Mississippi, another embryonic loyalist group which has thus far been unsuccessful in gaining any constituency. Other board members include a second newspaper publisher, two plantation owners, a wealthy industrialist and the white director of a Baptist Seminary for Negroes. All in all, the board conspicuously lacks representatives of the labor unions, of the poor and of Catholics, who already sponsor a state-wide adult literacy program funded by OEO.

Perhaps more damaging than this precedent for bald political use of poverty funds is the retreat to a pattern whereby leadership is selected from the top. In effect, the "substitute" board has all the characteristics of a gigantic CAP board, selected this time by OEO itself rather than by the County Board of Supervisors. The lack of participation by the poor, the clandestine formation and the tie-in to the existing power structure (the charter provides for eventual control of MAP by the governor himself) are all too familiar to us from our examination of community action programs. The funding of MAP will result in the containment of independent poverty programs such as already exist in the Delta counties of Bolivar, Panola and Tallahatchie, all of which will face their own battles for additional money before the end of the year. The development of new independent programs will be almost impossible.

The elimination of independent, Negro-controlled programs appears to be a relief to OEO, which has come to see CDGM as a divisive influence in local communities. It has provided the Negro community with the resources to prevent its "integration" into "legitimate" structures, and has provided jobs for poor people who might otherwise have to remain part of the existing system on terms which they do not control. In the eyes of the poverty program officials, this has fostered a kind of separation which is equated with black power, a fright concept today which blocks any rational thought about race problems. They ask: "If we support an independent, largely black-controlled project, are we not in effect federally subsidizing some form of black nationalism?"

The answer seems to be quite the opposite. In many ways

CDGM has been more in step with the stated goals of community action than the established community action agencies themselves. Since it is staffed, operated and controlled by the poor themselves, it is attacking one of the "root causes" of poverty. As a precondition to effective community action, the poor must obtain training and experience in exercising the responsibilities required for participation in the institutions of a highly structured society. By drawing people from the poor community into administrative and supervisory positions, while at the same time providing training in the necessary skills, CDGM was taking a major step in this direction.

In this context, black power means nothing more than developing the organization and skills already possessed by the white community, so that the two groups could relate to each other. In Mississippi, this would necessitate an intermediate period of what Christopher Jencks has called "paragovernmental" structures, within which the Negro community could compensate for centuries of powerlessness and the lack of opportunity to develop responsibility and decision-making skills.

Fears of a permanent system of parallel institutions are unfounded. (In addition, it should be emphasized, the continued existence of the K.K.K. organization and mentality which has led to public threats and intimidation of *whites* involved in these programs is an incomparably greater force toward separation and segregation.) Experience in CDGM had already begun to produce a better poverty program and a better community. In several counties in which it has been operating since its inception, CDGM-affiliated community people now sit on the CAP boards themselves and are in the process of building a bridge between the "parallel" operations, thus opening the possibilities of convergence in the near future. If CDGM were permitted to continue operating in the rest of the state, this pattern of increased community cohesiveness through the temporary support of intermediate parallel operations would no doubt multiply.

Instead, the parceling out of CDGM to MAP on the one hand and to existing CAP boards on the other, threatens to lead to what Negroes in the state have begun to speak of as the "New Plantation," on which the black man remains at the mercy of the boss man and the "head nigger," who stand between him and the decisions and choices which govern his life.

The parallels between these recent developments and the events of post-Reconstruction history are all too apparent. However, the actors may not perform their roles according to the old script. On October 8, 3,500 people attending a state-wide CDGM meeting in Jackson, voted to boycott the new MAP organization, to operate CDGM centers voluntarily until funds could be raised—from private sources, if necessary—and to seek a Congressional investigation of CAP agencies in Mississippi and a hearing for CDGM. In the Delta county of Sunflower, the home of both Senator Eastland and Fannie Lou Hamer, Negro parents have continued to operate their own Head Start program on a volunteer basis for the past eleven months, rather than subject their children to the already funded program run by the CAP board. Whether the stubborn integrity of this effort can be duplicated on a state-wide basis remains to be seen.

IRAN

POLITICS OF ANTI-AMERICANISM

MAJID TEHRANIAN

Mr. Tehranian is an instructor in political economy at Leslie College, Cambridge, Mass.

Persians have always had a soft spot for Americans. There are understandable historical reasons for this. Until World War II, the United States was only a peripheral power in Iran. Unlike Russia and Britain, which were major influences in the Middle East, the United States could afford to champion the cause of Persian independence from its "foreign oppressors." Moreover, the American policy of anti-colonialism well suited this role, and a number of heroic deeds on the part of private Americans in defense of the Persian struggle for democracy and independence also helped considerably. John Baskerville, a young American schoolteacher who was one of the first constitutionalists to fall in 1908 in defense of Tabriz against the siege of that city by the absolute monarchists, remains a "Persian" national hero to this day. Morgan Schuster, the American financial adviser, hired by the young and inexperienced constitutional regime, celebrated the cause of Persian independence against the diabolic machinations of Anglo-Russian rivalry in a classic book, *The Strangling of Persia.* American missionary schools and hospitals also made their contributions in the social and educational fields. On a less elevated level, the wooing of the Persians by American oil companies (Sinclair and Standard of New Jersey, primarily) struck some Persian nationalists as a welcome opportunity to break through the British monopoly.

The effect of all these factors was that the United States enjoyed an enormous reservoir of good will in Iran. However, the situation has undergone such radical change in the last two decades that the present regime in Iran now finds it profitable to engage in some anti-American politics of its own. And this, ironically enough, despite the fact that the regime has been brought to power and maintained there so far largely by United States military and financial aid. The tragicomic scenario of this turnabout is somewhat complicated, and its understanding requires a keen sense for the ironies of Persian political life.

For the origins of anti-Americanism in Iran, as elsewhere in most of the Afro-Asian world, one must return to the period immediately following World War II when official agencies of U.S. Government came to supersede private American charitable and educational institutions overseas. Practical requirements of American military and political strategy thus gradually overwhelmed the humanitarian idealism with which Americans had generally been identified. The change of America's image from a disinterested anti-colonialist power to the inheritor of colonialism and itself an arch-imperialist was, of course, helped by the Communist press. But the major responsibility for this transformation must go to the postwar foreign policy of the United States.

The occupation of Iran by Allied troops during the war, notwithstanding Iran's declaration of neutrality, was the real beginning of American influence. As a possible countervailing power against the British and the Russians, the Americans were at first welcomed by some Persian nationalists. In 1942, a mission headed by Dr. Arthur Millspaugh, an American economist, came to reform the government's financial organization. He was forced to resign shortly thereafter, largely because of his political ineptitude. In November, 1943, an agreement was signed to employ American military advisers for the Persian armed forces. There followed a series of other agreements: for trade (1943), for cultural exchange (1949), for sale of American war surplus (1949), and for technical cooperation.

The emergence of a strong nationalist movement in the late 1940s, led by Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh, provided an excellent opportunity for a real test of American intentions in Iran. Anti-imperialist, liberal-democratic and non-Communist, Mossadegh's government tried in vain to win over the Americans to its side in the struggle for the nationalization of Iran's British-controlled oil industry. When Mossadegh proved unwilling merely to exchange British for American control, it became clear that it was not so much communism that the United States opposed as any threat to its own economic interests.

With the CIA-sponsored *coup d'état* of August, 1953, which overthrew Mossadegh's government, any lingering fantasies the nationalists may have still held about American intentions in Iran fell apart. Mossadegh had presented a clear, viable and popular nationalist alternative to communism in Iran, but the United States rejected him in favor of a regime more securely in service of its own economic and political interests. The settlement of the oil dispute which ensued gave the American oil companies 40 per cent of the shares in a British-dominated consortium. This was the first time that Americans had obtained a working concession in Iran. Politically, however, Americans for all practical purposes replaced the British in the councils of state and fell heir to the influence the British possessed, as well as to the resentment they inspired. With the increasing U.S. commitment to the Shah's dictatorship, the simmering resentment and suspicion against American domination also grew, so much so that the American Ambassador, Selden Chapin, found it necessary in April of 1957 to disclaim publicly any attempt by the United States to "take" the country. The Bilateral Security Agreement of March, 1959, and the stepped-up military and financial aid to the Shah did little to dispel these suspicions, but anti-Americanism in this period expressed itself in such isolated but symbolic episodes as the assassination in March, 1957, of a few American officials by the rebel Dad Shah. Relations on the official level were extremely cordial and the government vigorously repressed any anti-American manifestations.

The advent of the Kennedy administration brought about a series of changes in official relations. President Kennedy's campaign speeches against U.S. sponsorship of military dictatorships helped to foster the rumor that the new administration would support the opposition in Iran. The subsequent cuts in American military assistance, prompted largely by persistent deficits in the U.S. balance of payments, gave further credence to these rumors. Once again the nationalist hopes for American support spawned fantasies. The liberalization of political activity during 1961-62, undertaken by a pro-American Prime Minister, Ali Amini, who came to power despite the Shah's hostility, provided some basis for a possible *rapprochement* between the National Front, Dr. Mossadegh's coalition of nationalist parties and groups, and the Amini government. The factors preventing such an alliance were recognized and clearly analyzed by Prof. T. Cuyler Young of Princeton University in an article, "Iran in Continuing Crisis," published in *Foreign Affairs* of January, 1962. In the end, the Shah's tactical political maneuvers, combined with his control of the armed forces, outwitted both Dr. Amini and the National Front.

In the internal strife which accompanied this power struggle, Americans were the most convenient and credible of all targets. The Shah increasingly blamed them for their lagging support of his ambitious military build-up — somewhat ungratefully, one might add, because he had received nearly $300 million in aid from 1952 to 1963. The National Front, stung by its memory of the 1953 *coup d'état* and the continuing U.S. support of the Shah's dictatorship, had abundant grounds for criticism of the American policies. American domination was, furthermore, the natural and obvious target of the Communist Tudeh Party's clandestine radios. Even the pro-American Amini found it necessary to blame the Americans for his fall in July, 1962. But the greatest damage to the American image was done, as usual, by American policies themselves. A bill which authorized the government to extend extraterritorial privileges to the American military was taken, under persistent pressures from the Shah and the U.S. Embassy, to the parliament. Even the hand-picked deputies of the Shah could not easily stomach an outrage strongly suggestive of colonial status; they put up an unprecedented opposition to the bill, although the hated measure was finally forced through in October, 1963.

These events would probably have had no dramatic consequences if Iran did not share a 1,200-mile border with the Soviet Union. American power in Iran is too firmly established in the economy and in the military to be thwarted overnight. But Russia's ever-present might to the north has also been difficult to ignore. The thaw in Russo-American relations, combined with changing security requirements of the Shah, has paved the way for peaceful economic and political competition to take place with mutual toleration. Persian observers have speculated that an Anglo-Russian understanding, reminiscent of their treaty of 1907 which partitioned Iran into spheres of influence, may be in the making—at the expense of the Americans. The fact that part of the pipe lines to transport gas from Iran's southern oil fields to Russia will be built by British concerns is cited as evidence. C. L. Sulzberger in *The New York Times* of January 28 conjectured still further:

> Moscow might be more inclined to mediate in the Vietnam crisis were it granted concessions elsewhere. There is no room for concessions in Europe. Such diplomats argue any concessions must come in Asia, and the only part of Asia where U.S. softening could directly benefit Russia is obviously that discussed above [i. e., Iran and Turkey].

Exaggerated though these speculations seem to be, they fit rather well with the Shah's newly pronounced conception of Iran as a buffer state between the East and the West, whose "independence" should be safeguarded by extending privileges to both sides. The nationalists object to this on the ground that the country's independence should not be compromised but rather maintained by refusal of unwarranted privileges to either side.

At any rate, relations with the Soviet Union began to improve in 1963 when the Shah, vexed by the American policy of sale rather than grant of arms, pledged that Iran will not become a missile base of aggression against the USSR. Following this declaration, which the Russians had sought unsuccessfully for some time, a number of agreements for extensive cooperation in economic fields have been reached by the two countries. The latest is a deal for construction by the Russians of a steel mill and machine-tool plant in exchange for the transport of gas from the southern Iranian oil fields to the Russian border. This was a successful coup for the Russians, particularly since the long-cherished hopes for an Iranian steel industry had been frustrated several times in fruitless negotiations with Western concerns.

What political capital the Soviet Union can make out of these developments will depend very much on their future steps. There are reliable reports that the Russians are willing, if not eager, to sell arms and surface-to-air missiles to Iran on the same terms that they have made them available to the UAR, Syria and Iraq. The Shah is once again using the leverage of Russian competition in his negotiations with Washington for more arms on the same easy terms the Russians are offering, i.e., prices as low as half the current Western prices and long-term credits at 2.5 per cent interest.

If the Russian arms deal goes through, it will have far-reaching and contradictory consequences. It would obviously gain the Russians hard foreign exchange as well as influence with the Shah; it would also open another of the Western satellites to serious Russian competition. Even Turkey, another member of the Central Treaty Organization as well as of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, is reported to be interested in Russian arms. All this may be a mixed blessing from the point of view of a Soviet-American *détente*, but the resentment of the progressive revolutionary forces, being squeezed between the two giants in their competition for the favors of the established ruling elites, will be inevitable. There are already clear signs of this in Iran. The pro-Russian central committee of the Tudeh Party, in exile in East Germany, has been isolated from its own rank and file, as well as from the nationalists who maintain a plague-on-both-your-houses attitude toward the United States and Russia. A "revolutionary" group to the left of the central committee has also sprung up to organize once again the Persian Marxist-Leninists.

In the meantime, the Shah's regime is putting to its own use the anti-American feelings the Persian public has had

for a long time. By allowing some free expression of these feelings, the Shah is trying to gain public respect as "a ruler who could stand up even to the Americans," while increasing his bargaining power with the United States. Instances of officially tolerated, if not officially sponsored, anti-American expressions have been on the increase in the last year or so. The war in Vietnam has, of course, provided the most effective vehicle for press charges of American aggression and brutality. Editorials deplore American interventionism, citing examples from all over the globe except, of course, from Iran. A book entitled *Inheritor of Colonialism,* and quite openly anti-American, has gone into several printings, after being at first banned.

Official displeasure has been expressed indirectly at a seminar on Iran held at Harvard in April, 1964, by the Center for Middle Eastern Studies and the Iranian Students Association in the United States. The text of a paper presented to the seminar by Professor Young of Princeton, which was critical of U.S. policy for siding with the ruling elite rather than with the people, was severely attacked by the press after having been translated and secretly circulated in Teheran by the opposition. The daily *Ajang,* for instance, retorted that instead of discussing conditions in Iran, the seminar should have discussed American racism, assassination of Presidents, gangsterism, landing in the Dominican Republic and atrocities in Vietnam. Nor have other occasions, such as an American Air Forces Radio-TV station's slip in calling the Persian Gulf the "Arabian" Gulf, been missed by the press. And in recent months, the Shah himself has constantly hammered — in discreet but critical language — on his differences with the Americans on the questions of arms purchases and the level of oil production.

Asserting his "independence," he has not only veered toward a policy of trade and economic cooperation with the Soviet bloc, to the obvious displeasure of the American authorities, but has also turned to France and Britain for Iran's most recent deals in oil and arms. The petroleum agreement just signed in Teheran between the National Iranian Oil Company and a group of French companies is reported to be based on an unprecedented 91 to 9 per cent profit-sharing arrangement in favor of Iran. If true, that will further undermine the old 50-50 formula of the Anglo-American concessions. The arms deal with Britain for the purchase of $62.3 million worth of vessels and ground missiles may also be taken as a warning to the Americans who have been the Shah's sole source of arms. Significantly, however, the Russian arms deal—with its serious political implications—is being dragged on in the negotiating stage while the Americans are asked to improve their bargaining terms.

These are propitious times for the Shah to indulge in a potentially dangerous game. With Vietnam on its hands, the United States is at the peak of its diplomatic isolation and can ill afford to sponsor a military coup against him. In any case, the experience of the coup against Diem and the unsettling effects it produced in South Vietnam do not encourage another such experiment. For practical purposes, the Shah *is* the State Department's best alternative after all. The institution of monarchy assures relative stability; the Shah's armed forces have so far been armed and "advised" by the United States; the country is aligned to the West by the Central Treaty Organization and a bilateral treaty with the United States; despite quarrels about prices and level of production, the Anglo-American oil interests are guaranteed safety; and, finally, the regime follows an open-door policy toward the rapidly growing Western imports of consumer goods and business investments. Here is at least one instance in which anti-Americanism pays for American business and political interests — at least for the moment.

TO DIE IN VIETNAM

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia.*

"Last week," the major said.

The American air base is at the foot of the Phu Pan Mountains where the opium poppies grow, in Northern Thailand close by a town called Vientiane. Even closer to the American air base, in a village where the opium is refined, is a caravansaray called the Kool Virgin where our American heroes can get a drink and massage. Beneath the sign of the Kool Virgin is a sign that says AMERICAN SOLDIERS WELCOME. LET FREEDOM RING. The Americans did not build the airfield near the Phu Pan Mountains to be close to the Kool Virgin, but to outflank Laos, Cambodia and North Vietnam and cut enemy supply routes called the Sihanouk Trail and the Ho Chi Minh Trail. But while we are breathing down their neck at all these places they are breathing down our neck at the Kool Virgin. Although our American airfield was not built near the Phu Pan Mountains to be close by the Kool Virgin, the reverse cannot be said for the Kool Virgin.

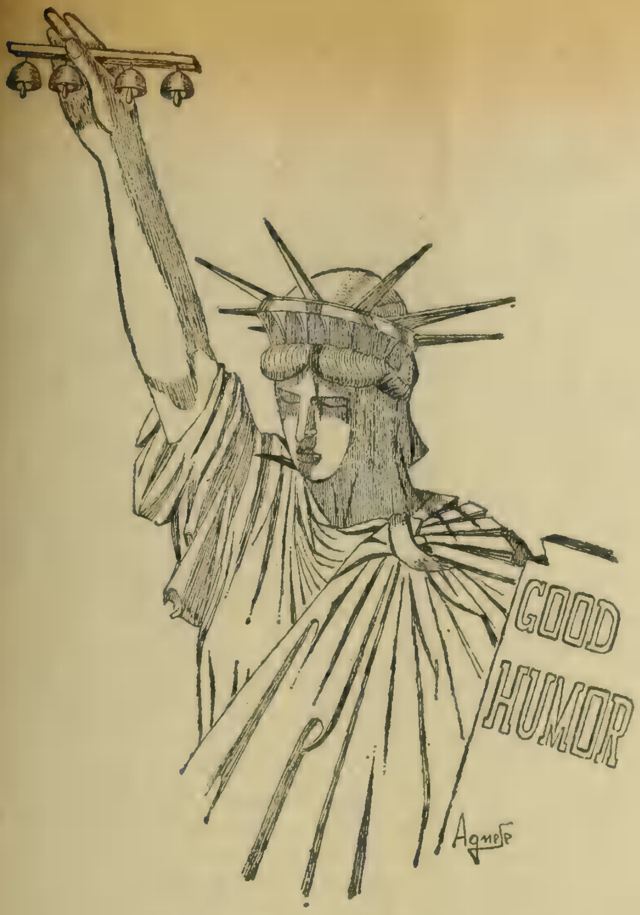
"I believe every virgin is a Vietcong," the American major said.

"Even a Kool Virgin?"

"Especially since last week," the major said. The major put down his Kool-Aid gin to make a point. "The only good virgin is a dead virgin. Right, Vallorosa? Vallorosa is my gunner. We fly Search and Destroy in a chopper. Must have killed a thousand gooks. Right, Vallorosa? Vallorosa is my fifth gunner, but the gooks will never kill Vallorosa. Right, Vallorosa?"

Vallorosa was a buck sergeant from Framingham, Mass., and when he spoke, which was not now, he spoke with a New England accent. He had a clean white scar over his left eye which was all you saw as he stared into his Kool-Aid Scotch.

"God damn it, Vallorosa, when I speak I want to be spoken to." Vallorosa didn't say anything and the major



said to me: "Since last week Vallorosa kills everything that moves. Today he killed a flock of chickens, a small elephant, three gooks, a whole line of laundry and two Chinamen."

The major put his left arm around Vallorosa. "Vallorosa, you need another drink."

The major gestured to an elderly virgin for a Kool-Aid Scotch.

"Never, never, never disclose security information to the masseuse," the major said as though reminding himself. "Just a bit ago a young lady tried to sell me the plans for our new airfield at Udorn. You're not a journalist?" the major said to me for the fourth time.

"That's right," I said.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Drinking Kool-Aid Bourbon."

"Then I'll tell you something for your book," the major said. "I'll give you all the specs on our new 4X Phantom Fighter that arrived yesterday. If the young ladies can sell the plans for our new airfield I can give away the Phantom 4X. Interested?"

"No."

"Top secret."

"No," I said.

"I'm an idealist."

"Tell me about that," I said.

"I've seen a lot of people die," the major said. I thought the major was crying but he hid it behind his glass.

"I thought the war was about something, then last week. . . ." The major paused. He still had Vallorosa in his left arm. "Then last week . . . well, you know all about it, don't you?"

"No."

"I thought the war was about something, then last week. . . ."

"Go ahead," I said.

"Last week the head of the government we're backing over here said his hero was Adolf Hitler." The major let go of Vallorosa and slumped ahead on the table so I couldn't see his face.

"Since then," he said, "I shoot everything that moves, chickens, flags, Americans."

"You need help."

"Who cares?" the major said. "You know what the commanding officer calls me?"

"No."

"An idealist."

"Oh?"

"Because I object to fighting for Adolf Hitler. I tell you, Billy, I saw too many people die. Too many people die, Billy. Too many people die. That's what Premier Ky said, Billy. Ky's hero is Adolf Hitler."

"You need a rest."

"I don't need a rest, Billy. Someone else does. Now we kill everything that moves, don't we, Vallorosa?" The major put his arm around the silent sergeant again. "We figured a way out. We got everything all solved. We kill everything that moves. Billy, cheer up."

He poked his glass toward me. I could see he had been crying.

"We'll drink to freedom."

I raised my glass and the major touched his glass against mine so hard that it rang.

"Let freedom ring!" the major said.

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awareness of the limits to what the Russians could get. An opponent remains an opponent even when that country's foreign policy is cautious and conciliatory. Any explanation of the cold war as the result of an aggressive American mentality would have to show that this mentality had no real justification in Soviet behavior and therefore arose out of specific trends in American society. I still do not think the evidence so far available warrants such a view.

On this occasion I also wish to apologize for a stupid slip in misspelling the name of the French economist, Robert Fossaert. *Barrington Moore, Jr.*

rebel off shore

Kirkwood, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: You may be interested in what Earl Attlee, England's former Labour Prime Minister, has just written me on President Eisenhower's recent remarks:

"I think the remarks of Eisenhower remarkably foolish. The proposed action would have been likely to lead to a world war. It is curious that he cannot understand the natural reaction of the Chinese to the continued support by the United States of Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa.

"Suppose a foreign power had supported Jefferson Davis in Bermuda after the American Civil War. What would have been the reaction of Lincoln's successors?" *Cyril Clemens*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Marking Off A Chunk of England

DARK PLACES OF THE HEART. *By Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 352 pp. $6.95.*

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias is a novelist and essayist, and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

In England, Christina Stead's new novel is named *Cotter's England*, and is not likely to be mistaken for a heart-throbbing addition to the shelves of a circulating library. Of course, it does not necessarily follow that the American title, *Dark Places of the Heart*, will keep serious readers from knowing what Miss Stead is about. The reissue last year of *The Man Who Loved Children* to uniformly prominent and good notices, twenty-five years after it had failed to sell out its first edition, may be insurance against flip dismissal of this one. Yet Miss Stead first published in 1934; for the last fifteen years no publisher has brought out any new work and, with the exception of the novel reissued last year, all her books are out of print. These are reasons for belief that critics and readers, not to speak of publishers, need every clue they can get.

Miss Stead's interest in showing how life is lived — what Randall Jarrell called her ability to imitate perfectly the surface of existence — has grown from book to book, along with her gift for dramatizing ideas. Impervious to literary fashions, she is now in serene possession of a fiction technique that is a perfect crossing (to use literary shorthand) of the Dreiser and James legacies: social documentation in which didacticism and moralizing are so transmuted that they seem almost entirely absent from either the surfaces or depths of her story. She throws reviewers not a single bone, she gives them no handle by which to place her, no text to explicate, no mythology to erect on her work; she seems simply to mark off a considerable chunk of contemporary life and say: This is the way it is.

But she does not do this simply. In her new book she has created a work in which narrative flow, characterizations and the supplest language achieve a classic unity, though she is so modern and original that no contemporary writer comes to mind with whom she can be compared to place her for a new reader. Miss Stead creates so integrated a form in *Dark Places of the Heart* that it resists paraphrasing or dismemberment for literary or ideological analysis. Throughout her writing career she has been working toward this accomplishment: a novel to which there can be no approach other than total submission.

This is not the demand of a fantasist, however, for Miss Stead has always answered the most immediate social questions about the various countries where she has lived and which have been the settings of her novels. She deals with common, accessible experience and immerses the reader so thoroughly in the scene that the reading becomes a life experience, not an entrance into that enclosed, other world of the novelist's about which it has become a cliché to speak.

After a decade in England, having wisely chosen to escape the suffocating atmosphere of McCarthyism here, Miss Stead now takes a long look at English working-class life and politics. The result is as authentic as was her last novel, *The People with the Dogs* (1952), which dealt with the middle class of New York's East 20s and Connecticut summer homes. (No other modern writer has her range of subject matter.) The time is postwar England, and the setting alternates between a shabby London suburb and a

THE DEATH OF THOMAS COTTER

Mr. Cotter had not been feeling very well, as he told it in his Sunday and Monday, his Tuesday and Wednesday pubs, his Thursday, Friday and Saturday pubs; in the Atheneum and football clubs; to his clients and colleagues in the insurance business; to the Mother Superior, and to Mrs. Riggs, a divorced woman who had been acting strangely since her divorce; and to all the policemen after whose health he enquired and who kindly enquired after his own. It was no surprise therefore when Mr. Thomas Cotter went into hospital and it was in the local newspapers as an item of interest; Thomas Cotter, who as a young professional footballer had played for Wales.

Mr. Cotter had an anesthetic and went under the knife; and when he came out of it he was worse than before. "They kept me in the hospital," the big man said genially, between spasms of agony, "for they had to empty the liquor out of my veins and put blood in before they would operate. They tested me: they found I was ninety proof"; and when his visitors twitched and paled to see him lying down there in such terrible pain, he said in his large way, "It's not the worst; the very worst is Tuesday, when they'll be talking about me at the Cross Keys, if I'm not there, as if I were a dead man. It's Tuesday and where is Thomas Cotter? I don't like to think of it." His next operation was to be in a few days. The first had been a success; "If that's what you call a success," he said, jumping at a stab of pain; "I was all right, I was just a little down, till they started on me and found out all my secrets! And now they can't stop; they've got to go on and on." But on Wednesday, he couldn't help feeling depressed that he was absent from the Princess, his Wednesday pub. What would they be saying, that Thomas Cotter was a goner? On Thursday, the night before his operation, with his stitches and his pain, he got out of bed at eight o'clock at night, put on a hospital dressing gown and telling a taxi driver he knew, whom he found outside the hospital gates, that he was discharged, he got him to unload him at the Ravenscourt, his Thursday pub. There he had a fine time, half doubled with pain, but of interest to all, before the taxi driver, struck with doubt, and the tavernkeeper, struck with compunction, insisted upon getting him back to hospital; for now, for the lark and for the pain, Mr. Thomas Cotter freely admitted that he had climbed the wall, fooled the sentry, escaped from jail. He got back somehow and pretended that he had only been a bit of time in the men's room; and the next day, he died under the anesthetic, so that he would have felt himself quite justified in going out for his last drink, if he could have known.

— From *Dark Places of the Heart* by Christina Stead northern industrial town. Its central figure is Nellie Cotter, a left-wing journalist married to a labor leader, and the story is an exploration of her relations with her family in the industrial north and the stray, disoriented women who come and go, along with her husband, in the London house, where she's a free-and-easy hostess.

It is a period in Nellie's life when her husband is often away on the Continent, angling for a bureaucratic job with an international labor organization. She fills up her days dashing off to cover labor stories, seeing her family in the north, drinking and fulsomely talking with one friend or another at home and in pubs, and attempting to bind more closely again a brother who is roaming the country with a mistress dying of cancer. In the course of the novel her parents die, one woman friend commits suicide, the brother returns briefly when his mistress dies, and the Lesbian base of Nellie's philosophizing becomes shockingly plain. In the novel's last pages, the husband gets just the kind of job he wants; they move to Geneva; he dies within a year, and Nellie is back alone in London, on the prowl.

None of this takes place as plot, but in the messy, disorganized ways of life; the talk is large, the concerns are petty, and in the interplay of Nellie's illusions and life's hard facts the narrative moves along, shaping the characters and their actions in directions that neither the cast of characters nor the reader expects. It is Miss Stead's extraordinary accomplishment that her style manages to create both suspenseful readability and the sense, which day-to-day life often has, that nothing is happening. (She in fact takes the entire book to explore a year in Nellie Cotter's life, but in two paragraphs she will do the death of Nellie's father in such a fashion that his whole life is limned in.) When the book is done, it comes as a surprise that so much *has* happened and that one has grasped so well the significance of the Cotters' England; this sort of thing can happen in life only in those rare moments of illumination when experience falls into place.

It is only at the end, after the reader has submitted himself to the experience of Miss Stead's story and put the kind of distance between it and himself similar to the novelist's to his material, that the basic questions of intent and meaning arise. During the reading, Miss Stead's wit, compassion and technique have served to keep the reader's cognitive and moralizing responses at bay, to make him live her people's lives as if he were a character in the book. Nellie Cotter is, in a flat sense, the grubbiest of characters: one of those unwisely tolerant bohemians who attach themselves to every radical movement or reformist cause and move out of it again, usually because it is not "big" enough to contain them; they often end, as happens with Nellie, in some crackpot circle, Far Eastern in inspiration or home grown. But Miss Stead's ear (Nellie's passionate clichés have an eloquence of their own) and her eye (Nellie's physical presence and her environment are palpably there) and psychological wisdom (Nellie's neurotic rationalizations contain remarkable insights into others) turn her major character, and everyone who comes within Nellie's grasping reach, into living presences, full of color, charm and fascination.

Miss Stead's insistence on not allowing the reader to make particular judgments is due to the curiosity about, and understanding of life she wants to pass on; it is also, in a cool and tough way, a method of guiding him toward a judgment that is inevitable and more profound. She has earned the right, at the novel's end, to ask the reader to come to some conclusions which should carry over into his own way of living. In this, she is old-fashioned and belongs in the great tradition.

The questions she makes the reader ask are always social and revolutionary in intent. In the present novel it is obvious (though one should be wary of this adjective when dealing with so neglected a great novelist) that she has asked why the English working-class movement has not made the revolution. Though she deals only with its fringes and does not go to the center of its trade union, Labour Party and intellectual circles, she has re-created the full ambience of its opportunism, charlatanism and demoralization. Her unspoken judgment is as harsh as the explicit ones of Balzac, Proust, Joyce; unlike them, however, she does not base her critique on the better life of another age, or turn inward or withdraw or become nostalgic.

Why, then, has she not received a measure of their recognition? Contrary to popular belief, great writers seldom go unhailed in their lifetime: there are only a couple of cases, like that of Stendhal, to a century. But because Miss Stead seems so old-fashioned, she doesn't interest the *avant-garde*; because her vision is so radical, she disquiets the mass of readers who are middle class; because she is original and tough-minded, left wingers feel no comfort of recognition. Yet for everyone she has one cementing, indispensable attribute: a sensual, deeply joyous appreciation of how life is lived. Once again she gives us another chance. *Dark Places of the Heart* is a great novel; it should not have to wait twenty-five years for its readers, for in the wings stand eight out-of-print novels which can tell us, as Balzac did for the same period a century ago, how the world has chosen us to live these last thirty, dirty years.

In the Air of Several Worlds

VIRGIL THOMSON. *By Virgil Thomson. Alfred A. Knopf. 424 pp. $7.95.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

On the last page of his book about himself Virgil Thomson declares that as long as he remains alive he will "fulminate." But Thomson never "fulminates"; he thrusts deftly and moves on with a concealed smile which is almost as bland as it is mischievous. He thinks of his music as sassy; it is generally cute, even "darling." His readers might have thought him a regular devil when he was music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, but he was, above all, a corruscating conversationalist of sound judgment and good taste.

He felt at home in Paris during the many years he spent there but he loved it because it reminded him of Kansas City! He does not precisely mean this but it is something of what he does mean, and for the sake of the fun he often says things which throw partial light on his true meaning.

This duality in Thomson which may irritate a few and charm many is altogether characteristic. Every phase of his work — writing and music — reveals the honorable citizen, the "good boy" beneath the surface of the sophisticated and slightly malicious cosmopolite.

He is no Christian, he tells us, but music he heard in Missouri churches supplies material for much of his composition. "His mother had prayed for him to hear the 'call' and become a preacher. He himself had become resigned to not hearing it." But he *is* a preacher and of a kind that our folk can embrace. "Whatever the government [he's] agin' it," but his rebelliousness is of the sort which no one need fear. He will always return to cultivating his garden. (But what if there were to be no more gardens?) After the outbreak of the Second World War he remained in Paris until the bombs began to fall, occupying himself "with the central esthetic problem in music today, the creation of an acceptable style-convention for performing Mozart." Shocking and delightful.

He writes extremely well. His style is straightforward, colloquial speech set in a syntax of almost Georgian elegance. Reading him one seems to be bathed in the air of several worlds: that of the English 18th century, our Middle West, New York and Paris. He skirts the fringes and occasionally appears to mix with "international snob bohemia" but he never joins it. He is too much the honest worker.

His permanent art heroes are the minor masters: Erik Satie and Gertrude Stein. These admirations fit his pattern. For all his playfulness Satie was essentially a modest composer, even a grave one; grandiose rhetoric was abhorrent to him. Satie wanted to create, Thomson says, "a musical reality as real as an apple or a child." Here we return again to Thomson's own basic simplicity or "fundamentalism." Then too he always and rightly refers to Gertrude Stein as a poet whose hermetic works he explains lucidly and plausibly. But perhaps her chief attraction for him lay in her basic attribute: an old-fashioned American hominess.

Thomson speaks of the "romanticism" of his music. The term as he uses it is more related to a classic bent than to 19th-century romanticism. The impression his music leaves is a homespun Americanism like the hymns heard in Protestant places of worship and the echo of small-town festivities. One of Thomson's early pieces, the *Church Sonata,* combines tango or near-jazz rhythms with something like traditional liturgy.

Some may conclude that this amounts to cussedness. It is really American horse sense, a calm resistance to bluff or pretense. Thomson has always preferred French music, transparent, light, moderately impersonal, to the huffing and puffing of latter-day German music sweating with self-importance. Yet for all that he has learned from the French he has always remained a stubbornly pragmatic red-white-and-blue!

For fourteen years the Thomson "mixture" made him the best critic in any of the arts writing for a New York daily. He knows it and admits it. Cockiness is one of the games he plays. When he says, "Description is the solid part of reviewing; spontaneous reactions, if courteously phrased, have some validity; opinions are mostly worthless," I entirely concur. As a critic he sometimes generalizes too glibly (as he does at moments in this book) but most of the time his rapid diction and winged witticisms are well grounded.

Readers in hopes of scandalous tidbits in this autobiography will be disappointed. Thomson's book is most discreet. When he wants to say something the least bit unseemly he employs euphemisms or circumlocutions that are almost coy and occasionally funny. He will say of a French poet that "he had just entered into housekeeping arrangements with a young woman," or speak of two ladies as "Amazons" to denote something else. He mentions suffering from "unrequited love" but he does not tell us on whose account. To this he adds: "My passion, like all my intensely conceived ones, came to nothing." In discussing intimate matters a certain detachment is always present. This is not a matter of reticence alone. Detachment is as much one of Thomson's strong points as one of his failings. It looks good on him.

To retain integrity as an artist or as an intellectual the American must forever remain intransigent. Thomson has been intransigent in the preservation of his personality. And his new book is best viewed as leaves of his personality. There is really more of the man Thomson in his critical writing *(The State of Music* and the others) than here. Autobiography rarely tells the truth about a person. Some of the boldest lie by exaggerating the writer's vices. To find truth, read fiction. There are too many inconsequential facts in this *Virgil Thomson.*

Still one does get a lively sense of the growth of modern American music when Thomson and others were trying to "establish" it. There is also a whiff of Paris and its arts in the book and we get to know something of Thomson's friends: the French composers Sauguet, Cliquet-Pleyel, the French poet Max Jacob, Sir Thomas Beecham, Roy Harris, John Houseman, and the painter-critic Maurice Grosser who is frequently mentioned but about whom we rarely learn anything specific.

One vastly entertaining section consists of an exchange of letters between Gertrude Stein and Thomson, in which they argue like two horse traders about the division of royalties on their opera *Four Saints in Three Acts.* For a man reputed to be capable of naughty spite he is remarkably free of hostility. The volume is profusely and admirably illustrated, adding much to its vividness and to our pleasure.

Leaving Out the Letter 'E'

THE COMMUNIST CONTROVERSY IN WASHINGTON: From the New Deal to McCarthy. *By Earl Latham. Harvard University Press. 446 pp. $7.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

A controversy involving national security has agonized and riven the country during the course of each one of the last three decades: the Red-hunting investigations beginning in the thirties and the ultimate institutionalization of the Congressional anti-subversive committees; the charges by Chambers and Bentley in the forties of espionage by Communists in the employ of the government; and the flowering of McCarthyism in the fifties. These conflicts still wound and torment us. Court decisions, jury verdicts, commission reports, Executive orders, Congressional declarations — official acts which sometimes seal up hostilities over great national issues — have, in this case, merely supplied one side or the other with fresh ammunition.

Earl Latham's study is very important. One of a series on "Communism in American Life," originally sponsored by the Fund for the Republic and written by the head of Amherst's Political Science Department, it is a scholarly examination of the attacks on politically suspect government employees; an academic attempt to analyze the techniques of the anti-subversive committee, and one of the first treatments by a political scientist of the relationship between McCarthyism and legislative investigation, as a "mode of governance." While not aimed at the general reader, its intended audience is not merely the specialists who have been eagerly awaiting it for years (Latham had been working on it since at least 1957).

The book arches over an enormous area: the Sixth World Congress of the Communist International in 1928 ("the strategy of alienation"); the soft, popular-front Communist line which emerged in 1935 ("the strategy of enticement") and its impact on the professionals and intellectuals who were recruited into the New Deal; the organized Communist groups in the federal Establishment; the espionage charges of Chambers and Bentley; the Amerasia case; the Tydings Committee's probe of Senator McCarthy's charges against the State Department; and the investigation by Senator McCarran of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

The Communist issue ("the politics of hysteria"), the more original portion of the study, deals with McCarthyism, the political exploitation of the Communist "problem." McCarthy, in Latham's view, was the instrument of traditional Republican conservatism, rooted in the Midwest and far West, which is now and since 1940 has been locked in a bitter intramural struggle with the liberal Easterners for control of the Republican Party. Latham's analysis of McCarthyism is rich in important insights, but it ultimately does not persuade because it does not explain why the political exploitation of the Red issue worked. It fails to take account of McCarthy's affective appeal, so skillfully analyzed by Richard Hofstadter. It was not fundamentalist conservatism alone which gave McCarthy the approval of half the electorate in January, 1954, according to the polls, but his capacity to move transient anxieties and passions to new emotional heights by placing them in an apocalyptic context ("the battle for America").

Nor does Latham take into account the extent to which many American liberals contributed to the success of McCarthy. The attractions and pressures of the cold war recruited American liberals to the politics of anti-communism, almost without a struggle, and led them to embrace a fake NATO-ized "freedom" as a justification for suppressing the old-fashioned variety. As anti-communism became a national religion (it still is), liberals—reinforced by droves of recanting Communists seeking to purge themselves of the Stalinist taint, together with their former anti-Stalinist ideological rivals on the Left—became its theologians, authenticating its rituals and deploring its occasional frenzies. They developed a fruity rhetoric of conspiracy and refined moralizing justifications for increasingly coarse political perceptions. This cold-war *trahison des clercs* in turn created a climate which strengthened conservative trends in the social sciences and which enthroned "neutral" (i.e., politically safe) quantifying and behavioral modes of interpreting our society and its institutions.

Latham's book is itself an example of the ritualistic anti-communism of American intellectuals—all the more striking because it comes at a time when the faith is beginning to lose some of its support. The author insists (without a shred of proof) that the Communists did, in the fifties, menace our institutions (both inside and outside of government), and that all the legal steps taken by the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, including purging the federal establishment of "loyalty risks" (a euphemism for nonconformists of all shades), dealt with this alleged menace "not inadequately." Latham's failure to deal with the federal employee loyalty program—beyond suggesting in passing that its purgative efficiency weakened McCarthyism by eliminating its targets—is a measure of the extent to which his anti-Communist assumptions have overwhelmed his detachment. For this program, which after all lies at the very heart of his subject, bristles with oppression. And the author's anti-Communist rhetoric more than matches his assumptions. It ranges from the floridly moralizing ("the Communists were seeking to take democracy from the Democrats and, by pre-empting its values, to monopolize—and to make squalid with ulterior intent—decent impulses of democracy and humanism in American culture"); the sneering hyperbole (Elizabeth Bentley is seen as a "simple school teacher working for ferocious goals of world domination," bent "on freeing the toiling masses of the oppressions of bloodthirsty capitalistic masters"); the irrelevant gibe (John Wexley's moving play about the Scottsboro case, *They Shall Not Die*, is said to have been "done in a vaudeville dialect that even Amos and Andy would have found grotesque and objectionable"); to a Jamesian *de haute en bas* drawl of contempt ("a [Communist] principle of philosophic grace—the principle of democratic centralism").

His acceptance of the Chambers-Bentley charges results from no fresh investigation of the facts, interviews with the principals, or discovery of new documents. He concludes that party members "and their supporters" occupied "numerous positions" in the federal government (his estimate of actual party members in the thirties is seventy-five out of about half a million federal employees in Washington); that they co-opted one another into federal jobs but without a politically inspired plan of infiltration and were organized into groups which had no meaningful influence on policy formation but which had "espionage functions," a highly ambiguous conclusion since Latham does not use the term "espionage" in a technical sense, as a state crime, and never bothers to define what he does mean by it.

Latham fails to tell the reader that before the Chambers and Bentley disclosures were aired before a Congressional committee they were investigated for a period of fourteen months by a federal grand jury—the same body which indicted the twelve Communist Party leaders — and that no espionage indictments were returned. This circumstance would indicate at the very least that the "'confidential information' which is alleged to have passed into Communist hands must not have been of very great importance," as *New York Times* reporter Cabell Phillips observed at the time. In fact, Chambers himself conceded that "political espionage" by government employees "was a magnificent waste of time."

In Latham's view, the gravity of the "problem" cannot in any event be determined by evaluating the hard evidence. But if there was more then than meets the eye now, he does not establish it. The quality of his reservations is indicated by his comment on the testimony of a cooperative ex-Communist federal employee witness before the Un-American Activities Committee that the party members at his agency were told and believed that they could best discharge their obligations by a zealous devotion to their duties. Such statements, according to Latham, "illustrate the confusing blur of democratic and dialectical values, to which a form of self-hypnosis contributed. . . . The silence of the cell about its affiliation betrayed the secret guilt that covert membership may have suggested to the sensitive."

Latham has substituted for the traditional emphasis on political institutions and their normative roles, a "value-free" scrutiny of political behavior. He banishes from his frame of reference the prohibitions of the Constitution, and especially the First Amendment; court decisions and the limitations imposed on our institutions by the tripartite system and the mechanisms of checks and balances also fall by the wayside. In this way, Latham plucks his inquiry out of its crucially relevant

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context, for these democratic restrictions on the exercise of power are facts which interact with and condition the functioning of the committees; indeed, they are the "factors which make the facts." The approach is reminiscent of a word game in which a contestant is required to write a 100-word essay without using a word containing the letter "e." Though it can be done, the results are usually bizarre.

Latham develops a case for the anti-subversive probe by describing it in an abstract and artificial way and divorcing its operation from reality. Thus he dubs what lawyers and courts call "exposure," the *modus operandi* of the anti-subversive Congressional committees, "prescriptive publicity." He defines this as a "form of public notice intended to instruct and deter" which "stopped short of enactment and was therefore not fully ritualized." To translate from this academese: Latham contends that investigative exposure is really in itself a sort of instant statute, slightly foreshortened, a piece of legislation to which something funny happened on the way to the forum—it was not enacted. But this attempt to make exposure respectable is invalid if for no other reason than that the identifying essence of the anti-subversive investigation is not "prescription" but its opposite, "specification," the use of power directly against the witness to punish him for his politics.

The author's ultimate defense of his analysis is a negative one—that the critics of the anti-subversive committee system are inconsistent. Thus he insists that the New Deal investigations and those of the twenties (like Teapot Dome) are precedents for later exposure probes. But the earlier investigations were directed at conduct and not at speech and association. Latham rejects this distinction and berates the liberals for inconsistency because, in his view, joining the party is also a form of conduct. But the issue posed by the anti-probe forces cannot be transformed into a metaphysical debate. The issue is a constitutional one: whether the characteristic inquiry of the exposure committee ("Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?") involves an invasion of the First Amendment area. Because Latham has forsworn the letter "e," he has barred himself from considering an issue crucial to his study—namely whether the exposure system is consistent with the protected freedoms. (Only the tenacious pursuit of irony has forced him to deal with the question even in passing.) What is even more astonishing is his failure to take note of the Supreme Court's ruling that the very disclosures to which he has denied distinguishing significance invade the First Amendment.

In developing the thesis that the liberals of the thirties originated the later anti-subversive techniques ("still another of history's depressing ironies"), Latham blurs another essential difference — the earlier investigations were fact finding and not punitive as the later ones were. The anatomy of anti-subversive exposure finds no counterpart in the investigations, either of the twenties or of the New Deal: the use of power to drive witnesses from employment and to ruin them; the recalling of witnesses several times if one exposure did them no injury; the requirement that the witness name others under the threat of contempt sanctions; the compiling of dossiers and the issuance of catalogues of condemned organizations to make blacklisting more efficient; and the operation of propaganda mills from which hate-filled literature pours in a torrent to a special constituency of rightist collaborators in the exposure process.

The Supreme Court has condemned this personalized "exposure for exposure's sake"; but Latham insists that the Court is "wrong" in failing to comprehend that exposure is really an (unenacted) law of general application.

Latham scolds critics also because they have been inconsistent in demanding procedural protection for witnesses, including the right of cross-examination, while they applauded the earlier probes. In the same vein he rebukes Justice Black for defending legislative investigations when he was a Senator and attacking the anti-subversive probes as a Supreme Court Justice. But they were not the same kinds of investigations and Latham seems unaware of the considerable extent to which the earlier investigations did observe the procedural decencies—including the right to cross-examination. And protest against the Red hunters' darling, guilt by association, is not an unrealistic demand for a form of protection not even available in a courtroom—as Latham sees it—but an expression of a libertarian concern for the damage to freedom which results when A is blamed for the views of B.

Latham's tin ear for the realities of the exposure process inevitably causes him to misconstrue the responses of the witnesses under attack. These are easily explained as reactions to a felt threat: the witness who "presumes to instruct" a committee on the meaning of the Fifth Amendment is fighting to hold his job; the witness who is nervous to the point of incomprehensibility has not been previously intimidated by the Reds but is terrified by his ordeal; and the fiery shouter of defiance has not been "sent" (by you know who) to disrupt the hearing—he simply does not want to go down without a struggle even though the contest is unequal.

The author's lack of comprehension of the exposure system flows, in part at least, from his distortions of its origin. The launching of the Dies Committee in 1938 was not a response to a concern about "the threat posed to established institutions" by the 1935 Communist popular-front line, or by a fear of Red infiltration of the federal establishment. The Dies Committee was a creature of the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition to fight the New Deal. The huge 1936 pro-Roosevelt majority broke the back of the American Liberty League and its subsidized network of organizations. In 1937, the constitutional attack on the New Deal agencies was closed off by the Supreme Court decision in the Jones and Laughlin case. The Dies Committee sprang from the need to find a new weapon of attack. Its master strategy was to discredit the New Deal agencies as Red by smearing the employees who manned them, to use the same technique against private organizations and in this way to create a climate of opinion which would erode the New Deal majorities.

It was not because the line had become so blurred "between revolutionary ambition and mere nonconformity" that legislative investigation was embraced as an alternative to legislation. Dies and his supporters did not think that legislation was "inept" or "inadequate" to deal with a tricky new threat posed by fronts; they knew that legislation would violate the Constitution—and Dies repeatedly said so. Who needed legislation anyway when you could smite the Communist, the non-Communist and the ex-Communist with fine impartiality and escape constitutional censure? Latham's thesis is carpentered from abstractions far removed from the realities and is not even internally coherent. If the fronts were so sneaky as to defy legislative therapy and make exposure a more practical alternative, how did the Internal Security Act of 1950 come to be passed? And, after the *enactment* of this statute for policing the fronts, following hearings by the anti-subversive committees, why did exposure continue with unabated zeal?

Latham has denied his readers an appraisal of the exposure system in the light of the constitutional ban on bills of attainder, legislative punishment without trial. Before investigative exposure grew into its style, the House experimented with another form of legislative punishment of government employees, the rider to appropriation bills which withheld payment of salaries to named "subversive" employees. In 1943, the House passed such a Dies-inspired rider directed at three "subversive" New Deal functionaries. The Roosevelt administration made a momentous decision to fight the rider in the courts as an attainder. This decision marked the crest of the resistance by the Executive to the use of the Red issue by the Congressional coalition in the competition between the two branches for the control of policy. If the rider went unchallenged, the indications were that some thirty other employees were slated for similar treatment. In 1946, the Supreme Court in the Lovett case invalidated the rider as an attainder, leaving exposure as the coalition's chief weapon. Although Latham purports to summarize this important case in passing, he misstates its central holding, assigns an erroneous meaning to it, and never refers to the fact that the rider was condemned as an unconstitutional attainder—too high a price to pay for avoiding the letter "e."

Latham bastes his book with anthropological terminology without explaining its relevance, a procedure reminiscent of the facile Freudianizing in the social sciences. Because this terminology is used not metaphorically or to lend color but literally, it creates serious problems of meaning. Judicial review of acts of Congress, for example, is not a "custom of the culture." It did not exist until 1803 when the Supreme Court decided *Marbury* v. *Madison*. "Ceremonials," "rituals" and related terms are not valid descriptions of formal institutions or practices which have been created by positive law.

Of all of Latham's exoticisms, the most ambitious is his attempt to legitimate exposure as a practice which is sanctioned by the "culture." (Not the least of the difficulties raised by the author's anthropological sorties is his selectivity; he never tells us why the right to dissent or an abhorrence of legislative justice has not yet been absorbed into our culture.) The desperation of this particular evasion of the letter "e," for which more than mere rhetorical support is offered, becomes apparent from the *mélange* of inapposite precedents which are cited, such as post-World War I vigilantism, Greek ostracism and the disgrace rituals of the Trobriand Islanders. (One can only wonder how the author could have overlooked such "culture-sanctioned" precedents for exposure as lynching or the expulsions of Ann Hutchinson and Roger Williams by the Puritan theocracy.)

Latham's study is, in the end, an elaborate apology for the Congressional witch hunt, the prime tool of McCarthyism. In the vacuum of suppressed norms, the noisome realities of the exposure system are transformed into a time-honored, self-justifying investigative routine, perfected and approved by the very liberals who now criticize it most bitterly, and the witch hunt itself takes a bow in a glamorous new role as an authentic political response to a grave threat to our institutions. Irony, pervasive and almost mechanical, silences the doubter and quietly flatters the objectivity of the author. Commitment, we are told, was a mask for opportunism. Now we will finally hear the bleak autumnal truth pronounced by the white-coated scholar in his laboratory. Will we? Most of the author's assumptions and conclusions are blatantly tendentious, and the facts he adduces to support his ironies are incomplete or questionable. If irony is the name of the game, this is the crowning irony.

The Seal of Approval

TWENTYONE TWICE: A Journal. *By Mark Harris. Little, Brown & Co. 288 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES R. LARSON

Mr. Larson, a former Peace Corps volunteer, teaches English and African studies at the American University in Washington, D. C.

On July 28, 1964, American novelist, Mark Harris, received a telephone call from Sargent Shriver inviting him to evaluate a Peace Corps project in Africa. Shriver told Harris he had read his autobiography, *Mark the Glove Boy*, and felt that Harris "was the kind of person who could examine the work of the Peace Corps and say useful things about it." The plan was for Harris to write a report for "internal circulation" which would be readable and succinct or, as Shriver put it, filled with no bureaucratic nonsense. Was Harris interested? Of course. When could he begin? Right away. Or so he thought, until he discovered that Shriver's call was only the preliminary to a revealing little drama in which Harris' sanity and loyalty were investigated by a "routine" security check lasting five months.

Harris' security check was frustrating and illuminating, but thoroughly familiar, by now, to hundreds of Peace Corps volunteers who have been similarly subjected

In the Northeast of Brazil,
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are getting ready
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to what is commonly known in volunteer jargon as "limbo"—a reverse kind of cultural shock which reduces the person to something less than a human being.

Harris waited weeks and weeks for his clearance, thought up ways to get even if he were turned down and sometimes considered chucking the whole thing. By the time the Peace Corps had "stamped his ass" (to use Harris' own term) with the Good Housekeeping seal of approval, he had solved the problem of retaining his sanity by keeping a journal. The result is a thoroughly compelling document of cultural breakdown, for Harris has used the face of his Peace Corps experience and African trip as a kind of cracked mirror, reflecting — in pieces — the problems and inadequacies of his own culture. Reading his journal, one gets the distinct impression that the United States—as well as the country Harris will eventually visit—is also a developing nation and that the United States' reverse form of cultural shock is far more disturbing than any of the problems confronting the newly independent nations of Africa.

Twentyone Twice is a record of Harris' dialogue with the inner self—the inner depths of a sensitive man 42 years old, who realizes that if there had been a Peace Corps when he was 21, he would have joined. "I wouldn't mind being the Ernie Pyle of the Peace Corps," he writes, before his enthusiasm is subdued by official red tape. But later, when the frustrations of limbo begin to get to him, he admits he is rapidly losing touch with the culture around him. "Can I Make Contact with the United States of America? Does America Permit Growth and Maturity?"

Harris is not just writing to expose the FBI's investigatory process—by now we are all familiar with the enormous records kept on us. Though he becomes haunted with the idea that he will be rejected, he never loses all of his faith in his country. He whines, he mopes, he sends off telegrams to Washington:

> IT'S ALL SO LUDICROUS I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY. I WAS NEVER A COMMUNIST. AT AGE 21 I MINGLED WITH PEOPLE WHO PROMISED TO SAVE US FROM WHITE SUPREMACY AND POVERTY. AFTER AGE 21 TIME AND INTELLECT IMPROVED MY COMPANIONSHIP. I AM STILL OPPOSED TO WHITE SUPREMACY AND POVERTY, AND I THINK I AM ESPECIALLY WELL SUITED TO UNDERSTAND THE MOOD OF KIDS AGE 21 WHO ARE IN THE PEACE CORPS. IT'S TOO BAD I DIDN'T HAVE A PEACE CORPS TO GO INTO. PERHAPS YOU WILL SEE FIT TO PRESENT THIS MESSAGE TO THE COMMITTEE EXAMINING MY CASE. BEST REGARDS.

Like a child counting the days until his birthday, Harris becomes obsessed with the number of days since he has heard from Washington. His journal becomes a profoundly human fabric of daily trivialities, realities and imaginings, a strange admixture of brutal self-criticism and optimism for a culture he knows is often as precariously balanced as the one he hopes to visit in Africa.

During a personal interview, Harris endured the absurdities of two FBI investigators who had examined, among other things, his lifetime employment record. "I'm sure you know what you omit may be significant," one of the investigators informed him. Adrenalin coursing through his system, Harris was then reminded that he had forgotten to list his four-day job as an addressograph machine operator in Peekskill, N. Y., seventeen years before. (A review of Harris' early novel, *The Southpaw*, in the *Daily Worker* thirteen years previously also made him particularly suspect.) "I want my government to stop investigating me and accept me with all my faults, and I will do the same for *it*," Harris writes, when his patience is about to snap.

Harris finally got this clearance and his African assignment, which was to check the so-called "risks" in the country of Kongohno, and this is the substance of the second part of his journal. Obviously there is no nation called Kongohno, and Harris' reasons for obscuring the identity of the actual country make one conscious of the whole absurdity of international euphuistic games. (From a more probing side, one wonders what else in Harris' journal has been altered?)

When Harris got to Kongohno and began his interviews with the "risks" Washington had been so worried about, he concluded that the "risks" were exactly the kind of volunteers the Peace Corps needs if it is to remain unafraid and free. "The Peace Corps was itself a 'risk' when it began," Harris says in the preliminary summary of his trip, and the danger will be the organization's "forgetting its original ideals, and becoming timid, safe, avoiding 'risks.'" Ostensibly about the Peace Corps, Africa and the United States Government, *Twentyone Twice* more importantly is the inner record of a man who has digested more of his culture than most of us will ever even try to swallow.

Where the Stakes Are Real

THE NON-CONFORMIST: The Autobiography of a Conscience. *By George Abbe. Drawings by Rockwell Kent. Branden Press. 306 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES L. SANFORD

Mr. Sanford teaches at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. He is the author of The Quest for Paradise: Europe and the American Moral Imagination *(University of Illinois Press).*

In the 20th century, we have constantly been memorializing the last Puritan and the end of innocence. But as Mark Twain once remarked of news reporting his death, it was somewhat premature. Certainly, the Puritan conscience exhibited in this work by George Abbe is remarkably alive and viable.

In the form of a novel, Abbe tells a story of his personal struggle against McCarthyism. His trials began at Mt. Holyoke College at the outbreak of World War II. Abbe, a young English instructor and poet whose background included the ministry and pacifist teachings, decided finally to enlist in the war against Hitler. Surviving a surrealistic horror in boot camp, he finished the war instructing naval classes at Yale. Then came a teaching post at a YMCA college from which he was dismissed for critical analysis of the *Reader's Digest* in his propaganda classes. The only organized group which had the courage to defend him was the Communist Party, which he joined but soon left when it refused to permit him independence of mind and spirit. He was subsequently hired and dismissed by the University of Connecticut, the University of Pittsburgh, Wayne University and other places for publicly airing views which a great many intelligent people were privately thinking.

Though she stuck by him in the end, Abbe's wife retreated from him several times to the security of her parents' home in Connecticut. He accepted a pulpit call to Annisquam, Mass., only to be dismissed for his membership on the Committee to Defend Dirk Struik. Bill Cunningham of the Boston *Herald* later hunted him down and was instrumental in destroying his following in a rural pulpit in New Hampshire. The great witch hunt was on.

The characters in Abbe's book are vividly realized—cantankerous, yeasty, fearful, hypocritical, noble—never mere caricatures in a melodrama of vice and virtue. The stakes are real. Most interesting of all is the character of the author, revealed with honesty, a Chaplinesque figure groping wistfully from defeat to defeat, but somehow maintaining a dignity in the face of repeated humiliation at the hands of a vast economic machine. The overall theme is one man's growth in understanding and compassion without compromising his fierce attachment to ideals, including his faith in people.

The sources of his idealism are twofold: a semi-Christian mysticism which unites man, beast and nature, and an American democratic tradition which goes back to Whitman, Emerson and Thoreau. It is an inheritance which proves capable of assimilating itself to the needs of our modern industrial society, if we can imagine an Emerson or a Thoreau working in a Negro slum, collecting signatures for Wallace's Progressive Party, or fighting in various humble ways to realize a socialistic vision of brotherhood on earth. Does this seem incredibly naive, a willful distortion of American traditions? Abbe says:

> What we need is more naïveté in America, less hardboiled practicality and self-interest; for then, perhaps, we would *act*, for conviction, for principle, rather than holding back, saving ourselves as we do now for comfort, convenience, the secure.

But Abbe is not really naive. He is self-aware in all the ways in which a highly intelligent, educated contemporary can be: aware of the traps of temperament and of his own tendency to a martyr complex, aware of the dangers of self-righteousness, of ego — aware, above all, of man's great capacity for mischief and cruelty. He recognizes in this the vast distance between man and God, whose face is a "fierce axe-head" testing our worth (an image, incidentally, which hardly conforms to his pantheism).

The ultimate question Abbe raises is whether we are good enough in the mass or as individuals to achieve the democratic socialism he advocates. He believes the question demands a practical answer, since socialism may be the alternative to a total evil that could overwhelm our nation, for he seems to see us entering a new period of tension, hysteria and propaganda more dangerous than that of the forties and fifties.

Abbe's book revivifies a great democratic tradition: the strength to speak out against suicidal rigidities. In it, he has summoned forth a living presence which is completely believable, whatever the reader's faith or lack of faith, a presence filled with anguish, but also reverence and great beauty, and the wondrous brooding mystery that envelops all life. *Idea* coalesces perfectly with sight and sound and dramatic situation to charm and enlighten the reader and to lend the strongest support to the American dream. The book itself, devoid of bitterness and self-pity, is a magnificent revenge upon those who would silence him.

THEATRE / Julius Novick

Mr. Novick recently completed a survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, *based on a Ford Foundation grant.*

Since I wrote about the Tyrone Guthrie in these pages some weeks ago, *The Dance of Death*—an excellent production of one of Strindberg's lesser works—has been dropped from the repertory. *As You Like It* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*—two entertaining and superficial productions that represent the triumph of directorial showmanship over drama——have been retained. And new productions of Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma* and O'Neill's *S. S. Glencairn* have been added. Both new productions are entertaining, in their varying fashions, but they did not dispel my feeling that something is not right at the Guthrie, that optimal use is not being made of its tremendous resources.

S. S. Glencairn is the overall title for four early plays by Eugene O'Neill that deal with the crew of a freighter plying between Great Britain and the West Indies; the faults of the Guthrie production, directed by Douglas Campbell and Edward Payson Call, are too minor to mention. This is a classical company, proficient in Shakespeare and artificial comedy; but Paul Ballantyne, Lee Richardson, Ed Flanders, Ken Ruta, John Cromwell, Len Cariou, Sandy McCallum and almost everyone else in the large cast deal with O'Neill's sweaty realism as if they were born to it.

Dahl Delu's settings and the uncredited lighting provide all the assistance our imaginations need to turn the stage into the deck or the fo'c's'le of the *Glencairn*. The actors, principals and bit players alike, singing sea chanteys in deep-throated chorus, perform the set changes most entertainingly before our eyes. But surely something is slightly askew when the set changes are more fun than the plays themselves. O'Neill's early études in the naturalistic manner are worth reviving when they can be revived this well; but they are not genuine classics, nor do they represent a voice from the past that at this moment we particularly need to hear.

The Doctor's Dilemma is also not a genuine classic, nor does it have any particular pertinence for us at this moment; yet I am quite willing to accept it as its own excuse for being on the Guthrie stage. It is perhaps a personal quirk of mine to prefer good-but-not-first-rate Shaw to good-but-not-first-rate O'Neill. Yet what has the *S. S. Glencairn* got to match the buoyant brilliance of Shaw's dialogue?

Dr. Ridgeon's dilemma is that he can treat only one more patient by his new opsonic method, and must choose between a young artist who is both a genius and a scoundrel, and a middle-aged fellow doctor who is a good man, but a nonentity; the one not chosen will die. Uncharacteristically, Shaw dodges the issue by having Dr. Ridgeon fall in love with the artist's wife and make his decision on that basis. The play suffers from its too-great length, from the featurelessness of its central character, from implausibilities in its plotting, and from the sheer cranky inaccuracy of its author's opinions about doctors. And yet, sixty years after its composition, much of *The Doctor's Dilemma* still plays beautifully, because Shaw's dialogue (as some tin-eared people still do not realize) was made to be spoken.

The last time I reported on the Guthrie, I wrote that "unless its talented directors confine their attentions to plays they like and understand, it may be in serious danger." Douglas Campbell, who directed *The Doctor's Dilemma*, is known

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to feel a special affinity to GBS, and so I had high hopes for the production. Mr. Campbell has indeed been duly respectful, and has not overwhelmed the play with "production," but he has managed to botch it nevertheless. As the dullish Dr. Ridgeon, Lee Richardson does all that can be done, and Robert Pastene is suitably crisp and dry as a surgeon who thinks that the answer to everyone's problem is to operate and remove the "nuciform sac." But with these exceptions, every important part has been in some measure miscast.

Ken Ruta plays Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington, the fatuous society doctor, in an ecstasy of burbling self-esteem; in twenty years he will be ideal for the part, but at the moment his white hairs and padded belly obviously do not become him. Mr. Ruta is so funny that only a perfectionist would be unwilling to forgive the fact that he is not the one young actor in a thousand who can play an elderly man with complete conviction; but the other miscastings are more serious. As the oldest doctor of all, John Cromwell is certainly old enough (and what a pleasure it is to see a genuine old man on the stage of a resident theatre), but the character is written to be sharp and gruff, and Mr. Cromwell's hesitant, gentle delivery tends to smother his laughs.

As the young artist and his fascinating wife, Ed Flanders and Nancy Wickwire — brilliant actors both — are too old. The wife is described as an unworldly, ardent girl from Cornwall, with more passion than brains; Miss Wickwire is unmistakably a shrewd, self-possessed American woman with more brains than passion. Mr. Flanders handles his comedy with irresistible, cheeky ebullience, but his death scene is a long failure. In spite of all his rascality and all his jokes, this is supposed to be a 23-year-old genius dying of tuberculosis before our eyes—think of Keats. If the scene is to work at all it must touch our emotions somehow, but Mr. Flanders is totally lacking in the gallantry and youthful glamour that might have made it pathetic.

Multiple miscasting is not the production's only fault. It might be asked why, in a theatre crawling with speech teachers, one single way of pronouncing the English language might not have been adopted for *The Doctor's Dilemma*, instead of allowing each member of the cast to speak English or American English as he pleased.

The Guthrie Theatre, moreover, with its thrust stage, is far from ideal for drawing-room comedy, and Dahl Delu's settings were not much help. Mr. Campbell's staging was often a positive hindrance. For long stretches in crucial scenes, I was nearly driven distracted by wondering when some actor was going to get his broad back the hell out of the way so that I could see what was going on. And when this consummation finally came about, it often served to block the view of another group of would-be spectators.

Mr. Campbell has demonstrated before now his insensitivity to some of the scripts he works with; but as artistic director of the Guthrie he might at least be expected to know how to use this stage, and how to use these actors. For the most part, indeed, he does; but you would never know it from *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which is only rescued by the splendid professionalism of the company (evident through all the miscastings), and by the enduring sparkle of Bernard Shaw's dialogue.

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RECORDS / Benjamin Boretz

MAHLER: Symphony No. 6. BERG: *Le Vin* (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano). Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 7044.

Symphony No. 9. Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, cond. *Das Lied von der Erde*. Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Häfliger, tenor; New York Philharmonic; Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia D3L 344/D3S 744.

Symphony No. 10. The Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M2L 335/M2S 735.

Although the Sixth is evidently Mahler's most interesting symphony, the very individuality and complexity of its internal ideas tend to make even more extrusive the theatrical "strokes"—march rhythms, snare-drum rolls and the whole gestural type repertory of "hymns," "Ländler," and "Liebeslieder" (or perhaps better *Liebestodlieder*) — that Mahler superimposed on these ideas out of an apparent inability to find a projective medium uniquely appropriate to them. Still, there are extraordinary passages throughout the Sixth Symphony, particularly the simultaneous unfoldings of linear successions, in varying multiplicities and densities, the transparent woodwind-, bell-, harp- and string-tremolo sonorities in the first movement, the extreme sonority changes that emerge from texturally continuous passages in rapid succession without losing the thread of continuity, and the still remarkably original-sounding opening of the last movement, with its single lines unfolding tenuously against an almost unrhythmized, bassless, tremolo background that gradually defines out into a fully articulated multilinearity to fill the entire orchestral range.

But in performance such qualities are all too easily submerged beneath the surrounding pseudo-trivialities. The nervous locomotion of Leinsdorf's approach, scarcely pausing to acknowledge a transitional point or to adjust the rate of unfolding or the manner of succession to the requirements of individual passages, combined with the almost uncontrollable crudity of some of the Boston Symphony's playing, particularly of its brass section, is hardly adequate to the task.

The performance of Berg's *Der Wein*, in its French-language version, is perhaps even more catastrophic from its lack of any evident observations of dynamic differentia in relations between orchestral and vocal inflection, in the muddled orchestral tangle in which at most one element is audible while innumerable details of inflection and sonority go unarticulated within the general

THE MAILMAN AND
DAS EWIG WEIBLICHE

Through a dark drizzle of rain,
Plodding to work on
mountain-heavy shoes,
The jumping thing to see is
The old mailman as sudden nun
float up to front doors
in black-draped raincoat,
hooded helmet
flare like a wimple,
and deliver the mail
through a driven,
coffee-tense scatter
of masculine commuters,
as if the envelopes were
sealed with quietude,
a female gift.

JAMES SCHEVILL

"background" morass, and in the shrill, uninflected and careless vocal performance by Phyllis Curtin. Once again, all these recalcitrant elements are efficiently thrust ahead by Mr. Leinsdorf, as though getting from beginning to end had the same relevance to music as to bus driving.

The "performing version" of the sketches left by Mahler for his Tenth Symphony seems to have been quite responsibly assembled by its resurrector, Deryck Cooke, but Mahler's kind of composition, in which the minute particulars of inflective details were far more significantly the loci of his most original ideas than the broad section-to-section characteristics, defeats this attempt to learn much about what the Tenth's ideas would have been like. One is aware throughout of the consistent absence of those attributes that are most apt to be remarkable in a Mahler work: one hears literal conjunctions of "lines" and instruments for long stretches, recurrences of ideas with identical orchestration, textures that suddenly drop out and are replaced without transition, and instrumental "entrances" and "exits" that seem to function purely as "color" but from no significant relational path. The "performing sketch" perhaps has its greatest value in making us vividly aware of what is left out; but this may be insufficient to warrant a project as expensive as the present recording, when so much of the significant, fully composed orchestral literature remains unperformed and unavailable. In this performance, the Philadelphia flows over everything with its customary indiscriminate competence.

Walter's Mahler performances contrast sharply with both Ormandy's and Leinsdorf's in the evident particularity of every attack, inflection, entrance, transition, cadence, textural or timbral change, and the considered variation of duration of each pitch in an "even" succession as well as a similar variation, on a large scale, of the tempo of sectional unfolding. The combination of cleanliness and plasticity of attack in the performance of the Ninth Symphony is especially endearing, particularly when judged against the strenuous Boston Symphony attack. And, by comparison with Walter's previous recordings of the work, the superiority of the vocalists in the present version of *Das Lied* perhaps overweighs some of its deficiencies, such as the rather remote and tenuous orchestral sound.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

The Polish movie, *Salto*, comes close to being the obverse of *Our Town*, nostalgia without the hope of innocence. It also seems at the opposite pole from the arena of social violence that the Polish film makers were exploiting a few years ago, though Zbigniew Cybulski, who was the hulking Americanized beat hero of *Ashes and Diamonds*, plays the lead in the new film (and still leans heavily on dark glasses). The mood of *Salto* is end of the line, entropy; it is a tone I have not heard before from postwar East Europe.

The film opens with an apparently hunted young man dropping from a train and floundering through outlying impediments to take shelter in a nearby town. Like Wilder's town, this one is manifestly a stage set; there is no pretense that it really exists and it is empty save for the handful of people involved in the action. These include a good man (who takes in the fugitive); a retired military realist; a hedonistic womanizer; a child-exasperated poet; a nonentity named Blumenfeld who would assume the attributes of his namesake, a recently deceased actor of renown; a fortuneteller; the good man's daughter (whom the hero mistakes for her mother); a couple in love. One gets the feeling that these are all clockwork figures, set in motion by the fugitive who has apparently come this way before (he digs for a trove he had once buried and comes up with an unexploded hand grenade, which goes off in a nearby thicket). The poet rages at the stranger for having frightened his children, but a little later the stranger heals them of a sudden alarming illness. The good man confesses that he lacks the capacity for evil; indeed, he dreams of playing his neighbors a really nasty trick. His daughter sleeps with their guest, as presumably her mother would have done. The realist wrestles with him and is defeated; the fortuneteller has her fortune told; Blumenfeld prepares his stage debut; the hedonist turns maudlin. These encounters all start up with the abruptness of restored animation.

The climax occurs at the town's annual party to itself, held in the almost empty community hall. There the poet recites verses which include the observation that the times have become so shallow that men who fall now fall horizontally. Partly in response to this, the stranger teaches them all a dance—the Salto—which appears to be an exorcism of cross-purposes (when A sways left, B sways right), and one can feel a warmth beginning to creep through the hall.

But then a woman with two children arrives, to demand her husband. He is no fugitive, no one pursues him; he is merely a shirker of domestic responsibility and the monotony of married love. The villagers stone their visitor out of the town.

These proceedings are crowded with more allegory than I have patience to unravel or space to set down, but the overall intent surmounts the tangle of allusion. Life — frightened, hunted, quixotic,

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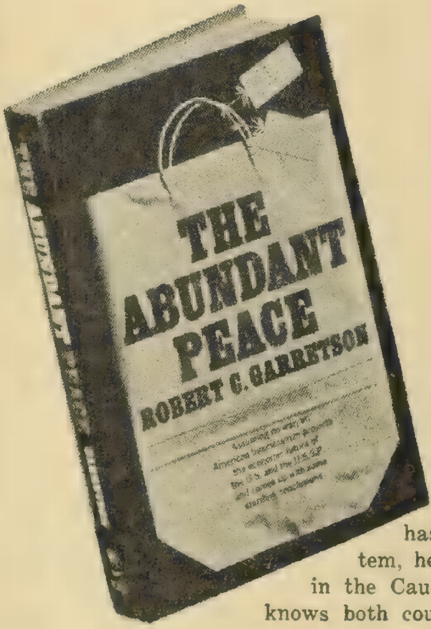

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cruel and beckoning — comes to a community parched for the lack of it into a state of paralysis. A dreamlike suspension begins to break toward awakening, but then life himself proves fraudulent, mere triviality decked out as desperation and power, and the townspeople drive him out. Coming and going, he interrupts two giggling girls who are bathing nude in a stream. They, presumably, are what the elders should be spying on if it is life they seek; but the circular futility of the situation is that the bathers are themselves lay figures of the community.

Tadeusz Konwicki has directed these proceedings in a style of sleepwalking outside of time; the characters express an oddly vivid vacuity and the effect overall is slapstick in a burial ground. The disillusion strikes me as woven deep into the piece, not worn as a costume for comment. It is a coldly memorable film.

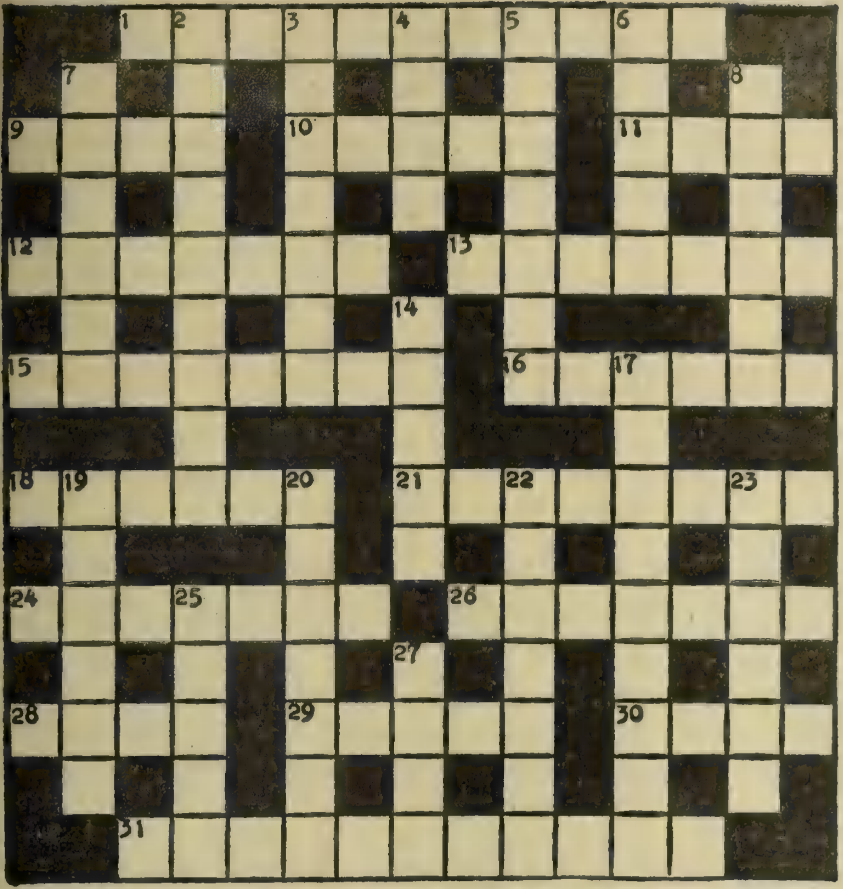
John Korty is a young producer-director who relies almost entirely on his own resouces. The attitude is excellent and I wish I could say as much for *The Crazy Quilt*, the first of his pictures to be distributed commercially.

The film is based on a story with the mock-naive title, "The Illusionless Man and the Visionary Maid," and mock naive is the rather tiresome signature of the picture. A termite exterminator who hunches his shoulders and declares everything no damned good takes up with (eventually marries) a girl who flings wide her arms and declares everything just wonderful. He thinks every timber is rotten at the heart; she invests butterflies with souls. The struggle is to make him say "I love you," which he does along about their twentieth year together, the moral of the picture being that human life may have its inadequacies, but it is the only life we have. Somehow I knew that, and the rather ghastly spirit of jolly community theatricals that pervades the picture does nothing to make it more persuasive.

The exasperating thing about *The Crazy Quilt* is that from time to time it breaks out in blotches of excellence. Tom Rosqui, who plays the misanthropic termite menacer, is an eloquently impassive actor, the dialogue occasionally glints with a witty line and some of the ironic details (particularly when the wife seeks "fulfillment" with a succession of shoddy males) have the bite of recognition. But the effect was killed, for me at least, by the self-indulgences of its "let's make a movie" amateurism and its repetitious embroidery of the self-evident. Man's fate is all that the theatre has had to work with since the first savage tried on a wolf's skull for dramatic effect, and it is late in the day to proclaim that the meaning of life is the living of it.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1172

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Jumbo sales implied by it? (3, 8)
9 Her circle might suggest a one-course meal for some. (4)
10 and 28 Inferior to nothing more than a slight cold, certainly. (5, 4)
11 See 4 down
12 One way 1 help, on acquiring a simple camera type. (7)
13 Stolen gangster weapons? They might help in a fast get-away. (3, 4)
15 Food for a large number, little brother, in another continent is out of this world! (8)
16 A sort of battle commemoration on it, perhaps. (6)
18 Might it be put on after spats, as recommended? (4-2)
21 Palliated. (8)
24 It might seem peculiar to have an animal follow most of the procession. (7)
26 By the sound of it, those who have problems with their lungs or chests. (7)
28 See 10 across
29 Beat in time with Robert? (5)
30 See 7 down
31 Wet, nowadays, but one-time favorite in play. (3, 4, 4)

DOWN:

2 Press mount, associated with a plain roller in early days. (4, 5)
3 Doesn't quite catch the implication? (7)
4 and 11 across Leaves one's food, but one's work has material significance. (8)
5 City that suggests it could fit into an old bottle. (7)
6 Agriculturist who gets by as a composer? (5)
7 and 30 across One concerned with other than quick communication, rather uncommon with directions for one course. (6, 4)
8 Draw back in resentment more than a bit! (6)
14 Charles and Mary reputedly innocent? (5)
17 Serif? (Exhausts the source, possibly.) (9)
19 How one stood when home on the range. (6)
20 Charted a course, as Fawkes did. (7)
22 Certain animalculae. (7)
23 They might result from 3 in the field. (6)
25 The distinctive flavor of an Italian roadsign? (5)
27 Made an early-morning sound for the gang? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1171

ACROSS: 1 Soapsuds; 5 and 29 A Taste of Honey; 10 Dignity; 11 Private; 12 Lilac; 13 Head-first; 14 Ticks; 16 Daladier; 19 Capstone; 22 Balsa; 24 Healthier; 26 Until; 28 Cottage; 30 Stroke; 31 Headland. DOWN: 1 Sodality; 2 Angel; 3 Suitcases; 4 Dry-shod; 6 Thief; 7 Stairwell; 8 Everts; 9 Sprawl; 15 Character; 17 Debouched; 18 Parleyed; 20 Oliver; 21 Earlobe; 23 Shocks; 25 Track; 27 Tonga.

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Much of our policy in Vietnam has been based on the historical analogy of our encounter with Nazism and Stalinism, an experience of ten to thirty years ago. A group of historians has now examined a past more recent and more relevant: the history of American involvement in Vietnam itself since 1963. Their findings are presented in the attached study.

The historians disclose a disturbing pattern of connections between negotiations and escalation, between political opportunities to approach peace and military actions that widen the war. The authors are well aware that, working only from the public record, their facts are incomplete and their perspective partial. Yet, the recent pattern they discern in the history of United States policy is of such grave import that we believe it to merit your serious attention: if wrong, to be refuted by evidence; if right, to become a guide to policy...

Respectfully,

Charles A. Bane, John C. Bennett, Eugene Carson Blake, Robert McAfee Brown, Benjamin J. Buttenwieser, Benton R. Cancell, Grenville Clark, Barry Commoner, Clifford J. Durr, William Eastlake, Marriner S. Eccles, Robert C. Garretson, Maxwell Geismar, J.W. Gitt, Patrick E. Gorman, Abraham J. Heschel, Robert M. Hutchins, Arnold Kaufman, Martin Luther King, Edward Lamb, Irving F. Laucks, David Livingston, Arno J. Mayer James G. Patton, B.T. Rocca, Sr., Frank Rosenblum, Carl E. Schorske, Jacob J. Weinstein, C. Vann Woodward,

A Citizens' White Paper on U. S. responses to pressures for a political settlement of the Vietnam War, prepared by a team of competent scholars, was submitted to the White House four months ago. A cover letter signed by 29 prominent and responsible American leaders and educators urged that the people of this nation be given a forthright official reply to the disturbing conclusions of this study.

Since no adequate official response has been made, this white paper is now being called to the attention of the American people through the publication of an expanded book-length edition entitled

THE POLITICS OF ESCALATION IN VIETNAM

By **Franz Schurmann, Peter Dale Scott,** and **Reginald Zelnik** (of the University of California at Berkeley), in consultation with additional scholars on that and other campuses.

With a Foreword by **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.**

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REAGAN vs. BROWN

HOW TO SUCCEED WITH THE BACKLASH

CAREY McWILLIAMS

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DANIEL COHEN

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LETTERS

cost of neutrality

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: May I speak my welcome to the uncommon good sense in your editorial on the California elections [*The Nation*, Oct. 17].

The decision of the Conference for a New Politics ignores the central lesson of the past half century of political history—that in a contest between candidates of the Center and the extremist Right, the Left dare not be neutral, unless it is strong enough to elect its own. How dearly the Germans and the world paid for having blundered in this regard.

The "new radicalism" is so postured to break with the old radicalism that they do not study it to find its positive and negative sides. Consequently they are repeating its crudest mistakes, and not salvaging any of its virtues. In 1934 in California a much stronger than now exists Left made a similar error in the gubernatorial campaign and contributed considerably to the election of the wicked Merriam machine. If Reagan is elected, at best the awful days of the Rolph-Merriam rule will return, and at worst, which is very likely, the motley crew of Nazi-like ultra-rightists to whom Reagan is attached will capture the state, an outcome sinister for the entire nation.

The drive to make Vietnam the criterion for support of Brown sounded very idealistic—it was in fact a sure pattern for Brown's defeat. Were he to support the President, he would lose the Liberal-Left. Were he to oppose Johnson, he would lose a part of the Democratic organization and middle-of-the-road vote. Did the Liberal-Left believe that the election of Reagan would make for a better climate in which to achieve peace?

It is a worthy subject for political study, that ever since the LaFollette campaign of 1924 the political Left has developed a lemming psychology; as soon as its numbers increase somewhat, it leaves the congenial surroundings that made for growth to begin a march to its own destruction. Instead of crying "bankrupt" and "irrelevance" to the Liberal-Left and Marxist past, as the leaders of the "new radicalism" in California have done, it would be more profitable to study that era.

The California "new radicals" have often battled gallantly and worthily, but it is easy to become intoxicated with the eloquence of one's own self-righteousness and militancy. It's an occupational disease for leaders to avoid if the major objectives of a larger strategy are to be realized.

I appeal especially to those Californians who shared many hard battles with me to prevent that magnificent state from falling into the grasp of the ultra-Right extremists. After the rhetoric is trimmed away, there is only one way to do that—elect Pat Brown, despite his imperfections. *S. A. Darcy*

the Fulbrights

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I was distressed by Richard Kostelanetz's article "In Darkest Fulbright" [*The Nation*, June 13]. As chairman of the United States Board of Foreign Scholarships which administers this program, I have some concern about correcting inaccuracies that do an injustice to a program which in twenty years has aided the exchange of 100,000 persons and performed an inestimable service to the international academic community. I regret that you allowed *The Nation* to become the vehicle for a spiteful and ignorant diatribe.

Here follow corrections of some of the grosser misstatements of fact: "*Many Fulbright programs are*

(*Continued on page 452*)

EDITORIALS

Top Secret

The best kept—and gloomiest—secret of the Johnson era is just what the Vietnamese war is costing. It is a truism that the social costs of any war are incalculable, and even the money cost cannot be ascertained to the last dollar; but this hardly accounts for the murkiness that surrounds a subject so important to the American people. The real reason is that deception is being practiced on a grand scale, by experts in the art. That this is not a groundless assertion the following facts attest:

¶ Governor Scranton, emerging from a White House conference, told newsmen that the war in Vietnam may cost as much as $10 billion *more* in the next fiscal year. The statement was almost immediately denied.

¶ Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, said a few days ago that he and other Senators have been unable to get firm estimates from the Pentagon on Vietnam costs, present and future. He thinks the outlays are currently running between $1.5 and $2 billion a month.

¶ Sen. John Stennis, chairman of the preparedness subcommittee, estimates $2 billion a month.

¶ Wilbur D. Mills, chairman of Ways and Means, is irked by the reluctance of the Administration to give him a straight account of costs. If he doesn't know, who would?

¶ Marquis Childs, in September, said flatly that the cost at that time was $2.7 billion a month. He added: "Rather than a random figure picked out of the air, this is a careful calculation accepted at the highest levels of government concerned with taxes and debt and the storm cloud of threatened inflation hovering over the economy."

¶ Under a release date of October 20, Prof. Raymond J. Saulnier declared that we are faced with inflation and "we need a realistic assessment of defense spending requirements, which have been consistently underestimated. . . . It is impossible to plan monetary policy, let alone fiscal policy, without having a candid assessment of what military operations are going to cost."

There is tricky accounting all over Washington. One device is to estimate war costs in terms of actual expenditures, a technique which automatically hides the truth. The Pentagon has been slow in paying contractors. When the government is slow in paying, vendors do not write threatening letters or hand accounts over to collection agencies: they turn to the banks for money. George A. Murphy, chairman of the Irving Trust Company, says that the Defense Department slowdown, which he calls "widespread," has been a "significant factor in producing extraordinary loan demand." One need not be unduly cynical to connect this situation with the pre-election minimization of the financial disruption caused by the war. Only the most credulous could imagine that bad news is not being withheld from the public now, when it could influence votes, to be released after the votes have been counted.

That costs must be high is self-evident. We are chewing up materiel at a fantastic rate. In terms of materiel, this is our third largest war. According to Senator Morse, a greater tonnage of bombs per month is being dropped on the two

Vietnams than all Europe and Africa received in the same time in World War II. It is a small war only in terms of the area involved. Devastation at this level of intensity is expensive for the receiver in lives and property; for the donor the cost in lives is less but the money cost is enormous.

And the worst is yet to come. Counting the crews of the Seventh Fleet, the United States now has nearly 400,000 men engaged in the assault on Vietnam. It is common talk in Washington that 1967 will see an increase in the air and ground forces from the present level of some 330,000 to 600,000 or 700,000. The major voice in the conduct of the war has passed from the civilians to the military. Writing from Saigon in the New York *World Journal Tribune*, Ward Just asserts that the recent visit of Secretary McNamara "marked the beginning of the end of civilian supremacy in the American effort here." Gen. William C. Westmoreland, though no Caesar like Douglas MacArthur, is now in the top spot. Public relations tribute will continue to be paid to the importance of winning "the hearts and minds of the people," but the war will be fought with bombs, cannon and firearms in ever greater measure. The role of the South Vietnamese army in combat will be further reduced, and the brunt of the war will fall with ever greater weight on the American forces. Ambassador Goldberg will continue to bleat at the UN, but American lives and American dollars will be poured into the South Asian cauldron with no limit in sight. On the financial side alone the American people are in for unpleasant surprises; how unpleasant they will not know until Mr. Johnson and his aides are forced to give an accounting—after November 8.

Korea and Vietnam

A Korea-type settlement in Vietnam would be a political godsend for the Johnson Administration, would further the long-term U.S. policy of containment and military frustration of Red China, would relieve the anxieties of American youths and their families, and partially restore the luster of American democracy in the UN. Something on this order is in fact the objective of such planners as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Goodwin, John Kenneth Galbraith and the "No Wider War" committee said to be in the making. Almost any kind of end to the war would be welcomed by a majority of Americans: they would applaud its artificers as they applauded General Eisenhower's promise to bring peace in 1952.

Unfortunately, this hopeful picture is visible only from the American side. As seen from Hanoi and Peking—even from Moscow—it is shot through with wishful thinking, an indulgence which among all human activities can be least afforded in war.

There is, indeed, one condition on which the war might be ended with American troops garrisoned in Vietnam (or Thailand) and air bases in readiness for re-use by American bombers, whether under USAF occupancy or some caretaker arrangement with the native military. That condition, in a slight modification of General LeMay's formula, is that we can manage to twist the enemy's arm hard enough so that he yells "uncle" and, still sobbing, staggers to the conference table. This outcome is conceivable, though not probable, in relation to North Vietnam; but it is unimagi-

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 203
No. 14

nable in relation to the Chinese, who are in a position to exercise veto power over any proposed settlement. So the solution is likely to reduce to LeMay's earlier prescription: bombing North Vietnam back into the Stone Age and, if the Chinese attempt countermeasures, meting out the same treatment to them.

Short of total defeat, the enemy will not, because it cannot, settle for the Korean pattern. To Hanoi that would mean not only the loss of the war presently raging but a reversal of the victory over the French which led to the Geneva Agreements of 1954. Hanoi's objective, identical with that of the National Liberation Front, is a share for the latter in the future government of South Vietnam and, ultimately, reunification of North and South under Communist auspices. The last they may never achieve, but they will continue guerrilla warfare indefinitely rather than abandon *in toto* the aims which they have pursued since the end of World War II, when French intransigence finally made it impossible for them to remain in the French Union.

Nor can the Chinese settle for another Korea, this one on their southern flank. Already the *cordon sanitaire* that has been drawn around them is tighter than the one Clemenceau devised for the Soviet Union after World War I. The only remaining gaps are in the south. Actually, with Shanghai some 500 nautical miles from Okinawa, Peking a slightly greater distance from Seoul, and southwest China across the Taiwan Strait from another complex of *de facto* American bases, and Polaris submarines cruising the Pacific, the additional peril from the direction of Thailand and South Vietnam makes a bad situation only slightly worse, but Chinese psychology has reached the so-far-and-no-farther stage. Their hostility toward both the United States and the Soviet Union is aggravated by a factor rarely mentioned in discussions of Chinese militancy: that both Soviet and American ballistic missiles must long since have been targeted on Chinese population centers and nuclear plants, with the Soviet sites probably within intermediate range. No nation likes this sort of close-up missilry — not the United States when Khrushchev did it in Cuba, nor the Chinese when it is done to them.

In war, to assess enemy intentions with any certitude, one must put oneself in the enemy's place. If one does this with respect to Hanoi and Peking, only one conclusion can be drawn. Even if we withdrew to defensive enclaves in accordance with General Gavin's proposal, the war would not end. The enclaves would be attacked and the initiative would be with the enemy. The no-wider-war position has merit insofar as it provides a pause for reflection; as a solution it is unworkable. The war can end only if the United States comes up with a promise of eventual withdrawal more persuasive than anything the Johnson Administration—or its critics—have so far offered. And both might as well make up their minds that Vietnam is not Korea.

Can Dr. Condon See It Through?

It's hard to feel sorry for an organization like the U.S. Air Force, but the present flying-saucer situation almost moves us to sympathy. For twenty years the Air Force, which is charged with investigating UFOs (unidentified flying objects), has been saying that there is no evidence that earth is being visited by spaceships from another world. Not only has this position failed to impress many people, it has made them furious at the Air Force.

Now, with excitement over flying saucers again at fever pitch, the Air Force wants to get off the hot spot. It has therefore commissioned the University of Colorado to conduct an independent fifteen-month study of the phenomenon at a cost of $313,000. The choice of Dr. Edward U. Condon to head the study is an unusually happy one. He is not only a world-renowned scientist, he also has a rare ability to communicate ideas to the nonscientific public. In addition, Dr. Condon had enough troubles with the government during the McCarthy period to protect him from the easy label of government stooge.

Dr. Condon is approaching the saucer project with enthusiasm, but we wonder if he knows what he is letting himself in for. Word is already spreading that the project is a put-up job and that the real results will be suppressed. If Dr. Condon and his associates come up with anything less than the little green men from Mars, they will be crucified.

But the Colorado investigation can have some useful results. It may explain some of the small number of genuinely puzzling sightings that have occurred. And, perhaps more important, the psychologists on Dr. Condon's staff may be able to provide some insight into the reasons why so many Americans must look to beings from beyond the earth as the only hope for escape from the tensions, dangers and boredom of modern life.

The Search for Santa Claus

On November 8, New York voters will be asked to approve an amendment to the state constitution which would authorize a state lottery, the proceeds of which shall be applied exclusively "in aid or support of education in this state." One of the oldest dodges in promotion of rackets is to link them to good causes. It will be noted also that this is a blanket authorization, with no indication of how it is to be set up, or the number of drawings, or what safeguards are to be incorporated against the infiltration of criminals. A pig in a poke is being offered to voters in the Empire State.

Lotteries have been outlawed in New York since 1833, and with good reason. The *New York Post* has published a series of articles on the history; in one of them (October 5) John S. Ezell, author of *Fortune's Merry Wheel*, pointed out that a study of more than 1,300 legal lotteries in the United States proves that the most careful supervision cannot eliminate abuses. Anthony Scaduto notes in the same series that lotteries have been characterized as "a tax on imbeciles" and "a plague invented by despots to silence the people."

But historical evidence is outweighed in the minds of proponents by the New Hampshire experiment, which has been in operation for three years without scandal. This brief record is hardly a guarantee of purity in the future; besides, in terms of net revenue the New Hampshire lottery has been a disappointment. A large percentage of the New Hampshire sweepstakes tickets—perhaps as much as 85 per cent—are sold to out-of-state visitors, and in other respects the differences between the two states, one with a population of less than 700,000, the other with 18 million, surely outweigh the similarities. In New York, with its heavy urban population—8 million in New York City alone—it is a foregone conclusion that most of the gambling would be done by those least able to afford it.

The argument is adduced that the mob-operated policy games, bookie setups, etc., now take tremendous sums from the poor, and that a government-operated lottery would at least be honest and would provide the state with much-needed revenue. Unfortunately, the history of government lotteries shows that they can be as dishonest as those privately operated; countless schemes are evolved for control by criminal elements, which have quite enough power in government already. Nor does government-sponsored gambling dry up other forms of gambling. The poor continue to play the numbers *and* buy lottery tickets, hoping to make a killing somehow, somewhere.

Puerto Rico has a lottery, and Governor Rockefeller points out that when a strike of lottery employees halted the sale of tickets for ten days, food sales in the supermarket chain the Rockefellers control shot up 30 per cent. A lottery is a typical sucker setup, both for the customers and for the state. In effect it is a search for Santa Claus —a particularly benevolent Santa Claus who will finance public services painlessly. If New York becomes the second state to go into the lottery business, other states will follow suit, and there is even the prospect of a national lottery atop the state lotteries. This contagion should be stopped before further mischief is generated.

Union Stripes

The enemies of progress are right, from their crazed perspective, to scotch the organization of equality wherever it appears. Equality is an extremely "catching" idea, and groups that are a moon flight removed from Harlem, Watts and the Mississippi Delta are beginning to develop the fever.

Catholic priests, who for some time have been appearing on other people's picket lines, have recently been heard to wonder whether a union of their own would really be incongruous. And now from the West Coast comes word that the San Francisco County Jail No. 2 has been organized by a rank-and-file group known as the Inmates Activities Committee (IAC).

This "union" called public attention to itself when it submitted its first memorandum to Sheriff Matthew H. Carberry and with public relations finesse sent copies to the local press and radio stations, members of the grand jury, Congressmen, Assemblymen and the police commission. It is a model document: cool, specific, realistic and tough (convicts cannot very effectively strike, but frustration can move them to riot).

The principal grievance of IAC is racial discrimination in jobs and housing within the jail, a charge persuasively documented and for which remedies (including the firing of two prison officers) are succinctly outlined. Beyond this the memorandum demands, among other reforms, more and better food, improved bathing facilities, frequent changes of bed linen and clothing (many of the inmates do farm work) and the right to know how much money the jail commissary makes and to have a voice in the spending of it.

To a reader on the outside, the statement offers some surprises. One wonders who among its drafters cited as one sign of racial discrimination the fact that weekend movies are always shown in the predominantly Negro wing, whereas the white wing "escapes this inconvenience entirely." And who would have expected prisoners to recommend that an orientation course for supervisory personnel be conducted by the Community Relations Department of the San Francisco Police Department? The men who drafted this paper are intelligent, thoughtful, articulate and not without humor (in one paragraph, they deplore the use of cell toilets as iceboxes, however effective this "ingenious practice"). Of course, they may also be fearful villains, but if the Sheriff is a wise man he will have received their memorandum in the spirit in which it was written. As canny industrialists learned long ago, a self-respecting union is a wonderful device for keeping the plant operating smoothly. The IAC could make the operation of County Jail No. 2 a warden's dream of utopia; or, if its grievances are ignored, it could produce "labor unrest" of a peculiarly acute variety.

And the bloody minded need not worry that conditions will become too good for the scoundrels. The essence of jail is that the gate is locked; no amount of justice and common decency on the inside will make that fact more than endurable.

The Penance of Matthews

As an American institution, *The New York Times* is properly subject to evaluations which might be irrelevant or impertinent in relation to an ordinary newspaper. Every day, for every working journalist, how the *Times* judges news, how it reports news, what news it sees fit *not* to print, are facts that are themselves news. This is what makes Gay Talese's article in the November *Esquire*, "The Kingdoms, the Powers, and the Glories of *The New York Times*," such racy—and important—reading. It offers just the right combination of gossip, insight and vivid detail, seasoned with a touch of malice. But one item, buried in the body of the article, warrants special emphasis.

"The *Times*," writes Mr. Talese, "is quick to denounce the suppression of news and ideas, even when such may be contrary to its own editorial policy, and yet in recent years its news department has refused to print anything by Herbert L. Matthews, who now sits rather quietly in Room 1048 along a corridor of editorial writers."

Matthews became famous in the thirties with his reporting of the Spanish Civil War. He became famous again when he interviewed Fidel Castro, before Castro came to power. In 1963, he revisited Cuba—and Castro—and on his return, according to Talese, offered to do some articles; the offer was declined by the *Times* news department. Apparently the source of the embarrassment, on the *Times*'s side, is that Matthews in 1958 did not believe that Castro was a Communist, and even now believes that Castro was not *then* a Communist. However Matthews might handle the subject, the mere fact of this opinion, and the absence of a recantation, leave the implication that if the United States had managed matters differently Castro might never have become a Communist. He certainly would not have been a Yankee-style capitalist either, but there need have been no Communist island sticking into the Gulf of Mexico, no Bay of Pigs; fewer Cubans would have gone into exile and those who remained at home would have suffered less hardship.

Last spring, Matthews again returned to Cuba—it cannot be said that the *Times* is niggardly with travel allowances, even for employees who are not in the highest favor with those Talese calls "powerful princes in this church." He reacquainted himself with Castro and conditions in Cuba and, with his characteristic thoroughness, amassed 25,000 words of notes. On his return the news department again declined his offer to write articles. Nor, since he went representing the *Times,* is he free to write about Cuba for other publications—at least that is his position, naturally regretted by *The Nation* and other magazines whose editors would like to inform their readers of what is going on in Castro's island.

Matthews has said—we think correctly—that no news of consequence about Cuba is being regularly published in the United States today. The only American correspondent, representing the Associated Press, can get very little copy through his New York office. The general paucity of coverage may be due to the fact that there is an American market only for bad news (bad from the standpoint of the Castro regime and ordinary Cubans). And Matthews told one inquirer that he "found the situation infinitely better than the picture that has been presented to the public this year." Could that be the rub?

The notion that a particular land mass must become *terra incognita* if it is Washington's policy so to regard it, and therefore that nothing happening there, short of the assassination of its leader, could be news, is no doubt a natural govermental attitude in a time of permanent cold war. But *The New York Times* is not an arm of the government—that is one of the blessings for which Americans can still be thankful. Nor (see "When Is News News?" *The Nation,* June 20) should we forget that once before the *Times* decided not to publish a story about Cuba. Its editors had learned about the plans for the Bay of Pigs invasion, and President Kennedy later assured the executive editor and publisher that it would have been better for all concerned if the *Times* had told what it knew. It is not inconceivable that similar regrets may some day be voiced about the material accumulated by Herbert L. Matthews in 1963 and again in 1966. It is certainly to be regretted, today, that the output of a distinguished journalist with a long acquaintance of Latin American affairs is barred by the newspaper whose motto is, "All the news that's fit to print."

REAGAN vs. BROWN

How To Succeed with the Backlash

CAREY McWILLIAMS

California is in the throes of one of the most subtle and intensive racist political campaigns ever waged in a Northern or Western state. As Ronald Reagan admits privately, his chances of victory over Governor Edmund Brown lie in his ability to exploit overwhelming voter opposition to open-housing laws while building up and maintaining an image of moderation. The task isn't easy, but that it can be done was proved by Sen. George Murphy, who two years ago defeated the Democratic candidate, Pierre Salinger, in the face of a Johnson landslide, by exploiting the muted and evasive approval of Proposition 14, the initiative measure designed to pull the teeth of the Rumford Fair Housing Act and prohibit all future open-housing laws. Of course, Murphy wasn't quite the right winger that Reagan is—and was publicly seen to be, until Spencer-Roberts, the public relations managers, took him under their auspices.

Reagan began his retreat from liberalism more than a decade ago, after having noisily supported Helen Gahagan Douglas in her Senatorial race against Richard M. Nixon in 1950. He stamped himself as an all-out convert to the right-wing cause when he managed Loyd Wright's forlorn primary campaign against Sen. Thomas Kuchel in 1962. Wright once called for preventive war against Russia; and he sees civil rights as a part of the Communist conspiracy. Two years later, Reagan plunged into the Goldwater primary campaign so wholeheartedly that Spencer-Roberts, then managing the Rockefeller campaign in California, referred to him as an extremist. During the Presidential race, his carefully worded phrases on such subjects as voluntary social security, the United Nations, Supreme Court decisions and violence in the streets made Reagan the darling of the right wingers. He sent them into ecstasies with his artful radio and TV performances, and they launched his gubernatorial campaign the day after the election. Reagan was appropriately coy, but after the proper arm twisting he announced that he would yield to public demand. He tested that demand through state-wide tours, and in announcing his candidacy said that one of the prime issues was civil rights. He got the pre-primary backing of all reactionary GOP groups, including the Neanderthal Young Republicans, thus insuring victory in the primary over moderate George Christopher, former Mayor of San Francisco, but his backers knew that he would need a more moderate image for the general election. Spencer-Roberts came in to do the job, and in an enthusiastic moment one of its executives said that the agency was going to make Reagan the John V. Lindsay of California. That's quite an order, but the real problem is to make Reagan palatable to the middle-of-the-road voters without offending the Right.

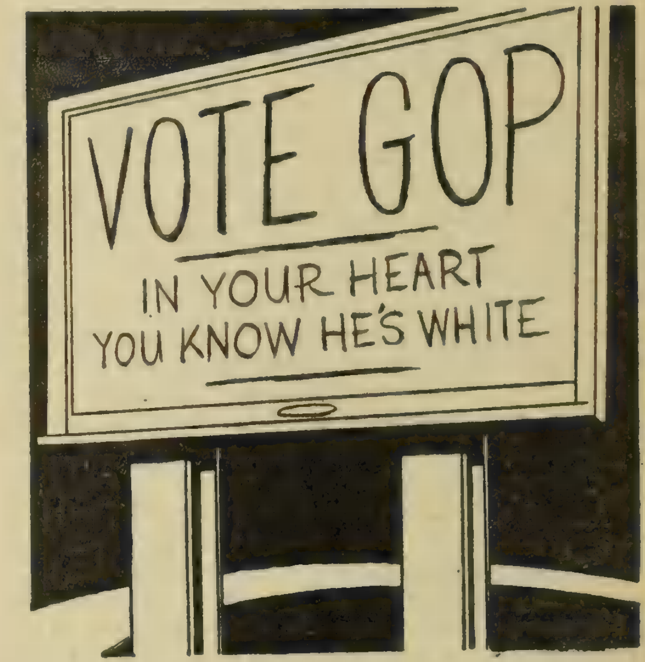
Apparently Reagan discussed the problem with his friend and political associate, former Rep. John Rousselot, the John Birch public relations man, because he confided in an unguarded moment at a pre-primary gathering that "John" was quite a good fellow who was willing to help in any way he could from publicly denouncing the Reagan candidacy to outright endorsement. In the ensuing ruckus, Reagan dismissed the statement as a wry joke of his own making. His official position is that he will not denounce the John Birchers, nor will he solicit John Birch support, but that he will support known John Birch members who are Republican candidates. If elected, he says, he will appoint "qualified" John Birchers to office. He says that if Birchers support him it is because they subscribe to his program and not he to theirs. It is no secret that the Birch brass is lined up solidly behind him and that reactionaries such as Walter Knott and Henry Salvatori and John McCone are in his corner. He has avoided the embarrassment of having Goldwater or Sen. Strom Thurmond campaign for him by saying that he doesn't think it proper for out-of-state people to advise Californians on political choices.

Reagan's bid for the middle-of-the-road vote consists of taking ambiguous stands on public issues. He's all for voluntarism, including a voluntary box-office tax to be levied by theatres to help the movie industry; he sees such a tax as a way to ward off the horror of government subsidy to the producers. He approves the social security system, but thinks it is possible to "let some young men who are just starting make [voluntary] arrangements," since they won't be able to take as much out as they might put in. He approves voluntary action to stamp out pornography, but supports an "anti-obscenity" initiative measure called "CLEAN" that is so unbelievably bad it has earned the condemnation of the Council of Churches, the State Bar, all leading newspapers, the state's district attorneys, and even that of the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, who agrees with all knowledgeable lawyers that it is unconstitutional. (See "California's Dirty Book Caper" by William Wingfield, *The Nation*, April 18.) "Constitutional or not," says Mr. Reagan, "if this measure is voted down, my opponent might take this to mean that the people of California are not opposed to pornography." What *that* means is anybody's guess.

Of course Reagan is for tax reform and against tax increases, but if we must have increased taxation, he's all for a raise in sales taxes. What he regards as turmoil at the University of California pains him; he wants an investigation of the school under the leadership of former CIA Chief John McCone. He's opposed to right-to-work laws for California, but he wants to keep Section 14(B) in federal laws so that states may have a free choice. Welfare payments are too high, in his opinion, and he would reduce them by putting relief recipients to work at tasks unspecified.

By his own say-so, Reagan is opposed to bigotry and racial prejudice, but he's also opposed to civil rights legislation. Republican Attorney General Edward W. Brooke of Massachusetts, a Senatorial candidate and a Negro, heard him try to explain his position for about an hour: "It was all vague and hazy," Brooke said later. "I don't think he thinks very well. I couldn't always make out what he was driving at except that he was trying to tell me that although he wouldn't have signed the [1964] Civil Rights Bill he was a friend of the Negroes. He seemed embarrassed." The "umbrella issue" dominating all other campaign issues, says Reagan, is that old Goldwater chestnut "morality in government"; the details are not defined, but it is apparent that morality in government will be furthered by the election of all Republican candidates. This bland diet doesn't excite the voters, and Reagan's managers know it. But they believe that if they can present him as a reasonable man, he will win his share of middle-of-the-road votes, and the undertow of opposition to open housing will land him in Sacramento.

The potency of the fair-housing issue in the election is a political gift to Reagan from Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, Brown's Democratic primary opponent. Yorty was wooing Negroes and liberals in 1964 and opposed Proposition 14 when it appeared on the ballot; but as soon as the measure scored its victory by a greater margin than President Johnson's triumph over Goldwater, he changed his strategy, taking to TV and radio in the last three weeks of the primary campaign to charge that "Brown's supreme court"—Brown has appointed six of the seven justices—had made up its mind to invalidate Proposition 14 and was waiting until after the primary to announce its decision. Alarmed real estate brokers and their friends and lower-middle-class and working-class Californians who had formed the backbone of Proposition 14 support began to rally around Yorty. Reagan's stock also shot up; most Republicans had favored the proposition when it was on the ballot and Reagan now appeared as their champion in contrast to the moderate Christopher.



Renault, Frontier: Ben Roth

When the court did overturn the initiative, Yorty appeared as a prophetic opponent of open housing, and Reagan loomed as the man upon whom Republicans would have to depend to safeguard their homes against the specter of Negro invasion. As an incumbent, Brown was able to turn back Yorty's bid, though by a reduced margin: Christopher didn't stand a chance. Pollsters, who sensed and commented on the swift tide that ran in favor of Yorty and Reagan in the last two weeks of the primary campaign, professed perplexity at its cause. There was no mystery: a strong racial factor had been introduced in the campaign. The same thing was to happen in Maryland and in Georgia a few weeks later.

As soon as the California supreme court announced its decision, the California Real Estate Association (CREA) said it would carry the case to the United States Supreme Court, but California enemies of open housing fear that the Supreme Court won't reverse the state court. They want in Sacramento somebody who, if Proposition 14 is really dead, will lead a fight for *legislative* repeal of the fair-housing acts, which remain in full force by reason of the invalidation. That somebody is Ronald Reagan; certainly not Governor Brown, the man who signed the Rumford Fair Housing Act and who opposed Proposition 14.

But Reagan can't afford to put all his eggs in the open-housing basket: too many voters are tied to Brown on varied issues. Even those tempted to vote against the Governor because of the housing question might not bring themselves to vote for a Goldwater right winger or a Reagan who favored retention of Section 14 (B) or opposed social security or because of his stand on welfare issues. That's the reason for the Reagan all-things-to-all-men stance. There is also no doubt that Reagan has his eyes fixed on national objectives. As an ambitious Northern politician he has to pay at least lip service to civil rights: you ride the backlash, you don't champion it.

Reagan's tactics are simple. He insists that civil rights is a campaign issue—"one of the three or four most important issues," he says—and he rejected out of hand Brown's proposal that open-housing legislation be referred to a nonpartisan committee. But he stops short after making it plain that he will propose and support repeal of existing fair-housing laws. He offers no affirmative civil rights program, a stand in keeping with the public mood of halting all further equalitarian action. The calculation of the Reagan backers is that it is up to Brown to take the initiative on civil rights issues and that the Governor dare not do so because his every proposal will only stimulate the white backlash. As one of the actor's advisers put it, Reagan has a basic residual interest in civil rights issues "even when he is not saying a damn word about it."

Whenever civil rights problems are broached, Reagan bristles with self-righteousness, proclaims that he is not a bigot, and says that he utterly abhors racial discrimination. He stormed out of a pre-primary meeting last spring with his heart beating on his sleeve because he said he had been accused of bigotry. Whenever he can find an opening, he brands "bigots" as "sick people." His cure for their ailment is "voluntary action" and he said after the recent San Francisco disturbances that the Governor hasn't adequately explored voluntary action as a remedy for urban disorders. Reagan has never defined "voluntary action."

Reagan is also reaping a harvest from various attempts to void the Rumford Fair Housing Act and punish its supporters. After the California court had invalidated Proposition 14, Reagan supporters in the CREA set up a dummy organization headed by aging lawyer Frank Doherty who had spearheaded opposition to a fair-employment initiative way back in 1946. The Doherty organization announced grandiose plans to gather 292,662 valid signatures to force legislative repeal of open-housing laws. The calculated effect of the announcement and consequent widespread publicity was to pinpoint Reagan as an opponent of fair-housing laws and to underscore Brown's approval of such legislation. Shortly afterward, a usually reliable poll reported that 72 per cent of California voters "believe that a property owner has the right to discriminate any way he sees fit in the sale or rental of his property." However, the repeal initiative never got off the ground and has been abandoned, largely because its backers think that legislative repeal is in the offing without it. It had served its purpose in the Reagan campaign.

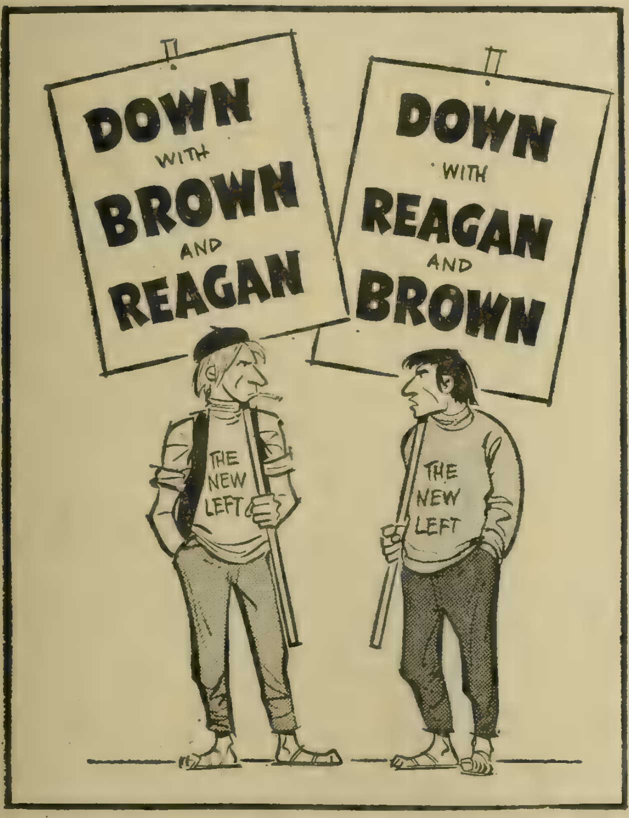
CREA has polled every Assembly and Senatorial candidate in the state as to his stand on repeal of open-housing laws, and rumor has it that an overwhelming majority have signed on the dotted line for repeal, another undercover maneuver that aids Reagan by emphasizing his leadership in the repeal program. A Reagan supporter has noted with impeccable logic that "you don't elect a legislature to repeal a law and then choose a governor who will veto the repeal." CREA president Burt Smith told reporters at its recent convention that the association will mount a major campaign to repeal the Rumford Act. He added that it would be "awfully naive" to assume that open-housing laws would not have "a major effect on the race for governor," but added somewhat archly that "as an association" CREA would not endorse either candidate.

Another ploy that aids Reagan is a campaign to punish the four supreme court justices who voted to invalidate the housing initiative and who must seek election in November. Under California law, a justice's name appears on the ballot with the question as to whether or not he shall be retained in office. He has no opponent, but if the vote is negative, the governor appoints a successor. The right wingers are out in the open to oust the four justices so that, as they say, "Reagan can appoint a new supreme court." He has not seen fit to denounce that bigoted appeal to discipline judges for their faithfulness to their oaths of office.

The biggest boost to Reagan's evident attempt to win the anti-civil rights vote came on October 4, when the Republican Coordinating Committee and former President Eisenhower demanded a crack-down on what they called "rampant crime in our cities and on the streets" and on "violence and mob madness." (See editorial, "Party Politics and Race," *The Nation,* October 17, p. 371.) As the *Los Angeles Times* Washington bureau chief noted, the statement "made some strong Republican campaign medicine, dispensed at a moment when reaction against racial violence and disorder is a potent factor in many Congressional and gubernatorial races." Reagan took his cue quickly and rapped Brown for "failing to exhibit the leadership required to forestall riots." He added, "We must not recognize the rioters"—a code phrase which means that demands for reform made by demonstrators must be rejected out of hand.

Governor Brown's counter to the racist campaign isn't very high-minded, and it is hard to gauge its effectiveness. He panicked when the state supreme court threw out the housing initiative and proposed a moratorium on enforcement of state fair-housing laws until the United States Supreme Court had acted. When the fatuity of that course dawned on him, he announced that he would appoint a nonpartisan commission to examine the Rumford Fair Housing Act and the objections to it. He has named the committee, and the inference is that he will recommend whatever changes it proposes—if any. Later, he suggested that open-housing laws be dropped as a campaign issue, an obviously absurd suggestion as far as Reagan is concerned. Meanwhile, the Governor bowed to Sam Yorty's insistence and pushed through the legislature an anti-riot bill that is so badly drafted as to be little short of incoherent. In general, the Governor and the Democrats had been playing down civil rights and hoping for the best, when the San Francisco riots put the issue on the front pages. Brown's swift action in calling out the guard in San Francisco probably won him some friends among fearful whites.

Negroes cast about 90 per cent of their ballots for Brown in the primary. Despite dissatisfaction and grumbling over what they regard as the Governor's failure to fight for the civil rights in which he believes, the chances are that Reagan will get less than 10 per cent of the Negro vote. Brown will get 90 per cent, and a small percentage of Negroes will go fishing. But Negro voters will cast only 4 or 5 per cent of the total vote on November 8, and they can't rescue Brown if the anti-civil rights current is running as wide and deep then as it is now.


DOWN WITH BROWN AND REAGAN
DOWN WITH REAGAN AND BROWN
THE NEW LEFT
THE NEW LEFT

Alexander: San Francisco Examiner

Just how strong that current will be depends to a great extent on labor. Union brass is all out for Brown, who won his first two elections on the strength of labor, lower-middle-class and minority support. But the California white workmen and lower-middle-class citizens are bitterly opposed to open housing, just as they were shown to be in Maryland and as they obviously are in Chicago. Los Angeles' CIO suburbs contributed crushing majorities for Proposition 14 two years ago, far heavier majorities than came out of the middle-class and upper-class suburbs. The southeast working-class and lower-middle-class suburbs of Los Angeles are concentrated in the 23rd Congressional District, where Democrats outnumber Republicans by one and a half to one, but are represented by a Republican dullard, Rep. Dell Clawson, who stays in office because his consistent votes against all civil rights legislation reflect the sentiments of his constituents. The district is heavily unionized. Unless Governor Brown can find some potent issues to outweigh this obsessive fear of open housing, he is in grave danger.

Every informed Californian knows how deep-running is the undercurrent of racism in the gubernatorial campaign. The *New York Times* California news bureau commented on September 29 that "many California votes on November 8 hinge on feelings among electors about the racial backgrounds of their neighbors, about nondiscriminatory sale or rental of property, about the Watts riots of last year and racial violence everywhere." The *Los Angeles Times*'s Richard Bergholz said last July 5 that there are "those in both parties who will tell you that race relations is the one campaign issue that can tip the scales against everything else." At the same time he reported that Richard Nixon told Republicans, "I want everyone in California to believe that [Lieutenant Governor] Glenn Anderson was responsible for Watts." The reference was to Anderson's supposed reluctance to call out the national guard during the Watts disturbances. Bergholz added that Brown's refusal to back away from support of the Rumford Act "may frighten more voters who are already resentful of Negro militancy and who don't like their mandate on Proposition 14 nullified by some judges and politicians." It is to the obvious advantage of those who want Reagan elected to fish in these troubled waters and to trouble the waters to make fishing good.

The Ronald Reagan campaign is more, much more, than a mere Republican Party effort to elect a governor. Essentially, it is a carefully contrived campaign to strengthen and perpetuate right-wing control of the GOP machinery. Top-level decisions are not being made by titular heads of the party or by Spencer-Roberts. The Republican Party label is invaluable, and party leaders must be buttered up and kept content; Spencer-Roberts' job is to package the candidate and make him salable. The crafty politicians who are directing the Reagan campaign are at once stage-managing and taking full advantage of every possible racist maneuver that will benefit their candidate, not because they are bigots or racists per se but because they think they have a winning issue that will cement their control of the Republican Party. They were the architects of the move to put the legislative repeal initiative of fair-housing laws on the November ballot; they now encourage and further the drive to oust the supreme court justices who voted to invalidate Proposition 14; they stimulated the CREA to put legislators on record as favoring repeal of the Rumford Fair Housing Act and engineered the association's tacit endorsement of Reagan; they helped whip up the recent national attack by the Republican Party on "crime in our cities and in our streets."

Ronald Reagan knows what's going on. But he wants to be governor. He's willing to do whatever is necessary to achieve that ambition, no matter what his private sentiments are. On October 6, he told a cheering CREA convention that Negro complainants who alleged discrimination in housing had made "staged attempts to rent homes, when in truth there was no real intention of renting, only of causing trouble." Thereafter, he said, the "state commission acted as accuser, judge and jury." After criticizing the courts for overruling the people's "constitutional right to put an end to" what he called these unfair practices, he wound up by saying that "the right of an individual to the ownership and disposition of property is inseparable from the right of freedom itself." He got a standing ovation from the real estate brokers. There will be more of this kind of demagogy as the campaign comes to a climax, with Reagan using code words and phrases to let the electorate know his right-wing stand on racial issues without his having to voice outright racist sentiments.

There won't be much plain talk from Californians about the racism that they know permeates the Brown-Reagan contest. Most of them won't talk about it at all if they can escape it. They don't want the nation to know—they don't want to admit to themselves—that the number-one state may elect Ronald Reagan governor in order to "keep the Negro in his place."

THE 'CULTURE' RIOTS

MAO AT BAY

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

Mr. Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

Accumulating evidence about recent events in China makes it increasingly clear that Peking is now emerging from a deep and grave political crisis, which was partly concealed behind the dramatics of the "cultural revolution." The Chinese Communist Party is in disarray. At least since the early summer, large and influential sections of its hierarchy have been in revolt against Mao Tse-tung and his policies. Peking speaks openly of Right, Left and Center factions struggling against one another within the party, and although the official spokesmen do not identify the programs and the leaders of the factions, the admission itself is unprecedented in post-revolutionary China.

At the plenary session of the Central Committee, held in Peking in the first half of August, Mao found himself in a minority, and was either outvoted or was on the point of being outvoted. He then carried out a coup against the majority by staging the "cultural revolution" — that is, he mobilized and incited a huge mass of rowdy school children and undergraduates against the party hierarchy. In this way he cut short a crucial debate in the Central Committee that was turning against him. If Mao had brandished the school children as his chief striking force, the coup would have been merely farcical, but he also threatened to use the army against the party: that was the meaning of the sudden promotion, in the second half of August, of Marshal Lin Piao to the position of Mao's second in command.

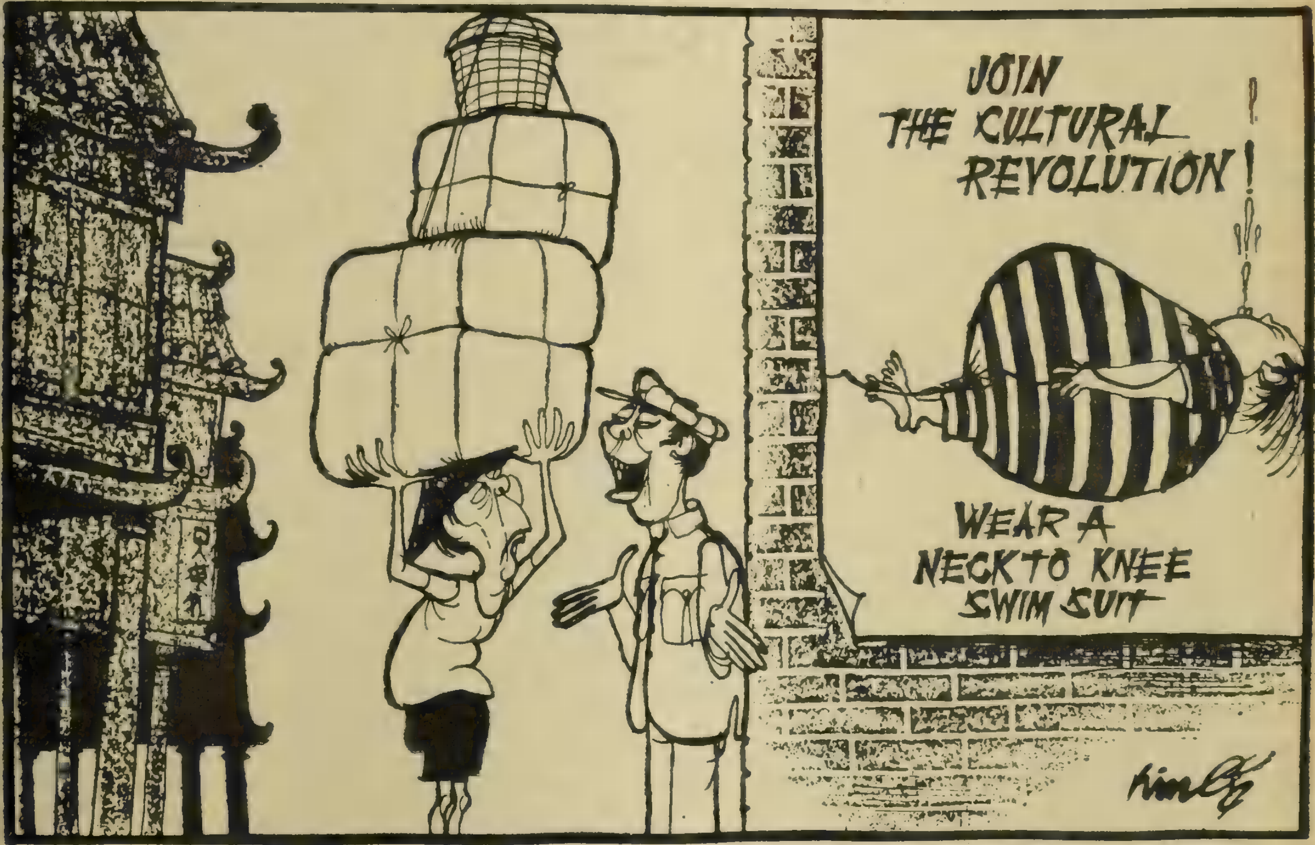
The reports that have come out to us indicate that all aspects of Mao's policy, domestic and foreign, were under attack; but the main issue was his stubborn refusal to open any negotiations with the present Soviet leaders. Mao's critics demanded resumption of talks with Moscow; and he was bent on obtaining from the Central Committee a resolution decrying on principle any "united front," i.e., any coordinated action with the Russians over the war in Vietnam or over any other aspect of Communist policy. The Soviet leaders, so the Maoist argument ran, are stooges of American imperialism, bent on bringing the Vietnamese Communists to the conference table with the Americans and then selling them down the river. Peking must go on pressing the Vietnamese to fight to the bitter end, as the Maoists fought in the 1940s, without entering into peace parleys with any foreign invader. Mao obtained his resolution from the Central Committee, but only after a showdown.

And that is not all. Mao insists that China, though it must do nothing to provoke a war with the United States, must prepare economically, politically and militarily for American attack. In case of war, he holds, China must fall back upon its tradition of partisan fighting, the strategy that can neutralize the technological superiority of any invader, and that allowed Mao's armies, in the Yenan period, to hold out and to win against Chiang Kai-shek, the Japanese and in the last instance, the Americans as well. The whole of China is in effect being converted to something like the Yenan regime. Administrative units, economic regions and military establishments are to achieve a degree of self-sufficiency and decentralization that will allow them to carry on under American bombardment, without orders and instructions from the center. A transformation so profound is bound to affect the nation's entire social and economic life. It renders centralized national planning and industrialization in the Soviet style virtually impossible; it is certain to reduce the rate of economic growth, to obstruct efficiency and to lower living standards. Such a policy inevitably produces discontent, frustration and opposition.

Mao evokes the heroic spirit of Yenan and denounces every manifestation of opposition as a variety of Khrushchevite revisionism. It is more likely than not that quite a few people in the party hierarchy have been in secret sympathy with the Russian revisionism, although Khrushchev's economic reprisals against China must have dampened their enthusiasm. But revisionism is at present not the sole or even the main issue. To judge by what Peking says of the divisions within the party, Mao is opposed from both sides, from a left wing as well as from a right; but, like Stalin in this respect, he finds it convenient to lump them all together under the single discrediting label of revisionism. It is thus most improbable that Liu Shao-chi, who until August acted as Mao's second in command, should have voiced any "revisionist" ideas. Throughout the Russo-Chinese controversy he has voiced irreconcilable hostility to Khrushchevism, and the party hierarchy has seen him as the spokesman of the Left. Yet Liu Shao-chi has been Mao's chief antagonist in the latest phase of the struggle: he has been demoted since August, although he still remains China's President, and he has not yet uttered a single word in support of the "cultural revolution." To some extent the more opportunistic Chou En-lai also appears to have opposed Mao's policy; and although the Premier associated himself with the "cultural revolution," he did so rather ambiguously, in order to pour cold water on the fervor of the "Red Guards." Liu Shao-chi, Chou En-lai and their numerous adherents could not fail to feel humiliated when Mao set China's youth upon them.

The clash has been primarily over matters of high policy. Liu Shao-chi, for all his previous Maoist orthodoxy, appears to have become critical of the way Mao has been handling the conflict with Moscow. And, indeed, a strong case can be made from the orthodox point of view against Mao's present tactics. He is clearly overstating and thus rendering incredible the Chinese case when he charges the Russians not merely with acting against China's interests but with restoring capitalism in the Soviet Union and working hand in glove with the Americans against North Vietnam. He is further overreaching himself when he refuses to contemplate any united front with the Russians.

The obvious fact is that even if Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin were as eager for collusion with American imperialism as Mao says they are, they have not been able to practice it. Despite the *détente,* Russo-American antagonism remains a basic factor in world relations, and this creates the objective possibility (and from a Communist viewpoint the imperative need) for joint Soviet-Chinese action. By refusing such action Mao weakens China's position and brings on himself the odium for the break in the Communist camp. His tactics are ultra-Left rather than Left; and his radical verbiage and the fireworks of the "cultural revolution" conceal a policy which is essentially passive and inert. Liu Shao-chi and his adherents argue that Peking needs a more flexible policy precisely in the interest of anti-revisionism, and that the Chinese party should press the Russians relentlessly for joint action over Vietnam. The argument is sound enough. Indeed, not since the early



King, Daily Telegraph (Australia): Ben Roth

"No, you're in the Street-of-the-Great-Leap-Forward-of-the-People's-Commune. You want the Street-of-Mao's-Epic-Swim-Against-the-Cruel-Current-of-the-Decadent-West."

thirties, when the German Communist Party refused to join hands with the Social Democrats against the Nazis, has any Communist party committed as many dangerous and even suicidal mistakes as Mao is committing at present.

In recent years, these issues have been repeatedly debated among the Chinese leaders. *Hongqi (The Red Flag)* speaks of a Right deviation that came to light at the Central Committee's session in 1962; of another, a leftist deviation, in 1964; and of "errors in matters of orientation and political line," committed by unnamed party leaders in the current year. It is no accident that the Central Committee was not convened for four full years — Mao was evidently not sure that he could muster enough support for his line. Even now his mouthpieces speak of an "unprecedentedly strong resistance" to his policy. Significantly, the workers and peasants have taken no part in the "cultural revolution"; *Renmin Ribao (The People's Daily)* has even warned them not to interfere with the school children and the students who were its sole actors. Foreign correspondents in Peking tell of widespread clashes between the students and factory workers, and *Pravda* has described fights between party men and "Red Guards." Even if these reports have exaggerated the turbulence, they carry enough circumstantial evidence to leave no doubt that the whole political structure of China has been convulsed.

And if this were not enough, *Renmin Ribao* testifies to how severe the showdown has been and how far it still is from being concluded: "Die-hards who take the capitalist road have absurdly identified their authority over party organizations in various localities with . . . the party's authority," the paper says. "The party organization of any locality that goes against . . . the Central Committee and . . . Comrade Mao Tse-tung . . . must be opposed. . . . We shall . . . crush those persons in authority who have taken the road leading toward the restoration of capitalism." Who are those "persons in authority"? Echoes of the Russian great purges of the 1930s reverberate in these threats.

It may be asked, then, was the "cultural revolution," which was proclaimed to the deafening accompaniment of all China's drums and gongs, nothing but a huge riot designed to help Mao swamp and crush an inner party opposition? Did it have no wider meaning?

Reading the endless official reports on the "cultural upsurge of the masses," one may be tempted to dismiss it as mere farce. The Chinese News Agency has described in detail the "fierce offensive against all old ideas, culture, customs and habits" that the "Red Guards have brought out into the streets of Peking since August 20." But one looks in vain for any clues as to what the new ideas and the new cultural customs and habits may be. In the name of Marxism and Leninism, the Guards have denounced Balzac and Victor Hugo, Shakespeare and Beethoven, as the products of a rotting bourgeois culture; they have defaced Pushkin's monument in Shanghai, and have voiced their contempt for the works of Chernyshevsky and Herzen, the progenitors of the Russian revolutionary movement. Peking's "cultural revolutionaries" are, it seems, quite unaware of Marx's lifelong admiration for Shakespeare and Balzac; of Lenin's love for Pushkin and Beethoven, and of the formative influence Chernyshevsky had on him.

We have been presented with long lists of streets and boulevards, the names of which have been changed from "Eternal Peace" to "The East is Red," from "Well of the Prince's Palace" to "Prevent Revisionism," from "Glorious Square" to "Support Vietnam," and so on. We are asked to rejoice in the fact that certain culinary establishments are no longer called "Collection of All Virtues," but "Peking Roast Duck Restaurants." Hosts of hairdressers and dressmakers have pledged themselves to produce no more outlandish styles: "duck tail" haircuts and "spiraling" hairdos, or cowboy jeans, tight-fitting shirts and blouses and various kinds of Hong Kong skirts. "We should not regard these matters lightly," the Chinese Agency says gravely, "because it is here that the gates to capitalist restoration are wide open."

Undertaking the all too easy task of ridiculing these exploits, the Soviet press has harked back to *Proletkult*, the Russian literary and artistic movement of the early years of the revolution, which renounced bourgeois art and promised to create a proletarian culture. A writer in *Pravda* has named Trotsky as the inspirer of *Proletkult*; an attribution presumably designed to make both *Proletkult* and the Chinese "cultural revolution" stink in our nostrils. The truth is that by comparison with the Chinese riot, *Proletkult*, which was akin to Western European futurism of those years, was an almost civilized affair; it was supported by Bukharin and Lunacharsky, while Trotsky, far from being its inspirer, wrote a whole book, *Literature and Revolution*, to repudiate it. *Pravda* could have found a much more contemporary parallel to recent events in China: in the late 1940s and early 1950s, Stalin, Zhdanov and *Pravda*'s writers "disciplined" the intelligentsia, thundered against "kowtowing to decadent Western culture," banned the works of Einstein, Freud, Mendel and many other foreign thinkers, and indulged in a hysterical glorification of all things Russian.

Pravda avoids drawing that parallel because even now Russia has not fully lived down the effect of that period, and quite a few of the old bans are still in force. But the parallel is close enough; and it suggests that the Maoist "cultural revolution" is a deadly serious affair. Its effect on China's spiritual and intellectual life will, in all probability, be just as devastating and lasting as were the consequences of the Stalinist witch hunts. Its political meaning is also comparable. Like Russia in the last years of the Stalin era, China has now plunged headlong into a self-centered isolationism and nationalism and has shut itself off more hermetically than ever from all outside world political and cultural influences. To achieve this Mao had to organize a pogrom of the intelligentsia whom he suspects of being vulnerable to foreign, especially "revisionist," influences.

This is not to say that the developments foreshadow a new, aggressive phase in China's foreign policy. True, in the last few weeks Peking and Shanghai have resounded with cries for the liberation of Taiwan (Formosa), Macao and Hong Kong. But nothing indicates that Marshal Lin Piao is preparing marching orders, even though all Chinese, Communist and anti-Communist, Maoist and anti-Maoist, consider these territories part of their country.

China is even less ready than was Russia in Stalin's last years for warlike adventures or territorial expansion. Its ideological aggressiveness and shrill contempt for Western values are manifestations of an intensely self-defensive mood and a sense of complete isolation in a hostile world. Since Khrushchev ruthlessly canceled all economic assistance to China in 1960, that sense of isolation has grown heavy and stifling; and recent setbacks—above all the collapse of the pro-Maoist Communist Party of Indonesia and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of its members—have aggravated it. Despite Peking's thunderous rhetoric about the "rising wave of revolution in Asia," events in Indonesia mark a deep ebb of revolution and a disaster for Maoism. The defection of the Japanese and North Korean Communist parties from the Chinese camp are further setbacks, and the ambiguous behavior of the North Vietnamese, who are more than ever dependent on Soviet aid, is causing discomfort to Peking. Above all, the Chinese believe that the threat of an American attack on their country is real and imminent.

One way of getting out of the isolation would be to try a reconciliation with Khrushchev's successors in Moscow. But since Mao Tse-tung has ruled this out, he has had to contrive some extra-powerful booster to national morale. Three nuclear explosions have demonstrated China's new technological capacity to the nation and the world; but this feat is not enough to dispel the malaise, for many Chinese realize at what cost, and under what backbreaking handicaps, their nation has entered, so belatedly, the nuclear arms race. Nor does Maoism offer China the pride of rapid industrialization that Stalinism once gave Russia: China's tempo of economic advance is relatively much slower. The "cultural revolution," and an almost mystical apotheosis of Maoism, are to provide moral compensation for all these disappointments and frustrations.

It can be said in advance that the "positive" effect of this booster shot to national morale will be short-lived, but that its adverse consequences will be felt for a long time. The party, its hierarchy and cadres, will not soon recover from the humiliation the "Red Guards" have inflicted on them. The old intelligentsia—the scientists and the technicians, but especially the writers and artists—who have been associated with the broad current of the Maoist revolution and have directed the educational work among the masses since 1949, are being degraded and eliminated from their posts. They have not, yet, been destroyed as Stalin destroyed their Russian counterparts, but they are forced to make room for a new intelligentsia, one brought up since the revolution and thus having far fewer ties with either their own native cultural tradition or the heritage of the outside world.

To some extent, this change of generations is inevitable in any post-revolutionary society, but when it is carried out as abruptly, brutally and demagogically as it was in Stalinist Russia, and now in China, the nation suffers losses it can ill afford: a gap in its cultural consciousness, a lowering of standards and an impoverishment of spiritual life. Post-Stalinist Russia is still smarting from such losses, and Maoist and post-Maoist China will be hurt similarly for years to come.

'THE RUSSIANS FAKED IT'

DANIEL COHEN

Mr. Cohen is a free-lance writer specializing in scientific subjects.

While he was President, Harry Truman never believed that the Soviet Union had developed the atom bomb. The Russians announced they had tested the bomb; U.S. Government scientists confirmed the Soviet test and Truman himself announced it to the American public — but he never believed it. He just didn't think the Russians were capable of that level of scientific and technical development.

Most Americans, knowing nothing of Truman's doubts, took his announcement at face value, but many consoled themselves with lurid tales of stolen atomic secrets. Without the traitors and spies, the thinking ran, the Reds could never have built the bomb. The notion that the Russians are backward peasants skilled only in trickery and deceit, and that communism is incompatible with scientific or technological development, has deep roots in the American consciousness.

In 1957, I asked a Congressman from central Illinois about reports that the Russians had been testing powerful rockets. He assured me, and I think he was sincere, that he had definite information that these reports were false. Besides, he confided, the Reds simply weren't able to do that sort of thing. This incident has stuck in my mind because a few weeks later I watched a bulletin announcing the launching of the first sputnik come in over the news wire.

Sputnik was a real shock to most Americans. There could be no talk of stolen secrets, for as one scientist remarked, "if they are stealing our secrets, where are the carbon copies?" That shiny metal grapefruit circling the earth panicked America into an enormously expensive space program which changed the face of large sectors of the economy; and into a well-intentioned, but often confused "crash program" for education. And things got worse. There was a sputnik with a dog inside, then a sputnik large enough to be seen from the ground with the naked eye, then lunik, sending back photos of the dark side of the moon. Meanwhile back on earth the U.S. space program was experiencing a series of well-publicized humiliations. In a few months the backward-peasant view of Russia had received a critical wound.

Of course, there was talk of German missile scientists directing the peasants, but since the head of our Army rocket program, the only one getting anything into orbit in those early days, was Wernher von Braun, it was cold comfort. So some people fell back upon the belief that those sneaky peasants had faked the whole thing. Well perhaps not the whole thing, because you could get up early in the morning and see a Russian satellite streaking across the sky — but they faked the important parts. While the United States was engaged in a serious program of scientific research, the Soviets were orbiting gaudy but unimportant propaganda baubles. Now, nine years into the era of artificial satellites, this argument has lost much of its force, but it is by no means completely dead. Last January, *Science and Mechanics* magazine splashed these words all over its front cover: "Exclusive! Proof that the Russians Faked Their 'Space Walk.' " It was the beginning of a lengthy three-part "exposé."

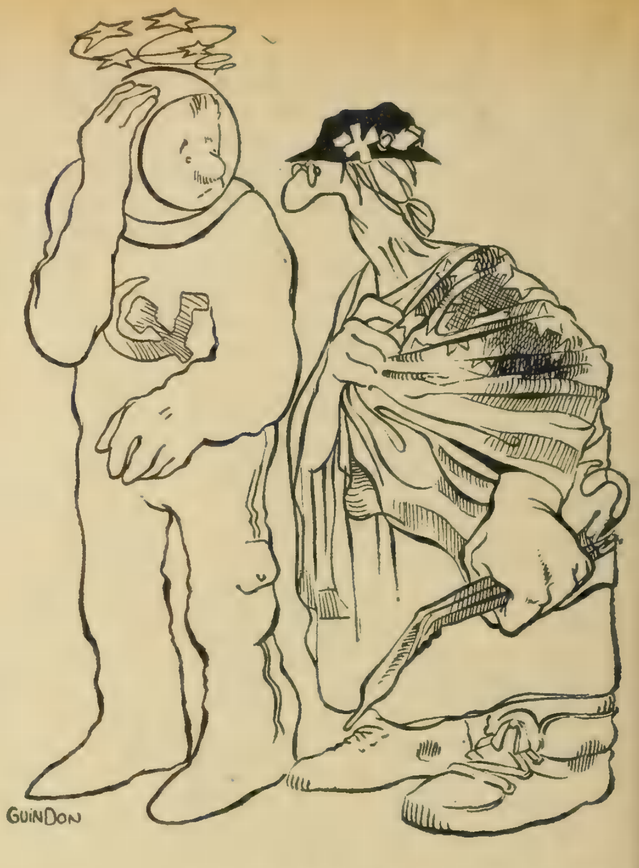
Clearly the series was a success because in the June issue the magazine presented: "A Startling Sequel! Exclusive. The 'Manned' Soviet Space Flights That Were Never Manned!" It was another three-part series. The November issue had a similar exclusive. "Proof That Red Missiles Can *Not* Destroy Our Cities" was the screaming headline on the cover. In addition the magazine offered its readers all the articles "greatly expanded" in book form.

The author of these remarkable exclusives was Lloyd Mallan, a prolific writer on space and military subjects and the most active supporter of "the Russians faked it" school. In 1959, Mallan had written another three-part series, "The Big Red Lie," for *True* magazine. In it he claimed that the Soviets had not only faked portions of their space program but had also grossly exaggerated all their scientific, military, educational and industrial progress as well. Russia, he said, was a backward country. It was a very comforting thesis to the man in the corner bar who believed passionately that communism and slavery were synonymous and that America could beat the Reds with one hand tied behind its back. Because he was so sure of American superiority, this man, in his more reckless moments, had been wondering out loud what the double-domes in Washington were waiting for. Why not just drop the bomb on Moscow and get it over with?

Because of his *True* series, Mallan became a popular lecturer and TV and radio personality, and in 1960 he was off again, this time charging in *Popular Photography* that the Russians had faked the shots of the dark side of the moon.

Mallan's technique of proof is simple. He plays the tough-minded observer who doesn't trust the Russian scientists, or the American scientists either. He thinks that our government knows the Russians are faking but for some obscure reason is keeping it a secret. He seems unable to recall that in the past the government has cheerfully pointed out Soviet satellite failures that the Soviets themselves failed to announce.

If there is something about the Russian space program that he cannot understand Mallan jumps to the conclusion that it is faked, no matter what anybody else says. An example of this technique appears in the February, 1966, issue of *Science and Mechanics.* Two photos are run side by side. The first shows U.S. astronaut Edward White floating in space. The reader is asked to "note the swirls and loops of umbilical cable." The second photo is from the "Red's film alleging to show cosmonaut Leonov in space. Note strange kinks and sharp bends in umbilical cable." This is to show that the very dramatic films of cosmonaut Alexi Leonov "walking" in space are nothing but a bit of clever trick photography used to fool the world and humiliate the United States. Indeed, the appearance of the umbilical in the White and Leonov photos is quite different, and this might puzzle and impress the ordinary reader who would never connect the Leonov pictures with photos taken of Eugene Cernan, the second American to "walk" in space. These photos show Cernan's umbilical with more kinks and sharp bends than Leonov's.



In another piece of photographic evidence, Mallan points out that both the floating Leonov and the clouds behind him are in perfect focus. This he implies is photographically impossible. Yet during the Gemini 9 flight, when the U.S. astronauts photographed the target vehicle that was orbiting near their capsule, both it and the clouds behind came out in perfect focus. All Mallan has really shown is that photographic interpretation is far from an exact science, and that when photographs taken with unfamiliar equipment under alien conditions are examined by people without any special knowledge, any sort of interpretation may result.

In order to fill six articles with "startling evidence" that the Soviets faked their entire manned space program Mallan really has to strain. Since he will not accept the word of anyone connected with either the U.S. or Soviet space program, and since practically no private individuals have the equipment to conduct extensive space studies, his field of research is drastically limited. Therefore, he sets out to examine the persistent rumors that several Russian cosmonauts were killed in unsuccessful space flights. These reports have never been given credence by any officials in Washington or Moscow, so they are a perfect area for Mallan's investigation. If the Russians did die in space then the Soviets do have a space program — if the stories are false then, Mallan reasons, the entire manned-space program is suspect.

The rumors got their start long before Yuri Gagarin became the first man to orbit the earth. Strangely, the source for one of them was the London *Daily Worker*. Three days before the Gagarin flight the paper headlined an exclusive story claiming that a Russian cosmonaut had made three orbits but had returned suffering grievously from the effects of his flight. The story was exclusive, all right, since the Russians denied it. Late in 1959, Continentale, an Italian news agency, released a story that four cosmonauts, one a woman, had been killed on unsuccessful space flights. Late in 1960, two young brothers, Achille and Gian Battista Judica-Cordeglia, claimed to have picked up several distress messages from Russian cosmonauts at their amateur space-tracking station in Turin. One came from two men and a woman who were hopelessly circling the earth without hope of return. This story received worldwide publicity, and as late as 1965 was picked up in *Reader's Digest* in an article entitled "Italy's Amazing Amateur Space Watchers." The author of the article, J. D. Ratcliff, added that the distress signals had also been heard by amateurs in Texas, Germany, Alaska and Sweden. Mallan tracked down Ratcliff and found that although he was "very nice and tried to be cooperative" he couldn't remember where his information had come from. A couple of overseas calls to the Judica-Cordeglia brothers themselves were remarkably uninformative.

As might be expected, Mallan believes that the Russians were responsible for all the rumors about men and women being killed and injured in space. They leaked the stories to friendly journalists or put tape recorders in satellites to fool unsuspecting Italian amateurs. The reason: to test the world's gullibility. If they got caught they could deny the whole thing. But when they got away with it, and psychologically prepared the world for a manned space flight, they pulled the biggest hoax of all by announcing officially that Yuri Gagarin had become the first man to orbit the earth.

The most uncomfortable point of the entire Mallan thesis is that he can offer no remotely convincing reason why the Soviets would have bothered to fake a manned space program at all since they have undeniably accomplished more difficult space tasks. Even Mallan's free-swinging arguments will not allow him to deny that the Soviets did land Luna 10 intact on the moon's surface and that the device did transmit photos back to earth. The photos were also received at the Jodrell Bank radio observatory in England. In addition, the Luna photos nicely complement the photos sent back a short time later by America's Surveyor 1. Compared to this, putting a man in orbit or having him float outside a spacecraft is an easy task. The only reason for faking a manned space program that comes to mind is that the Soviets have such respect for life that they will not risk a human being on such a dangerous mission, but that in order to keep up in the space race they must fake a manned

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MAURITIUS

WORLD STRAINS IN MICROCOSM

COLIN MacINNES

Mr. MacInnes, British novelist and critic, received his early education in Australia. He is the author of City of Spades, England, Half English *and many other books published in England and the United States. His works have been translated into many languages.*

Mauritius is a minute volcanic island, 38 by 29 miles in extent, and 1,250 miles east of Africa in the Indian Ocean. Its 750,000 people are of four chief races, five religions and ten languages. Of these, 480,000 are Indians, 220,000 Creoles, 25,000 Chinese; most of the rest are French Mauritians.

When the British freed the slaves in their colonies, labor deserted the plantations for the growing towns. To fill the gap, the British imported "indentured" Indians. This created a racial problem that has complicated immensely the process of decolonization. In Trinidad, where the Indians are only one in three, the transition to independence has not been hindered. But in three other countries, Guiana, Fiji and Mauritius, the descendants of the Indians now outnumber those of the original inhabitants.

Putting aside for the moment its confusion of races, Mauritius has two basic problems: population and production. There are 1,000 people to the square mile. More than half of these are under 20. If nothing is—or can be—done, the population will be 3 million at the end of the century.

Emigration might be an answer, but where to go? For the 10,000 white Mauritians this is not an insuperable problem, and many have settled in Europe and South Africa. For the Indians and Creoles it is a different matter. There are already 7,000 of them in the United Kingdom, but immigration to Britain is now restricted. Madagascar, a mere 500 miles away, though underpopulated, doesn't want them. France and Canada offer some faint hope, and so possibly—with its new attitudes to colored immigration—does Australia.

Birth control clinics exist on the island, but Mauritians are dubious about this solution, since the racial and religious ethos of both the Indians and Chinese favors enormous families. Meanwhile, improved medical care aggravates the problem: malaria, once a killer, has now almost disappeared, and life expectancy rises.

What about increased production? At present, 96 per cent of the island's exports are sugar and its derivatives, though tea, tobacco and aloe fiber are also grown. But mechanization, which increases both production and profits, reduces the labor force. Apart from the soil, which is itself poor, there are no natural resources, so that only the lightest of industry is competitive, and even many foods—rice, for example—must be imported.

Three main forces are involved in trying to solve these seemingly insoluble problems: the two chief Mauritian political parties, and the British. The Americans are also involved indirectly. One begins to understand Mauritian politics by noticing first what kind of jobs most of the islanders do. In general, the Indians are field workers, though some are also small importers; the Creoles are clerical workers and artisans; the Chinese are engaged in retail trade; and the French Mauritians are estate owners and administrators. From this division it follows that the majority Parti Travailliste (Labour Party) is largely Indian and rural based, while the Parti Mauricien is strong in the cities among the Creoles and handful of white French.

In the present provisional parliament, of the forty elected members (thirteen others are directly appointed by the governor), eighteen are Parti Travailliste, and eight Parti Mauricien, the remainder representing splinter parties. However, in the capital, Port Louis, and in all the cities except one, the Parti Mauricien is in control. The chief minister is Sir Seemoosagur Ramgoolam, head of the Labour Party, an Indian doctor in his 60s. The opposition leader is Gaëton Duval, a Creole lawyer in his 30s.

The British have promised Mauritius its independence by the end of 1967, six months after an election to be held on a new franchise at present being determined by a British electoral commission. But whereas earlier there had been a certain amount of concord between the two parties—they both favored independence and were represented together in a coalition government—a few months ago the Parti Mauricien started vigorously to attack the Parti Travailliste.

This is where the Americans come in. By an accident of colonial rule, Mauritius administers several groups of islands in the Indian Ocean, among them the Chagos archipelago, 1,200 miles to the northeast. The British and Americans wanted to build an air base on one of its islands, a horseshoe of coral called Diégo Garcia. They offered Mauritius 4 million pounds for the privilege; the Parti Travailliste agreed, but the Parti Mauricien did not.

What is wrong with 4 million pounds? Everything, says the Parti Mauricien. In the first place it is not enough. Also, granting a base to the Anglo-Americans would bring down on the new state of Mauritius the wrath of the Communist world. What matter, says the Parti Travailliste? If the base is built, we'll be protected, and since we have only a tiny army (and no air force or navy), and will be responsible for dozens of islands dotted all over the Indian Ocean, we'll need protection. Agreed, the Parti Mauricien replies, but if we don't allow the base to be built, no one will want to attack us.

So the Mauritian party demanded a referendum which the Labour Party refused, demanded a new constitutional conference which the British refused, appealed to the UN and was ignored. Finally, its leaders organized monster rallies throughout the island against the base. Whatever one may think of such tactics, they were certainly effective, since many Indian supporters of the Parti Travailliste prefer neutralism to pro-Western involvement.

Of the adversaries leading this dispute, Sir Seemoosagur Ramgoolam is the senior politician in Mauritius, and a wily one. He has denied that the Parti Travailliste is not broad based, pointing to Creoles and Chinese in his government, and claiming non-Indian electoral support. He wants to be friendly with the West, the Commonwealth and Britain. Despite economic difficulties, he claims a higher standard of living in Mauritius than in India or any black African nation. He boasts of the aid his government has given to education. His own party, he says, finds its strength in the trade unions and villages, whereas the Parti Mauricien belongs to conservative sugar planters.

Gaëton Duval, of the Mauritian party, tells another story and he tells it well. He is handsome and witty, and at the same time manages to seem frank and dedicated. He grants that his Parti Mauricien was originally rightist, but alleges that it has been swinging to the left. Far from being exclusively French and Creole, it has appointed Muslim mayors in two of the towns it controls. As for the Labour Party, says Duval, many of its prominent non-Indians are mere front men. My own feeling is that both parties are narrowly based, although each is trying to spread still wider racially at the expense of the other. I also believe that, if the terms mean anything today, the Labour Party is more leftist and the Parti Mauricien more "nationalist"—however ridiculous nationalism may seem as a doctrine for a microscopic island like Mauritius.

On the issue of the air base, does Duval want to cut off relations with the British and Americans? Not at all, he says. The Parti Mauricien wants close relations with both—after a renegotiation of the base. As to the terms for this, I found him vague, and got the impression that he is troubled most by the conviction that Sir Seemoosagur sold Mauritius short in granting it. How, in any case, could Mauritius stop landings on Diégo Garcia?

But Duval and his party very much want something else—which introduces us to yet another problem; this time less racial and social than linguistic and cultural. The Parti Mauricien believes that the island should join not only the British Commonwealth but the French community as well. It wants France as well as England to be its godparents in external affairs. But this fondness for France, so deep in the Creoles (and, of course, the few thousand French Mauritians) means nothing to the Indian supporters of the Labour Party, who already object to French being an official language along with English.

The tenacity of French culture in Mauritius is astonishing, and a thumbnail history of the island is required to explain it. The first Europeans on the island were the Portuguese in the 16th century. Then came the Dutch, who named the island (after Prince Maurice of Nassau) and exterminated the unfortunate dodo. The French arrived in 1715; they planted the sugar, brought in the Africans (and interbred with them), but lost Mauritius to the British after the Napoleonic wars.

But although the French left more than 150 years ago, the whole feeling of the island, despite the presence of the British and the Asian races, remains Latin. Towns, bays, mountains, shops, products, even many of the people, still have French names. Only the educated speak good French, but almost everyone on the island—including the Asian majority — can speak the patois. This is to the nation's advantage: despite ten or more basic mother tongues, everybody can communicate. "A French island administered by the British" is what the Creoles call it, and it seems a justifiable definition.

And yet there is the amazing racial diversity: there are Hindus, Tamils, Telegus and Bengalis with shrines to Siva and mosques to Mohammed; Chinese Catholics and Chinese with Buddhist temples; Creoles of European, African and Indian descent; French and (rather disconsolate) Mauritians.

This suggests another economic possibility for the island, and one which vaster nations have come to rely on. There could be tourism. The Tamils walk on fire and climb ladders made of swords; the Muslims offer their Ghoon festival, the Chinese their Wolf dance; and Creoles swing in their erotic *sega* by the sea. To these attractions may be added that Mauritians of all races are unusually alert and welcoming.

There is also the appeal of an island—and a volcanic one at that. The climate is "subtropical maritime," warm throughout the year, and the only catch is the occasional descent of hurricanes (Carol, in 1960, swept in at 160 mph and destroyed 60 per cent of the sugar crop and 40,000 homes). The beaches are superb, with deep-sea fishing, and a coral reef is thrown in. The volcanic scenery is arresting, if rather eerie. The cities, all small, are charming—Port Louis, despite modern buildings, has the air of a provincial French town of the 1900s.

Who might come? The British, French and Australians run regular air services, so they are potential visitors. South Africans are being enticed, and Rhodesians too, whatever Harold Wilson may have to say. Indians too might come, and perhaps Americans.

Yet even if the dream of free-spending tourists were fulfilled, the economic troubles of the island seem, to the outsider, almost insoluble. Sugar is a fickle crop and demands large-scale production, which is at odds with the small holdings such as the Indians have on 30 per cent of the land, the remainder being company or state owned. For industry, Mauritius at present flies in from Europe and processes for re-export products needing a high labor content at low cost (for instance, watches); but such possibilities seem limited. As for population, unless the world movement of peoples becomes much freer (and of this there are as yet few signs), the situation seems really desperate.

Political tipsters name the Parti Travailliste to win the critical pre-independence elections, despite the Parti Mauricien's aggressive agitation about the base. There may, of course, be a return to coalition. Presumably, the British will have to continue subsidizing the new nation and, because of the base, demands will no doubt be made on the Americans. Communism is gaining ground among younger Indians and Chinese, but is as yet an ineffective force.

Racialism in Mauritius is black-black and not the more usual white-black. Although there were riots a year ago and British troops had to be sent out, the probability is that the Creoles and Indians will come to terms, if only because there isn't the economic and even geographical elbowroom for the luxury of emotional racial attitudes.

A final reflection is that though one might think of Mauritius as being vaguely African, it is hardly so at all. The Creoles' ancestors left Africa 250 years ago, and the real mother countries are India and France, with Britain as a kind of foster mother. Now possibly America, once its troops are on Diégo Garcia, may find itself becoming a reluctant mother country too.

NATIONAL DATA CENTER

The Computer vs. the Bill of Rights

ANTHONY PRISENDORF
Mr. Prisendorf is a reporter on the New York Post.

The right of privacy is in trouble again. Tormented in the last few years by electronic eavesdropping devices, federal psychological tests and peepholes in post-office washrooms, it now faces an even more formidable adversary in the Bureau of the Budget's proposed National Data Center.

That an individual's private affairs should be of perennial concern to his fellow man is not surprising; the curiosity in human nature accounts for that. What is surprising is that the Constitution nowhere provides a clear-cut guarantee of the "right to be let alone," as Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis described it in 1928. The reason for this deficiency is apparent, says Charles A. Reich, professor of constitutional law at Yale University: "The idea of privacy being invaded in the way it can be today never occurred to the people who wrote the Bill of Rights." Nonetheless, Justice Brandeis, in his far-reaching interpretation of privacy, wrote: ". . . every unjustifiable intrusion by the Government upon the privacy of the individual, whatever the means employed, must be deemed a violation of the fourth amendment."

Opponents of the National Data Center would like to think that Justice Brandeis had the Budget Bureau's proposal in mind when he wrote his opinion. They seem convinced that the plan to use a central computer to pool statistical information now guarded by twenty federal agencies, including the Census Bureau, the Internal Revenue Service and the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is nothing less than the premature materialization of the Orwellian nightmare, *1984*. Perhaps this view was best expressed by Vance Packard last July when he was testifying before a House subcommittee on invasion of privacy. Speaking of Big Brother, he said: "My own hunch is that if he comes to the United States he may turn out to be not a greedy power seeker but rather a relentless bureaucrat obsessed with efficiency." Such an obsession, Packard warns, could lead to the "ultimate of horrors, a humanity in chains of plastic tape."

The proposal for a statistical data center is the logical consequence of an efficiency study begun three years ago by the Budget Bureau in collaboration with the Social Science Research Council. Its report concluded that "the amount of overlapping and resource waste [in government agencies] is substantial." Accordingly, the bureau's Office of Statistical Standards proposed a data center "to improve the storage of and access to information for statistical users"—defined as the government, industry and the research community. In addition to the study, the Budget Bureau hired as a consultant Edgar S. Dunn, Jr., a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Affairs. As he sees it, the fundamental purpose of such a data center would be to answer an "infinite" range of questions such as these: "What proportion of the residents of Appalachia possess incomes of less than $3,000? What activities seem to figure prominently in the recent rapid growth of the Southeast, Florida, the Gulf Coast and the Boston-Washington corridor? What proportion of the registered voters turned out in a recent primary, and how were they divided between Republican and Democrat, urban and rural, white and nonwhite?"

Prompted by the "appalling" thought of government records neatly bundled together in one revealing file, with no assurance given that such dossiers "would always be used by benevolent people for benevolent purposes," Rep. Cornelius E. Gallagher, a New Jersey Democrat, convened his special subcommittee on invasion of privacy on July 26. The purpose of the hearings: "to create a climate of concern" and to find answers to Representative Gallagher's challenging question posed at the start of the hearings: "Shall we create an elite who can narrow and dominate the 'corridors of power'? And who shall they be?"

The lead-off witness on behalf of the proposed National Data Center was Raymond T. Bowman, assistant director of the Office of Statistical Standards, and described by Representative Gallagher as the man "directly responsible" for the project. Bowman testified that the data center's objective is twofold: "We want to be sure that we are making effective use of new technological development because (1) we want to bring all available statistical information to bear on problems which confront the nation; and (2) we want to hold down the burden of statistical questionnaires." Bowman went on to suggest that the goal is by no means new. Government agencies, he said, continually try to find ways of using existing records for statistical purposes. To demonstrate this long-standing practice, he said that the use of federal income tax returns "as a source of statistical information," relieves 1 million small businessmen of "the burden of filling out census forms every five years." And this is done, Bowman asserted, "without compromising the confidentiality of a single return."

In an attempt to scotch the obvious misgivings of some subcommittee members, Bowman assured them early in the hearings that a data center "would not have an interest in building up dossiers on individuals because statistical interests do not center on individual cases." Nevertheless, he demurred when a subcommittee member suggested that the identity of these statistics could be erased, thereby eliminating the threat to privacy without interfering with the operations of the data bank. "You would not be able to use this information meaningfully unless this kind of identification were maintained," Bowman said.

"To achieve the purpose we have in mind," explains his assistant, Paul Krueger, "we need to be able to collate the information obtained from different sources. As an example, we have tax returns which provide a considerable amount of information about the incomes of people. But they do not provide demographic information. We have census reports which provide all the demographic information. If you want to be able to relate incomes with demographic characteristics, there must be some sort of connecting link."

The importance the Budget Bureau attaches to personal identity is what principally concerns critics of the proposal. They fully suspect that today's statistical center may become tomorrow's intelligence center. Representative Gallagher did much to foster these suspicions in a June 14 speech on the floor of the House:

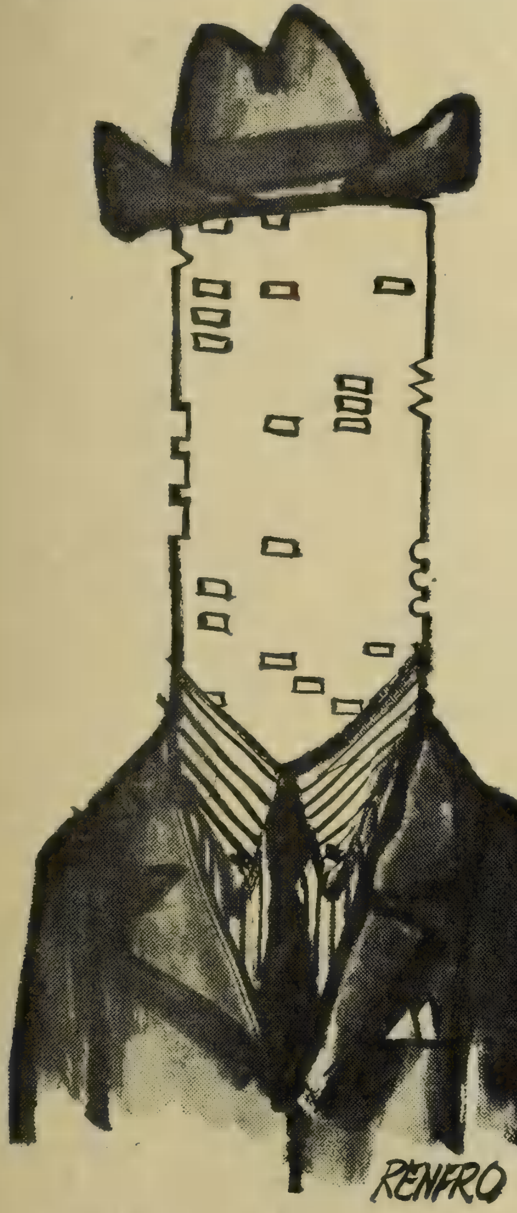
> If the government does set up a central file or "dossier bank" of personal data on our citizens, there will be a huge store of information at hand to feed it. That list includes tax returns, census responses, social security data, military records, security files, fingerprints, mortgage guarantees, research involving individuals, and, if state and local governments are tied into the system, such things as school records, police files, driving violations, and property holdings. Confidentiality is now protected in many cases by the law. Centralization will create the need for a new set of safeguards. It might even be possible to pump credit reports and bank accounts into the computer. It should be apparent to anyone the great power that would exist behind the federal official who has the authority to push the button that would produce such a dossier instantly.

Representative Gallagher's misgivings were reinforced at the subcommittee hearings one month later by Paul Baran, an analyst for the RAND Corporation of Santa Monica, Calif. A member of several *ad hoc* committees for the Defense Department, as well as a consultant to the Institute for Defense Analyses and the Stanford Research Institute, Baran's credentials are impressive. Speaking as an individual and representing no special interest, Baran warned that should this machinery become available to the administrators of a government substantially different from the existing form, "it would make for an extremely efficient police state. While our computers and communications are foolproof, they are not smart-proof," he said. "These systems are wide open to tampering by anyone sufficiently intelligent and motivated enough to take advantage of their weak spots."

It is precisely these weak spots that alarm opponents of the data bank. They acknowledge that technology has enriched human life, and that a federal data center will probably add to this enrichment. But, says Representative Gallagher, "just as democratic governments historically have secured the freedom of their citizens partly by controlling the fruits of scientific progress, so, too, must we now make sure that the government computers do not provide the means by which federal officials can intrude improperly into our lives." If safeguards are not built into such a facility, he believes "it could lead to the creation of the computerized man . . . stripped of his individuality and privacy. His status would be measured by a computer. His life, his talent and his earning capacity are reduced to a tape with very few alternatives available."

This grisly warning may come too late. Ten years ago, there were fewer than 1,000 computers in the United States; ten years from now, it is estimated, there will be 100,000. Of the 30,000 computers in use today, half are in the service of the federal government. (Oddly enough, the forerunner of the computer was designed by a young engineer working for the Census Bureau near the turn of the century. Dismayed by the slow hand tabulations of the 1880 census, Herman Hollerith devised a "statistical piano" which assimilated census information fed into it on player piano type rolls.)

One danger inherent in an electronic memory system of the proportions envisioned by the Budget Bureau is the quality of information stored in it. "Unfortunately, the great bulk of information about an individual is not gathered as the result of inquiries by skilled government security investigators," says John deJ. Pemberton, Jr., executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union. "Rather, it is often acquired by government employees of poor judgment, by private agencies, credit unions, insurance companies and businesses."



Pemberton's impeachment of these collection methods parallels an axiom of Professor Reich that "information gets less reliable the further away it is from the source." In testimony before the subcommittee he illustrated this point by citing a traditional practice at Yale. Each freshman is assigned an upper-class counselor who writes a personality report of his charge for the dean at the end of the year. "If this information gets into a file and stays there, it slowly changes from a reasonably accurate statement to something that could be a tremendous falsehood. The freshman may change. Perhaps he had a chip on his shoulder the first year, but after he got to like the place he got to be one of the nicest guys around. So the information may no longer be true except as of the time it was made. Other people reading this may understand it in other ways." "The Christian notion of the possibility of redemption is incomprehensible to the computer," Packard observed at the hearings.

Addressing himself to the subcommittee's primary concern for safeguards, Bowman insisted that the centralization of statistical data in a computer memory bank would actually enhance the "confidentiality" of the information. Assembled under one roof, he argued, the material could be more closely guarded than it is now. This prompted one bemused Congressman to suggest that it would also make it easier for a federal employee to erase the disparaging dossier of a friend. Under the present decentralized system, the Congressman said, the friend "might exist in the Census Bureau and might not in the Internal Revenue Service. But he is going to totally not exist in a central data bank."

Under questioning Bowman conceded that a data bank of the type contemplated could endanger privacy, and recommended "very clear and specific regulations — legislation if this seems to be the desirable method." Asked who would have ultimate control of the data bank, Bowman replied: "Law." But sole reliance on legislative safeguards is not enough, cautioned RAND analyst Baran. He contends that "laws and laws alone have been pathetically ineffectual in stopping the growth of widespread electronic eavesdropping and wire tapping." In fact, so sophisticated have electronic snooping devices become that the security of the proposed National Data Center is threatened by them. Witnesses cited examples of "electronic radiation transmissions" from computers, and strongly urged that the walls of the data center be lead lined to prevent pirating.

Proponents, too, recognize these technological dangers, and disclosed at the hearings that they have devised elaborate safeguards that could be built into the computer. Budget Bureau consultant Dunn said that it can be programed to identify "trick" inquiries — accidental or intentional. "You can teach the machine to say, 'This is a statistical inquiry but it is framed in such a way that the population or group you have defined contains only one individual —

less than the specific number of individuals.' " In addition, Dunn says, the computer can be "taught" to disguise records. If all individual identification were replaced by a special security code, no one could identify a person's record without that code.

As conceived, the proposed National Data Center would cost $3 million to $3.5 million and take between three and five years to stock with existing federal statistics, to be stored on 20,000 reels of magnetic tape. However, a less ambitious center could be stocked with a "respectable volume and variety" of data for $260,000 in about a year. Although the National Data Center is still in the discussion stage, opponents report that there are rumors circulating in Washington that the Budget Bureau will request federal funds in next year's budget to establish the statistical center.

Centralizing government files would eliminate perhaps the best safeguard of personal privacy — bureaucracy. Compiling all that is recorded about an individual is now often a difficult and, consequently, a discouraging task. If the National Data Center were established, the mere push of a button would end all that.

Equally important, the statistical data center could set a dangerous and irrevocable precedent. Its enemies warn that its existence would lead to pressures — within and outside the federal government — for the creation of a Personal Data Bank. It should be remembered that when Social Security was instituted Americans were assured that their identification number would be kept secret. And when a provision was included in the Constitution for a national census every ten years, it was for the sole purpose of "enumeration." The 1960 census contained 165 questions, some of them dealing with subjects as personal as purchasing habits and incomes. What is more, there are pressures within the Census Bureau to include in the 1970 census prying questions about religious affiliation, education and ethnic origin.

To the suggestion that computers threaten to degrade mankind, John W. Macy, Jr., chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, retorted in a magazine article recently: "Far from it! By removing the clerical decisions and the mass of paperwork details the computer may well free the mind of man for more worthy use."

Aristotle regarded machines with about the same degree of optimism. "When looms weave by themselves," he said, "man's slavery will end."

Perhaps.

LETTERS

(continued from page 434)

subsidized by war debts, a fact that is nothing but an embarrassment to those who do research and to their hosts." This accusation is a product of your author's imagination. Of the 100 countries with which exchanges are conducted, war debts are a factor only in the case of Finland, the government of which has agreed to use its voluntary repayments of the World War I debts for this purpose. Elsewhere funds come entirely from the United States Government, or by joint contributions from the two governments involved.

"One can hardly imagine Norman Mailer, Marshall McLuhan, Allen Ginsberg or William Faulkner as Fulbrights." Faulkner was a Fulbright, McLuhan is a Canadian and therefore not eligible, and neither Ginsberg nor Mailer is an academic personality.

"The stipends are too low." The amount of the grant is limited by the budget approved by Congress and is geared to comparable grants in the host country. British students on government grants receive just over £6 a week; those under the Fulbright Program just over £15 a week to compensate for additional expenses as foreigners. The accusation comes with particular poor grace from Mr. Kostelanetz, whose wife also held a Fulbright grant and who was somehow able to take a trip to Paris, also a driving tour of the United Kingdom, in the course of his stay.

"When a Negro student had considerable difficulty finding lodging for himself and his family, the commission refused to supplement his stipend or to acknowledge that James Crow lived in England." This is simply untrue. There were two Negro students in the year Kostelanetz spent in London, one in London and one in Cambridge. Neither made any request for additional funds for housing and both in their reports professed themselves satisfied with their quarters.

"Officials tend to be failed academics." The people with whom Kostelanetz chiefly came into contact at the commission were Cleanth Brooks, professor of English at Yale and D. P. Edgell, professor of the Humanities at San José College, both on leave of absence. I know intimately the executive secretaries of the commission in each of the European countries and many in other parts of the world. Not one of them is a "failed academic."

No doubt there were causes for Mr. Kostelanetz's unhappiness in London. But they were not those to which he referred in his article.

Oscar Handlin

new brand of virtue

London, England

Dear Sirs: Outside the United States the view is widespread that your country is financially and militarily power drunk, and that moral considerations no longer weigh with you. Recently it was reported that at an official press conference Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense, stated that to believe that any American official is going to tell the truth is to be a fool; and a number of your recent editorials have exposed the nature of this lying. Without denying that this attitude is not confined to the United States, it is surely a new brand of virtue for a government to admit it is a liar. . . . This peculiar public confession destroys all confidence in any promise the U.S. Government may make. . . .

Are the people of the United States too preoccupied with their color problem or with the Dominican Republic or with Cuba to care that the almighty dollar and all it stands for now stinks in the nostrils of decent people? Do they or do they not know of the terrifying and barbaric atrocities that are being committed in their name in Vietnam? What sort of people have you become that you can remain silent and inactive while this is going on—financially and militarily power drunk so that moral considerations no longer weigh with you?

Hyman Levy, Professor Emeritus
University of London

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A True Lie-Minded Man

WILLIAM H. GASS
Mr. Gass teaches philosophy at Purdue University. He is the author of Omensetter's Luck *(New American Library).*

It seems a country-headed thing to say: that literature is language, that stories and the places and the people in them are merely made of words as chairs are made of smoothed sticks and sometimes of cloth or metal tubes. Still, we cannot be too simple at the start, since the obvious is often the unobserved. Occasionally we should allow the trite to tease us into thought, for such old friends, the clichés in our life, are the only strangers we can know. It seems incredible, the ease with which we sink through books quite out of sight, pass clamorous pages into soundless dreams. That novels should be made of words, and merely words, is shocking, really. It's as though you had discovered that your wife were made of rubber: the bliss of all those years, the fears . . . from sponge.

Like the mathematician, like the philosopher, the novelist makes things out of concepts. Concepts, consequently, must be his critical concern: not the defects of his person, the crimes on his conscience, other men's morals, or their kindness or cruelty. The painter squeezes space through his pigments. Paint stains his fingers. How can he forget the color he has loaded on his brush or that blank canvas audience before him? Yet the novelist frequently behaves as if his work were all heart, character and story; he professes to hate abstraction, mathematics, and the pure works of mind. Of course, unlike poetry, and despite its distinguished figures, for a long time now the novel has been an amateur's affair, an open field for anybody's running, and it has drawn the idle, sick, and gossipaceous, the vaguely artistic; prophets, teachers, muckrakers, all the fanatical explainers, those dreamily scientific, and those anally pedantic.

Paint stains the fingers; the sculptor's hair is white with dust; but concepts have no physical properties; they do not permit smell or reflect light; they do not fill space or contain it; they do not age. "Five" is no wider, older, or fatter than "four"; "apple" isn't sweeter than "quince," rounder than "pear," smoother than "peach." To say, then, that literature is language is to say that literature is made of meanings, concepts, ideas, forms (please yourself with the term), and that these are so static and eternal as to shame the stars.

Like the mathematician. For the novelist to be at all, in any way, like a mathematician is shocking. It's worse than discovering your privates are plastic. Because there's no narration among numbers. It is logically impossible. Time's lacking.

When David Hilbert, the great logician, heard that a student had given up mathematics to write novels, he is supposed to have said: "It was just as well; he did not have enough imagination to become a first-rate mathematician."

The yammer of thought, the constant one-after-another of sounds, the shapes of words, the terrible specter of spelling, are each due to this fact that meanings are heavenly bodies which, to our senses, must somehow announce themselves. A word is a concept made flesh, if you like—the eternal presented as noise. When I spell then, let's say, "avoirdupois," I am forming our name for that meaning, but it might, just as well, be written down "dozzo," or still more at length, with the same lack of logic, "typary," "snoddle," or "willmullynull." "Avoirdupois." An unreasonable body. Nonetheless lovely. "Avoirdupois."

There is a fundamental contradiction in our medium. We work with a marble of flaws. My mind is utterly unlike my body, and unless you're an angel, so, I am certain, is yours. Poor Descartes really wrote on the problems of poets: word sense and word sound, math and mechanics, the mind and its body, can they touch? And how, pray God, can they resemble? In the act of love, as in all the arts, the soul should be felt by the tongue and the fingers, felt in the skin. So should our sounds come to color up the surface of our stories like a blush. This adventitious music is the only sensory quality our books can have. As Frost observed, even the empty sentence has a sound, or rather—I should say—*is* a series of nervous tensions and resolves. No artist dares neglect his own world's body, for *nothing else,* nothing else about his book is physical.

In the hollow of a jaw, the ear, upon the page, concepts now begin to move: they appear, accelerate, they race, they hesitate a moment, slow, turn, break, join, modify, and it becomes reasonable to speak of the problems of narration for the first time. Truly (that is to say, technically), narration is that part of the art of fiction concerned with the coming on and passing off of words—not the familiar arrangement of words in dry strings like so many shriveled worms but their formal direction and rapidity. But this is not what's usually meant.

For most people, fiction is history; fiction is history without tables, graphs, dates, imports, edicts, evidence, laws; history without hiatus—intelligible, simple, smooth. Fiction is sociology freed of statistics, politics, with no real party in the opposition; it's a world where play money buys you cardboard squares of colored country; a world where everyone is obediently psychological, economic, ethnic, geographical; framed in a keyhole and always nude: each figure fashioned from the latest thing in cello-see-through, so we may observe our hero's guts, too, if we choose: ah, they're blue, and squirming like a tickled river. For truth without effort, thought without rigor, feeling without form, existence without commitment: what will you give? for a wind-up world, a toy life? six bits? for a book with a thicker skin? six bucks? I am a man, myself, intemperately mild, and though it seems to me as much deserved as it's desired, I have no wish to steeple quires of paper passion up so many sad unelevating rears.

Nay, not *seems,* it *is* a stubborn, country-headed thing to say: that there are no events but words in fiction. Words mean things. Thus we use them every day: make love, buy bread, and blow up bridges. But the use of language in fiction only mimics its use in life. A sign like GENTS, for instance, tells me where to pee. It conveys information; it produces feelings of glad relief. I use the sign, but I dare not dawdle under it. It might have read MEN or borne a mustache. This kind of sign passes out of consciousness, is extinguished by its use. In literature, however, the sign remains; it sings; and we return to it again and again.

In contrast, the composer's medium is pure; that is, the tones he uses exist for music, and are made by instruments especially designed. Imagine his feelings, then, if he were forced to employ the meaningful noises of every day: bird calls, sirens, screams, alarm bells, whistles, ticks, and human chatter. He could plead all he liked that his music was pure, but we would know that he'd written down sounds from a play unseen, and we would insist that it told a story. Critics would describe the characters (one wears a goatee) and quarrel over their motives, marriages, or mothers, all their dark genes. Although no one wonders, of a painted peach, whether the tree it grew on was watered properly; we are happily witness, week after week, to further examinations of Hamlet or Madame Bovary, quite as if they were real. And they are so serious, so learned, so certain—so laughable—these ladies and gentlemen. Ah well, it's merely energy which might otherwise elucidate the Trinity.

So the novelist makes his book from boards which say LADIES and GENTS. Every scrap has been worn, every item handled; most of the pieces are dented or split. The writer may choose to be heroic—poets often are—he may strive to purify his diction and achieve an exclusively literary language. He may pretend that every syllable he speaks hasn't been spit, sometime, in someone else's mouth. Such poets scrub, they clean, they smooth, they polish, until we can scarcely recognize their words on the page. *A star glide, a single frantic sullenness, a single financial grass greediness,* wrote Gertrude Stein. *Toute Pensée émet un Coup de Dés,* wrote Mallarmé. Most novelists, however (it is one of the things that make them one), try to turn the tattering to account—incorporate it cleverly—as the painter does when he pastes up a collage of newspaper, tin foil and postage stamps. He will recognize, for example, that stories are wonderful devices for controlling the speed of the mind, for resting it after hard climbs; they give a reassuring light to a dark place, and help the reader hold, like handsome handles, heavy luggage on long trips.

A dedicated storyteller, though—a true lie-minded man—will serve his history best, and guarantee its popularity, not by imitating nature, since nature's no source of verisimilitude, but by following as closely as he can our simplest, most direct and unaffected forms of daily talk, for we report real things, things which intrigue and worry us, and such resembling gossip in a book allows us to believe in figures and events we cannot see, shall never touch, with an assurance of safety which sets our passions free. He will avoid recording consciousness since consciousness is private—we do not normally "take it down"—and because no one really believes in any other feelings than his own.

However, the moment that our writer concentrates on sound, the moment he formalizes his sentences, the moment he puts in a figure of speech or turns a phrase, shifts a tense or alters tone, the moment he carries description, or any account, beyond need, he begins to turn his reader's interest away from the world which lies among his words like a beautiful woman among her slaves, and directs him toward the slaves themselves. This illustrates a basic principle: if I describe my peach too perfectly, it's the poem which will make my mouth water . . . while the real peach rots.

Sculptures take up space and gather dust. Concepts do not. They take up us. They invade us as we read, and they achieve, as our resistance and their forces vary, every conceivable degree of occupation. Imagine a worry or a pain, an obsessive thought, a jealousy or hate so strong it renders you insensible to all else. Then while it lasts, you are that fear, that ache, for consciousness is always smaller than its opportunities, and can contract around a kernel like a nut. A piece of music can drive you out and take your place. The purpose of a literary work is the capture of consciousness, and the consequent creation, in you, of an imagined sensibility, so that while you read you are that patient pool or cataract of concepts which the author has constructed; and though at first it might seem as if the richness of life had been replaced by something less so: senseless noises, abstract meanings, mere shadows of worldly employment; yet the new self which fine fiction and good poetry should provide you is as wide as the mind is, and musiced deep with feeling. While listening to such symbols sounding, the blind perceive; thought seems to grow a body; and the will is at rest amid that moving like a gull asleep on the sea. Perhaps we'll be forgiven, then, if we fret about our words and continue country-headed. It is not a refusal to please. There's no willfulness, disdain, exile . . . no anger. Because a consciousness is electrified by beauty: is that not the aim and emblem and the ending of all finely made love?

Are you afraid?

Return of the Continental Op

THE BIG KNOCKOVER: Selected Stories and Short Novels. *By Dashiell Hammett. Introduction by Lillian Hellman. Random House. 355 pp. $5.95.*

FREDERICK H. GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a free-lance writer based in San Francisco. He is presently writing a book about the theatre of Lillian Hellman.

In its heyday the McCarthy committee investigated writers, among them Dashiell Hammett, on the pretext that any radical's book in a U.S. Information Service library would undermine the anti-Communist function of that library. Preceding Hammett on the stand, a contrite Langston Hughes had thanked the chairman for his "courtesy and friendliness." Hammett wasn't going to be so nice. McCarthy asked: "Mr. Hammett, if you were spending, as we are, over a hundred million dollars a year on an information program allegedly for the purpose of fighting communism, and if you were in charge of that program to fight communism, would you purchase the works of some 75 communist authors and distribute their works throughout the world, placing our official stamp of approval upon those works?" To which Hammett quietly replied: "Well, I think — of course I don't know — if I were fighting communism I don't think I would give people any books at all." Laughter swept the hearing room and for a few televised seconds the chairman himself giggled. That tittering acknowledgment by McCarthy of his own ludicrous position was a turning point in the emotional course of the inquisition.

The nature of the scholarly, dignified man strong enough to force McCarthy to laugh at himself is movingly recalled by his close friend Lillian Hellman, in her introduction to a new collection of his stories. More about his life comes through in *Tulip,* an unfinished autobiographical novel included in this book.

Hammett was born in southern Maryland in 1894. During the First World War he contracted tuberculosis and spent seven subsequent years in army hospitals. Apparently cured, he went to work as a detective for the Pinkerton agency in San Francisco. After a recurrence of the disease he decided to spend his remaining time as a writer. The detective stories he published in *Black Mask* and other pulp magazines grew very popular. By the end of the twenties he was extending his detective tales into novels for which Hollywood paid him well. He had beaten his TB, too.

He wrote four novels between 1927 and 1930, another in 1934, and none thereafter. Once he had been in the employ of strikebreakers; now he became a Marxist. "Whatever he believed in," Hellman tells us, "came from reading and thinking." He also became an alcoholic, "partly," he says in *Tulip,* "because I was still confused by the fact that people's feelings and talk and actions didn't have much to do with one another." He played a small role in the publication of *PM*, wrote the screen version of Hellman's play, *Watch on the Rhine*, and re-enlisted in the army at the age of 48. He failed his physical examination, probably for several reasons, but the one the doctors gave him was rotten teeth. He went out and had them pulled and when he came back they had to induct him. He served in the Aleutians.

He came out of the army with emphysema, and seemed to be drinking more heavily than ever. In 1948, when one of the few doctors he liked told him he would die if he kept it up, he stopped. "Now, more than ever," writes Hellman, "he sat down to read." He was interrupted in 1951 and sent to jail for refusing to reveal who contributed to the bail-bond fund of the Civil Rights Congress. In 1960 he died.

None of Hammett's experience, except his sleuthing, is used in his stories. Even the Continental Op, hero of all the tales in the present volume (discounting *Tulip*), is supposedly based on another man: a chief of Pinkerton's Baltimore office whose competence was legendary.

Fitzgerald said he was haunted by the conviction that Ring Lardner "got less percentage of himself on paper than any other American author of the first flight." Hammett got even less on paper, so much less that his rank is uncertain. His use of language is, certainly, "first flight." He did for American slang — the argots of hobos, cowboys, seamen, boxers, longshoremen, miners, Wobblies, and, of course, cops and robbers — what Mark Twain had previously done for the American vernacular: used it on the level of art. Hammett never merely played lexicographer to the underworld. He selected the witty, colorful elements of the jargon and used them naturally, knowledgeably, without dazzling or digressing for the sake of innovation but always to advance his story. In *Fly Paper*, for example, as the Op tries to figure out where a criminal has fled, he reasons:

> The big man was a yegg. San Francisco was on fire for him. The yegg instinct would be to use a rattler to get away from trouble. The freight yards were in this end of town. Maybe he would be shifty enough to lie low instead of trying to powder. In that case, he probably hadn't crossed Market Street at all. If he stuck, there would still be a chance of picking him up tomorrow. If he was hightailing, it was catch him now or not at all.

As for commonplace profanities, Hammett would skirt them with a graceful précis such as: "He called her four unlovely names, the mildest of which was, 'a dumb twist.'" Occasionally he would slip in a newly coined obscenity to test his editor's conversance with the ever-changing language. One editor failed to blue-pencil the word "gunsel." He took it to mean a gunman's young assistant; it actually meant a homosexual hanger-on. Other writers of detective stories, emulators of Hammett, repeated the editor's mistake and began using "gunsel" in the inaccurate sense. Their errors stuck and the word, when it is used nowadays, is usually used incorrectly.

The imitators proliferated and Hammett soon became typecast as "the founder of the hard-boiled school of detective fiction." It might be useful to consider his work in terms of what had come before. Twain had made the literary break with Europe, but those in the first flush of freedom always look back to make sure the bonds are really broken, and that's what Twain did in *The Innocents Abroad*. Hammett was second-generation free of the genteel tradition; to him "abroad" meant across the Pacific, not the Atlantic.

Hammett shared with Twain, and perhaps derived from him, a narrative style based on the most American of all forms of humor: understatement. Consider the way Twain begins *The Mysterious Stranger*:

> It was in 1590 — winter. Austria was far away from the world, and asleep; it was still the Middle Ages in Austria and promised to remain so forever. Some even set it away back centuries upon centuries and said that by the mental and spiritual clock it was still the age of Belief in Austria. But they meant it as a compliment, not a slur, and so it was taken and we were all proud of it.

And the way Hammett gets into *Red Harvest*:

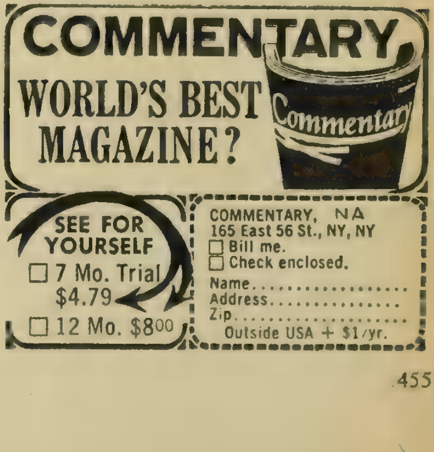
> I first heard Personville called Poisonville by a red haired mucker named Hickey Dewey in the Big Ship in Butte. He also called a shirt a shoit. I didn't think anything of what he had done to the city's name. Later I heard men who could manage their r's give it the same pronunciation. I still didn't see anything in it but the meaningless sort of humor that used to make richardsnary the thieves' word for dictionary. A few years later I went to Personville and learned better.

Since he conceives of murder and mayhem as proper subjects for matter-of-fact humor, Hammett's stories never become gruesome even though the situations are inherently gruesome. In *The Big Knockover* (a tale I thought was part of *Blood Money*, but which is run separately in the volume at hand) the Op comes into a house containing fourteen dead men, eleven poisoned, three shot. Instead of describing the gore, Hammett provides a roster:

> There was the Dis-and-Dat Kid, who had crashed out of Leavenworth only two months before; Sheeny Holmes; Snohomish Shitey, supposed to have died a hero in France in 1919; L. A. Slim, from Denver, sockless and underwearless as usual, with a thousand-dollar bill sewed in each shoulder of his coat; Spider Girrucci wearing a steel-mesh vest under his shirt and a scar from crown to chin where his brother had carved him years ago; Old Pete Best, once a congressman; Nigger Vojan, who once won $175,000 in a Chicago crap game — *Abracadabra* tattooed on him in three places; Alphabet Shorty McCoy; Tom Brooks, Alphabet Shorty's brother-in-law, who invented the Richmond razzle-dazzle and bought three hotels with the profits; Red Cudahy, who stuck up a Union Pacific train in 1924; Denny Burke; Bull McGonickle, still pale from fifteen years in Joliet; Toby the Lugs, Bull's running-mate, who used to brag about picking President Wilson's pocket in a Washington vaudeville theatre; and Paddy the Mex.

Understatement, coolness if you will, enables Hammett to keep some distance from his characters. He needs the distance because, shades of Twain, he is torn between fondness for human beings and disgust over their depravity. Hammett's Op is frequently turning in women whom he would not turn down. Sam Spade does so in *The Maltese Falcon*. The Op, in *Blood Money*, shoots a young colleague whom he particularly likes when the colleague turns to crime (because *he* cannot resist a girl). In *The Dain Curse*, a man whom the Op was once "chummy with" turns out to be the villain. Thus the style based on understatement lends itself to an understatement of theme, freeing Hammett from the sentimentality and good-against-evil framework of the traditional mystery. To the Op each case is just a job, not a moral crusade.

Hammett's use of understatement is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often mistaken for terseness. He could narrate in what seems like the rhythm of spoken words, and his stories move fast; but he also has a great penchant for elaboration, which he indulges with every character, no matter how minor, who comes onto the scene. You can go through the tale called *The Scorched Face,* count the number of people (and even buildings) that figure in it and the number of descriptions, physical or otherwise, given for them. The numbers are equal. A maid, interviewed briefly, goes undescribed, but we learn that a lawyer who doesn't figure in the tale at all is "a pink faced, white-haired old boy named Norwall, who had the reputation of knowing more about corporations than all the Morgans, but who hadn't the least idea as to what police procedures was all about." Upon inspection, Hammett's style is the opposite of terse. His settings are exotic, and his inclination as a plotter is toward the more intricate and inclusive.

Why he allowed himself to be confined so strictly by his subject matter, why he relied on the mystery situation to bring a story to life is a mystery more profound than any the Continental Op ever tackled. Hammett himself tries to solve it in *Tulip.* Tulip is the name of a retired lieutenant colonel under whom Pop (as Hammett was known in the Aleutians) served in World War II. When they first met Pop "had a feeling that he might come to represent a side of me." Now Tulip is visiting Pop at the country place where he resides — reading, tinkering with gadgets, scrutinizing the natural world, but not writing — after his release from prison. An egotist, Tulip wants his life story written up by Pop. This starts Pop to thinking about his own life:

> I've been in a couple of wars — or at least in the Army while they were going on — and in federal prisons and I had t.b. for seven years and have been married as often as I chose and have had children and grandchildren and except for one fairly nice but pointless brief short story about a lunger going to Tijuana for an afternoon and evening holiday from his hospital near San Diego I've never written a word about any of these things. Why? All I can say is they're not for me. Maybe not yet, maybe not ever. I used to try now and then — and I suppose I tried hard, the way I tried a lot of things — but they never came out meaning very much to me.

Fitzgerald wrote that Lardner's topic, baseball, was "a boy's game with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls. . . . However deeply Ring cut into it, his cake had exactly the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond." The Pinkertons did for Hammett what the Cubs did for Lardner; they provided material but walled him in. Eventually this man who deplored violence must have developed a deep ambivalence toward writing about it. Fitzgerald says that when Lardner became ambivalent toward his work he fell into "a habit of silence." Hammett did, too. He tried "to start a new literary life" with *Tulip,* Hellman writes in the introduction. But the novel is sad and truncated, like Pete Rieser's career:

> "When you write," Pop tells Tulip, "you want fame, fortune and personal satisfaction. You want to write what you want to write and to feel that it's good and to sell millions of copies of it and have everybody whose opinion you value think it's good, and you want this to go on for hundreds of years."

His writing brought Hammett fame and fortune. If it did not bring him personal satisfaction in fullest measure, I like to think that the difference was made up by the pride he took in Hellman's work. It was he who got her going as a serious writer by suggesting that she use an actual event as the basis of a play; that advice led to *The Children's Hour.* Through the years, Hellman acknowledges, his encouragement and criticism, his physical presence, helped her develop as a playwright. Evidently her progress meant a great deal to him. When he expressed his disappointment over an early draft of *The Autumn Garden* he told Hellman: "You started as a serious writer. That's what I liked, that's what I worked for." On another, quite different occasion, he spoke of her as "my left arm."

I think Hammett is due for a renaissance and I hope *The Big Knockover* hastens it. Crime on the scale Hammett described is less significant in America now that the gangsters belong to country clubs and sit on the boards of directors. But significance, literary or otherwise, is not this book's selling point; the cult of nostalgia is. Dashiell Hammett, after all, created the character Humphrey Bogart merely portrayed. One of his smaller accomplishments, I think, but it would be good to see Hammett in vogue no matter how ironic the reason.

Gumming Up the Syntax

RUNYONESE: The Mind and Craft of Damon Runyon. *By Jean Wagner. Stechert-Hafner. 173 pp. $4.50.*

D. W. MAURER

Mr. Maurer teaches linguistics at the University of Louisville. He is the author of Whiz-Mob *(College and University Press Services) and many other books and articles.*

Leslie Stephen quotes a literal-minded Irish Bishop as saying about *Gulliver's Travels* that "the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it."

Perhaps this paraphrases the view the critics took of Damon Runyon during his lifetime, for his work has been damned as full of "improbable lies" and fit only to entertain. He has had very little recognition as a serious writer.

Meanwhile his selected works have gone through twenty-two American editions, thirteen British editions, and translations into French, Dutch, Italian and Indonesian. He has been briefly mentioned in various anthologies and literary histories, and has been the subject of one or two recent biographies, all of which indicates that some people still read him twenty years after his death.

The first serious treatment by a competent literary critic comes from Jean Wagner, a Frenchman, a professor at Grenoble University and a very astute observer of the American scene. He has written a wise and witty little volume which ranks Runyon with Twain and leaves one wondering why American critics have so universally discarded him. In fact Twain's stated credo: ". . . the deriding of shams, the exposure of pretentious falsities, the laughing of stupid superstitions out of existence . . ." might have suited Runyon very well. Just as it took French enthusiasm to establish Poe as a master of the short story, so it may take a Wagner to get Runyon his due.

Wagner makes the point that American critics rejected Runyon because they had formed stereotyped impressions of the world of crime and rascality from the highly synthetic whodunit school of crime and detective-story writers. I am inclined to believe that he is right. They brushed his characters aside as improbable because they did not fit the stereotype. They refused to accept the world he depicted because they did not believe it existed. They blasted his style because it was ungrammatical and what's more, they knew that no one manhandled the English language the way his characters did. (In one of Runyon's satirical reviews of his own work, he comments: "I do not commend this book for its literary qualities. It contains enough gummed up syntax to patch hell a mile.") They dismissed his plots as fantasies which could happen only in a cheap world of make-believe. Because he frankly wrote for money, they branded him a charlatan.

With an almost surgical touch, Wagner analyzes Runyon's methods and shows him to be not only a skilled short-story writer but a satirist of the first rank. What he was satirizing was the world of respectability. And he used the underworld, with values diametrically opposed to most of those held by the dominant culture, to do it. In those days our culture was thinner skinned, the academicians were still entrenched in criticism and the Establishment a little more sacred. Today, when we are perhaps more enlightened sociologically, we are better prepared to appreciate Runyon's bitter and often cynical social criticism than we were while he was writing it. Under Wagner's analysis, Runyon emerges as the chief — and perhaps the only — competent American practitioner of an art form long respectable in Europe, the art of the picaresque.

That Runyon knew the fringes of the underworld well, Wagner shows with commendable documentation. But it is in his treatment of Runyon's use of language that he is at his best. Wagner is one of the few to challenge the findings of Funk and Wagnalls, publishers of the *Standard Dictionary*, that Runyon was one of the ten most fecund creators of slang then writing. This myth, incidentally, took in so sharp an observer of the American language as H. L. Mencken, who quoted it up to and including his Supplement II of 1948; it has since been corrected. Wagner shows that Runyon did not, as many believed, *create* his slang; he borrowed it. He borrowed it from the people who did create it and used it as their native dialect. With skill and a great deal of humor, Wagner runs down item after item to the original source in subcultures on the borderline of criminality, and even to those groups who are specialized professionals. He indicates that Runyon adapted their language to his own use and came up with a unique literary style. He stops short of saying that Runyon wrote directly in the idiom of his characters, that he took over, lock, stock and barrel, their language, which became his special style.

I can fully agree with his position. In the course of more than thirty years of study of the obscure argots of many criminal subcultures, I have collected thousands of samples, by stenographic transcription and on sound tape, of the speech of those who live by their wits outside the law. I think it safe to say that much of the typical idiom used by Runyon can be verified from these records, and many passages, both in writing and in speech, suggest the Runyon style. The people from the subcultures who use this language did not learn it from Runyon; he learned it from them, for their argot has a long history outside the traditions of print. Indeed, many of them do not read anything except the racing forms, and those with difficulty.

Wagner's little volume is written with verve, in a pungent and refreshing style. It has authenticity stamped all over it, which is remarkable for a book written by a foreigner and treating a social area still obscure to most Americans. Naturally, it does not attempt to place Runyon as a major American writer. But it does deftly and skillfully establish him as a competent minor writer, a satirist who, when he is in top form, ranks with the best. It is a distinguished contribution uniting the new science of socio-linguistics with sound literary criticism.

Two Views of Two Germanys

THE MUTED REVOLUTION: East Germany's Challenge to Russia and the West. *By Welles Hangen. Alfred A. Knopf. 231 pp. $5.95.*

TWO GERMANIES: Mirror of an Age. *By Peter Lust. Harvest House (Montreal). 239 pp. $5.50. Paper $2.50.*

HEINZ POL

Mr. Pol is the U.S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *one of West Germany's leading liberal dailies.*

> Fanatic anti-communists are almost as small a minority as fanatic pro-communists in the weary land between the Elbe and the Oder. Intelligent West Germans know this, but they have not yet been able to stop Bonn from picturing East Germany as a big concentration camp peopled by pitiable helots who dream only of being reunited with their prosperous federal cousins. The West German government not only deludes itself about present realities in the East; it also hinders their evolving to the West's advantage.
>
> The men who conceived the present East German agricultural system were brilliant, and they succeeded. Fortunately for the West it has been limited to East Germany. If China or the USSR had originally instituted the LPG [German abbreviation for "agricultural cooperative"] system of the Ulbricht government, the large Canadian wheat sales to these nations might never have been necessary.

These quotations are taken from two most interesting recent surveys of the Germanys of today, and in particular of East Germany, called the German Democratic Republic (Deutsche Demokratische Republik). The first quote is from the book by Welles Hangen, an N.B.C. foreign correspondent who has traveled extensively between the Rhine and the Oder. The second is from the book by Peter Lust, a German-born Canadian journalist who works for the German-language newspaper *Montrealer Nachrichten*. Invited by an East German group to visit the DDR, Lust accepted only after he was invited by the West German Government as well. In both Germanys Lust was accompanied by guides but free to see whatever he wanted. Hangen, as an American correspondent, did not need a guide. In spite of the different backgrounds of these two observers—one a German-Jewish refugee, the other born in New York City and barely 15 years old when the Third Reich collapsed—they come to surprisingly similar conclusions.

There are, of course, nuances. Lust is slightly to the left of Center. He and his Montreal paper have always kept in touch with the DDR, and not merely with the Federal Republic. Hangen is less emotionally involved; he remains objective although basically he leans to the West-

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ern point of view on the German question. And whereas Lust is obviously pleased to find that conditions in East Germany are by and large as good as he had hoped they would be, Hangen grudgingly, and sometimes to his own surprise, concedes that the DDR is on its way to becoming one of the leading industrial countries in Europe. Lust is a lively reporter who describes his day-by-day impressions and manages to get a most interesting interview with Walter Ulbricht, the almost absolute ruler of the DDR, an *apparatchik* who has been the leader of his nation longer than any other statesman of our time. Hangen, an equally conscientious reporter, but inclined to editorialize, has met other influential men in East Germany, but not Mr. Ulbricht, of whom he has only second-hand knowledge.

This does not diminish the value of Hangen's observations and judgments: they are if anything more impressive since they come from someone who had no sympathy whatever for the Communist regime but came to respect it and even discovered that it has a future to be reckoned with. Indeed, in reading the two books we become almost painfully aware of how little we know about what is really going on in that part of Germany, and how greatly we are deluded if not brainwashed by the propaganda emanating from Bonn and Washington. This state of affairs is all the more regrettable as the officials in both capitals are fully aware of what is happening in the DDR but, for political reasons—that no longer make sense and may even cause harm—fail to give the public an accurate picture.

What Hangen has to report on this vital subject is of the utmost importance. He states that Washington, almost twenty years after the founding of the DDR, still has not developed a policy toward this state, mainly because Bonn insists that the Federal Republic alone can speak for all Germans. The official contact, therefore, remains almost nonexistent. On the other hand, as Hangen states: "Despite protests from Bonn, it [Washington] has licensed the export of synthetic-fiber manufacturing equipment and radio isotopes to the DDR and lifted the ban on American participation at the annual Leipzig trade fairs." And Hangen strongly suggests that Washington should reflect on the advisability of "denying itself regular access to the Soviet Union's most important ally."

The most valuable contributions of both authors to our inadequate knowledge of conditions in East Germany touch upon the degree to which industry and agriculture have developed into economic entities almost completely directed by private managers, and not controlled by the Communist Party. Moreover, these managers are accepting to an ever-increasing extent capitalistic techniques or, at the very least, methods of widening and improving their production that are used by no other Communist country in the world. To put it briefly: East German industry and agriculture are being run strictly by the profit motive. In order to make a profit, the products have to be fairly good. This is a new way of thinking, at least in terms of the orthodox economic ideas which have so long dominated, and are still the rule, in most Socialist countries.

Both journalists of course deal with the question of Germany's reunification. Though this is without doubt an extremely important issue, it has been inflated out of all proportion by propaganda from both sides, but particularly from Bonn's.

Lust takes the view that for the foreseeable future there simply does not seem to be any genuine prospect of ending the schism: "Different doctrines had remoulded the character of each side. Two political organisms had indeed become two nations."

Hangen says that a kind of confederation of the two countries may not be impossible, provided the East German Communists are really willing and Bonn gives up its rigid policy of "fraternal enmity." Meanwhile, Washington could speed up the process, at least by developing trade with East Germany, which in turn would free that country from its almost total economic (and hence political) dependence on Moscow.

But Hangen is not sure, any more than anyone else, whether confederation would be a lasting solution: "No one can foretell how the Germans will finally heal their twentieth-century diaspora." It seems clear that the Germans alone will never solve it, if only because the German question has developed into a world problem. But the day when the world powers can make this happen seems far away.

Meanwhile, the world would do well to note what is going on in both Germanys. Judging by these two books, and by several other reports, conditions in East Germany are not as bad as we are led to believe, and the political situation in booming West Germany is not as good as we have been told. In both states, things are moving—faster than we expected.

Economically, the DDR is still far behind the German Federal Republic. On the other hand, West Germany has entered into a climate of political instability. It is rather hard to say a kind word for a man as crafty and unscrupulous as Ulbricht, but he may well outlast Chancellor Erhard as he has already outlasted Adenauer. The political stability of any system—even the DDR, and in spite of its many cruel episodes—is nothing to be sneered at. And if Bonn should sink into a new and by no means un-German era of inner dissension and political pulverization, the eternal German problem may once more become a dangerous headache for the world.

Romantically Anti-Bourgeois

MANUAL OF PIETY (DIE HAUSPOSTILLE). *By Bertolt Brecht. Bilingual edition. Translations by Eric Bentley. Notes by Hugo Schmidt. Grove Press. 312 pp. $10.*

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Mr. Hamburger, poet, critic and translator of German poetry, has published many books here and in England, including Modern German Poetry *(Grove Press) and* Günter Grass: Selected Poems *(Harcourt, Brace). He is currently Purington Lecturer at Mt. Holyoke College.*

Brecht's first collection of poems, *Die Hauspostille,* belongs to his romantically anti-bourgeois, but pre-Communist, phase. First published in 1927, it includes work written at least a decade earlier, during the First World War. The poetic persona that dominates it—even in poems seemingly impersonal, like the ballads and songs—is closely akin to the Baal of Brecht's early play; and in fact the collection includes songs from *Baal* and *Mahagonny,* most of which are already well known to English and American readers. Brecht arranged the poems in sections or "lessons" that parody those of popular devotional manuals, and quite a number of the poems are openly didactic. The new bilingual edition follows the precedent of the privately printed *Taschenpostille* of 1926, of which only twenty-five copies were issued, in imitating the physical appearance of such "manuals of piety," at least when the jacket with George Grosz's drawing is removed.

Parody is very prominent in the poems themselves, of works ranging from Villon to jazz lyrics, from 17th-century hymns to Goethe's *Wanderers Nachtlied,* from Rimbaud to Kipling. True, with Brecht it is not always easy to distinguish between parody and appropriation or plagiarism. His "Grosser Dankchoral" (Grand Hymn of Thanksgiving), for instance, does not merely guy the hymn "Lobe den Herren," but ingeniously adapts its solemn rhythm to a Brechtian morality which, though un-Christian, is serious enough:

> *Es kommt nicht auf euch an*
> *Und ihr könnt unbesorgt sterben*
>
> *You do not count for a thing*
> *And without qualms you can perish*

This conclusion sums up one of the basic themes or theses of the collection as a whole, the anti-individualism that was to lead Brecht to communism. Yet Eric Bentley is right to point out that this thesis has a dialectic antithesis in the early work, a glorification of the individual's self-assertion in the teeth of his insignificance. Hence the swashbuckling tone of so many of the ballads and the attraction for Brecht at this time of a Western-style America, all hard living, gambling and "whisky-bars."

Bentley believes that *Manual of Piety* is "one of the most remarkable books of first poems in modern literature" and "Bertolt Brecht's best book of poems." I would agree with him that it is "impressive for the quality of individual items, for its singleness of vision and, within this unity, for range and variety of subject and statement." It includes a high proportion of poems that have become famous outside their context in the *Manual*—poems like "Memory of Marie A.," "On the Drowned Girl," "Legend of the Dead Soldier" and "On the Poor B.B.," not to mention those incorporated in the *Mahagonny* cantata or opera. Despite the element of parody and plagiarism, what is most striking about the book as a whole is the variety of Brecht's rhythmic invention and his capacity to make the most diverse media his own. In this regard there is no disparity between the early and the later Brecht. What is missing in his wide range here is the chastened, "Chinese" manner of so many later poems.

"I put together word mixtures like strong drinks," Brecht said of this early period, and a good deal of crude alcohol, methylated spirits and the like were thrown into these concoctions. The cult of brutality—again it is Brecht himself who draws attention to it, describing his poems as *"vertiert,"* "bestialized"—becomes just a little monotonous, perhaps because there was something self-conscious and deliberate about it. At best it corresponds to something real and important in Brecht's vision—to an acceptance of what is coarsely physical in human nature, to a sympathy—somewhat like Georg Büchner's long before Brecht—that embraces this side of human nature and builds a new morality on a sturdy, unidealistic compassion. "Every vice, says Baal, is good for something," and Brecht says so too in all these poems, if not as explicitly as in the "Chorale of the Man Baal." The brutality, therefore, has its antithesis also, in a kind of tenderness which other poets of the time reserved for characters thoroughly washed and exquisitely perfumed.

The diction of most of these early poems is more difficult to render in another language than that of the later poems, with their more proselike, though never prosaic, clarity and discipline. In the early poems there is much fruitful play with assonance and alliteration, and the sound of one word tends to suggest the choice of the next. Furthermore, most of these poems are rhymed. Their rhythms, though irregular and flexible, are strong, and a good many of Bentley's versions suffer not only because rhymes are sacrificed but because the rhythm flags, as in the last line of "Exemplary Conversion of a Brandy Peddler":

> *If you want the filthy lucre*
> *That's in my cash register*

as compared to the German,

> *Gébe ích in Zúkunft díeses*
> *Ségenlóse Schmútzgeld hín*

with its continuous and dynamic accentuation. The tone of Brecht's poems, on the other hand, is accurately and scrupulously observed; and a good many poems, such as "Orge's Answer" and "Ballad of Hannah Cash," come across extremely well, even where rhymes have been dropped. Hugo Schmidt's highly informative notes are a valuable complement to the translations.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

They are excellent actresses—Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins, Lally Bowers—who play Frank Marcus' comedy *The Killing of Sister George* at the Belasco Theatre.

Beryl Reid in particular is a wonder. "Sister George" is her first role in what is loosely called a "legitimate" play. I saw her first in a mediocre English musical revue in which her comic verve and versatility inspired me to a panegyric in the London *Observer*. What impressed me then, besides her relish and precise sense of characterization, was the tact with which Miss Reid managed to make every trait she drew hilariously vivid without vulgarity and without flagrant caricature. She is both a "born" actress and a highly skilled one. I can think of no one like her at present on our stage.

In *Sister George* Miss Reid's part is an especially difficult one. She is required to be rough, raucous, vicious and funny. With all this she brings a remarkable delicacy to the role, making it at times not only charming but touching. Watch her, for example, as she comments on her girl friend's bare legs.

Eileen Atkins too is very good, bringing a sickly and depraved attractiveness to the (well-written) role of an abjectly dependent, parasitic woman of over 30 who fears any responsibility (including motherhood) and who is indeterminate in sexual inclination because her need for protection is greater than her desire for gratification. (What corruption in her eyes!) Miss Atkins fascinates in a part that might easily have proved to be disgusting.

Lally Bowers plays the part of a television executive as the sort of English lady who combines correct tailoring, maddeningly calculated speech, frigid politeness and iron canniness—all of which is not incompatible with low-grade intelligence. The three English actresses are ably abetted by the American Polly Rowles, whose Russian accent is disarming because it is so unconvincing.

I begin with the acting because the play's merits are peculiar. It presumes to mock the television business as conducted by the British Broadcasting Company. The joke is that a middle-aged lady who for years has been the central character of a radio serial, the kindly, ever helpful, immaculately and cozily Christian "Sister George" in *Applehurst*, emblematic of a tiny English town, is in private a cigar-smoking, gin-guzzling, tough-tongued,

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sadistic Lesbian. Also a covert Lesbian is her steely, suave and ever so proper producer who finally abducts "Sister George's" girl friend. For poor "George" has been "killed"—removed from the program—and is now reduced to an engagement in a probably far less remunerative and certainly less glamorous role as a cow.

As a lampoon of the television industry in Britain (or elsewhere) the plot is a *non sequitur*. It is not relevant criticism of the entertainment world to say that among those who become the public symbols of virtue there may be some who are privately scapegraces. This is the kind of attack out of context which seeks to downgrade art by proclaiming that a number of its masters were (or are) homosexual.

Why then was *Sister George* elected "Best Play of the Year" by London's theatre critics? There is some clever and literate writing (the passage describing "Sister George" scaring the nuns in a taxi), it is stagecrafty, and adopts an ironic tone toward British hypocrisy. In addition, it demonstrates an aptitude for bitchy thrusts beloved in Mayfair coteries.

This has become a favorite vein in London's West End, a reduction to the smartly trivial of the more acrid and occasionally probing jibes initiated in the mid-fifties at the Royal Court Theatre by Osborne and others. It is one facet of London's "sexual revolution."

The first of our own corresponding "revolutions" occurred in the twenties when permissiveness and promiscuity purported to be a protest against a previous "puritanism." This had its English counterpart in the early Noel Coward-Aldous Huxley era, a loosening of morals inevitable after a war, especially since the conflict's aftermath was the beginning of the Empire's deliquescence. Our second sexual seizure began in the fifties as a blatant reaction against conformity. The result with us is to make sex unimportant, conformist and possibly "square." In England, however—specifically in London's more articulate circles—the rebellion is a defiance of the Establishment (which, since the reign of Edward the Seventh, has always masked its licentiousness in cool decorum), a weapon more ostentatious than effective.

OUIJA MESSAGE FROM JFK

When I died in Texas
it was not my desire
that the whole country
follow my example

CHARLES MARTELL

The cry for "freedom," D. H. Lawrence once pointed out, is often a mere rattling of chains. The sexual bravado in England today appears to produce little pleasure. There is more leering than lustiness. Such comedies as *The Killing of Sister George* or the more affable but inferior and now defunct *How To Stamp Out Marriage* (a great hit in London) are further from joyous abandon than Harold Wilson's government is from socialism. Though tolerably benign — enjoyable too when acted by such as Beryl Reid and company — the "sexual revolution" is frequently a grim affair which, when prolonged after its simple point has been made, becomes distasteful.

Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* is "satire keen and critical" in the guise of a Gargantuan farce. Its targets are two of mankind's ruling vices: greed and lechery. One gathers the impression in seeing and more emphatically in reading the play that, while Jonson reviled the lust for gold, he roared with ambiguous appreciation at the other. His construction is tight, his diction obstreperous with lewdness and learning. He was a scholar with a leaning toward the streets, the cribs, the gamblers, the bawds, the duelists, the braggarts, the thieves, the pimps, the military swaggerers and finally the librarians of Jacobean London. While London today "swings" in cocky response to Britain's imperial and economic attrition, Jonson's London swells in the savage and overripe abundance resulting from the prosperity gained under Elizabeth.

If it were not for the flush of Jonson's frantic energy, his catchall vocabulary which mingles gems of erudition with *merdes* of the market place, he might strike us as being as cold as he is sometimes obscure. For all his zest and fondness for stage riot he is as much driven by scorn as Shakespeare, for all his melancholy, was impelled by love. Jonson had a soft spot for the greater bard's basic gentleness, but the world they both inhabited chiefly roused him to anger expressed for the most part through splenetic laughter. Jonson has no faith, little hope and much less charity. He would not be gulled.

I say all this because it is often charged that the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, which has opened its second season at the Vivian Beaumont with *The Alchemist*, has chosen its plays unwisely. It must be repeatedly affirmed that on the contrary most of their texts have been masterpieces which deserve display on our starveling stage. The pity is that these texts have been traduced through their production. The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, if it does not soon mend its ways, will succeed in making the classics look bad.

I shall not speak of the acting company for I doubt whether in this instance it is largely to blame. For there is a fundamental flaw in the direction of *The Alchemist* which bespeaks an appalling amateurishness. The actors appear to have been instructed to improvise comedy tricks. The louder they speak the uglier the sound and the more unintelligible they become. Fun in the theatre is created not by aiming directly at its result but by the surprising, illuminating, humorous or witty completion of an authentic human action expressing the will of recognizably real persons. Comedy is an extension of truth and reality to a realm heightened through a special insight provoking in us a happily renewed recognition.

The clowning in this production—extremely pronounced in Michael O'Sullivan—simply obliterates all sense, which is in effect a denial of comedy. We get no relation to time, place, original meaning or adult intention, only burlesque high jinks as misguided college brats might perform them. What Jonson's characters *want*—specific desire is the seed of all action—is wealth or women (in Sir Epicure Mammon's case the "women" might also be boys); the actors at the Vivian Beaumont want nothing more than to be madly comic, which is as disastrous for comedy as the headlong efforts to achieve beauty or majesty is damaging to tragedy.

Please, please, Messrs. Blau and Irving, mount a production which I can compliment for something more than its worthy purpose. I'm getting even more sick and tired of recording my complaints than you must be of reading them.

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MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

After all the ephemeral furors of last summer's multi-event Stravinsky Festival (see *The Nation,* Aug. 22) in New York, it was instructive to attend a single concert, given under university auspices at Princeton, that offered the essential qualities of focus and significance which were conspicuously absent from the big festival: in particular, the projection of the qualities of Stravinsky's most recent music, and performances of works rarely or not yet heard. One would certainly have expected the Philharmonic to play the 1965 orchestral Variations, for example, and, even more obviously, to have commissioned a new Stravinsky work for performance at "his" festival.

But now, thanks to the evidently superior resources of the university (assisted, to be sure, by a generous alumnus), we have at last heard the Variations, played by a superior orchestra of New York free lancers conducted by Robert Craft. And the new vocal-choral-orchestral *Requiem Canticles,* commissioned for the occasion, was given its first performance under Craft's direction as well. Stravinsky's presence as conductor guaranteed the "festive" nature of the occasion; and his conducting was unusually extensive and strenuous, including the athletically demanding *Symphonies of Wind Instruments,* the three rarely heard *a cappella* Russian church choruses, and the 1948 Mass.

It was, however, Stravinsky the still profoundly exploratory composer who, as always on such occasions, dominated the evening. *Requiem Canticles* appeared as "surprising" as one has come to expect each new Stravinsky work to be; in this case, one was astonished to encounter a time scale of deliberate, regular unfolding that seemed at first totally diametrical to the direction of Stravinsky's development, especially over the last twenty years, and recalling perhaps only a few "ritual" pieces of the thirties and forties in his entire output (parts of *Oedipus,* the solo viola *Elégie,* the *Credo* of the Mass). But the events thus unfolded are, in pitch relation, inflection and macroformal design, unmistakably the twelve-tone Stravinsky of the fifties and sixties. And the ultimate result of this apparently incongruous juxtaposition is the emergence of an extraordinary slow-motion quality that projects those considerations of external "appropriateness"—in this case to the "dramatic" idea of a *Requiem*—whose conversion into an internal idea of structure is a perennial Stravinskian conceit. This is, indeed, the only instance I know in all Stravinsky where his fantastic time sense is employed to slacken, rather than intensify, the temporal framework for event succession. And the penetration of this idea to every aspect of the *Requiem* is also evident in an instrumentation of almost exaggerated plainness that represents an equivalent inversion of Stravinsky's usual razor-sharp particularity of a projected timbral image. The constructive subtlety that emerges in the development of this "plainness" from its maximally viscous, homogeneous opening with muted strings layering evenly repeated pitches against the evenly unfolded linear successions in two unmuted solo violins, through a series of vocal movements that carry it to extremes of transformation on the one hand, to the central and final instrumental movements that successively "descend" into increasing stasis of durations and sound on the other, is an awesome demonstration of the abundance of idea and technique still available to Stravinsky at 85.

Perhaps even more striking evidence of this vitality is the complete disparity in approach and appearance of the *Requiem* and the orchestral Variations, although they were composed in immediate proximity. Of all Stravinsky works, the Variations is in fact the most drastically time compressed; it manages, in an extremely concentrated time span, to articulate a structure of large-scale developmental scope and variety by ranging with breathtaking rapidity among extremes of differentiation in timbre and texture, from unisons to sustained twelve-part polyphonies, from rapid alternation of contrasting timbres to passages for solo piano and, once, for twelve solo violins interweaving in a single narrow registral band. The result is certainly one of the most immediately dazzling experiences in Stravinsky's music, approached in intensity and interest perhaps only by *Movements.*

As for the Philharmonic itself, this current season has opened with a promise unprecedented in recent years. First, the appointment of David Nadien as concertmaster suggests a concern for the orchestra's executive improvement that had not previously been evident. And the programs of this year's "Symphonic Forms of the Twentieth Century" series include a few American works of much more interest than anything offered last year, notably Salvatore Martirano's *Contrasto,* the Copland Short Symphony (one of the most frequently canceled works in the literature), and music by Irving Fine, Harold Shapero and Lukas Foss, as well as the Bartók opera *Bluebeard's Castle* and a work from the Soviet compositional "underground," Denisov's *Crescendo and Diminuendo.* On the other hand, the continuing omission of key figures—most of all Roger Sessions—remains inexplicable.

But the really novel aspect of the season is Leonard Bernstein's programing of the first Schoenberg works he has (to my knowledge) ever conducted with the Philharmonic. The first two of these, played during October, seemed to have been chosen with particular alertness to the delicacy of the encounter: the Second Chamber Symphony is, of all mature Schoenberg works, a minimal extension of the kind of sonority and continuity characteristic of late Mahler, an obviously comfortable domain for Mr. Bernstein; while the *Survivor from Warsaw* must have seemed safe by virtue of its highly charged theatrical surface and its irresistibly pathetic subject.

In more significant respects, however, these choices themselves reflect a rather ominous naïveté. For the Chamber Symphony, virtually as a consequence of its nostalgically compulsive mellifluence, is not really one of Schoenberg's most interesting works. Still, its performance may have provided some valuable insights, through a medium relatively accessible to conductor and audience, into Schoenberg's thought and auditory imagination, which

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might facilitate future performances and auditions of more advanced works. And although Bernstein's performance revealed the consequences of his and the orchestra's inexperience in this literature by proceeding far too much from sound to sound, without much sense of linear connectivity and large-scale contour, it remained, for the most part, within reasonable bounds of sobriety and restraint—although one suspects that some of that quality was imposed by the orchestra's manifest unfamiliarity with the score.

The *Survivor*, on the other hand, was a far more deceptive problem, for it conceals, beneath its surface of melodramatic Mickey-mousing of the spoken text (read here by Vera Zorina) and slightly hysterical effect, one of those remarkably developed music-dramatic scenarios that invoked Schoenberg's maximal orchestral and compositional virtuosity. His capacity to "time" dramatic events in sequence by purely music-constructive means, such as associations of layers of density, dynamics and registral dispersion, is masterly in such situations. And the culmination in the superimposition of the unison chorus on a full, polyphonically articulating instrumental texture, after the sharply pin-pointed, isolated events preceding, is in its simultaneous climaxing of both the musical and the dramatic situations, a great *coup de structure*. Predictably, this kind of multi-dimensional conceptual and technical complexity was beyond any capacities the Philharmonic could summon, and all the vividly articulated timbral and rhythmic contours dissolved in a muffled confusion of indeterminate attacks. And Mr. Bernstein's valiant attempt to subsume all the muffed details within the sweep of an overall momentum simply added to the confusion in music where the momentum exists only as a consequence of the precise articulation of significant details. Perhaps, in the end, this unhappy experience will have helpful results for the performances of the even more problematic Violin Concerto later this season. That would justify a more substantive optimism regarding the future quality of the Philharmonic's contribution to musical activity.

'THE RUSSIANS FAKED IT'

(*Continued from page 447)*

program. Somehow this does not seem to be the sort of answer Mallan is looking for.

Although Mallan's articles have attracted more attention than they should have, they have little appeal for intelligent right wingers. The May 3rd issue of *National Review* featured an article entitled "Spacewise: What the Russians Really Did — What They Faked." The writer is John W. Campbell, editor of Analog (formerly Astounding) Science Fiction, and probably the only friend the baby-deforming drug thalidomide has in the world. His reasoning runs something like this. Thalidomide was banned by the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA is comprised of big-government bureaucrats. Big-government bureaucrats are evil fools. Anything that is disliked by big-government bureaucrats can't be all bad. Campbell was also a major supporter of two popular pseudo-science fads of the 1950s, dianetics and psionics. Today he favors water dowsing and is an absolute bug on the subject of extrasensory perception. Yet even with this staggering record of credulity he cannot swallow Lloyd Mallan and savagely attacks what he labels the "say-it-isn't-so syndrome." Campbell, however, agrees that the Russians did fake their space-walk film, not because they faked the walk itself but because a 100 per cent honest film would not look very impressive to "the backwoods native." Campbell's article is followed by an agonized and evasive answer by Mallan, who seems to have been expecting friendlier treatment in the pages of *National Review*.

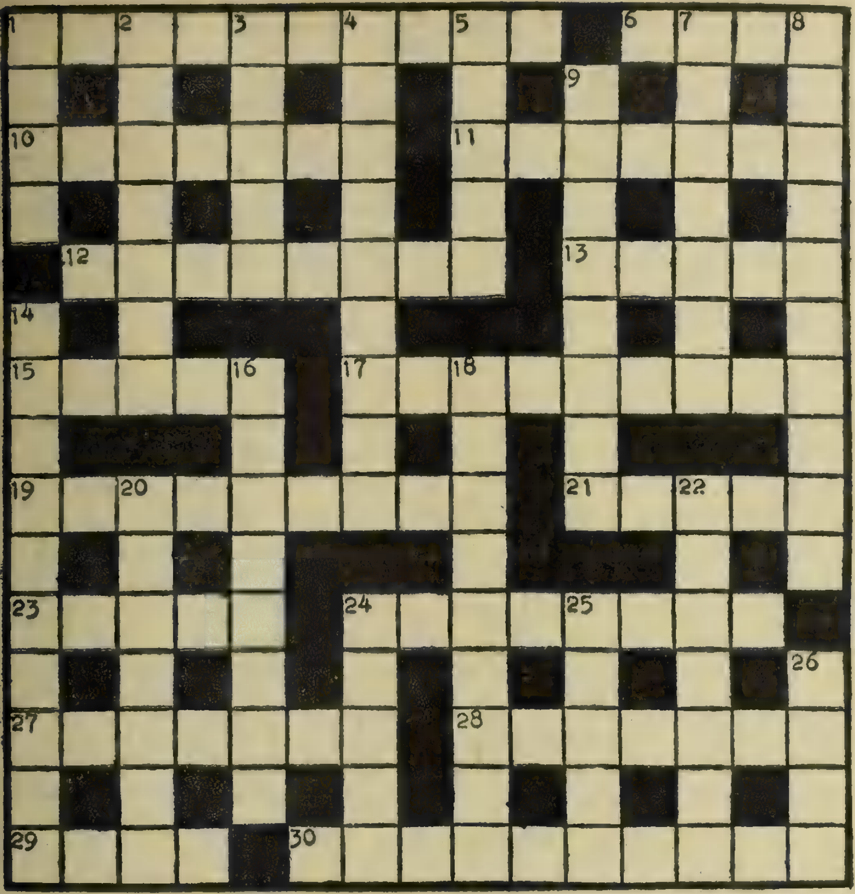
However, articles like those by Lloyd Mallan are considered serious by a depressingly large number of people. A good part of the blame for this state of affairs can be laid at the door of the Soviets and the way they release their space information. For a nation reputedly skilled in the subtle arts of propaganda they are often remarkably inept. Obviously, no one expects either Soviets or Americans to release all the technical details on their respective space programs. But the public relations office of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is the busiest in Washington. It floods journalists with more solid information than they can possibly digest. Network TV covers space shots with a thoroughness that borders on tedium. And although failures and problems are not trumpeted about, they are quietly admitted.

The Russians, by contrast, send their smiling cosmonauts on a lot of world tours but they don't release much hard information, at least not at a time when it is likely to be transmitted to the man on the street. They are improving a bit, but access to data is still poor. They announce no mission plans, even after a spacecraft has actually been launched, and no matter what happens, each vehicle — manned or unmanned — is said to be "successfully carrying out appointed tasks." When technical details are released at an international meeting, like those of the Committee on Space Research (COSPAR), it is months after the mission. Strictly speaking, these meetings are the proper place for responsible, unsensational scientific or technical pronouncements. On the other hand, by that time the popular press has become bored with the old space mission and is busily whipping up enthusiasm for the upcoming spectacular. Thus, the information never gets beyond a limited circle. On-the-spot television coverage or even news films of launchings are unthinkable. Charles de Gaulle, during his tour of Russia, became the first Westerner to witness a Soviet satellite launching.

Too often, the Soviets treat their space information in a manner that is genuinely odd. In April, 1965, they released the first photos of one of their manned spacecraft, the Vostok one-man craft, that had been used in the early days of manned flight but has not been employed for several years. The more advanced craft, capable of taking two or more cosmonauts into orbit, is called Voskhod. The photo shows a spherical vehicle sitting in the middle of a field of grass, and that is all. At one time the United States tested spherical spacecraft and found the shape unacceptable. Soviet use of this shape is a tantalizing enigma. There are other intriguing aspects of the photo but no explanations. The caption material supplied is worse than useless; it is confusing. The Soviets may have their own reasons for this obsessive and seemingly childish secrecy, but Lloyd Mallan would offer a reason too — it's all a big fake. If several million people in the U.S. believe him, the Soviets can, in large measure, blame only themselves.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1173

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 What some foreign ambassadors would like to have in March? (10, 4)
10 What protest groups might stage when there are no seats available, working for a star? (5-2)
11 Animal in a shaggy coat, in improvised style. (7)
12 The sun rises about here, if you're interested in getting something to eat. (8)
13 In the first place, they're beside the point! (5)
15 and 1 down This you might have to see with—or else! (9)
17 If the man's disturbed by it, it might go deep. (9)
19 Crude weapons? Pitch in for the birds!
21 and 23 Decides to discourage booby traps, possibly. (10)
24 Throw into disorder by mild imprecation. (8)
27 Well rid of it? (7)
28 Schopenhauer said this is like a pendulum and obeys the same law. (7)
29 It can't be expressed rationally. (4)
30 Self-restraint suggests the five or six we could name in school. (10)

DOWN:

1 See 15 across
2 and 25 One of the things responsible for the tears of Madrid. (7, 5)
3 Is this trial of labor long and tortuous?
4 It's self in Jeeves? (9)
5 Hat so crumpled as to be almost indecent! (5)
7 What might be played is aught in a circling automobile. (7)
8 Passing rains try to settle it. (10)
9 Having 5 flung at it? (8)
14 and 26 Is part of the scrub team so injury prone? (10, 4)
16 Likes pickles, for instance? (8)
18 Following a clue concerning what the first horse might be doing? (6, 3)
20 O, might it be so! (7)
22 Evidently the strain is up in part of the joint. (7)
24 It's a larger part of San Francisco than it is of Texas. (5)
25 See 2 down
26 See 14 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1172

ACROSS: 1 Big business; 9 Hero; 10 and 28 Below zero; 12 Pinhole; 13 Hot rods; 15 Ambrosia; 16 Tablet; 18 Make-up; 21 Blanched; 24 Paradox; 26 Coffers; 29 Throb; 31 Way Down East. DOWN: 2 Iron Horse; 3 Bobbles; 4 and 11 Silkworm; 5 Newport; 6 Sower; 7 and 30 Medium rare; [illegible] Bridle; 14 Lambs; 17 Backfires; 19 Amazed; 20 Plotted; 22 Amoebae; 23 Errors; 25 Aroma; 27 Crew.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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LETTERS

punishing the blameless

New York City

Dear Sirs: There is one aspect of the abortion question [editorial, "The Right to Abortion," *The Nation*, Oct. 17] which seems always to be left out, the most important in my view, namely the unwanted child. . . . To force motherhood on one unwilling is not "punitive motherhood"—it is immediate, unending punishment for the only one who is blameless. *Ann Jackson*

the New Left replies

Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Both your editorial and the article by Gladwin Hill ["Barbecues and Other Trivia," *The Nation*, Oct. 17] in discussing our recent "New Left" Conference on Power and Politics in Los Angeles, contain serious errors and distortions which should be corrected. From your magazine's failure to adequately cover the recent California primary races involving "peace" candidates to your rather cavalier coverage of the conference (which grew out of the primaries), you have evidenced an unseemly obtuseness as to the meaning, composition and direction of the "New Left." . . .

Contrary to your flat assertion, many more Negroes attended the conference than have ever attended CDC or similar meetings in California—and they did not walk out. As you did point out, perhaps the unique feature of the conference was the participation of the organized poor, who were impatient to condemn Brown and get on to other business. To have involved such groups indicates a viability for the New Politics that the proponents of politics-as-usual disregard at their peril.

The conference voted approximately 7 to 5 to substitute a statement to the effect that it opposed both Brown and Reagan for one which said that it could not support either candidate. Though there is a difference of degree between them, both resolutions opposed Governor Brown. That fact must be understood! No more than 10 per cent of those attending the conference evinced any desire to support Pat Brown! Thus, any split which you saw as an outgrowth of the conference was over tactics, not over the basic question of opposition to a Governor who almost all concede has failed and repudiated the Left and the liberals of California. . . .

Most important, your readers must understand that we were and are willing to support Brown, or any other political figure who engages in at least a minimally liberal performance—but Brown has recently been bad on farm labor, civil rights, police-community relations, economic justice, welfare and the war. *He* has made *his* choice; he will woo the Right, not the Left. You must pardon us for not wanting to be a member of that wedding.

Malcolm Burnstein, Northern Chairman,
Conference on Power and Politics

Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Gladwin Hill's article on the California gubernatorial election seems to me remarkably unperceptive. . . . Clever reporters like Mr. Hill may sneer at or ignore the elements of what is sometimes called the New Left, but Pat Brown should know that their alienation from him will probably cost him this election. The Left, both old and New, has finally gotten tired of being given only a choice between the near Right and the far Right and is asking for something better, even at the price of having Ronald Reagan as governor for the next four years. Because the Left has finally seen that be-

(Continued on page 484)

EDITORIALS

The Great Road Show

Lyndon B. Johnson made most of his money in television far out in the provinces, but if fate had placed him at a network headquarters he would have been one of the greatest creators of spectaculars in the industry. The political significance of his trip to Asia was synonymous with the showmanship of the affair. Lyndon B. Johnson presented Lyndon B. Johnson. And most of the audience loved it.

This requires some qualification. With the exception of the protesters against the Vietnamese War, the crowds which saw the President in person were obviously entranced. He was not aiming only at them, however. An equally important target—perhaps more important—was the folks back home. The TV coverage for them was no small effort: according to *Newsweek*, C.B.S. had a crew of forty-seven along the route, N.B.C. had forty, A.B.C., fifty. But whether the stateside audience was proportionately impressed is doubtful. The smarter ones knew what LBJ was up to, and the ones eager to admire are seeing an awful lot of their idol. They must be getting a bit tired of a face that has none of the charm that President Kennedy radiated, of speeches on Vietnam that are always the same. On this mammoth junket he declared that the North Vietnamese "aggressors" must be taught that might does not make right—this coming from the greatest military power that has ever been seen on land or sea, in the air or in space, fighting on the other side of the world against a country with a population of some 16 million!

The real victims of the Johnson expedition were the newsmen who went along and had to explain its political significance to the home folks. Aside from spectacle, it had none, but the reporters had to pretend that something was happening. The President himself had warned against any high hopes; few journalists were bold enough to say that the results fell below even the lowest expectations.

The Manila Conference was in large part an effort to give the impression that we are fighting alongside a dedicated group of allies, when actually the war would fall to pieces the next morning if the United States gave notice of withdrawal. The signatories of the meaningless communiqué which the conference brought forth are not so much allies as clients, swilling at the trough of the U.S. Treasury. The three big Asian or Eurasian countries not directly involved in the Vietnamese War—Japan, India and the Soviet Union—stood off at a safe distance, and, even as the Manila Conference went through its clumsy maneuvers, the leaders of India, Yugoslavia and the United Arab Republic called on the United States to stop the bombing of North Vietnam "without any preconditions." They also said that the National Liberation Front should be "one of the main parties" in any effort toward peace.

This makes sense, whereas the lucubrations at Manila merely added to an already surplus stock of verbiage. Our latest offer, to quit South Vietnam—presumably to retire to our bases in Thailand—six months after the fighting has subsided, is a mere reiteration of the policy which was set in motion when the bombing began. If the North Vietnamese will abandon the National Liberation Front, in six

FEB 19
APR 30

months (if we and the Saigon militarists are satisfied) we will depart. If the North Vietnamese bargain on this basis, it will be a startling departure from the position to which they have clung during all these years of fighting.

Peace will come to Southeast Asia one of these days. But when negotiations are started, the confabulation at Manila, and the President's triumphal tour, will have nothing to do with this consummation. It will be the result of secret diplomacy behind the arras of the Johnson spectacular.

Bavaria, U.S.A.

In the depressed thirties, with fascism preparing to overrun Europe, there was widespread apprehension that a like fate awaited America, and that our variant of the Fascist plague would be spawned in the South. It is still possible. Huey Long's often quoted *aperçu*—that fascism would come to America in the guise of Americanism—may yet prove prophetic, and that it would be a racist form of "Americanism" Long would have been the last to deny.

An explosion is clearly in the making. The Negroes of the urban ghettos are in revolt and, even if the war in Vietnam should end tomorrow, their wants will not be satisfied for years. Legal progress toward integration has about run its course as a tranquilizing influence among middle-class Negroes. And at this juncture the South is in process of staging a rebellion, a counterrevolution which bodes no good either for the Democratic Party or the nation. The showdown may not come until 1968, but in a period like the present the years pass all too quickly.

But is "counterrevolution" the right word? That the Negroes have staged a revolution is, when one reflects, a romantic and misleading notion. Dr. Leslie W. Dunbar contends that it has been a mistake from the beginning to call the civil rights movement a revolt, a rebellion, a revolution or anything that resembles an uprising, peaceful or violent, with intent to change the existing form of government. The Negro has been calling not for a change in the legal order but for changes in society to conform to the Constitution and the spirit of laws long since enacted. If an American citizen demanding the rights due him by virtue of his citizenship is a revolutionist, the term has been given a new and discordant meaning.

The real revolutionists, of course, are in the South. "Any political observer taking a swing through Dixie," writes Ted Lewis in the New York *Daily News*, "realizes . . . that a significant revolution is under way. . . ." As Mr. Lewis points out, Negro voters, new and old, are being denied a real option in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. The choice offered between Lester Maddox and Bo Callaway, between Lurleen Wallace and James D. Martin leaves the Negro, for the time being, on much the same spot he occupied before he was permitted to register. In the South, and in the North as well, the pace of segregation has been slowed to a walk, if not reversed. The difference is that in the North the segregationists are still on the defensive and in the main reluctant to show an openly racist spirit, while in the South regression is openly aggressive and bent on rolling back such slight gains as the Negro has made. The center of this furor is U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II. Under the law, aside from his personal

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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THE NATION
Volume 203
No. 15

convictions, Howe is obligated to move ahead with desegregation along a clearly specified line. As he puts its, "We are not under obligation to see that there is no discrimination but to see to it that no federal funds flow if there is." This leverage the Southern segregationists are bent on disabling. Already they have managed to get a measure through the House to require a hearing in advance of any official attempt to delay payment to any school district suspected of discrimination. Such a measure would tie Howe's hands almost completely.

The Southern rebellion is being pressed on a broader front than this. In Georgia, Lester G. Maddox and his cabal are engaged in taking over the Democratic Party lock, stock and barrel. The Wallaces and all the other Dixiecrats now whooping to the Confederate colors purpose to defy the Constitution, to thwart the federal government, and to halt the forward march of American democracy. Wallace is no political nitwit, nor should Maddox be underestimated—so rapid a rise from selling fried chicken to a probable ascension to the governor's mansion cannot be taken lightly. Wallace is not likely to be President, but in 1968 he could tie up a formidable block of Southern electoral votes. About all this there is a smell of something highly indigenous, yet European too—upstarts and demagogues seizing power and doing it as Hitler did, under cover of legality and with an appeal to the worst instincts of the worst section of the electorate. Whether the parallelism with the thirties will develop further is something to be watched. If it does, terms like fascism or crypto-fascism, which have fallen into desuetude, may have to be brought into the political vocabulary once more.

Symbol of the Backlash

Like Proteus, the white backlash has many shapes. One is the measure on the New York City ballot giving the voters the opportunity to abolish the Civilian Review Board which Mayor Lindsay imposed on the police department. As with many such measures, the way in which the question is put is confusing. The question reduces to this: shall the civilian board be abolished? If you favor retention of the board, you must vote *no*.

It is a real question whether civilian review can get to the basic issues that trouble relations between the police and the citizens. Prof. Walter Gellhorn, in the summer issue of *The Columbia University Forum*, points out that at one time the New York police were in the habit of beating up labor organizers and other not quite respectable persons, but when times changed and politicians changed with the times, orders came down from on high and the police changed their ways—at least to the extent of finding other groups to beat up. Presumably they could be induced to change their attitudes on racial matters as well, if they were impressed by firmness in the top command.

But this evades the political question. Right-wing groups have moved into the field and have made the police their particular pets. In the crude shorthand of politics, "Support your local police" has come to mean "Rally in support of the right wing." It is another of numerous code phrases which now bemuse politics: it means backlash. And it puts normal law-abiding citizens in the position of being *against* the police—a piece of political slander by innuendo characteristic of right-wing strategists.

The deplorable consequence is that if the police review board is repealed, the outcome will be construed as a rebuke to civil rights groups and a setback for the whole civil rights movement. Actually, the review board as it exists is already heavily weighted in favor of the police. Civil rights groups could properly object to it. But even a symbolic victory for the backlash in cosmopolitan New York City would contribute to the growing sentiment nationally, the more so if Ronald Reagan should win the gubernatorial election in California. For the results would be interpreted as meaning that the backlash had prevailed in the country's two largest states.

Testimony by Contract

Since its inception as a standing committee, the House Committee on Un-American Activities has in effect been free of supervision by the House. Its budget is largely unquestioned: the House dutifully votes the generous appropriation it demands, since few members dare to brave the wrath of those who, after twenty years of Red-hunting, still fear the overthrow of the government by the Communist Party.

The House's other obligation toward the committee is to cite recalcitrant witnesses for contempt. This used to be done routinely, but of late there have been signs of reluctance. An uproar developed when citations were requested in the case of three Chicagoans who had defied HUAC. Debate began at 4 P.M. on October 18 and two witnesses were cited, but a third case had not been disposed of when the House adjourned at 9 P.M.

The following day this witness was duly cited, but his case had become something of a *cause célèbre* and the debate brought out some information which, one may surmise, the committee would have preferred to keep private. The witness is Dr. Jeremiah B. Stamler, head of the Chicago Board of Health's heart disease control program and winner of the Albert Lasker award for medical journalism. In citing Dr. Stamler, 219 to 69, the House disregarded a petition on his behalf, to which were appended signatures which filled 20 pages of the *Congressional Record*. Among them were 400 law professors, 1,000 political scientists, 700 physicians and biomedical workers, 250 history professors and 400 religious workers. One of the physicians was Dr. Paul Dudley White, the Boston cardiologist who treated President Eisenhower. If it had not been so eager to adjourn, the House might have taken this massing of intellectuals more seriously.

The dirt on HUAC was brought out by one of the most respected long-term members of the House, Rep. Wayne L. Hays of Ohio. Last August the committee held hearings on the far left Progressive Labor Party's opposition to the Vietnamese War, with Rep. Joseph Pool in the chair. The star witness was Phillip Abbott Luce, who had briefly joined the 5,000-member organization and lengthily exposed its inner workings. Mr. Hays complained about committee fees received by witnesses, including $1,000 paid to Mr. Luce six days after he testified. The staff director, Francis J. McNamara, denied that Mr. Luce was paid for his testimony; the money, he said, went to the witness for a study of "ultra-revolutionary groups." Two witnesses against Dr. Stamler were also financial beneficiaries of the committee, and Mr. Hays recalled that Elizabeth Bentley, one of the committee's greatest assets in the forties, had received $100 a day for her expertise.

It appears that it has been common practice for HUAC to put friendly witnesses under contract as consultants, after they have proved their value in testimony. One can imagine the shrieks of protest which would ring in the House if such a procedure were followed in, say, an inquiry into the trucking industry, or into price fixing in the fuel oil industry, or anything else pertaining to business. It would seem that the least the House can do is to insist that HUAC make public all such payments in the past, and when future friendly witnesses appear, to divulge what their fees as consultants are to be. It is a safe prediction that the House will do nothing of the kind.

The Coy Chancellor

Should a college English instructor assign Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress" as the topic for a theme? We don't know. It would depend on the maturity of the students, the way in which the poem was presented and the instructor's reasons for thinking the exercise useful. In other words, it is a matter of professional academic judgment.

But an instructor at the University of North Carolina did assign the poem to his class and all hell broke loose in Chapel Hill when a commentator on a right-wing radio station in nearby Raleigh bleated over the air that the pure minds of the students were being smirched by the lecherous impetuosity of the 17th-century English poet. The instructor has been relieved of his teaching duties and the students are beginning to wonder in their campus paper whether their education is being shaped by Station WRAL-TV, an institution in which they did not enroll.

The University of North Carolina became a great center of learning during the many years when Frank Graham was its president. More recently, Dr. Graham has become one of the country's most revered and effective public servants: National War Labor Board, the President's Commission on Civil Rights, the United States Senate, the United Nations. But last week Dr. Graham was back on the Chapel Hill campus to assist at the installation of the unversity's new chancellor, J. Carlyle Sitterson. It was Chancellor Sitterson who met the attack of the yahoo broadcaster by saying of the instructor that "it did not appear that he had effective communication with his class."

Back in 1932, when the students invited Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, to speak, Dr. Graham had the visitor stay at his house. Had he been in his old office when Marvell's plaintive lines burst on Chapel Hill, he would at least have invited the instructor home for tea. What he might have said to him, only he can know; but everyone knows what he would have said to WRAL-TV. That was one reason why Chapel Hill became great; the question now is how long it will remain so.

The Cook Campaign

Robert Cook's independent candidacy (see article below) is a model of how to run a peace candidate in a Congressional election. For one thing, it was clear from the outset that Mr. Cook's candidacy could hardly provide an upset victory for the Republican nominee and that if it did it wouldn't matter much. Also, the fact that Mr. Cook decided to run as an independent meant that his candidacy could not be cut short at the primary. As an independent candidate, he has had the full campaign time in which to carry his ideas to the voters of the district. Finally, his campaign was projected on the assumption that the major objective was to build a new base of political power in the district (the 3rd Connecticut C.D.). In other words, his candidacy was not a "one-shot" affair but a carefully planned attempt to found in the district a permanent organization which would continue to function after November 8. On the evidence, Mr. Cook's candidacy has accomplished the objective he and his supporters had in mind. Regardless of the size of his vote—which will measure the immediate impact—his candidacy is certain to have continuing consequences. Looking toward the future, the Cook campaign is a good demonstration of how to set the "new politics" in motion at the Congressional District level.

How To Run A Peace Candidate

ROBERT K. BYRON

Mr. Byron is a senior at Yale University whose area of special interest is the growth of the British Labour Party between the World Wars. He has reported on the Cook campaign for the Yale Daily News.

A few anti-war candidates ran close races in this year's Democratic primaries, but many more went down to lopsided defeat. There were strong showings in three California and three New York Congressional districts; elsewhere the "peace campaigns" offered no threat. The hopes of Johnson's critics on the left now lie almost entirely with a few independent candidates who are presenting vigorous anti-war platforms.

Perhaps the most promising of the independents is Robert Cook, a Yale sociologist whose ambitious campaign in Connecticut's 3rd District (New Haven and vicinity), has cast doubt on a previously certain Democratic victory. Cook has taken on four-term Democratic incumbent Robert Giaimo and Republican nominee Stelio Salmona. Journalists and experienced political observers see Cook as a greater threat than Salmona to the popular Giaimo.

Connecticut's 3rd District could hardly have seemed promising for a "peace candidate" when the Cook for Congress campaign was born last March. Comprising New Haven and twelve surrounding cities and towns, it almost invariably votes heavily Democratic. Thus, New Haven's powerful Democratic machine has kept Giaimo in office with barely a scare since 1958. Democratic Mayor Richard Lee has been re-elected five times since taking office in 1955. All thirty-three of the city's aldermen are Democrats, and what little strength the Republicans once had in the district was swept away in the Goldwater debacle of 1964.

And this solid Democratic district depends heavily on the defense industry to support its economy. Within its boundaries are the huge Pratt & Whitney jet-engine facilities, Olin Mathieson's Winchester gun division, Marlin Firearms and the Sikorsky helicopter plant.

Congressman Giaimo had registered an acceptable, if unspectacular, record. The district as a whole was prosperous, and the poor in New Haven were reportedly receiving the nation's highest per capita poverty-program allotment. There seemed no reason to expect that Robert Giaimo would not be back in Washington next January.

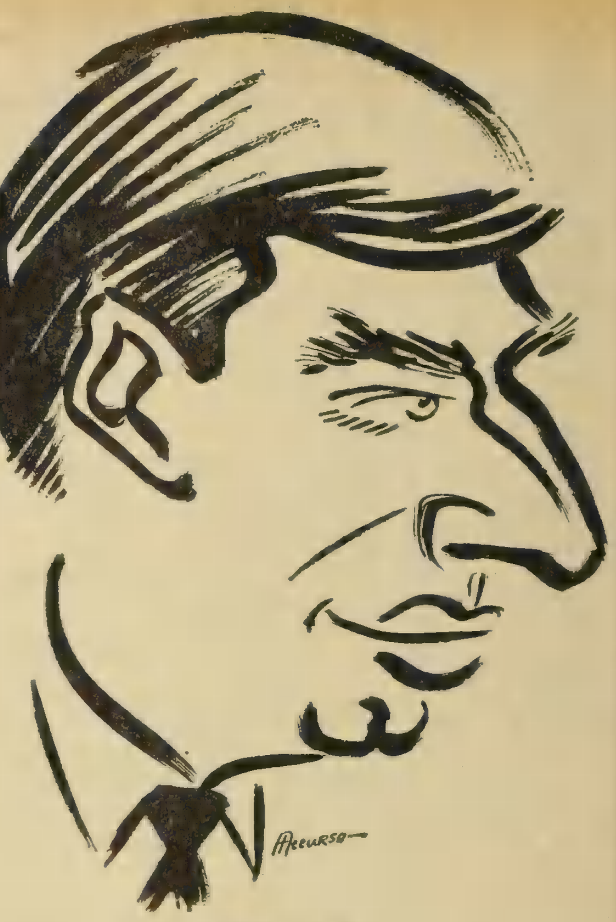
But early in 1966, a group of a dozen Yale graduate students, faculty members and New Haven intellectuals decided to buck the odds. They formed an Independent Political Action Committee (IPAC) to run a "peace candidate" against Giaimo. After being turned down by at least one prospective candidate, the group found its man in Cook, a 32-year-old assistant professor whose opposition to the war was total and outspoken.

Cook saw the war not as an isolated issue but as a symptom of the basic problem in American society. He said it was but one expression of the political powerlessness of the vast majority of the American people. A "New Left" thinker, he linked the war with poverty. Both, he said, show that politicians are not truly responsive to the needs and wishes of their constituents.

With a candidate and a few hundred dollars for a war chest, IPAC faced its first major decision. Was Cook to face Giaimo in a Democratic primary or in the general election in November? Connecticut's primary laws, the group soon discovered, are structured to make it all but impossible for an insurgent to challenge the nominee of the party machine. Even to get his name on a primary ballot, Cook would first have to receive 20 per cent of the votes at a party convention—in itself an unlikely event—and then within two weeks gain 2,000 signatures from registered Democrats and post a $1,500 bond.

To run as an independent in November, he would need only about half as many signatures, and they could come from any registered voter. No bond was required and no party professionals needed to pass on him. IPAC had virtually no choice: Cook would run as an independent under the label of a new party to be called the American Independent Movement (AIM).

The next step was to build a campaign organization. Not a single IPAC member had experience in practical politics, but all were ready to learn. A novice himself, Cook had done little public speaking outside Yale lecture halls. To head up this inexperienced but determined team, an outsider was called in from the South. Robert Zellner, a 27-year-old white man from Atlanta, had been a charter member of SNCC and had gained his campaign experience the hard way with the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party.



Robert Cook

Since Cook was almost unknown to the 3rd District's quarter million voters, Zellner made it a first concern of the IPAC organization to get him on view. With the end of Yale classes last spring, Cook began campaigning ten to twelve hours a day, six to seven days a week. He took easily to shaking hands and seemed to enjoy talking with commuters, people on tenement streets, shoppers and workers.

At plants he told union members that high corporate profits are causing inflation. Money going for arms, he said, should be used instead to create permanent jobs. As the summer wore on, there were labor disputes and one wildcat strike in the district. In each case, Cook was at the scene to investigate and to take a stand on the issues involved. To advise Cook on labor matters, assistant campaign manager Jack Osborne, a former state AFL-CIO staff worker, was usually close at hand. Osborne's contacts with local unionists won Cook a hearing at many plants.

When not guiding Cook through the district's plants, Osborne was busy gathering signatures for the petition to put Cook's name on the ballot. By mid-August he and his volunteers had gathered some 2,000 names, more than twice as many as were needed.

Now that college has reopened, Cook must spend the bulk of two days a week on class preparation and teaching. On the other five days and every evening he campaigns even harder than during the summer. Cook's message to voters everywhere in the district is simple and direct. There is something wrong with "the system," he keeps saying. "Our politicians come to us every election, and then disappear. . . . They forget that they work for us." He consistently asks voters whether they have been consulted about the war, about conditions in their neighborhoods, on their jobs, and in their schools.

His criticism of Giaimo is not that he is a bad Congressman but that he is a typical Congressman. Like many Representatives, he depends on party label and public apathy to win re-election. He seldom strays from the Administration camp, and when he does, it is to compromise a piece of forward-looking legislation. Cook supporters like to point out that Giaimo voted against a New England power project opposed by private power and coal interests, against the Appalachian Development Bill of 1964, and for the crippling Sisk Amendment to the Washington, D.C., Home Rule Bill of 1965.

Many voters tell Cook they are worried about the war, and even those who disagree with him are pleased that for once a candidate is bothering to find out first hand about people's problems. Cook's interest in labor matters is already paying small dividends. To no one's surprise, the state AFL-CIO council officially endorsed Giaimo, but it also strongly commended Cook on all but his Vietnamese stand. And Cook staffers say that many labor delegates have informally expressed "warm and generous support."

As the pace of the campaign accelerates, Zellner's role as coordinator of all activities is becoming increasingly important. From Cook for Congress headquarters, a shabby second-story office in downtown New Haven, he oversees the work of volunteers throughout the district, as well as the preparation and distribution of campaign materials, ranging from balloons, bumper stickers and buttons to a slick biweekly newsletter, numerous fliers and occasional policy statements.

To reach the voters whom Cook cannot see personally, Zellner has organized his workers down to the ward level. A nucleus of thirty full-time personnel (only five receive even subsistence salaries) staffs seven offices, two in New Haven and five in surrounding towns. Each office takes charge of two or three towns and assigns volunteers to specific wards. "By the time of the election," says Zellner, "we will have contacted every voter in the district."

Nearly 2,000 persons have done part-time work for Cook, and in the final weeks as many as 1,000 may be canvassing. All the volunteers are ordinary citizens who have never before been involved in a political campaign. Most full timers are housewives. Yale, which is far from being a center of activism, figures in a relatively minor way. Only a few faculty members give time to the campaign, and fewer than 150 students are doing any canvassing or office work.

One of the few Yale people deeply involved in the campaign is Robert Gelbach, a 25-year-old graduate student in political science who acts as Cook's chief fund raiser. Money had been thought a stumbling block, but funds have been raised with surprisingly little effort. By October, the campaign had raised and spent nearly $20,000, and Gelbach "fully expects" to raise an equal amount before the election. He is "now convinced that finding funds is not the major obstacle for an independent campaign."

Money has come from a variety of sources. Several individuals have given large sums, including an anonymous $2,500 matching gift. A rally for Northeastern "peace candidates" at Powder Hill, Conn., in August raised $1,000 for Cook's coffers, and a September benefit concert by Harry Belafonte in New Haven brought $4,000. Support has also come from outside peace and civil rights groups, including Massachusetts PAX which donated $2,500 and the National Committee for a New Politics which gave $1,000. The bulk of contributions, however, have been small ($5 to $25) donations solicited from ordinary citizens at benefit parties and through the mails. One letter asking for 10c a day for the duration of the campaign—about $10 total—drew $100 to $120 a day for more than three weeks.

A large portion of the fund is being reserved for billboards, newspaper advertisements and radio and television spot coverage. Five billboards, showing the candidate in nine characteristic poses against the blue field of a simplified American flag, are seen daily by commuters moving in and out of New Haven. Cook staffers have been disappointed with the coverage given their policy statements by New Haven's morning and evening Republican papers. To publicize their candidate's key positions, they are contracting for several issue-oriented ads.

In addition, a large number of radio spots and thirty television spots, varying in length from ten seconds to a minute, are being planned for the last phase of the campaign. Both types will give some attention to issues, but time limitations dictate that they must be largely image building. And all commitments for advertising are necessarily contingent on funds.

What IPAC cannot buy are debates with Giaimo. A Hartford TV station sent out invitations to all three candidates in August before Cook was officially on the ballot. Cook and both regular party nominees accepted, and the debate took place as scheduled on Sunday, October 9. It is unlikely, however, that many 3rd District voters saw the debate, since reception of Hartford-TV is poor on most New Haven sets. Those who did tune in saw a provoked Giaimo heatedly defending himself against Cook, with Salmona figuring only slightly in the verbal exchanges. Since then, Giaimo has declined all offers to debate Cook on the air or at public meetings.

Until recently, Giaimo had publicly ignored Cook altogether. But at a local press conference on October 3, he broke his silence. Cook, he admitted, seemed to have a better grasp of the issues (he "had done his homework") than the Republican. But he thought Cook should explain his past and his "associations." For instance, Cook had once said at a Wesleyan symposium that America was fighting on the wrong side in Vietnam. Did this statement mean, Giaimo wondered in the manner of Nixon, that "he would have us fighting for the Communists"? AIM had received money from SNCC and CORE. "What was Cook's connection wtih Stokey [*sic*] Carmichael and black power?" Whether this play for backlash and super-patriot votes was a passing thrust or the beginning of a concerted drive remains to be seen. What is certain is that Giaimo has recognized Cook's challenge.

At the same press conference, Giaimo patronizingly dismissed Salmona, who says he is waging "a Crusade Against Arrogance," as an "old friend" ignorant of the issues and inept at sloganeering. Apparently the Congressman sees no danger from Salmona, and he is probably right. The Republican Party is almost impotent in New Haven, and by any standard Salmona is an uninspiring candidate. A graying former TV newscaster who registered as a Republican only two days before the party convention, he describes himself as a "liberal," but admits that he voted for Goldwater "because of his Vietnamese policy." He advocates "peace in Vietnam through military strength" and promises a fact-finding trip to Vietnam if elected—an apparent echo of Ike's 1952 promise to visit Korea. He has made few appearances in the district and has had little publicity.

Surprisingly, Cook supporters say that suburban Republicans, disappointed with Salmona's slack campaign and "hard-line" stand, might turn to Cook. AIM people report that many normally Republican voters express support during Cook's handshaking tours of commuter trains. Running under an independent label makes it easier for him to attract such Republicans, and also, of course, the 56 per cent of voters who register as independents.

Reliable predictions are difficult to come by. Giaimo says only that he will win, and Salmona says nothing at all. Cook sometimes tells an audience that he intends to surpass Salmona and is optimistic about taking Giaimo's seat. His optimism, however, may be at least partly designed to counter the well-known tendency of voters sympathetic to a third-party candidate to defect at the ballot box because of a fear of "throwing away" their vote. It is conceivable that Cook might draw more votes than Salmona but unlikely that he can do much better than that.

Whatever the outcome in November, IPAC will continue. As an independent community force, it will seek to encourage major parties to nominate forward-looking candidates, and as far as funds permit, to offer independent candidates when the major parties fail to respond. This year, in a mixed Negro and Italian state assembly district, it is sponsoring Fred Harris, a Negro, who is running on a program that stresses the identity of problems and needs in black and white ghettos. The Harris campaign has generated considerable local enthusiasm and won the wholehearted support of a dozen student radicals who disapprove of the traditional campaign techniques (handshaking tours, billboards, television spots) used by Cook's organization. Neighborhood campaigns for local office, like the one Harris is running, doubtless have a greater potential, both in terms of voter education and of actual victory, than does a Congressional campaign.

The long-term hopes of IPAC to reform 3rd District politics probably lie in similar intensive local efforts. For the present, however, much depends on Cook's showing. If he can draw an impressive share (say, 20 to 30 per cent) of the vote, as some observers think possible, IPAC will be off to a good start. Otherwise, it will probably encounter serious difficulties.

50 DINOSAURS

(Restyling the States)

Constitutions: The Politics of Power

HAROLD NORRIS

Mr. Norris, professor of constitutional and criminal law at the Detroit College of Law, was a delegate to Michigan's recent constitutional convention. He is the author of Mr. Justice Murphy and the Bill of Rights *(Oceana).*

On April 4, 1967, the state of New York will convene its first constitutional convention since 1938. Early on the morning of September 29, Howard J. Samuels was on the platform of the White Plains railroad station, stopping commuters to tell them that he was running for delegate to the convention and to ask for their votes. As *The New York Times* reported next day: "He confirmed what he already suspected; people seemed to know little about the convention and to care less."

Yet it is not an overstatement to say that the serviceability and longevity of the American federal system is at stake in the growing number of state constitutional conventions. According to the National Municipal League, constitutional revision is, or recently has been, the subject of official action in approximately half the states. While more than 180 such conventions have been held in America since Massachusetts convened the first one in 1779, at no time in the nation's history has the basic law of the states been under such widespread systematic scrutiny.

The immediate stimulus for all this activity has been the required revision of legislative articles to conform with federal court decisions on patterns of representation—the so-called "one-man-one-vote" decisions. A more basic impetus is the frequent inability of state and local governments to deal with problems as fast as contemporary society produces them.

Nevertheless, the question may be put: are the voters of the several states ready to consider the choices inherent in constitutional conventions? Are the New York voters? Candidate Samuels' experience, confirmed by seasoned political observers, strongly suggests that they are not. The intellectuals of the nation have for the most part written off state government as a meaningful target for their analysis and urgings. Indeed, the national experience with state constitutional conventions is that the electorate does not adequately understand its sovereign role of constitution making. In Michigan, for example, less than 25 per cent of the voters turned out to select the 144 delegates who were to write Michigan's fundamental law. Urban Democrats were more delinquent than the Republicans, and in a state where allegiance to the two major parties is about even, the Republicans won ninety-nine delegates to the Democrats' forty-five. While malapportionment of the convention was itself a factor, lack of awareness, concern and action was clearly evident and particularly in areas with the greatest problems and therefore the greatest stake. The 2-to-1 Republican advantage preordained the conservative constitution eventually produced. Michigan's experience is not unusual, and whether the people of New York have developed a more appropriate means to make known their sovereign will remains to be seen.

Emphasis on constitutional change has brought to light a new though not generally recognized stage in American politics and in the political education of the American people. While the voter has an improved understanding of *issues,* he has generally less insight into *power.* He may be better informed about factors on the state level dealing with education, highways, taxation, civil rights, conservation, recreation, crime, pollution. He is much less aware of and sensitive to the more fundamental political question of who has the power, governmentally and factually, to deal with these issues. The voter and the student as well are confused by the echelons of government: on the vertical level, legislative, executive and judicial; and on the horizontal level, federal, state, county and municipal. In short, it is easier for the voter to sense the issue than to perceive the power behind that issue, or to hold that power accountable.

A constitution is a power document; it is a charter of power. Fundamental to a constitution is the governmental power it arranges and the political power it reflects. A state constitution, deriving its character as a direct act of sovereignty—only the people of a state by direct vote can ordain and establish a constitution—is authority over authority. It states who shall do it.

But it is harder for people to get excited about the question of power (who shall do it?) than about issues and program (what shall be done?). Power has a greater reach into the future; program is more immediate. It takes more political insight and vision to understand power than program. To enlarge that insight and vision about power requires qualitatively improved political education. With more constitution making in the states, including the precedent making state of New York, a national as well as state effort is needed. People, power, program and politics, pocketbook politics, have to be related in a new and more understandable way. Chief Justice Marshall's historic injunction is applicable here: "We must remember, it is a constitution we are expounding," a charter of government in which merge yesterday and tomorrow, principle and practice, means and ends. Making a constitution is the supreme act of government.

State government is on trial. Technological, population, financial, human relations and other problems abound. In the next ten years, New York, Michigan and the nation will change more than they did in the last fifty. Government must be able to respond sensitively and precisely. Genuine representation, and the clear-cut accountability of those with power, will help bring about the prompt and peaceful change necessary to democratic growth and sur-

vival. Indeed, it must be asked: what is the function of state government in this period of American history? The Tenth Amendment of the federal Constitution says: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." But within that reserved power, what is the state's purpose? It can deal with matters that are too big for a city and too local for the nation. This range of concern may not, with advancing technology, justify "state" government forever, but for today the state must assume responsibility for planning and locating state public schools and highways—the two largest items in every state's budget—creating recreational facilities, cleaning up rivers, promoting welfare services and civil rights, establishing justice, taxing fairly, adequately and responsibly.

These objectives require insight into power; they mean that the sovereign people of New York (or any other state) will have to think about how to define state power in their constitution. What are the main power questions?

The one that dominates, animates and permeates all others at state constitutional conventions is apportionment. James Madison noted during the convention that founded this nation: "The great difficulty lies in the affair of representation; and if this could be adjusted all others would be surmountable." The pattern or formula of apportionment will decide who holds the legislative power in the state and can thus check and balance the governor and the courts. How shall the legislative representatives be related to the voters? How much variation in population, size and shape of assembly and senatorial districts shall be permitted? Shall districts follow county lines? Shall the legislature apportion itself or shall that be the duty of some other group? Prior to the U.S. Supreme Court rulings, which decreed a population standard for both houses, the New York legislature drew only the senate district lines. In all counties entitled to more than one assemblyman, the county board of supervisors (or, in New York City, the City Council), drew the assembly lines.

Michigan's experience is relevant. The courts have invalidated the 1962 convention's apportionment formula and caused the adoption of the Austin-Kleiner district plan which permits only 1 per cent variation in the senate and 3 per cent variation in the house. However, a charge of gerrymandering has been made against the plan.

The Michigan constitution set up an apportionment commission of eight members outside the legislature, composed of four Democrats and four Republicans, whose plans were subject to state supreme court review. The members of the commission have consistently split according to party lines, and the impasse persists without immediate remedy. New York could profit by this experience and designate the highest election official in the state, or a nonpartisan commission composed of an odd number of members, subject to judicial review. Insulating the apportionment job from the legislature and from partisanship appears wise. Few legislators will apportion themselves out of a job.

The judicial power is likewise strategic. Prof. Jack Weinstein of Columbia Law School has urged a state-financed court system for New York to achieve a "uniform equal system of justice." In this respect, Michigan has adopted the Dean Roscoe Pound conception of "one court of justice for the state" divided into the supreme court, court of appeals and subordinate courts. This organization does permit greater supervisory control over the bench in the public interest.

Mayor Lindsay of New York City has vigorously proposed a "local option merit system" of judicial selection. He urges that the mayor be empowered to select local judicial officers from a list prepared by a judicial committee. This is merely a variation of the "Missouri Plan" advocated across the nation by the American Bar Association. Michigan's Republicans couldn't agree on the "Missouri Plan" but they did agree on removing from the governor the appointment power to fill judicial vacancies. They were determined not to let another Soapy Williams appoint judges for twelve years, but by taking this power away they also prevented Republican George Romney from appointing a large number of Republicans.

The allocation of power between state and local governments will need careful definition. Home rule and fiscal matters—taxation, expenditures, the budget—often conflict. The real behind-the-scenes power struggle on home rule is between the urban interests and the rural legislators who control the state capitols over who shall tax, who shall receive and how much. The big cities, New York or Detroit, with budgets equal to that of the state itself, must go cap in hand to the state capitol to secure funds and authority to meet their multiplying problems. But the rural representatives are most aware of the cities as sources of revenue, which fact, coupled with their legislative power, has led to rural indifference toward urban concerns. The state is the sovereign power and legally all of the sixty-two cities, 931 towns and 554 villages within New York are agents of the state. But as Frank Adams put it, "why should a resident of Niagara Falls have a determining voice on how much New York City should charge for a subway ride?"

One solution tendered by students of the problem is that cities be delegated power to legislate locally on all matters not specifically excluded in home-rule laws. However, what would be within and without city powers would still be a question. The problem is to grant cities power to meet their problems and yet preserve the power of the state to intervene to prevent misconduct. Governor Roosevelt's action during the Jimmy Walker administration is an example of the occasionally needed state action.

Constitutional conventions have generally not altered basically the Bill of Rights in the states. However, New York may consider eliminating literacy in English as a voting requirement, lowering the voting age to 18 and restricting wire tapping. It may also wish to create in the constitution a civil rights commission, as Michigan has done, but with more explicit jurisdiction over housing. However, the dominant Bill of Rights issue in the New York convention will be church-state relations, particularly state aid to parochial schools. Pressure against separation of church and state is building up. Federal programs to aid education and fight poverty have contained provisions aiding religious institutions. Michigan passed an auxiliary services act, now being contested, that has national portent. New York Catholic spokesmen are vigorous and candid. J. Eugene McMahon of the Buffalo Catholic Charities said he hoped the convention would "cut through shibboleths of separation and frozen doctrinaire positions on church and state to see and acknowledge the child who is to be served and educated." Dean Mulligan of Fordham Law School called Article 11, Section 3 "an anachronism of the know-nothing era." That provision reads:

> Neither the state nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money . . . directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance . . . of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination.

If this provision is retained in New York, it will be a victory for those who want to protect religious freedom by keeping church and state separate. The national trend and Michigan's experience does not augur well for those who would confine the public treasury to public schools.

In a constitution, every sentence is important. Each line has relevance to the citizen's rights, liberty, property and power. Hence, no less significant than proposals on apportionment, the judiciary, taxation, home rule and church-state are a host of others, including, in New York, reorganization of the executive power over 133 state agencies that now report to the governor, fiscal and budget reform, and such specific matters as education, elections, amendment and revision, local government.

The overriding problem in state constitution making is that of creating a mechanism of government that is responsive and responsible to the people's sovereign power. Responsiveness and responsibility can be attained only when power is both perceptible and accountable. Responsiveness and responsibility must also be reciprocal—between the governors and the governed. They can be greatly increased during the preparation for, and conduct and ratification of, a state constitution. The holding of such a convention is the occasion for converting the entire state into a vast classroom. Exclusive reliance upon a state preparatory commission for information and leadership is a mistake. Every school, classroom, student; every publication, foundation, community organization, business and trade union can be drawn into the political process of writing a constitution. There is no more democratic act. New York can capitalize on the experience of other states such as Michigan and influence the shape of self-government and federalism in the nation for a generation.

Legislatures: The 100-Year Lag

DAVID H. BEETLE

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"State Legislatures may be our most extreme example of institutional lag. . . . In their formal qualities they are largely 19th-century organizations, and they must, or should, address themselves to 20th-century problems." Faced with this preamble by Alexander Heard, Vanderbilt University chancellor and political scholar, the American Assembly's 1966 Arden House Conference on State Legislatures (now spawning more than a dozen regional conferences across the nation) had no doubt about the seriousness of the problem.

The state law-making (or buck-passing) bodies appear to be in a period of eclipse. Congress and the federal agencies are using aid programs (there are now more than 250 of them) to take over decision making in so many areas where the states were once sovereign that state legislatures run the risk of becoming mostly employment agencies for clerks, doorkeepers and lawyers.

But just as the citizenry moved at the last moment to save the whooping crane from oblivion, groups have sprung up to see what can be done to get legislatures to adapt and survive. A recent conference held by the National Municipal League simply to coordinate these efforts brought out no less than nine national agencies. Collectively, they have nearly $4 million to spend on the cause within the next two or three years. Much of it is Ford and Carnegie money.

Even without the inroads of federal aid, the action comes none too soon. James Q. Wilson, a Harvard political science professor, has been moved by the flow of indictments following from the Massachusetts Crime Commission investigations to write an article in a recent Freedom House quarterly: "Corruption—the Shame of the States." Herein he observes that opportunities for boodle, lack of public attention from newspapers and civic groups (which are oriented toward national policies on the one hand, and to city problems on the other) and the continuance of a political ethos that places high value on "favors, personal loyalty and private gain," has visited on states evils that in the 19th century dominated cities.

The captain of this new reform movement is Jesse Unruh, the square-jawed, energetic Speaker of the California Assembly, who now heads the National Conference of State Legislative Leaders. The odds are getting to be ten to one that he'll be on hand wherever and whenever modernization of state legislatures is discussed nationally. One feels that he has found an outlet for energies which the facts of California politics have temporarily diverted from his quest for the governorship. It might be recalled here that in an earlier day, Alfred E. Smith, though an able New York assemblyman, made no impression on the assembly's antediluvian procedures, but went on, as governor, to reorganize the executive branch. A number of other states copied the New York reorganization. For lack of any parallel movement in the law-making branch, legislatures have fallen back on saying "yes" to the governor or—and this happens less often—opposing him with what few facts (if any) they are equipped to muster.

To give Unruh credit, he did his work at home before setting forth to convert the heathen. Earlier, to be sure, Californians had given him a better than usual base on which to build. If you go to Sacramento today you will

find the assembly teeming with foundation interns—bright young economists, political scientists and public administration aides, busy with depth research. You'll find a well-preserved system for analyzing the governor's budget, a sort of junior Library of Congress staff to answer legislators' queries regardless of party, and a merit civil service phalanx of legislative counsel.

The legislators themselves number only 120 (a low but efficient total for so populous a state). They have secretary-staffed offices both at home and in the capitol, an administrative assistant and, if committee chairmen, often a college-trained specialist. The legislators get $6,000 salary, which sets no record in itself, but is supplemented by generous expense money and piece-work stipends for interim committee attendance. It is no paradise, but if all legislatures were as good as California's the current save-the-species drive wouldn't be so urgent.

The origins of this drive aren't entirely clear. Certainly the Supreme Court decision mandating one-man-one-vote representation played a role—if only because it made legislatures seem salvageable. Had they continued to be dominated by rural cliques, the urban and suburban voters might have entirely forgotten the state house in their "march on Washington." Indeed, the cities, fearing that one-man-one-vote favors the suburbs, are almost doing that.

One of the most promising efforts toward legislative reform has been the creation of the Citizens Conference on State Legislatures, a two-year-old idea that seems to have emerged out of the Ford Company's "community relations" program, a euphemism, perhaps, for "the Ford lobby." One may mistrust lobbyists, but it's a fact that of all people they are the ones most appalled by legislative goings on. This isn't as curious as it seems. Lobbyists tend to believe thoroughly (even though blindly) in the righteousness of their cause. They like to think no sensibly run legislature would give them a hard time. Moreover, citizens—well, perhaps, the League of Women Voters excepted—tend to become interested in legislation only when taxes go up. But to lobbyists, the legislature—what it does and how it operates—is bread and butter. It's a rare citizen who knows one legislator well. What he knows, he may not like, but he still doesn't see legislative ineptness as epidemic. A lobbyist for a national organization—especially one who operates regionally—begins to get the broad picture.

The Citizens Conference, supported by Ford, Carnegie and such other funds as it can get, operates out of Kansas City, Mo., with former Kansas Governor John Anderson, Jr., as a working (half-time) board president. Its staff numbers about ten and includes George Morgan, a former lawyer-legislator from Missouri.

The organization started with the conviction that legislatures can no more reform themselves meaningfully without citizen committees than most of them could reapportion themselves without orders from the courts. Its first approach might be called "feminine": It made sure folks knew that it existed and waited for suitors to call. A few did: Illinois, Washington, Utah, Indiana, one or two others. By now it is beginning to take the initiative. The first result has been a Montana committee. By 1967, Governor Anderson hopes to have had an impact on sixteen states.

Another parallel effort is being made by the National Municipal League, which though interested in states, is historically saddled with "municipal" in its name. This year, using Ford Foundation money, it has moved state legislative reform to first priority. The league channeled funds to the American Assembly, which last spring brought to Columbia University's Arden House in the Hudson Highlands some seventy-six knowledgeable and concerned citizens to discuss legislative matters. After three days they pounded out a 6-page manifesto that tells legislatures the directions in which they ought to be moving. Regional assemblies to follow from this general conference will refine the recommendations to fit specific states.

From another quarter, the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers used foundation funds last summer to bring together one or two reform-minded younger legislators from each of eighteen industrial states for a weeklong seminar in Miami. (Unruh was on the faculty, is on the board of the Citizens Conference, and was a conferee at Arden House.) Working with the Unruh-headed National Conference, the Rutgers group has set up a service center to answer legislative inquiries. For a fee, it will come into a state, study it and map out needed legislative reforms. New Jersey, Maryland and Rhode Island are the first customers.

There are other efforts. The long-time (but not always spectacularly successful) work of the National Legislative Conference, a Council of State Governments affiliate, continues. Through the years it has encouraged what turned out to be the painfully slow build-up of legislative services: bill drafting, research, fiscal analysis of state budgets. Unruh has been giving the Legislative Leaders group a reform twist. A new association for rank-and-file legislative members has been formed. The American Political Science Association has been given a $1,250,000 grant to spend on legislative reform—part of it to set up model orientation programs for new legislators in five states (the turnover averages about one-third each session). The League of Women Voters is concentrating on legislative operations in seventeen states. The Committee on Economic Development, which recently got out a chilling blast on municipal government, is shifting its attention to the states.

Most of the reformers think that what the patient needs—in most places anyway—is a quick transfusion of cash. (The median operations budget is now around $2 million.) They think legislators should get better pay. (New Hampshire is rock bottom at what amounts to $1.50 a day.) They would give them secretarial services, offices (some have only a desk), adequate research facilities, larger bill-drafting staffs, and sources for campaign funds better than well-heeled lobbyists.

They would consolidate committees (the two Mississippi houses have together a total of ninety-six), cut down on the size of most houses (tiny New Hampshire has more than 400 members in its lower house) and remove limits on the length of sessions. Some think legislatures should meet the year around, as does New Jersey's—or, for that matter, city councils.

The Arden House group was particularly eager to remove various kinds of constitutional hobbles, many of which were imposed in the early 1800s when legislatures seemed to be getting out of hand. It felt that legislative responsibility would emerge from an increase in legislative power, though there was a vocal minority that would prefer to see the responsibility come first.

There is wide agreement that most of the other problems would clear up if legislatures began attracting citizens of quality who would stay with the job and build up tenure. But no one seems to know how to achieve this. The Arden House meeting, curiously, declined to bind legislators by ethical standards—full disclosure of financial interests, limits on lawyer-legislator practice, and such—which might deter able candidates from running. One could, of course, argue that really ethical candidates would not be handicapped by such strictures.

A basic issue is whether a state—at least a big one—should in these days of complex legislation continue to get along with part-time lawmakers. It is argued that part-time legislators provide a better cross-section of the community. Actually, if lawyers, insurance men and other self-employed persons were removed from the New York State Legislature, the rest could be crowded into a Volkswagen. It is contended that full-time legislators could more easily be pressured, since if they failed of re-election they would lose their livelihood. Many see part-time legislators with exceptionally adequate staffs as a compromise.

There is also the question of unicameralism—at least it's a question outside Nebraska, where in 1937 Sen. George Norris, shackled neither by the past nor by the fact that the new capitol had two freshly gleaming chambers, persuaded the state to merge its two houses into one. The Arden House conference (where Nebraska was not represented, by the way) waded into the unicameralism issue gingerly, despite the fact that one of its sponsors, the National Municipal League, has stuck with one house through six editions of its Model State Constitution. While the conferees weren't sure there was much wrong with unicameralism, they seemed to feel that if they came out for it strongly they would get branded as "eggheads" or "dreamers" and that their other recommendations would suffer.

Those who have recently been advocating unicameralism around the country get the impression that the man in the street is readier to accept it than the politicians. The difficulty is that in more than half the states there's no very practical way for the citizens, as distinguished from the politicians, to effect unicameralism even if they want it. In short, it faces the same obstacles that delayed reapportionment until the courts stepped in.

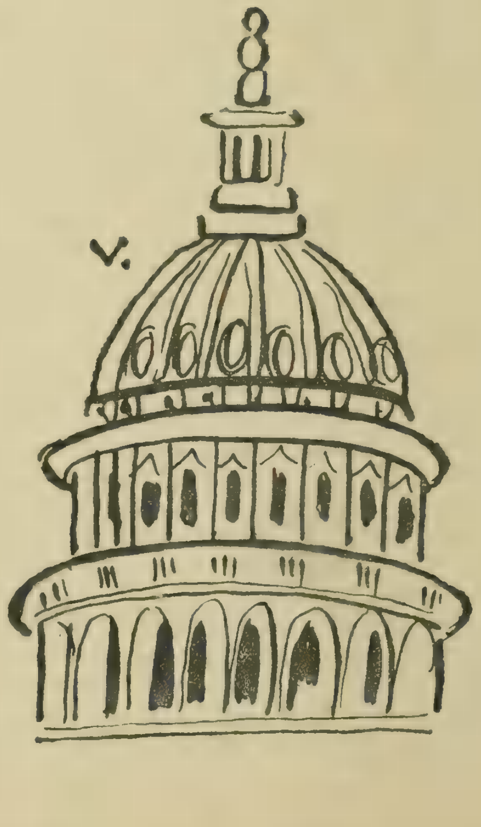
It seems to me that most groups pressing for legislative reform give too little attention to one of the root evils: rotten politics.

"Vigorous party organizations should be encouraged within a state and its legislature," the Arden House group agreed. "Well-organized majority and opposition parties contribute to effective and responsible legislative performance. Organization of the legislature should be on a partisan basis in two-party states and the majority party should elect all officers except the officers and leaders of the minority party."

This is a sort of Apostles' Creed for both politicians and political scientists, and its weakness is not that it is completely untrue but that it leaves so much unsaid.

Professor Wilson in his article on legislative corruption has this to say:

> One can be reasonably confident that much the same results could be produced by similar commissions in many other states, particularly industrial states of the Northeast such as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the like. Many of these states would never have been described as "pure" by Lord Bryce at any stage of their history (he singled out New York and Pennsylvania as having legislatures that were "confessedly among the worst"); about all that seems to



have happened in the last fifty years is that, on the whole, their governors have become more respectable and their political parties have become more disorganized, thereby transforming what once was well-organized machine-like corruption into disorganized, free-lance corruption.

Simply to have "a well-organized majority and opposition parties" (to use the Arden House phrase) is not enough. It depends on what they are organized for. The New York State Republicans have been second to none in their praise for the virtues of "party responsibility," but one can wonder at the result when for eight years this responsibility led to the door of a state chairman who has since been found guilty of bribery to obtain liquor licenses.

Most Nebraska political scientists feel that George Norris overshot the mark when he banned partisanship in the one-house legislature. This particular feature of the Nebraska legislative set-up is something of a well-kept secret. Thus it's no trick at all to find people who know that Nebraska's legislature has only one house, but the equally unique circumstance that in a two-party state the legislature, elected without regard to party, has no minority or majority leader, is seldom noised around.

"That silence is the worst thing about it," may be a typical political scientist's reaction to this second Nebraska innovation, but it is not the whole answer to Senator Norris. He argued: (a) that political parties are mostly interested in jobs and favors; (b) that if legislators are elected under the banner of the major national parties, they often win or lose on national rather than state issues.

"If I had a Democratic legislature," says Gov. Frank B. Morrison, a Nebraska Democrat, "it might pass something because I proposed it. If I had a Republican legislature, it might kill something for the same reason. Neither is good. With a nonpartisan legislature, my proposals are more likely to get considered on their merits."

In 1935, Thomas C. Desmond, a veteran member of the New York State Senate from Newburgh, argued in an article, "Those Dinosaurs, the State Legislatures," that party organization operated in such a way in his state that good men were discouraged from running for the legislature because, when elected, they found themselves simply voting as they were told. There is a striking conformity between this view and the observation two summers ago by Mrs. Fern Hubbard Orme, a Nebraska legislator, who said: "I'm sure if I had a majority leader I wouldn't do half as much as I do now. He would be calling the boys in and telling them what to do. From what I've heard of other legislatures there's a lot of goofing off."

Other states may not want to follow Nebraska's nonpartisanship, but the gap between a truly "responsible party" and one that is simply "well organized" is too wide to be ignored. Parties can be more interested in jobs or favors than in pushing sound government. They can be more interested in getting a governor nominated for President than in serving the state. Minorities can be alert critics or they can "sell out."

Unless the reformers come to grips with this situation (the Arden House group coped with it only peripherally when it urged new methods of financing campaigns), encouraging legislators to spend more money on salaries, office space, research, bill drafting and such will do no more than expand the boodle. New York's legislature in the two years, 1964 and 1965, cost $23.3 million. That is $4 million above the sum for California and $20 million above the national average, but it is difficult to find a major legislative area in which New York excels. There is no evidence that successive salary boosts in recent years have raised the caliber of men attracted to the job. A few New York legislators stand out like skyscrapers in Moscow—but a few always have.

The New York legislators—and in this they are probably typical—complain that a legislative image is bound to be bad because legislators are referees, constantly making compromises among warring groups in the community. And nobody likes "the ump." The fact is that too often legislatures compromise between warring groups when they ought to be figuring out who's right and who's wrong and then taking decisive action. For nearly two centuries—or until 1966—the New York legislature "compromised" on the divorce issue by doing nothing.

A really good umpire gets respect, if not love. Legislatures, indeed, seem to work overtime figuring out ways to get a bad image, yet at the same time "image" seems to be their perennial concern. It was placed early on the 1964 agenda of the National Conference of Legislative Leaders. The delegates discussed it at a four-day migratory convention that touched down at Reno, Carson City, Lake Tahoe and Las Vegas—locales that didn't appreciably improve *its* image.

The discussion was led by the then New York speaker, Joseph Carlino (R., Nassau) who, when he failed reelection in the Johnson landslide, turned up in 1966 as a race-track lobbyist. He took the job within the two-year waiting period required by the state's new ethics code for legislators who turn lobbyists, but the assembly ethics committee (without calling in its two ex officio advisers, the State Bar Association head and a law school dean) decided that the code was passed too late to apply to Carlino. The ex-speaker's friends argued that he was showing unusual integrity when he even bothered to ask for the committee's opinion, but it's hard to believe that the total incident helped the legislative image much.

In the same year, the New York assembly devoted a half-hour to eulogizing a former assemblyman who died in a New York City hospital after being convicted of conspiring to bribe a detective. No one would argue over a conventional resolution of respect, but the average citizen may have had trouble believing his ears when he heard that the legislature gained stature by this man's presence.

As for the National Conference of Legislative Leaders (to show what its new president, Speaker Unruh, has inherited), it finished up that trip in New Orleans, where its members were guests at a huge reception put on by the air lines, took a Mississippi River boat ride at the invitation of the brewing industry (it was decided at the last minute that something stronger than beer would also be served), and arranged that Southern Bell Telephone would handle its press room.

The way to meaningful legislative reform looks long and tortuous. The premise of the Citizens Conference on State Legislatures—that nothing much will happen unless civic-minded citizens get interested and active—is the only prediction certain to come true.

JUNKETS TO APARTHEID

AMERICA'S PRESS ON SAFARI

FRANCIS POLLOCK

Mr. Pollock spent three years in Africa working for the United States Government.

The United States is becoming more and more involved in the destiny of South Africa. In that unhappy country, where 3 million whites rule 14 million nonwhites—exploiting their labor and denying their right of self-determination—American investment continues to mount, continues to support in no small way a nation which almost certainly must face a painful day of reckoning.

Here in the United States, South Africa's official spokesmen have been wooing American opinion on the basis of five contentions which have proved dramatically effective, though there is considerable reason to question their accuracy:

¶ That South Africa is a bulwark against communism.

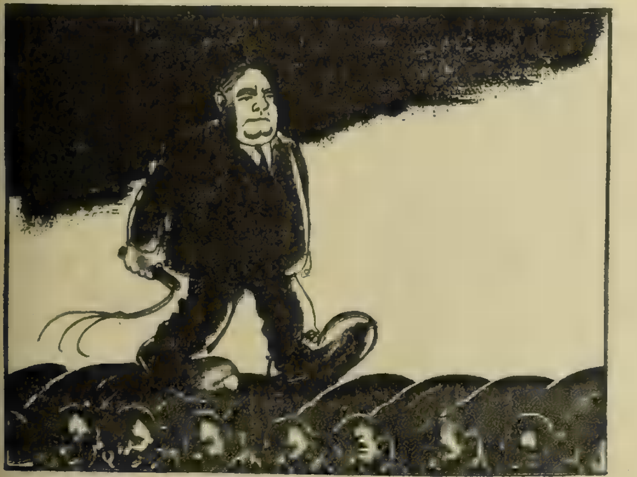
¶ It has a stable government, and a lucrative, fully protected investment climate.

¶ It is Western civilization's staunchest defender on the continent.

¶ The great Bantu migrations into its territory occurred only after the whites had settled South Africa.

¶ The whites are properly providing for the well-being of the blacks through the policy of separate development.

At the heart of South Africa's official propaganda activities is the South African Information Service (SAIS). It distributes magazines, subsidizes books, makes available radio and television tapes, produces travel films and attempts constantly to improve its image in the American press. One of the ways by which it attempts to solicit approval is to offer our journalists free trips to South Africa. Fifteen such writers were selected to take an expenses-paid tour of South Africa in 1965; fourteen more made the trip this year at a reported cost to the South African Government of $35,000. That is slightly less than the cost of six full-page advertisements in *The New York Times,* a form of propaganda also pursued by SAIS. Such ads, of course, must bear the imprint required by the Justice Department; the glowing testimonials of journalists do not.



Franklin, London Daily Mirror: Ben Roth

"I will walk further along the road set by Hendrik Verwoerd."—Vorster

A few samples of articles written in conjunction with the tours indicate what returns South Africa gets on its hospitality.

Ed Fitzhugh, editor of the Phoenix *Gazette,* wrote at least fourteen articles for his paper, the last of which was headlined: "Bantus, Whites Both Sold On Race Policy." Mr. Fitzhugh quoted one African who, he wrote, "is typical of many blacks." According to the account, the African piously declared: "I think I am better off under the government here than I would be if the government were all black, as in the north. I do not want to change."

Thomas Waring, editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier*, made the trip last year. So too in 1966 did R. C. Hoiles, an ardent Goldwater supporter, and the publisher of the extreme right-wing Freedom Newspapers.

Brig. Gen. Frank Howley (Ret.), former vice president of New York University, has as yet written little as a result of his South African tour, but his secretary says that he intends to do so. In 1955, the General produced a lengthy defense of the Chiang Kai-shek government for the Hearst newspapers. Much as South Africa is trying to convince Americans that it is the staunchest anti-Communist nation in Africa, General Howley wrote eleven years ago that Nationalist China was the key anti-Communist nation of Asia. "If we Americans now allow Chiang Kai-shek's troops—our allies—to be eliminated . . . we won't have a friend left in Asia. All of Asia, I am convinced, would go Communist."

George N. Crocker writes for the San Francisco *Examiner*. Among other things in his African series, he pictured black Africans as actors in a comic opera, who owe whatever progress they have made solely to the white man. About an Organization of African Unity meeting in Addis Ababa, he wrote: "In the name of peace, they [are planning] to contrive fresh mischief against peaceful Rhodesia."

And in an article from Johannesburg headlined, "South African Boom: Blacks Want In," he picked up where General Howley left off with the Nationalist Chinese:

> More importantly, the South Africans are anti-Communist and loyally pro-West. They are the most reliable opposition to communism on the African continent and to the outflanking of Europe, which is known to be a major objective of both the Russian and Chinese apparati of the world Communist conspiracy.

It appears that in the past there has been an occasional fly in the junket. Joseph Lelyveld, the *New York Times* correspondent who was recently forced to leave South Africa, writes in a letter:

> Most ordinary American journalists whom it brings out "double-cross" it by writing nasty things. So it concentrates now on right wingers. (Recently it toured a

> bunch of journalists from what was described here as a "cross-section of right-wing American newspapers.") At the moment, William J. Simpson, head of the Citizens Council of America, of Jackson, Miss., is getting the tour. . . .

H. Louwrens Buurmans, deputy director of SAIS in New York, also describes the 1966 group as being "more representative."

On the whole, though, South Africa has reason to be pleased with its journalistic tourism, particularly since the five elements of South African propaganda were repeated over and over in the subsequent stories—and repeated by ostensibly responsible journalists, who gave little or no indication of how or by whom these "observation tours" were financed.

On the other hand, South African officials are distinctly chilly toward newsmen and scholars who the country feels would not present its case to the American public. Mr. Lelyveld's experience is an appropriate example. Without giving a reason, the South African Government informed him in mid-April that his visa would not be renewed when it expired on April 28.

The adventures of Henry Morgenthau III, a producer at WGBH-TV, Boston, are also instructive. In May, 1964, National Educational Television commissioned him to do a film on South Africa. SAIS in New York led him to believe that if he were willing to make his picture in the Transkei (the first of South Africa's Bantu homelands), there would be little trouble in procuring a visa. He agreed, but after a three-month wait, received a one-sentence letter, informing him that his visa application had been rejected, and a State Department appeal to the South African ambassador was unavailing.

Determined, nevertheless, to make the film, Mr. Morgenthau set up a corporation in the names of a Canadian and a Briton, arranged a tie-in with an educational television station in the South, and in their names sent a letter to SAIS on corporation stationery, explaining that the people in the American South would be interested in a film on South Africa, to be done by the corporation's production team. The permission came with no difficulty.

In the meantime, Morgenthau located a black South African student here who was willing to go home and shoot some film. The Canadian and Briton were sent with instructions to film anything the government would permit; the South African went to get shots secretly. After five months of work, he presented himself to South African customs with rolls of film in packages marked "Zulu beads" and "Christmas gifts." He got them through, reached America safely and plans to stay here permanently.

From both sets of films, Morgenthau produced *South African Essay*. At SAIS in New York he is dismissed as a Communist sympathizer.

A striking instance of the support South Africa receives in some segments of the American press is the reaction to the Carnegie Endowment's study, "Apartheid and the United Nations—Collective Measures." One of the most thorough published analyses of the subject, the study includes an appendix which considers the logistics of possible military measures against South Africa. Like a spark in gasoline, it touched off a violent reaction in the conservative press.

Vernon McKay, one of the authors of the Carnegie monograph, outlined in a recent *New Republic* article at least four different "devil theories" invented by critics to explain who "really" originated the alleged battle plan. Supposedly, wrote Dr. McKay, those responsible for the study were the United Nations, the Council on Foreign Relations, the State Department or unnamed, "naive, 'liberalistic' elements who control and corrupt our foreign policy."

Some of the adverse reactions follow:

Barry Goldwater wrote in his column of August 8, 1965: "If [the Carnegie Endowment thinks] the separation of

In the last two years, the following journalists have traveled to South Africa on tours sponsored by SAIS:

1965

Jeanne Bellamy, *Miami Herald.*
Jack Cowie, Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch.*
Devin Garrity, Devin-Adair Co., New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holzer, *Verdict Magazine,* New York.
Brig. Gen. Frank Howley, U.S.A. (Ret.), former vice president of NYU and author.
Richard Laney, Salt Lake City *Deseret News.*
Edwin McDowell, Phoenix *Republican.*
Paul McKalip, *Tucson Daily Citizen.*
Walter Mickelson, New Ulm (Minn.) *Daily Journal.*
Charles Pierson, *St. Louis Globe Democrat.*
George Shannon, Shreveport (La.) *Journal.*
Mrs. Esther Van Wagoner Tufty, Tufty News Bureau, Washington.
Thomas R. Waring, Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier.*
Dorothy Williams, Washington correspondent for newspapers in Iowa and elsewhere in U.S.

1966

Louis C. Harris, Augusta (Ga.) *Herald.*
John W. Jarrell, *Omaha World-Herald,* Washington Bureau.
Peter H. Binzen, *Philadelphia Bulletin.*
J. Warren McClure, *Burlington Free Press,* Vermont.
John O. Hjelle, Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune.*
R. C. Hoiles, Freedom Newspapers, California.
Priscilla Buckley, *National Review.*
Edwin A. Fitzhugh, Phoenix *Gazette.*
Niel Heard, National Federation of Independent Business, Washington, D.C.
Col. L. Robert Castorr (Ret.), National Federation of Independent Business.
Edgar C. Bundy, Church League of America, Illinois.
B. J. McQuaid, *New Hampshire Sunday News.*
George N. Crocker, *Sunday Examiner & News Call Bulletin,* San Francisco.
E. K. Livermore, *Sapulpa Herald,* Oklahoma.

—Source: South African Info. Service

races in South Africa is worth UN invasion, what must they think about Communist segregation?"

He then attacked the Endowment for not criticizing the policies of Russia and China.

The *Montgomery Advertiser and Alabama Journal* editorialized on August 7, 1965: South Africa is the greatest anti-Communist bastion in Africa. It is proposed [by the Carnegie report] that Uncle Sam join Nasser, Algeria, Ghana, Indonesia and Russia in destroying this anti-Communist ally. . . . This is all a vicious lunacy."

The Manchester (N. H.) *Union-Leader* devoted a front-page editorial to the subject (the editor of the *Union-Leader*'s Sunday newspaper, the *New Hampshire Sunday News*, made the expenses-paid trip to South Africa):

> As it is, white South Africa—which don't forget, was founded by white people before there were any black people in that part of Africa—is a prosperous, modern nation of skyscraper cities, great gold and diamond mines, steel production, a great Western civilization. . . .
>
> This nation has a right to know, at a time when American boys are dying in Viet Nam to stop the Communist expansion in Asia, that an organization in this country is secretly plotting to have *more* American boys killed in Africa, not in the interests of peace, but in the interests of forwarding the Communist conquest of that continent.

The Liberty Lobby—which says it represents more than 150,000 families—wrote in its September, 1965, issue:

> South Africa's "problem" seems to be that it is the only remaining free nation on that unhappy continent. . . . And even worse (to the Liberal mind), its leaders have indicated that they will not turn their varied peoples over to the Communists and cannibals.

Articles such as these prompt officials of SAIS to say that they feel South Africa's image is improving in the American press.

Perhaps the only American Africa-oriented organization of any significance that can be described as conservative is the American African Affairs Association (4A). Predictably, it is a friend of South Africa, and of Rhodesia and Portugal as well.

It was established in the fall of 1965, "to seek out and disseminate the truth" about Africa "without reference to prevailing shibboleths." Co-chaired by William Rusher, publisher of *National Review*, and Dr. Max Yergan, a Negro, 4A has made an ambitious attempt to turn conservative thought to Africa. In its initial bid for public support, the group's sponsors said they hoped to solicit a first-year budget of $161,000, of which $70,000 was to come in grants from "African sources."

Although 4A quickly procured tax-exempt status as an "educational organization" from the Internal Revenue Service, some of its enemies are currently trying to convince the Justice Department that it is merely an American spokesman for the Rhodesian, South African and Portuguese Governments. They find suspicious the fact that 4A and the Office of Rhodesian Affairs in Washington have used the same postage meter (Pitney-Bowes No. 102150).

Among the "educational" material churned out so far by 4A are elaborate defenses of the Rhodesian Government and a grotesque book, *The Fabric of Terror.* Patently racist in tone, the book defends the atrocities committed by Portuguese troops in quelling the Angolan uprising of 1961. It was published by the Devin-Adair Co., whose president, Devin Garrity, made the expenses-paid trip to South Africa in 1965.

THE PILOT SHORTAGE

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

An air-line pilot for more than twenty years, Mr. Ruppenthal is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

The air lines are running out of pilots. Already acute, the shortage shows no signs of abating in the near future; indeed there are indications that it may become the most bothersome personnel problem with which the air lines must contend. For lack of men trained to air-line standards, one major company was forced last year to cancel some 2,000 hours of scheduled flights. That comes to about 1 million plane miles—sufficient capacity to transport 48,000 people from San Francisco to New York together with several hundred tons of baggage, air mail and freight. The potential revenue represented is on the order of $10 million. In 1966, some flights are being canceled; others have been consolidated. But most of the loss will be in proposed flights that might have been scheduled had there been pilots to operate them.

At first thought it is surprising that the air transport industry could allow such an incredible shortage to occur. It is not, after all, one of those stodgy, tradition-burdened industries in which change always produces crisis. It is young and exciting, and from the start its technology has changed rapidly, with each change usually bringing new and complex problems. Since the industry was born, each new generation of planes has been markedly better than its predecessors. When the lines graduated from the DC-3 to the DC-6, a pilot's productivity (and his revenue potential) increased some 500 per cent—a fact that allowed one major air line to cut its pilot force in half in a single year.

Productivity rose again with the arrival of the jets. Indeed, at the dawn of the jet age flight crew members so feared the impending loss of jobs that the air lines were swept by the greatest scourge of strikes the industry has ever seen. Industrial relations executives spent much time devising plans for employee retrenchment and gave little thought to the possibility that still more pilots might be needed. Some of them were so busy trying to convince union negotiators that there was no need to write a "no lay-off" clause in the contract, since no reduction in force was in prospect, that they failed to plan for the possibility that their arguments might be true.

Management had never needed to worry about the source of new pilots. Something like 85 per cent of all air-line pilots learned to fly at the expense of the taxpayers in some military organization. At the end of the Korean War so many ex-military pilots sought flying jobs that the air lines could afford to be selective. Some firms did not even bother to acknowledge an inquiry unless the applicant had an instrument rating and several thousand hours of multi-engine transport experience. And regardless of the number of hours they might have logged, the thousands of fighter pilots were seldom given a second glance; it was generally assumed that it would be too expensive to retrain them and to break them of their daredevil habits.

In those years an applicant had to be physically fit, between the ages of 21 and 27, not too short, not too tall, reasonably intelligent and handsome enough to have "the pilot look"—whatever that phrase might mean to the interviewing officials. Even after passing several intelligence tests, a flight proficiency check and a rigorous physical examination, an applicant could be rejected if he did not meet the interviewer's notions of personality, poise or promise.

Once hired (there were occasional openings), the new pilot was on probation for a year, during which time he could be discharged for any reason whatsoever—performance, whim or caprice. Not until he had passed through those limbo months could he join the Air Line Pilots Association and gain some job security.

At the end of the Korean War the stream of pilots discharged by the military resembled the running of the smelt. To this abundance was added the product of the services' flight schools, which were programed to operate at wartime levels and were not immediately shut down. While no reliable statistics have been gathered, the indications are that a hundred qualified pilots were available for every air-line vacancy.

Now all this has changed. Operating under more stringent financial controls, the armed services have been hard put to train as many pilots as they would like to have. As military airplanes have become more complex, the expense of training a pilot has risen. The Defense Department estimates that it now costs $100,000 to train a single pilot. Since the outlay per man has risen faster than the budget available for flight training, the number of pilots in training has been cut. And money is not the only reason for reducing the pilot training program. Rockets, helicopters and other space-age devices have all but made military planes obsolete.

The large post-Korean pilot reservoir is now mainly dried up. Many of these former fliers are established in other occupations and cannot be lured back to flying. But in addition, most of those who would still be willing to give the air lines a try are too old for the job.

The other face of the pilot shortage problem is the fact that the air lines are doing so well today. Long accustomed to an annual growth rate of about 10 per cent, the industry was shaken in the late 1950s when the anticipated rise did not occur, and the president of one of the larger carriers remarked ruefully that the days of substantial air-line growth were over. He reasoned that the planes had already enticed most of the passengers away from the railroads and the bus lines, and that additional increase of air travel could come only with population growth. His company's economists dutifully predicted an annual growth of some 3 per cent—perhaps as high as 5 per cent if competition was not on its toes.

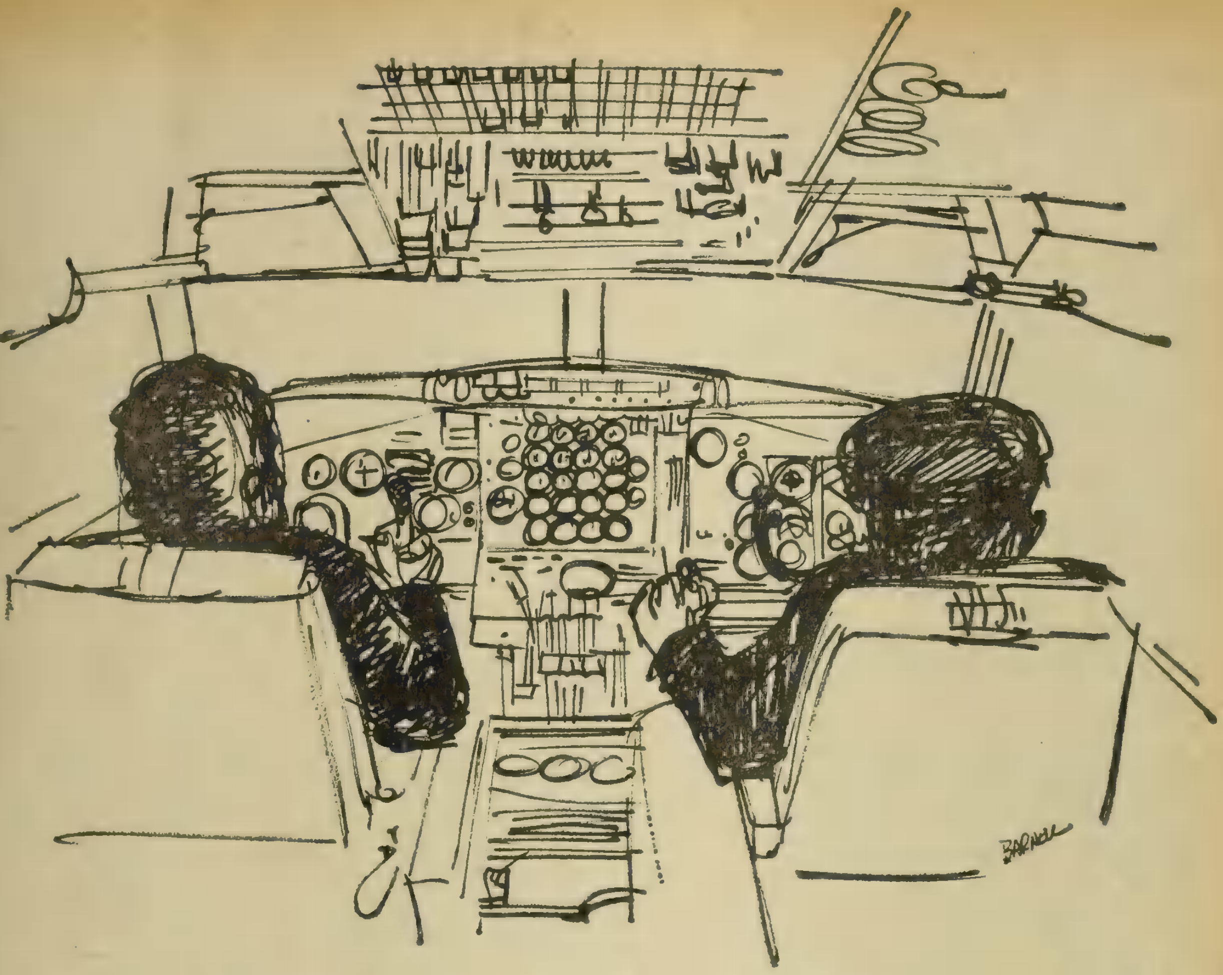
But in 1964, U.S. air-line travel increased some 20 per cent. One line recorded a 30 per cent increase, and followed it with another 30 per cent in 1965. Early 1966 figures indicate that another phenomenal year is in prospect.

This boom comes at a time when the pilot force is getting a little old. Many of those now flying were hired during the last great air-line expansion of some twenty years ago, and are now between the ages of 45 and 50. The mandatory retirement age is 60, and since pilots must meet rigorous physical standards a good number will drop out sooner.

It is understandable, then, that air-line financial officers are unhappy. The lack of but one jet-qualified Boeing 707 captain for one year could cut revenue as much as $4 million. But more is involved than the loss of immediate dollars. If an air line finds itself acutely short of pilots, it may have to curtail its schedules, and a more foresighted competitor will jump to fill the gap. Furthermore, several lucrative major air-line routes still remain to be awarded. (The forthcoming Pacific route case will be the largest the Civil Aeronautics Board has ever handled.) Part of an air line's argument for being awarded new routes consists in proving that if it were certified, it would be capable of providing the service. An air line that is understaffed would be at a distinct disadvantage; to serve the new route, it might be forced to curtail service elsewhere, and the Civil Aeronautics Board does not favor that procedure.

The situation is flavored with irony. The embarrassing pilot shortage could have been much more severe had it not been for certain actions by the Air Line Pilots Association, which were strenuously resisted at the time by the management of several air lines. When the jets arrived, there was considerable controversy as to the appropriate composition of a cockpit crew. The ALPA established a jet study committee whose function, among others, was to study the work load in the cockpit. This group learned what it could from the jet experience of the military and from the operation of the British Comet (the first commercial jet in the air). Those studies convinced the pilots that the new aircraft would be sufficiently complicated and the traffic patterns sufficiently tangled to require two full-time pilots in the cockpit. Since there is always the possibility that one pilot may die or be otherwise disabled, the ALPA vigorously asserted that a third pilot should be added as a safety factor. Meanwhile the Flight Engineers International Association, fearing that the new planes would displace them from their jobs, declared that if there was to be a third man in any cockpit he must be qualified as a mechanic (and thus a member of the FEIA).

The controversy was resolved on several air lines by installing four men in the cockpit: captain, first officer, second officer and mechanic-trained flight engineer. It is that pool of second officers, literally forced on several air lines by the threat of a pilots' strike, that today enables those



air lines to man their planes. Subsequent agreements between the air lines and the two unions have provided for pilot training for the mechanic-qualified flight engineer. As these men (who have a wealth of cockpit experience) qualify as pilots, they can assume the duties of the second officer and the second officer can in turn upgrade to copilot in relatively short time.

Of course, one man's problem is another man's opportunity. Young men with the urge to fly have a better chance to fulfill their dream than they have had in a good many years. Today a pilot can find work with virtually any U.S. air line, and perhaps with a foreign carrier or two. Less flying experience is required of a new recruit than at any time since World War II. This is not to say that standards will be lowered or that the copilot seat on a jet will be filled by "200-hour wonders" fresh from Piper Cubs. But it does mean that a pilot with relatively little flying experience can get his foot into the door and receive his future training at the air line's expense.

There are other ramifications to this sellers' market. The pilot shortage has already bid up the free market (non-union) price for pilots. Fixed-base operators, nonscheduled air lines and corporations that operate their own planes are already feeling the pinch. And since salaries for non-union pilots have advanced sharply in some quarters, it is likely that the unionized segment of aviation (virtually all air line pilots) will soon feel that the time has come to talk wages.

The pilot shortage will also affect the armed services. They have always had trouble persuading qualified pilots to be content with a military career. Aside from the hazards of combat, there is the possibility that a promotion will not be forthcoming or that a man will be declared surplus because of a budget cut. The enemy may declare peace and then large numbers of pilots will again be thrown onto the civilian market. Air line jobs are available now.

The pilot shortage could have meaning for Negroes, Puerto Ricans and members of other minority groups. Traditionally, pilots in the United States have come from middle-class white families. While employment has not specifically been denied to Negroes and the other minorities, exceedingly few of them have been able to become pilots in the military or to accumulate the requisite flying experience in other ways. Today, with pre-employment requirements sharply reduced, their chances are better than ever before.

Suddenly aware of the immensity of the problem, the air lines are looking for long-term solutions. Several possibilities have been suggested. The Civilian Pilot Training Program (CPT) of the 1940s could be reactivated. In that scheme, selected universities throughout the country provided the classroom training while nearby flight schools taught the flying itself. A new CPT would no doubt produce pilots, but it might be hard to persuade Congress to underwrite industry's training needs in this fashion today.

A second possibility is to provide substantially the same type of training but to do it under guise of national urgency (legally there is no national emergency today). An increased number of pilots could be trained for the military forces and the surplus turned over to the air lines. While this approach undoubtedly would have an easier time in Congress, it would be very expensive. It costs considerably more to train a pilot in a military flying school than it does under a civilian program. Further, there is no assurance that, once they had trained a pilot, the military would be eager to release him to the air lines.

A third proposal is that the government (through the Federal Aviation Agency) set up a gigantic pilot training program. A tremendous new flight school (perhaps in a politically important state) would undertake to train all the pilots for the air lines. Selection, training and testing would be standardized in the hope of producing a uniform product. While it is true that the air lines' managerial prerogatives would be seriously curtailed by such a program and that individualism might suffer in many ways, proponents of the scheme point out that it would be inexpensive for the air lines since the taxpayers would foot the bill.

A fourth approach to the pilot shortage is the suggestion that the air lines "grow their own." Already two of the major air lines are experimenting. Selected college graduates are given intelligence tests, a physical examination and several subjective tests. Once they are over these hurdles, they get a commitment of a job from the air line, provided only that they obtain a commercial pilot's license at an approved flight school. One air line will even finance the training, making arrangements for repayment through subsequent payroll deductions.

If this program is successful, and there are signs that it may be, the industry will be able to rescue itself from the pilot shortage. Equally important, it will demonstrate to the air lines that they can handle complex problems on their own, without continually running to the federal government for help.

LETTERS *(continued from page 466)*

tween a politician who thinks like a liberal and acts like a reactionary, and one who thinks like a reactionary and acts like a reactionary, there is really no choice.

Mrs. Marvin Shinbrot

contribution

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your Literature of the Holocaust section [Oct. 17] is another vital contribution *The Nation* is making (above most first-rate journals, it seems), in its concern and responsibility to the world we are in.

Joseph Wiseman

the war ahead

APO, San Francisco

Dear Sirs: I commend John McDermott's "Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam" [*The Nation*, July 25] as being what I consider the best indictment of the war in print.

We have tried to enforce our middle-class values and prosperity upon a people who have rejected them (us). The Vietnamese peasants have challenged the very substance of our society (i.e., middle-class prosperity). Our reaction has been to destroy the peasants themselves, thereby ignoring (or trying to) the profound challenge to our way of life which they represent.

I can only conclude that it looks as if the greatest war this century has seen is still in front of us. . . .

Pfc. Darrel L. Welshans

McCarran, Smith and freedom

Ithaca, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Frank Donner, reviewing my book, *Expanding Liberties* [*The Nation*, Sept. 26], has written as if I approve the Smith Act and the McCarran Act. I cannot see how he could possibly have come to such an opinion if he has read Chapter IV of the book.

Regarding the Smith Act, on pages 118-119 and 122 I make it clear that I am on the side of the dissenting opinion of Justice Douglas; and on page 133 your reviewer will find this statement by me:

> The Smith Act and the cases which it spawned do not add up to a chapter in American history that can be read with pride. It has a nightmarish effect that evokes the question: Was it all real? Could it possibly be that mature, sophisticated men, in high office, could have thought that America's security and freedom would be strengthened by these actions?

Nor do I need to be told by your reviewer that President Truman attacked the McCarran Act in his veto message. On page 140 he will find a summary of that veto message, and on pages 149 and 151 he will discover that I condemn that act in words that no reader could possibly misunderstand, for I say: "President Truman's condemnation of the act in his veto message has been amply sustained by the events since 1950. . . . President Truman was right: the act is both nonsense and bad law."

Milton R. Konvitz

New York City

Dear Sirs: Dr. Konvitz misses the point of my criticism, which is not that he approves the repressive laws and court decisions in question but rather that the tyranny of his "progress" thesis has forced him to minimize their significance, to ignore their political and social context and, indeed, to cite them as evidence of "freedom's gains." His *ultimate evaluations of their historic role* . . . are that the Smith Act and the cases applying it did not turn out to be so bad after all; that the widely deplored McCarran Act procedures are "fair . . . genuine and superior" and that (most remarkably of a law that has been characterized by experts as the most repressive ever enacted in our history) the McCarran Act, together with its 1954 outlawry amendment (passed during a wild, tumultuous session of Congress at the height of McCarthyism), are "a tribute to the moderation and good sense of Congress [and] are not an expression of extremism. . . ."

For more than twenty years, Congress and the courts have permitted an anti-Communist fixation to deny full play to the right of political dissent guaranteed in the Constitution. Dr. Konvitz should have frankly acknowledged the existence of this historic impasse instead of eking out spurious reasons for taking comfort from "freedom's gains. . . ."

Frank J. Donner

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Ireland Rehearses the Future

THE MAKING OF MODERN IRELAND, 1603-1922. *By J. C. Beckett. Alfred A. Knopf. 496 pp. $8.95.*

IRELAND SINCE THE RISING. *By Timothy Patrick Coogan. Frederick A. Praeger. 355 pp. $6.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

One, perhaps the only, stable element in Irish history has been the land. Irish writers, the best of them—from Maria Edgeworth to Patrick Kavanaugh—have always known this instinctively. In Yeats, despite his imaginative claim to the inheritance of "Goldsmith and the Dean, Berkeley and Burke" and the traditions of intellectual elegance handed down to him from 18th-century Ireland, this elemental instinct was early cultivated and, toward the end, openly asserted:

> *John Synge, I and Augusta Gregory, thought*
> *All that we did, all that we said or sang*
> *Must come from contact with the soil, from that*
> *Contact everything Antaeus-like grew strong.*
> *We three alone in modern times had brought*
> *Everything down to that sole test again.*

Here, as elsewhere, Yeats claims a little too much. He and his friends did not construct that "test," nor did they have any exclusive claim to it. What they actually did was to articulate what had always been part of the instinctive knowledge of the Irish peasantry, and this knowledge under the scrutiny of a critical and historically alert intelligence enabled them to find in the land of Ireland a touchstone by which an artist might be identified as truly Irish. This in distinction to the artist or writer who simply happened to be born in Ireland. The distinction is useful and at times enlightening. William Carleton and Padraic Colum are, for example, Irish writers, their work grounded in the Irish experience, earthy and of Irish earth a part. But an Edward FitzGerald or an Oscar Wilde could as well have been born in Athens or Teheran for all the relevance of an Irish birthplace to their exquisite literary performances. And in Joyce, most Irish and most cosmopolitan of writers, the land at last becomes—in the shape of a great giant recumbent between the hill of Howth and Chapelizod—the central figure in a complex cyclical drama that is no less Ireland's story because it is, or was intended to be, the story of mankind.

Since history, like criticism, follows in the way of literature, the flowering of an Irish literature early in this century may explain the new interest in Irish history that has been apparent since around the time of the Second World War. If so, the historian's task does not seem to have been made much easier, and professional historians today are quite ready to admit that the history of Ireland has not yet been adequately written. There may be many reasons for this, but the one generally given is that the people who, over the centuries, were attached or who attached themselves to the land have proved the single most *unstable* element within the Irish historical framework. "Great hatred, little room," in Yeats's phrase, had maimed them almost from the start. A bewildering and abrasive admixture of clan, race and creed, the claims of conflicting loyalties and adherence to impossible causes had so confused not only the people but the issues that, in a kind of despair, the complexity of Irish history was commonly reduced to a simple formula of confrontation between native and foreigner.

Of course the formula does not work except for the writing of debased popular history. But the picture is not wholly black. Edmund Curtis' *History of Ireland*, first published in 1936 and reaching six editions within fifteen years, is a straightforward, noninterpretative, highly condensed account of Irish affairs from the beginning down to 1922. There are also studies of particular persons, periods or events that, in addition to presenting a subject impartially and in depth, attain a dimension of significance that is one of the distinctive traits of fine historical writing. A collective work, *The Great Famine: Studies in Irish History*, edited by R. Dudley Edwards and T. Desmond Williams, and Conor Cruise O'Brien's lucid and original *Parnell and His Party 1880-1890*, both published in 1957, are outstanding examples of a new mode of accomplishment that has recently appeared in Irish historical studies. Special studies of this kind are propaedeutic to any fresh synthesis of Irish history that may appear in the future—such as the cooperative history projected by the Irish Historical Society for publication in 1970.

Meanwhile, readers interested in the subject can be brought up to date by Prof. J. C. Beckett's history of three centuries of English rule in Ireland (1603-1922) and by Mr. T. P. Coogan's account of what has been going on in the country since the Easter Rising of Sixteen. The two books complement each other in a number of ways. Coogan's account picks up approximately where Beckett's leaves off, the latter providing historical perspective on a series of events so recent in time as to be not fully meaningful outside that perspective. Then, too, Beckett is a Belfast man, a Protestant (one supposes), and a professional historian; Coogan is a Dubliner, a Catholic and a practicing journalist. What is important about these differences, about the first two especially, is that they make so little difference. For there is in both a fair-mindedness, an absence of bias, and a respect even for the unpleasant fact in remote or recent history that has happily nothing at all to do with geography or religion. The shenanigans of the Reverend Paisley in the streets of Belfast or the rattling of an Irish Republican Army (IRA) ghost in the South would, one feels, be accepted by both Beckett and Coogan with the same kind of bemused and painful resignation.

The real difference between the two is that one is a scholar and the other a newspaper man. Beckett's approach is explorative, his tone formal and judicious, his conclusions tentative. Mr. Coogan, writing about what are all but current events, is more hurried and quotidian, but resourceful in getting at the facts (he has interviewed many of the people—bishops, gunmen and diplomats—who had a hand in shaping the Ireland the world now knows), and setting these down while they were still, so to speak, hot.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the history of modern Ireland is the role it has played in world affairs since admission to the United Nations some ten years ago. This has been out of all proportion to Ireland's size, and out of tune at times with popular feeling at home. The UN delegation early adopted a stance of "noncommitment" in the East-

West division, and to the surprise of both sides adhered to that position with irritating consistency. Ireland opposed Britain over Suez, the United States over the admission of China to the UN, and has all along opposed the apartheid policies of South Africa. In the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, though appreciative of American anxiety, it refused to endorse the State Department's line and expressed understanding for "the concern which the Revolutionary Government of Cuba feels for their national security . . . in view of the attempt made by Cuban refugee elements to invade their territory in April last year." Ireland has even succeeded in irritating all sides at the same time. When, for example, Frank Aiken, leader of its UN delegation, first made his proposal on nuclear limitation and disarmament, it was condemned by America as communistic, by the Russians as a capitalist plot, and by Franco's Spain as undemocratic!

Whether or not Ireland can continue to play this role—a small but independent voice to trouble the liberal conscience of the world—is unknown. Its economic dependence on England, traditional ties to America and natural conservatism bred out of the bone of Irish Catholicism, seem little likely to encourage it. But for a small country, modestly endowed, it has made an admirable beginning.

In the broader perspective of Professor Beckett's study, Ireland may be seen as the small and turbulent theatre where many recent events in world history have been put through protracted and painful rehearsal. In this sense Ireland is the paradigm for those backward, underdeveloped, disadvantaged—all euphemisms for the exploited—nations that have emerged in the 20th century from the breakup of the old imperial systems. Its experience, ranging over eight centuries of colonial exploitation, provides examples of action vis-à-vis an aggressor ranging from the tactical advantages of guerrilla warfare to the possibilities of parliamentary strategy and international propaganda. Consider only the first of these: whenever the Irish risked pitched battle with the English—at Kinsale, at the Boyne, and in '98—the results were calamitous; but there was no way in which the English, forced to maintain large standing armies on Irish soil, could cope with native guerrillas—constantly active in Ireland over eight centuries, whether they were known as Raparees, Whiteboys, Fenians, or the IRA—without resorting to ultimate force, that is, the systematic extermination or transplantation of the native populace. This indeed the English attempted in the 17th and 18th centuries, and even in this they were only partially successful: *desertum faciunt, pacem vocant.* The Irish guerrilla emerged again in the 20th century and, the conscience of the world inhibiting the use of ultimate force by the English military, successfully wrested the country's independence from a great and powerful empire. The example is not without relevance to events in Southeast Asia today.

The creation of the Irish Free State in 1922 was the first step, the establishment of a republic in 1949 the last, in the total separation of Ireland from England. The process was gradual and undramatic and coincided in large part with the slow dissolution of the British Empire. Marx had foreseen that Ireland would provide the ferment for this dissolution, but he did not foresee that the Socialist revolution would be absorbed in the national—as has also happened elsewhere in the world during the last two decades. Even in the matter of partition (the six counties of Northern Ireland that remain outside the republic and still adamantly British) the Irish experience has foreshadowed the divided state—Korea, Vietnam and, in a different way, Germany—that begins as a temporary political compromise and continues in existence with every appearance of national permanence.

Ireland's tragedies are behind it, but all irony may not be. The political independence sought and won may yet be compromised by the dependence of its economy on that of England. Cooperation and friendship, so essential if the country is to prosper, may prove more dangerous than old enmities, if Ireland is to be made over now in the image of commercial England. The possibility and the peril are quite real. But it is difficult enough to understand Ireland's past without at this time predicting its future.

Where the Martyrs Died

CONFESSIONS OF AN IRISH REBEL. *By Brendan Behan. Bernard Geis Associates. Distributed by Random House. 245 pp. $4.95.*

DUBLIN 1916. *Edited by Roger McHugh. Hawthorn Books. 399 pp. $6.95.*

THE IRISH UPRISING 1916-22. *A C.B.S. Legacy Collection produced by Goddard Lieberson. Set of book and two records. $10.95. The Macmillan Company (book only). 164 pp. $7.95.*

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist and author of a group of studies on Irish historical themes, including the 1916 Easter Rising, published in Ireland. He has lived in Ireland and the United States and has written for publications on both sides of the Atlantic.

When Brendan Behan died in March, 1964, at the age of 41, nearly all of Dublin turned out for the funeral. In death they gave him the kind of salute denied him in life. They would have done the same for Sean O'Casey, who sprang from a similar background and died an exile in his 80s. Both were products of that unique brotherhood, the Dublin working class. Both had little formal education. Both were nurtured in an area of Georgian tenements on the north side of the River Liffey.

Confessions of an Irish Rebel is Behan's last work. He didn't write a word of it. Rae Jeffs, who describes herself as a proper British lady until she met Brendan, recorded it on tape for his publishers and transcribed and edited it after his death. It must have been a rough assignment and she deserves praise for the attempt. Ribald, tender, comic, extravagant, flamboyant and occasionally sad, it is authentic Behan.

Yet despite her efforts, it is not worthy of him, being in effect a first draft. *Borstal Boy*, Behan tells us here, was rewritten several times. *Confessions*, billed as a sequel, contains errors the author would not have tolerated: misspelled place names, repetitions, political *gaffes*. As it stands it is hardly a serious work, reading rather like a collection of those weekly articles Behan wrote for *The People*, a mass-circulation London Sunday newspaper. On that level it succeeds. There is a laugh on every page and it is probably the funniest book of the year.

Confessions records the activities of a truly extraordinary character following his release from an English reform school in the early 1940s to the production of *The Quare Fellow* at the Pike, Dublin's small *avant-garde* theatre, in 1954. He spent much of the time in various prisons as an Irish Republican Army activist. He manages to make it all sound like a lark, which it wasn't; many of his comrades were maltreated, some were shot. But Behan, who hadn't an ounce of self-pity and little bitterness in his make-up, admits: "I have never been able to talk about things that mean a deal to me. . . ." He found other ways to exorcise his memories.

He wrote *The Quare Fellow* as a one-act play in Irish, a language he mastered in jail with the aid of Gaelic speakers. Based on a Mountjoy Prison hanging which occurred while he was inside, it is a forceful argument against capital punishment. The Abbey, Ireland's national theatre, rejected it, but after its triumph elsewhere, the Abbey staged an expanded version.

The Hostage, also written in Irish, was produced briefly in Dublin. Behan translated it, gave it to Joan Littlewood, was interviewed on British television by Malcolm Muggeridge, and became a sensation overnight. After that he was rarely out of the headlines. Ironically, *The Hostage* was among the plays that sparked the "new theatre" of the 1950s; for Brendan it marked the beginning of a decline that continued until his tragic death.

Perhaps the truth is that there were two Brendan Behans. The outgoing and uninhibited one cocked a snook at the world and its follies. The other, a sensitive introvert whom few people knew, was appalled at the things men do to other men, and died before his time because the conflict and the burden were too great to bear.

"I told the assembled company my story and, for the most part, I told the truth." The vigor of its style and the robustness of its contents notwithstanding, *Confessions of an Irish Rebel* is an unsatisfactory book, perhaps because Brendan did not write it.

HOSPITALITY

How do you feel about
Me taking up space in
Your city? Ah, it is not
An open house, to be sure.
Because some do not want to share
Others must suffer.
My little ones will bear
The cold another night
And late in your big mansion
Leave just once the one room
You use and pad through the long
Hall and consider the value
Of those other rooms and beds —
To another if not to you . . .
And I shall observe that
This year's monsters are much
Like last year's, and those of
Another year. Though
You did not really get hold of me
One did, one did, long ago . . .
Is it her image I seek in you
Asking the smallest favor
Knowing how you will turn us out?
Cold hearts: it takes so many
To make a city like this one.
It is built on such a principle
That for kindness I look to the stars.

DAVID RAY

"The right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland" was, and is, a potent slogan. Prof. Roger McHugh of University College Dublin (UCD) draws on contemporary sources to tell the story of the Easter Rising in *Dublin 1916*. O'Casey, Shaw, Yeats, Lady Gregory, James Stephens, Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor, Lennox Robinson, Sylvia Pankhurst are among the contributors.

The shock to the imperial system was profound when in the middle of a war ostensibly being waged "for the freedom of small nations," one small nation opted for freedom. The revolt was crushed in a week, sixteen leaders were executed, thousands were jailed and deported. But, as Yeats noted, Ireland was transformed by the deeds of her martyrs:

I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

P. H. Pearse, a revolutionary nationalist, and James Connolly, a revolutionary Socialist, inspired the resurgence that swept Ireland after their deaths. In 1919, De Valera could say in New York: "We are the spearhead of the movement for national freedom everywhere." He knew the Easter Rising had significance for all subject peoples. The compromise settlement with England in 1921 led to civil war; the spearhead became a rear guard. As Nehru noted shrewdly: "The English policy had won where it had been checked, and Irishmen were fighting Irishmen and England was quietly helping one party and generally looking on well content with the new development." Political stagnation and mass emigration followed.

Today the names of Pearse and Connolly are eulogized; their ideas are forgotten or ignored. Connolly would not be surprised. "The only true prophets are they who carve out the future which they announce," he wrote once. *Dublin 1916* shows the prophets at work, even though they failed to carve out the future they announced.

One finds it difficult to know what to make of *The Irish Uprising 1916-22*, an expensively garbed C.B.S. book-and-two-record-set that will probably outsell Behan's *Confessions* and McHugh's anthology combined. It is issued, the sponsors say, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Rising "as a presentation of the events that led to Irish independence." Unfortunately, this is an over-

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IT

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statement; Ireland did not win full independence then or later. What it got was self-government and partition, which is why Brendan Behan was a rebel many years after 1916. The book contains more than 100 good photographs, some reproduced for the first time. President De Valera supplies a foreword. Former President Sean T. O'Kelly is a contributor with historian Thomas P. O'Neill and novelist-critic Benedict Kiely.

No one can cavil at the production nor at what O'Neill and Kiely have to say. The two LPs are something else again. A running narrative interspersed with songs, poems and interviews, it winds up as a hodgepodge. The album presents the Rising and subsequent resistance through an emotional haze. As Arnold Bax put it:

And when the devil made us wise
Each in his own peculiar hell,
With desert hearts and drunken eyes
We're free to sentimentalize
By corners where the martyrs died.

Given his head and two LPs what Brendan Behan wouldn't have done with the story of 1916! He knew more ballads, poems and national lore than any other man in Ireland. But that searching, skeptical, scoffing, suffering mind is no more, and now it will never be done.

Morning's Twilight

THE DARK. *By John McGahern. Alfred A. Knopf. 191 pp. $3.95.*

ANTHONY C. WEST

Mr. West is an Irish writer now living in Wales. His short stories and novels, published internationally, include the novel The Ferret Fancier *(Simon & Schuster).*

When I was in Ireland in the summer of 1965 for the first time in twenty years, I was loaned John McGahern's *The Dark*, together with a farmyard of criticism, comment and gossip concerning the man and his work.

I had not read McGahern's first work, *The Barracks*. It was, apparently, very well received in England *and* in Eire, winning a number of lucrative awards. Unfortunately, as things are in Eire, the gaining of official plaudits could be much the same thing as consenting to wear a strait jacket. My own renewed contact with the existing atmosphere, despite the fact that the late Pope John's spirit is very active and seems to constitute the present party line, taught me that in most things cultural still, the whole belongs to the reverend Pat and political Joe, the leavings to myself. I might live in the country, daily dodging all the small chauvinistic mousetraps, and write my head off while knowing that not one Irishman in 10,000 would read, would be advised to read, or would want to read a word of me: official ignoration can work in much the same way as literary ostracism in Russia, concerning which we've had a recent legalistic example. And by all accounts, things aren't that much different in Protestant, evangelical Ulster, with which province I, myself, can claim native sonship. Small autochthonous prophets are always liable to be short served with honor. Never not unhearing the sounds and furies of the millennial Irish boast and blarney, this whole condition is a sad one, especially so when a man has lived long enough to let windmills alone; and, blood—orange and/or green—always being thicker than water, one worries for the future of one's country which none of us can help loving despite its transient, chauvinistic aberrations. In general and with enduring loyalty, we always wish it well, its health and progress somehow always an attached aspect of our personal contentment.

TWO GERMANIES
MIRROR OF AN AGE
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Eire refused McGahern's second book, *The Dark*, and has more or less disowned the man with, I suppose, after the gratis recognition of *The Barracks*, the implication that he has also spurned the feeding hand. This circumstance is a small but interesting facet of the entire relationship of the Irish artist with his own society, and which is in turn an active part of the world contest between art and power politics. I can well imagine that many an apparently democratic politician might secretly wish for the authority to gag his working artists who are always prone to describe the clay feet of his otherwise expensive idols. As regards McGahern, it seems that *The Dark* has also cost the man his teaching job: the subtle operation of the immortal sanction, I suppose—a kind of material excommunication. Recently, the whole affair was aired on a television program.

I am not concerned to ferret out a writer's personal motives, inhibitions and frustrations: if a writer's worth the name, he can use everything inside and outside himself as free and unprejudiced material. There is peace and beauty enthralled in every ugliness, but if bureaucratic civilizations and dictated so-called cultures insist on functioning under the makeshift compromise of the old Moslem-inspired notion of the Double Truth, the ultimate result can only ever be cumulative philistinism with all the associated backslapping and horrible in-breeding of used up ideas, life slowly degenerating into a go-round that is more dull than merry.

I am not camp following any one of the several existing sectarian bandwagons, orange or green. I think I've at last managed to see Ireland whole, if not entirely hearty. And, Ireland, as it is, the entire thirty-two counties of it, border or no border on its skirt, tends to limit this freedom of artistic selection and statement, bending over the artist's shoulder like an old spinsterish schoolteacher and suggesting deletions of what she considers unmentionables; this freedom is and must so remain the first point of liberty for any truly creative mind and must stand alone and apart from all direct religious and political suggestion and interpolation. If the artist abuses, ill uses or misuses his freedom, he demotes himself, has only himself to blame and must bear the responsibility, and the additional national and/or religious censure is not really required and only licenses the hindsighted rabble of grinding grundys to air their self-righteous complaints. I doubt if one has the fiat to judge the artist's actual material as offered; one may only criticize the method and manner of presentation, assessing relative success or failure on this level. However, and thank God for it, as regards McGahern and any other honest Irish writer, native parochial opinion has no weight at all in the general Anglo-Saxon literary forum and, if an Irish writer had to exist on native royalties, he would starve. And, at the hunt's heel, be it said that attempted identification of a creative writer with nationalistic and politico-religious expectations is all wrong, unless the man is asked to be no more than a mouthpiece journalist with suitable blinkers. There are such people and God bless them, but they have nothing to do with the cosmopolitan world economy of art. And good luck to John McGahern in this: he has obviously refused the poet laureateship offered by the *status quo*.

Taking *The Dark* as it is, I'm glad that yet another eye and mind take up the constant challenge of the rich Irish scene with its almost inexhaustible spiritual, social and economic patterns of living, grass-roots facts.

Ireland continues to offer us a unique and concentrated mixture of past forms and potential development: it hasn't yet consented to deposit all its eggs in the 20th-century basket and waits still, watching, slowly assessing, not quite in time, and so equipped with rather more than normal perspective, reducing the big world's doings to parish size, the ghost of the participative Celtic past rubbing shoulders with modern technology, with a trace, perhaps anachronistic, of respect for the seven medieval arts somehow still surviving, the cumulative confusion initiated by the eight-century-old Papal-Norman take-over never really accepted or rationalized, all present directions loaded with buried motives, many of which may, indeed, prefer the dark to daylight. Although I suppose there isn't one single pure Gael left alive, Ireland—the transcendent imagination of it—remains as the last station on the old lost road to *Tir na rOg*, its westward roads and rivers losing themselves in the burying ocean: it remains —sweet hollow, rattling stream, bleak bear-brown bog, lakes gray as old dreams, mountains nippled on constant cloud. . . . But maybe time with the help of technology will finally take it away from us.

In Ireland last year a four-engined jet plane zoomed westward overhead while I watched an old man splitting an ash log with a stone wedge and wooden maul, much as his neolithic ancestor would have done.

The Dark attempts to describe certain series of unadorned existences as they are today. It seems to be the author's basic, working conception to tell the story in a hard, stark, sparse and unexploited way, from the outset setting his mind against any inherent and related softening: after all, he is post-Beckett and may well have been influenced by the latter's strictly exiguous technique.

Nature, even Irish nature, hardly enters the book. Nor is anything mentioned about the vast mythological background, although the book is placed near Rath Cruachan, the royal mystical capital of the ancient province that goes back to De Danann days. I don't even know how many children there are in the family. The household is presented as a kind of lone bush without a tap root, a kind of island. (Maybe the household *is* Ireland?) With the exception of Father Gerald, there are really only two main measurable characters, the boy and his father. McGahern has omitted details, I think, with the intention of presenting a picture of spiritual barrenness—a wilderness that can only be lived in by clinging to cold and detached noninvolvement; by growing an exoskeleton and keeping the soft parts inside.

The Dark begins with a row between the father and the little boy over the latter's careless use of a four-letter word. One learns there is no mother. She has died previously. Mahoney, the father, is a whole person, and understandable (is the son described through the father?). Articulate resentment of others may only be, after all, a roundabout method of self-discovery.

The hero has few loves. The development of natural sensely affection is constrained by the early ambition to enter the Church, together with the lack of affection within the family unit. He accepts the standard educational pressures along with their moral directives that propose to aim him at the priesthood, which ambition inevitably provokes and unnaturally intensifies the pathetically naive conflict between life as it actually is and the future's ideal, if highly abstract, intentions, the official purpose seeming to be that the earthly vessel should be kept empty until ultimate consecration fills it with the sound of God.

The whole family bunches together against the parent. Behind his back they protect themselves against his bald authority by mocking him. The inward, sensitive son sleeps with the father and hates it, hates the physical contact and nightly breach of privacy, never unaware of the father's temporary superiority in physical strength. I've heard some private critics make rare comments on this episode but I'd say they are all reading more into it than is really there.

A rather similar episode occurs during the visit of the hero to Father Gerald when the long-drawn ambition to be a priest reaches its climax and end, and the amateur critics again see elements of active homosexuality in this section. No. I'd say that this interpretation is poor psychology. All of us hold elements of latent bisexuality—otherwise we wouldn't be able to tolerate one another.

The Eire commissars might well have thanked McGahern for the honestly drawn sketch of this priest. Father Gerald has lived long enough to come to some kind of terms with the appalling loneliness of his vocation, and he is no homosexual, aware or unaware. He has long ago accepted the physical abnormality of celibacy. If one knows something about priestly training one can't underestimate its power to help the subject navigate most sexual hazards in himself and in others. And if a state of mind is maintained and encouraged by powerful institutions and by national entelechies subject to the institutions, then it assumes the authority of law and is sanctified by custom, habit and tradition—by time itself. On the abstract, intellectualistic, nonparticipative level, as our master Mister Kant explained, antinomic hypothesis can dispute with antinomic theory, cold logic alone intact, the hungry human being confused and cross-purposed into ultimate apathy, God as Divine Adviser still right Up There even if the world below is half crazy.

O my country, fertile stud farm for politico-religious abstractions, beehive of prayer, plain song and penance, old wild laughing Celtica now named the same thing as solemn Vaticanism and ranting Calvinism. In modern above-board reality, celibacy and the religious outlook should be the result of a free decision, as

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act of free will, each man as individual allowed to decide the issue. Ireland badly needs a 20th-century Rabelais.

For me, *The Dark* touches lightly and swiftly on many themes and aspects of Irish life and, in all probability, these will continue to occupy McGahern in one way and another for the rest of his writing life. He may consort with the folk of other nations and may attempt to describe them, as a D. H. Lawrence tried to do, but his own folk at home will remain as the only ones he has learned to know, the hard way.

For Each Her Own Tiny Revolt

THE BETTER HALF: The Emancipation of the American Woman. *By Andrew Sinclair. Harper & Row. 401 pp. $6.95.*

NANCY REEVES

Mrs. Reeves is a member of the bar in New York and California. She has written widely on the status of women.

Contemporary American women still lead lives that are caricatures of their foremothers', seeking their fortunes in Oliver W. Holmes's description as "marriageable girls sittin' like shopkeepers behind their goods." Nor is this pattern limited to the "lady class"; it pervades every level of income and of education. Thus, for the majority of American women, sex and security are still centered in the same relationship. Even the minority, who are beginning to question the soft sell in the free ride, tend to make their forays into the fuller life from the protective custody of their husbands' solid incomes. Their dream is limited to self-realization: first person singular. Each individual struggles to achieve her own tiny revolution.

Andrew Sinclair's book is therefore salutary. In focusing interest once again on "the glorious phalanx of old maids" who led the suffrage movement, he reminds us that theirs was a creative insurgency concerned with self-realization for the human race: third person plural. In the ferment of the abolition movement, there was a tie very early between the peculiar institution and the peculiar sex, for women, in seeking to free the slaves, became conscious of their own bonds. They also learned techniques of organization and patterns of resourcefulness that stood them in good stead in their own cause. I like the picture, sketched by Henrietta Buckmaster, of a mob swarming into the building where Garrison was to address the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, whereupon the chairman, Maria Weston Chapman, calmly directed each white lady to take a colored "sister" by the hand and so they walked, two by two, out of the building, "their hands folded in their cotton gloves, their eyes busily identifying the genteel leaders of the mob."

Today, even though a dynamic fraction of American women are certainly absorbed in all current issues, there is no organic connection between these issues and the "summer of our discontent" that characterizes neo-feminism. Yesterday's rebels were concerned with social action; today's limit themselves to subjective search. It has been argued that the reason for this disparity derives from the fundamental change in objective conditions: in the past women fought for formal rights, now they are faced with the task of realizing them. Yet, if one reads the journals of the great figures and the various movements, it is clear that there were no illusions about laws: suffrage and other legal reforms were seen only as prerequisites for ultimate integration. The vote was a means. The overriding end was economic independence: the right to work, the right to equal pay, the right to retain one's wages and to be freed from the ignominy of *femme couverte* status. Even today, women's wages are substantially below the earnings of men, but this fact has little relevance to current discontent. The question arises: why not?

A clue may be found in Andrew Sinclair's theory of the development of the lady. Seeking to trace the process that set American women outside the mainstream of American life, and fixed the separate-but-equal philosophy that legitimates that exclusion, Sinclair points to the country's early affluence which made possible an increase in the class of "American ladies":

> . . . the idleness of the American

THE POTENTIAL PRISONER

The backstage of this airport
Was unfamiliar. We sat
In the cubicle of the Chief Customs Official
On broken wicker stools, staring

At framed portraits of great
Asian smugglers and close-ups
Of bizarre smuggling techniques.

I saw huge photos of men's common shoes —
Toes had pockets filled with opium. I saw
False tops of suitcases; the stow-
Away techniques always amaze me, the pictures
Were so odd they made us smile.

Meanwhile, the potential prisoner
Never arrived. We drove back
To familiar things in this strange city
And spent the night
Exchanging information
Leading to the capture
Of our secret selves. Why should we

Hide our own lives
In the toes of our shoes?
Later, we knew
We had arrived,
Without knowing why,
At that moment of revelation
When we threw out
The puffs and padding of
Our inner lies. Love,

After all, descends in the foreign dark
Apparently praying to be caught.

SANDRA HOCHMAN

> lady was the concern of every traveller who came to the New World expecting to see nothing but thrifty and industrious republican women. The English feminist, Barbara Bodichon, found the lady class of America more utterly idle than anywhere outside the harems of the East.

Given the fluid society of that time, the material wealth, and the ideology that as Veblen noted "required respectable women to be freed from any taint of utility," it is not surprising that even women at the bottom of the economic ladder failed to concern themselves with their position in the labor market. Even for today's rebels, the emphasis is on personal fulfillment, not financial autonomy. Redress is sought more in terms of therapy than of justice. Sinclair writes: "The curious fact about the Victorian lady was that her husband was prepared to work himself almost to death to support her." So is the contemporary husband as is proved by the incidence of male mortality among the dollar hunters. The standard assertion to dramatize women's advance (they now own two-thirds of all private wealth) is not very impressive when one reflects that "they have not earned it; they have married it, and have been left widows."

Despite these interesting ideas, *The Better Half* is not a successful book, perhaps because of the very dimensions of the task the author has undertaken: to document woman's role in American society, a subject neglected by most historians. In 1959, Eleanor Flexner published her definitive study of the suffrage movement: *Century of Struggle*. Sinclair must have decided to produce a broader work, for he sandwiches the period covered by Flexner between a flash-back to colonial times and a projection to the present. The result is a fast-paced, impressionistic chronicle, rather like a survey course, with no clearly articulated axis, despite the fact that the point of view is enlightened and many of the insights are valuable. Though there is evidence of considerable research in *The Better Half*, research is not necessarily scholarship. As Karl Mannheim has noted: ". . . even a slightly deeper study of social phenomena proves that naive observation of facts does not suffice because sociological conditions mostly appear in a distorted form, and it requires theory, knowledge and trained observation, to unmask them, and interpret their vicissitudes as a function of the underlying processes." It is this angle of vision that is lacking in most works on women and the result is a perpetuation of assumptions. One of the most pervasive is that women were historically invisible—outside past societies—and are only now coming into their own. As Mary Beard notes:

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> . . . women merely dropped out of the pen portraits. They remained in the actuality. They were members of all the castes from the slave stratum at the bottom to the ruling families at the top and, even where restrictions were the tightest, took part in nearly everything that went on in the world.

On a smaller scale, there is the persistent assumption that the leaders of the suffrage movement were caricatures. Sinclair, though sympathetic to their cause, cannot resist the fad for curbstone psychoanalysis, attributing homosexual tendencies to Susan B. Anthony and marital disillusionment to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as motivating factors for ideological action. To quote Mannheim again: "We are still at the stage in which we talk about the apple and rarely mention the laws of gravity."

And finally, Sinclair contrives an assumption of his own, in fitting the facts of the suffrage movement into his construct of small-town versus city, as a cultural theme. Thus, the most sophisticated, the most radical, the most intellectual of the leaders, Susan B. Anthony, is characterized as follows:

> . . . she displayed a fundamental belief in American rural values that was extraordinary in an educated and emancipated woman. Her hatred of the city and its ways, her belief that only the land was good, her simple ideas on the running of a government, her bias against intellectual life, and her contempt for the expanding commerce that was to develop the continent betray her underlying conservatism and her sentiment for a lost heritage. . . . But such beliefs made her useless in her attempts to secure the backing of slum or factory women. . . . In fact, her novelty was, as was that of Elizabeth Stanton, to believe in the literal words of the Declaration of Independence.

This about the editor of *Revolution* which spoke for the exploited woman worker and the social outcast! And one has to be an Englishman to imagine that belief "in the literal words of the Declaration of Independence" could spell conservatism at any period.

Abortion on Demand

ABORTION. *By Lawrence Lader. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 212 pp. $5.95.*

EDWIN M. SCHUR

Mr. Schur is a professor of sociology at Tufts University. His most recent book is Crimes Without Victims *(Prentice-Hall).*

Writing in these pages eleven years ago ["The Abortion Racket: Product of Laggard Law," March 5, 1955] I commented that Frederick Taussig's 1936 description of our "ostrich-like" refusal to face the facts of abortion was then still, unfortunately, a most apt one. It is a sad commentary on processes of rational socio-legal change that today—thirty years after Taussig wrote—the situation, at least officially, is little altered. True, the "conspiracy of silence" to which Lawrence Lader alludes in his new book is gradually being breached. Professional groups (both medical and legal) are beginning to demand a more critical scrutiny of the problem, and policy makers have even taken a few hesitant steps in the direction of actual legal reform. Nonetheless, the stark fact remains that abortion continues to be outlawed under American law.

Mr. Lader has performed a real service in providing the general reader with a well-documented and lucid discussion of all aspects of the abortion problem. He has done an extremely thorough job of researching his subject, yet presents his findings in nontechnical, readable form, largely avoiding the sensationalism which often characterizes books on such controversial topics. Case studies, statistics, general medical knowledge, historical and comparative data, and social and ethical perspectives are sensibly interwoven by the author to give a comprehensive and forceful picture of what he rightly terms "the system."

One of the striking features of the system has been a "mythology of fear." Perhaps because of lurid publicity given to cases of illegal abortion, few Americans seem to have become aware that "hospital abortion [in the early stages of pregnancy] has become one of the simplest and safest of all operations in recent decades," and considerable evidence exists that there need not even be adverse psychological aftereffects; such reactions, as Lader points out, may be culturally induced.

The gist of the "system" however, seems to be to keep hospital (i.e., safe) abortions at a minimum. In this connection, Lader analyzes the experience of various hospitals in developing special boards and procedures for the processing of abortion applications. As he rightly notes, the abortion board serves to restrict the number of approved hospital operations. I find that Lader is a bit severe in his criticism of doctors for maintaining such boards. Considering their extremely precarious legal position with respect to abortions, it is hardly surprising if physicians have developed these protective group-decision mechanisms. Similarly, Lader seems to exaggerate the role of the "board system" in creating an abortion situation which discriminates against the lower classes. Surely, here too the ultimate and major blame must lie at the center of the entire system—the repressive and senseless laws. As long as most abortions are defined as illegal unless necessary to "preserve the life of the mother," whatever procedures hospitals adopt, the bulk of abortions are bound to be illegal ones, and lower-class women will suffer the most. Of course these are simply questions of emphasis. Lader is well aware of the relation between the hospital rules and the broader legal proscriptions, a relation which does quite definitely come across in his book. And he may be quite right in charging physicians with the responsibility to challenge and test existing laws at every possible juncture. Certainly the physician who refuses a woman's application for a hospital abortion cannot evade personal moral responsibility for the likely consequences of such a ruling—her obtaining an illegal abortion, at far greater risk.

Lader shows very clearly that the legal limitations on hospital abortion (in which we find non-physicians telling physicians what is "therapeutic" and what is not) are utterly unworkable. Humanitarian indications (such as rape and incest) and eugenic indications (such as German measles early in pregnancy) are not allowed, and psychiatric indications are extremely difficult to determine and apply. (According to the letter of the law, abortion usually would be permissible only on psychiatric grounds where a "valid" danger of suicide could be shown to exist.) Under official policy, socio-economic factors, no matter how pressing, are held to be completely irrelevant to whether a termination of pregnancy might be considered "therapeutic." Studies summarized by Lader show that hospitals have in fact been performing some abortions which—if the letter of the law were strictly applied—would have to be acknowledged as illegal. This does support his argument that by adopting more lenient policies hospitals could usefully "stretch" the accepted (if not, technically, legal) indications for therapeutic abortion. One hospital he cites has simply gone ahead and taken an extremely liberal stance on this question—thus far, with no legal interference.

Lader's account provides much useful

comparative material, demonstrating that the more permissive policies in other countries have not led to any of the horrible consequences so often detailed by critics of liberal abortion laws. He also offers an interesting exploration of the religious background and support for our present policies, expressing hope that recent statements by some Catholic spokesmen favoring the acceptance of pluralism in public-policy realms may bode well for the future of reform proposals.

Lader notes with approval both proposals for modifying existing therapeutic abortion laws to allow wider indications, and the more radical argument that women should not ever be compelled to bear unwanted children — that abortion should be available "on demand." Of course, as Lader's book eloquently shows, we have abortion on demand now. The only matters really in dispute are the auspices under which such operations shall be performed, and the attitude society shall express toward aborting women. It is to be hoped that Lader's excellent study will convince many people of the futility, hypocrisy and inhumanity involved in labeling such women "criminals." With the time ripe for a change in these outmoded laws, this book might well play a substantial role in bringing about a humane and sensible reform of public policy.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

George Kaufman's *The Butter and Egg Man* continues the "festival of American plays" at the Cherry Lane Theatre. Kaufman had a sardonic humor which he dissolved in Broadway sirup and soda water, a mixture that guaranteed popularity in the twenties. The period was both heartless and sentimental, murderous and gay, corrupt and juvenilely agitated.

Kaufman's talent consisted in his ability to sort other people's notions into surefire constructions. He knew nothing so well as stage mechanics and was able to infuse them with a spirit wholly characteristic of New York in his day.

The Butter and Egg Man, the only play he wrote without somebody to supply him with subject matter, reveals Kaufman joking about his chief concern: show business. Since the material is limited, the result is flimsy. It is nevertheless replete with facile gags, most of them amiably mirthful, assembled with transparent proficiency. We anticipate their coming and laugh at their punctual arrival.

When the play was done in 1925 it was accepted as a realistic comedy. Now it is quaint farce. It is ably directed by Burt Shevelove who has a penchant for Times Square rococo, vintage gimcracks daubed in camp color. Vicki Cummings conveys the Kaufman spleen deftly. The customary sweets—the nice boy and girl —are pleasantly served by Tyne Daly and David Christmas.

The Rose Tattoo is Tennessee Williams' most sanguine play. In it his mysticism—awe at the centrality of the sex act —is affectionately celebrated. There is also a covert irony in the play: friendly mockery at American inhibition in regard to the libido as contrasted with the Italians' honest sensuality. This gratifies our audiences almost as much as does the wistfulness of *The Glass Menagerie*. But even in *The Rose Tattoo*—all red wine and roses—Williams sounds a deeper note, a feeling for the fierce sanctity of carnal commitment.

This aspect of the play was missed in its first production (1950) and it is still diluted at the City Center. Directors are so pleased to display Williams in a mood of open humor that they obscure the play's more mature complexion. For all that, in view of the brief rehearsal period permitted by the City Center schedule, Milton Katselas has done a most commendable job of direction.

The tempo is a bit too hectic, the characterizations a little too broad but the production as a whole is coherently warm hearted. It is well cast throughout. Harry Guardino is the truck driver with the face of a clown and the body of a god. His performance is animated by boyish guilelessness, a sweet ebullience. Maria Tucci glows with Madonna-like passion and purity. Christopher Walken as the virgin sailor provokes no snickers; on the contrary he inspires cordial regard.

The triumph of the occasion, transfiguring it into an outstanding event, is Maureen Stapleton. Miss Stapleton was excellent when she played the central role originally but now she brings to it a fullness of experience as person and actress which proves my oft-repeated contention that she is among the four or five of our finest actresses.

She reminds me of Laurette Taylor, the true poet among American players of our time. Stapleton is vulnerability and valor, tremulous sensibility, with an unsuspected potential of strength, profound womanliness, innocence and a cleansing humor that springs from earthy simplicity, the rugged common sense of the natural person. Her skill is not "technique": it is the flower of truth arising from the rich loam of an unspoiled humanity.

This lyric genius occasionally quivers uneasily through some lack of confidence. Here and there I feel the actress verging on hysteria, especially as the rehearsal circumstances and the drive of the direction push her toward it. But there is more to the phenomenon than just that; it has something to do with a quality to be found in many of our best actresses.

The "nervousness" I refer to may even be detected in Barbara Harris. She dominates and is indeed the only justification for *The Apple Tree* at the Shubert Theatre. The show consisting of three one-act musical sketches based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank Stockton and Jules Feiffer, is borscht-circuit comedy in elaborate and expensive trappings—except for the first piece, "The Diary of Adam and Eve," in which I imagine costly scenery was dispensed with along with nudity. Jerry Bock's lyrics are flat. Sheldon Harnick's score is savorless, a fact which may not be noticed because of its suave orchestration and a superior sound system. There is barely a trace of true dancing in the show, and the fun is spread

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very thin. There is only Barbara Harris.

In the Adam and Eve bit, with Alan Alda as a good-natured and most likable Adam, abetted by the roguishly urbane Larry Blyden as the Snake, Miss Harris is a charmingly cute, effortlessly shrewd little girl. Her best "acting" is in the delivery of *Oh, To Be a Star* in "Passionella" (the evening's final episode) in which her clowning achieves an adorably grotesque poignancy. There is also a second and thoroughly futile number called *The Lady or the Tiger* in which we are permitted to espy Miss Harris' fetching anatomy, in the display of which she appears to be needlessly shy.

None of this however struck me as forcibly as the realization that Miss Harris' allure—and though no "beauty" Miss Harris has a positive allure—is due to the hurt underlying the wit of her mimicry. Miss Harris, unknowingly no doubt, covers some inner uneasiness by a perfectly adjusted comic mask. She finds salvation in the irony of her disguise. Constrained to play-act, she assumes divers theatrical false faces because if she didn't she would be unable to recognize herself. This fortunate escape, this covered and well-concealed wound, gives her a lyric pathos that moves us even though we imagine that all she does is amuse us. The great comedian is always more than just funny.

Though they differ widely one from another, I observed similar pathos (the "nervousness" I have alluded to) in Jeanne Eagels, in Pauline Lord, in Laurette Taylor, in Judy Holliday, and I discern it today not only in Maureen Stapleton and Barbara Harris but in Barbra Streisand, Kim Stanley, Julie Harris, Geraldine Page and several others. English actresses of equal abilities, no matter what their subjective state, make steadier professional and social adjustments. They rise to a realm somewhere outside themselves as private persons. They have accepted their roles on the stage and in society as their true fulfillment. The actresses I have named seem to tremble, sob or bleed under the composure of their art. It gives them a special vibration which generally affects me more than the admirable iron of the English actresses' competence. What it is in our theatre and in our civilization which causes the difference is an interesting question.

The freeze of feeling needed for the proper articulation of modern madcap comedy is present in Henry Livings' *Eh?* but not sufficiently so in its production at the Circle in the Square.

Livings is one of the English playwrights who resolve the recent British confusion in coldly wild farce. Nearly all his plays point to one source of the insanity by being placed in some industrial environment: a factory lavatory, an electric appliance shop, an army kitchen. *Eh?* takes place in the boiler room of a dye works. (Haven't the English yet accommodated themselves to the industrial age?)

We are introduced to a foreman whose main concern is keeping the surrounding street air clear of the black smoke from the electric heaters, a minister who acts as censor to punish such contamination, a spinster secretary whose brain is cracked by Freudian terminology, not to speak of suppressed desires. Into this triangular establishment (where also a Hindu assistant hovers in grimy gnomic mystification) comes a zany workman who abhors work but requires employment. His real preoccupation is the growing of mushrooms which come to glorious fruition even in the midst of the industrial inferno. (All this, one sees, is symbolic of contemporary England.) The fumbling, bumbling employee is later joined by a lusty little wench of a fiancée who clamors for the final rites of wedlock. The presence of these two, particularly that of the little man bedeviled by all the tics and tremors of our total latter-day disaffection, makes for a topsy-turvy scene in which the guiding principle is discontinuity taken more or less as a norm.

Livings makes no overt comment: poker faced and dry, he writes as if bent on nothing more than the recording of a routine process temporarily unhinged by odd accidents. The effect is bewilderingly comic though the proceedings would gain much if they were cut by at least half an hour. They would also be more telling if the actors' speech were more authentically regional. Such speech even in London serves as a species of "alienation" which is required for these farces just as traditionally stylized make-up and costumes were necessary for the old Italian comedy.

Both in speech and manner most of the cast are too close to "life," though Dustin Hoffman, with his absent air and a faint smile on his face, as if something were going on inside himself he couldn't identify, manages to catch something of the play's style: personified automation gone haywire. Elizabeth Wilson as the secretary has a quietly dislocated humor, and Alexandra Berlin adds a touch of attractively grubby folksiness like an intrusion from a now almost forgotten world to the quirks and wrenches of this wry entertainment.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

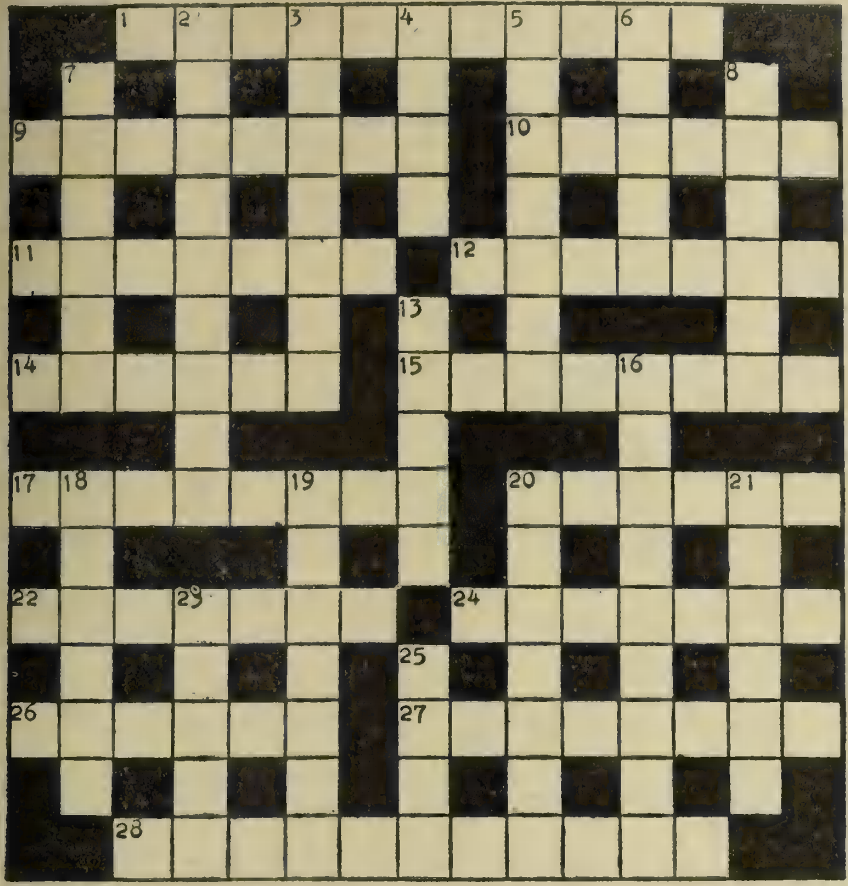
They've launched Lynn Redgrave, younger daughter of Sir Michael, with the force of a man being shot from a cannon, and it is a good thing she has talent or the eruption into eminence would have stunned her. As it is, one wonders where she will go from instant stardom. *Georgy Girl,* a sick Cinderella story, was tailored for her style and gifts—a big girl whose baby fat is holding on rather tenaciously, who nevertheless moves like a dancer, has mastered a formidable repertory of emotional quick changes and can mug ferociously. It remains to be seen whether she is to become another of those lady clowns who, at what personal cost one never knows, capitalize on their native ineptitude, or whether she can trim her person and temper her manual of stage exercises to the dimensions of dramatic performance. Right now, she is a tough kitten on a romp; it is accomplished extravagance, but it can't very well be repeated.

And *Georgy Girl* is a tough comedy; as fierce as it is hilarious. The English these days have a matter-of-fact way of slugging one another in the ego that is not paralleled over here. We're killers, too, but we are also justifiers and guilt collectors: unadorned domestic karate, with no backward glance, catches us in our breath. It may be that the implacability with which England built its empire has been redirected by the post-Suez generation to personal relations. Or perhaps the British have always treated one another this way (Jane Austen threw a very quick punch), and it now only seems more ruthless because they are no longer training themselves to drill the sepoys.

In *Georgy Girl,* Miss Redgrave plays odd girl out (temporarily in) to the cool of Alan Bates and Charlotte Rampling, and nymphet to the middle-aged gush of James Mason. In the first guise she is a campfire girl tenting in a very hip pad; in the second she is as professional as any of her sisters along Piccadilly. The fun, sometimes spiced and sometimes blurred by the Keystone gymnastics which director Silvio Narizzano has injected to keep his cast in somersaults and his audience in stitches, is to watch her shift from neophyte to technician. Georgy has had an odd upbringing (too complicated to document here); she understands men, but what she doesn't dig is boys. She also understands how to get the show rolling (as why wouldn't she?); if she has learned more than that, a second film should show it.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1174

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sagging, like some pillows, perhaps. (11)

9 Make it sit the hard way for such people. (8)

10 and 3 down What the states are to countries might be un-abbreviated. (6, 7)

11 Look carefully about the edges of the lake, perhaps. (7)

12 Obviously a foreign body! (7)

14 They might be lucky when one stands in line for coffee! (6)

15 and 23 down Suggests a southern playboy, but supposed to be harmless in play. (8, 5)

17 Bookish, but what does one expect after losing at 25! (8)

20 See 28 across

22 Wagered some change? It's a darn nuisance! (7)

24 Peace classically broken, seen about the same way in broad vista. (7)

26 A couple of play-fellows from here, in the river on a yacht. (7)

27 See 2 down

28 and 20 across People are not likely to have toast on an empty stomach with it. (5-6, 6)

DOWN:

2 and 27 The sound of 23 was responsible, concerning what might come from the watch and the Rhine, perhaps. (2, 4, 3, 3, 5)

3 See 10 across

4 With Wagner, did she have a dream for sale? (4)

5 Not so much of a smoothie, but sounds as though one might take a trick. (7)

6 Players have them—specifically Shakespearean players. (5)

7 Wall-speaker, if hopefully good-looking. (6)

8 Did this family start out with the doctoring business? (6)

13 A large order? (5)

16 Echo-like? (9)

18 Winds and deals? (6)

19 Some extra money in the till, but perhaps can't be used to good effect! (7)

20 The second and third letter are too little by 7. (7)

21 One who might decide the parts of a wheel? (6)

23 See 15 across

25 When the dust settles, still the boss! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1173

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Washington Post; 10 Stand-in; 11 Toccata; 12 Rissoles; 13 Units; 15 and 1 down Otherwise; 17 Mineshaft; 19 Starlings; 21 and 23 Determines; 24 Confound; 27 Illness; 28 Opinion; 29 Surd; 30 Continence. DOWN: 2 and 25 Spanish onion; 3 Indus; 4 Gentleman; 5 Oaths; 7 Ocarina; 8 Transitory; 9 Accursed; 14 and 26 Housemaid's knee; 16 Relishes; 18 Nosing out; 20 Annular; 22 Tension; 24 Cisco.

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"The war in Vietnam is one of the most barbarous wars in history" — U Thant

SICK OF THE WAR?

Every day brings new evidence that Washington is preparing another massive escalation of the war in Vietnam after the November 8 elections. But during Secretary McNamara's recent visit to Vietnam, Sgt. Henry Pott told a *New York Post* reporter (Oct. 15, 1966, dispatch) of the "sadistic" position in which our escalation places our soldiers. He ended up saying: "The only way we'll get all the Viet Cong is to take every man between 10 and 60 and line them up and shoot every one."

This period may mark a major turning point in the Vietnam war and in American history. Discussion, criticism and protest must not be silenced during this election time — or afterward. We must let Washington know that opposition to the war by Americans will continue to mount.

Join us in a NATIONAL MOBILIZATION NOVEMBER 5 through 8 for Peace in Vietnam, for Economic Justice and for Human Rights

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LETTERS

peace or prosperity

Beaver Falls, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Peace candidates are weak in part because they offer no alternative to military means to insure a prosperous society in an age where new industries are shrinking. Johnson and Kennedy both failed to develop any plans for peacetime prosperity beyond the creation of a large white-collar class and filling up the colleges. The blueprint for such a plan has often been stated in your columns: increased trade with the Communist states, and great public works. I am waiting for an imaginative peace candidate who will accompany his hopes for peace with such a blueprint, and I believe he will go places when he appears. . . .

Theodore A. Tenor

something out there

Clinton, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I do not think your attitude as revealed in the editorial [Oct. 31] "Can Dr. Condon See It Through?" is either honest or even worthy of *The Nation*. . . . Clearly, you feel that the whole UFO subject is the product of "the times" and can and will be explained by proper psychological study. I, personally, cannot believe you would take this stance, if you had really given this subject the careful looking into it deserves.

I believe something very strange is "out there," because some twelve years ago I just happened to get a good, clear look at three of them. In broad daylight, too. But, more important, I believe that something is there because not a few scientists of reputation also believe this. Some of them have also seen the "things."

Personally, I don't give a damn whether these "things" are from Mars or China! But I do give a damn that a magazine dedicated to the truth should so obviously go off the deep end on this subject. . . .

Albert H. Baller

stays with us

Melrose Park, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I was actually going to let my subscription expire! You know: *so* many things to read, these days. But the last few issues, with the articles, etc., on China and the one on Johnson—*The Nation* stays.

Sylvia R. Freedland

correction

A regrettable typographical error occurred in the review by Frederick H. Gardner of Dashiell Hammett's *The Big Knockover* [*The Nation*, Oct. 31]. Mr. Gardner had stated correctly that Hammett died in January, 1961; the printed version gave the year of his death as 1960.—Editor

hard words

New York City

Dear Sirs: It was generous of Harvey Swados to write in your issue of Oct. 10 ["Marx and Shame: Socialism Today"] that "old-time contributors to Communist publications like Victor Perlo and Herbert Aptheker do have something to contribute" in a Socialist Scholars Conference. This lavish admission is immediately followed, however, by the remark that Mr. Swados seems to fear the conference kowtowed "to those whose contributions to socialism have consisted primarily in character assassination."

(*Continued on page 516*)

EDITORIALS

The Elephant Is Tempted

The place was Boise, Ida., the scene a hotel room; the time a week before the election; the hour 4:29 A.M. The restless former Vice President, out campaigning for Republican nominees, awakens with a start and summons his traveling staff to an immediate conference. According to *The Wall Street Journal,* the purpose of Mr. Nixon's predawn conference was to plan "a counterattack against the claims of accomplishment" President Johnson was certain to advance on returning from his seventeen-day election swing through the Pacific. A day or two later in Philadelphia, Mr. Nixon announced that the leaders of both parties should meet with the President, in a bipartisan cold-war summit, as soon after the election as possible to plan "a strategy for victory." If some such conference is not held, and if the war in Vietnam drags on, then the Republican Party might be "grievously tempted" to run a candidate on a peace platform in 1968.

Just think of that! The opposition party forced by circumstances to function as an opposition party—grievously tempted to adopt the position which in 1952 enabled it to walk away with the Presidential election! To be shocked from bed at 4:29 A.M. by the thought that Lyndon Baines Johnson intended, in the final weeks of the campaign, to protect his exposed "peace" flank, is a measure of the bemused state of GOP leadership. As *Time* pointed out some weeks back, the Republicans, in trying to sound like hawks and doves, have managed only to sound like "dawks."

A similar befuddlement is shown in the shocked reactions of the Republican leadership to the extraordinary spread of the "housewives' rebellion" against rising food prices in the final weeks of the campaign. Caught off balance by the success of this movement, Republican spokesmen have expressed concern that those impetuous housewives were directing their fire at the wrong target—namely, the food processors and chains—and not at the Administration! But have these same spokesmen forgotten the effective use that Republican nominee Dwight Eisenhower made of high food prices in 1952? The Republicans may pick up twenty seats or sixty in this election, but any gains they make will be richly undeserved. A more striking example of the failure of an opposition party to oppose could hardly be imagined than the GOP's performance in this year's election. "To say where the government leaves off," writes Robert A. Dahl (*Political Oppositions in Western Democracies,* 1966) "and the opposition begins is (today) an exercise in metaphysics." If we were frank with ourselves, as an electorate, we would be forced to concede that this year's campaign was conducted without benefit of an opposition.

The Boycotts

One point may be raised to mitigate the sins of the food industry. It does not gouge the public as unconscionably as does the residential fuel oil industry. All over the United States the price of light fuel oil is regionally the same at retail outlets, down to the last tenth of a cent per gallon.

JAN

Moreover, as the volume of sales increases with the coming of cold weather, the price does not go down: it is jacked up. Obviously the local dealers do not fix prices all by themselves. The great oil combines not only furnish the oil but also the price guidance. In such a situation, without government help the consumer is impotent. He can boycott—if he doesn't mind getting pneumonia in the process.

Unable to engage in daylight robbery on this pattern, the food industry has relied on the supposed sheeplike acquiescence of the unorganized consumer to retain control. Especially the woman consumer, who has been pictured as wandering in a trance along the supermarket aisles, filling her cart with goodies and God-blessing America at every step. She has surprised everyone, most of all the officials at the chain headquarters, who have reacted as if a python had suddenly come out of the air conditioning and wound itself around their necks. Who, us? Why, we make only a cent, or a cent and a half, on the dollar. As far as the women on the picket lines are concerned, that only proves that a business can be highly profitable on small margin when the volume is high enough. Or, in the words of *Business Week*, "when the housewife provides enough will, the store owner finds a way"—to reduce prices.

The retailers may, as they assert, be getting more than their share of the blame. The Federal Trade Commission has found that the processors are as responsible as the retailers for high food prices. But the housewife cannot hit back at anyone but the grocer and butcher. She doesn't deal with the distributor, the processor or the farmer. The unhappy store manager may not be acquainted with these people either, but his boss knows them. Quite often the corporation is the processor as well as the retailer; sometimes it is even the farmer.

It may be that the revolt now in progress is only a palliative, but the short-term effects are startling. It seems we had lost the concept of *political* economy, which in John Stuart Mill's day was a duality taught in all the schools. The housewives have rediscovered the connection. They are engaged in political action to curb inflation where it hits them personally. It works. Prices are not a great immovable fact of nature. Men make prices, and women can unmake them.

The Republicans see price escalation as a useful campaign topic, but deplore the boycotts because they are directed at business instead of at the Democratic candidates. The connection between the price of food and the cost of the war in Vietnam is real enough (it is another aspect of political economy), but the Republicans do not find it convenient to establish that relationship. They would keep to the vague premise that Democrats are fiscal incompetents.

Barry Goldwater, however, is able to see the international implications; he has offered to lay odds that the rebellious housewives "are being led by left-wing groups," recruited by—guess who. La Pasionaria? No: Mrs. Esther Peterson, special assistant to President Johnson for consumer affairs. Her reply was that Mr. Goldwater's statement demonstrated "again the insensitivity of the Republican Party to the needs and problems of American citizens." Insensitivity? It is the understatement of the campaign.

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

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THE NATION
Volume 203
No. 16

Those Missing Exhibits

The photographs and X-rays taken of President Kennedy's body at the autopsy after the assassination have been turned over to National Archives by the Kennedy family—fourteen X-rays, twenty-five black-and-white negatives and twenty-six 4-by-5-inch color transparencies. The mystery of the missing exhibits, first brought to public notice with careful attention to detail by Jacob Cohen in these pages ("The Vital Documents," *The Nation*, July 11), has now been cleared up. The photographic material turned up, as Mr. Cohen suggested it might, in the possession of the Kennedy family.

Much of the wild speculation about the assassination, and the controversy over the Warren Commission Report, might have been obviated if these exhibits (which would clearly have been offered in evidence if Oswald had been placed on trial) had been turned over to the Warren Commission. Chief Justice Warren did see them, but neither the staff nor the other members of the commission had a chance to study them. Close restrictions have been placed on the availability of the exhibits; they will be open to federal law-enforcement agencies (the FBI) but scholars and other unofficial investigators will have to secure permission before inspecting the exhibits, and first indications are that such permissions will not be granted for a period of five years. News media representatives may have to wait even longer before gaining access to the exhibits. This would seem to repeat the mistake that was made in the first instance; the restrictions will simply invite further speculation and controversy. Eventually the public may learn what if any light the exhibits shed on controversial aspects of the Warren Report but the sooner they can be inspected by responsible scholars and investigators—and the news media—the better it will be for all concerned.

Duty To Say 'No'

Charles de Gaulle, if fate had not called him to be a world statesman, could have been a schoolmaster of formidable gifts. As it is, he loses few opportunities to instruct the world community, and he devises ingenious lessons for the purpose.

The most recent case in point is the revised French military code of discipline which will go into effect on January 1. Ordinarily, such a document would have only domestic significance, and some of the articles in the revised code—a man in uniform may now smoke a pipe, wear a beard and mustache, need not salute his superior officers in public places, may carry a package, but is still forbidden (this odd denial of gallantry) to give a lady his arm or kiss his parents in public—are of concern only to Frenchmen called to the colors.

But these are details of amendment; the revolution in this new code of discipline lies in the area of obedience. A French soldier is no longer enjoined to carry out his orders "literally and without hesitation or murmur." Henceforth he may refuse—indeed, he *must* refuse—to obey any illegal command. What is an illegal command? It is one that violates the Geneva Convention. And does the Geneva Convention cover guerrilla forces or only regular troops? Guerrillas, says the new code very precisely, are on exactly the same footing as the fighting men of a national army, "provided they have a program, an organization and a leader." From now on, says the code, a soldier must subscribe not to a "passive obedience" but to an "active obedience"; henceforth, "the duty of obedience does not relieve the subordinate of the responsibilities that the law places upon him."

President de Gaulle took the rough draft of the revised code with him on vacation at Colombey and there edited the stipulations and polished the phrasing with his own hand. It is a subject understandably close to his heart, for twice in his career—once when the troops of Hitler held his country and once when the troops of his country were ravaging Algeria—he called on the soldiers of France to defy their commanders in the name of higher principle. But just at this moment, the matter is not urgent: no French troops today are extracting information from enemy prisoners, burning noncombatant villages to flush out alleged partisans, or bombing indiscriminately in the cause of pacification. De Gaulle is clearly encouraging an entirely different set of men to face their responsibilities as human beings. It is not likely that *Stars and Stripes* will carry the new French code of military discipline, but news of this sort gets from army to army, and there are still Frenchmen in Saigon.

Neither Snow, Nor Rain . . .

In the three years since *The Nation* ran Stanley E. Cohen's "What Ails the Post Office?" (November 30, 1963) the service has continued to deteriorate. An equally poor showing in any other government department would result in a hue and cry from coast to coast, but the nation is so accustomed to a decrepit post office that only a murmur of complaint comes from the multitude of inconvenienced and injured users. To death and taxes should be added the certainty of bad service from the post office.

Recently the Chicago office suffered a kind of blackout, with millions of pieces of mail, mostly third and fourth class, tied up for periods ranging to more than two weeks. In numerous instances truckers could not get near an unloading dock and finally brought the mail back to the sender. Much of this burden was "junk" mail, but what will happen at Christmas, when the mountains of personal "junk" mail will be added to the sales messages?

Advertising Age was naturally exercised by the Chicago breakdown, but taking a broader view put its finger on the underlying cause. Americans are indebted to James A. Farley (now flooding the world with Coca Cola) for making dogma of the notion that the post office should be operated as a business, services being tailored to profit without concern for the users. The acceptance of this foolish doctrine by successive Presidents has resulted in a steady degradation of the service, despite the struggle of many postmasters and employees to do a decent job.

What other department of the government is told to make a profit and let the service go hang? Agriculture? The Secretary would be in physical danger if he appeared before a gathering of farmers in defense of the kind of service the post office routinely provides. Are the armed services making a profit? Or the Civil Aeronautics Board? Or the judiciary? Yet the average citizen has little to do directly with most departments of the government, while the post office affects his life every day.

No organization can be much better in morale and efficiency than the people who set the tone at the top. In addition to the make-money concept, the post office suffers from the tradition that the Postmaster General must be a political errand boy for the President. Lawrence O'Brien is no worse than his predecessors, but while the service limps along he is out hustling votes for the Democratic Party. The Postmaster General is a member of the Cabinet and should not be treated as the President's majordomo. For their part, Congressmen should stop shortchanging their constituents by acquiescing in the principle that the post office is to be run like a candy store.

Crazy, Man

Something called Autoart, a press agent's gimmick out of Chicago, is about to strike a bizarre blow against the current drive for safety on the road. A young artist named Tom Strobel, abetted by a Chicago Chrysler-Plymouth dealer named Mel Wolff, is now engaged in turning out for public sale a line of cars guaranteed to be aesthetic treats. The paint jobs vary from geometric Op art patterns ("red and blue checks cause a startling optical after-image") to overall floral designs reminiscent of World War I camouflage.

Any motorist who has driven the turnpikes with the sun in his eyes or struggled with the dappled light thrown by bordering trees will receive the news of Mr. Wolff's art patronage with mixed feelings. Selling cars is a dog-eat-dog business and no one can blame a dealer for getting publicity where he can, but if Chryslers and Plymouths painted to look like fields of daisies or eye-twisters out of the *avant* galleries are now to wheel into the hellbent traffic, Ralph Nader will have to be recalled to action. The campaign to beautify the roadside must stop at the roadside.

Children and Politics

Project Head Start is a preschool program for 4 to 5 year olds. In "Head Start to What?" *(The Nation,* September 5) Ivor Kraft wrote that Head Start should not be conducted as "a cheap, massive, harum-scarum program buttressed by false claims, publicity stunts, IQ gimmickry, and the pretense of nine-week short courses for 4 year olds as a major means of salvaging Americans from poverty." Mr. Kraft's article drew some sharp retorts from readers, but a full-scale study is in general conformity with his thesis. The study was directed by Dr. Max Wolff of the Center for Urban Education in New York, sponsored by the Ferkauf Graduate School of Education of Yeshiva University, and supported by funds from the Office of Economic Opportunity. Some of the conclusions were favorable: Head Start was found to provide the preschool child with desire for further knowledge. But this gain was rapidly dissipated by poor teaching and uninspiring curriculums in subsequent schooling. "Head Start," Dr. Wolff concluded, "cannot substitute for the long overdue improvement of education in the elementary schools which have failed the Negro and Puerto Rican children."

Under present conditions, the children of the poor are denied both preschool and elementary school education that could give them a fair chance in later life. Oligarchies in the South and elsewhere would prefer to keep them as they are. But whatever their failings, programs of the Head Start type should not be surrendered to reactionary politicians. A tendency in that direction is quite obvious. Writing on "The New Plantations" in the October 24 *Nation,* Marvin Hoffman and John Mudd described the Child Development Group of Mississippi (CDGM), a virtually all-Negro organization, as "the only poor-controlled and anti-poverty project in the state that has the resources and the orientation to develop into an effective, creative force in the society"—provided Senators John Stennis and James O. Eastland, and their colleagues in the white power structure, North and South, do not have their way.

Like other Head Start programs, CDGM was a project of the Office of Economic Opportunity, headed by Sargent Shriver. For the past two years it had been conducting programs for some 12,000 children in twenty-eight Mississippi counties. Mr. Shriver praised it as an innovative program vitalized by participation of the poor. Last August, however, he changed his mind. Some reports trace Mr. Shriver's turnabout to pressure exerted on the White House by segregationists. This Mr. Shriver indignantly denies. He says he cut off funds after his inspectors had uncovered nepotism, payroll padding, excessive salaries, misuse of cars for civil rights activities, and other irregularities. As a substitute for CDGM, he instituted a new program, Mississippi Action for Progress (MAP). The directors of MAP include two members of the $1,000-a-head President's Club; Aaron Henry, president of the Mississippi branch of the NAACP; and Hodding Carter, editor of the *Delta Democratic Times,* and a moderate in racial matters.

Some of the asserted irregularities probably existed. What is firmly established, however, is that the charges against CDGM were brought *after* a decision had been reached to replace it with an organization less objectionable to the white power structure in Mississippi. This would seem to be a clear denial of due process. CDGM should have been given a chance to answer the charges before action was taken, one way or the other.

Walter Reuther, James Farmer, Dr. Martin Luther King, Dr. Joachim Prinz and many other liberal leaders have protested Shriver's procedure. Underlying it there appears to be what Roy Reed, writing for *The New York Times* (October 23) from Mississippi, described as a feeling among both friends and enemies of CDGM that "a wider issue was whether Federal money should be used to organize blocs of the poor that threaten the traditional control of communities." Mr. Reed says further that "Mr. Carter and other liberals contended that the group went beyond that and had begun teaching a separatist, 'apartheid' philosophy among Negroes, brainwashing them against rising into the middle class and thus making it easier for radical leaders to control them."

The issue is thus one of national scope. If the decision was motivated as its critics assert, and if this is to be the policy henceforth, all the programs of the Office of Economic Opportunity may become outposts of the *status quo.* Nothing would better please the Stennises and Eastlands and their counterparts all over the country.

AMERICANS VIEW THE WAR

'To Get the Truth . . . I Just Don't Know'

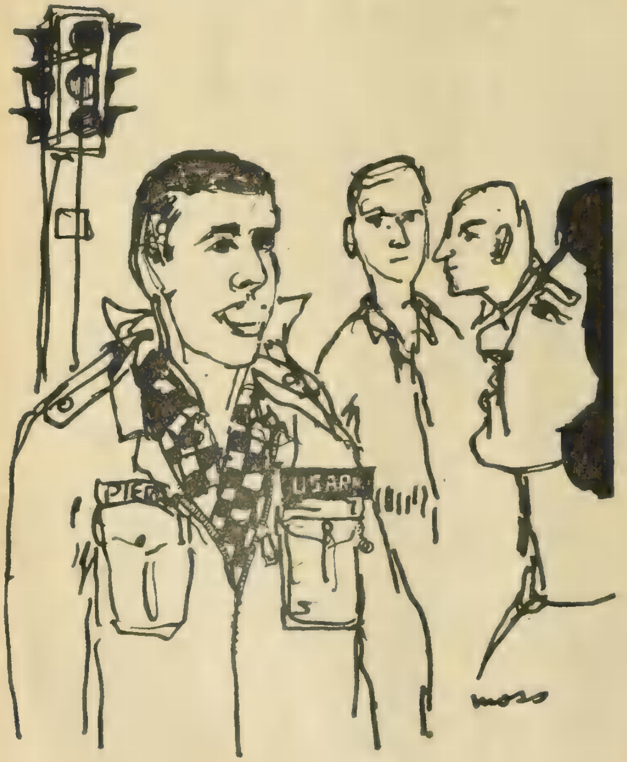
ROBERT S. JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson is publisher of the Auburn (Wash.) Citizen.

Auburn, Wash., is only thirty minutes from the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, where the Marines enplane for the ten-and-a-half-hour trip to Vietnam. And nearby also is Madigan General Hospital, where casualties from Vietnam are brought home. This geography produces in Auburn an urgency about the war that few towns in America have had thrust upon them.

However, the reaction pattern of the community, tested in six weeks of interviews, is still one of adherence to official propaganda as handled by the Seattle and Tacoma newspapers that circulate in the area.

The Auburn *Citizen,* a weekly newspaper, has taken a forthright anti-Vietnamese War stand, and the reaction has been full of surprises. The town's power structure in terms of advertising retailers is made up of about 50 per cent of businesses inherited from fathers who fought in the First World War. The sons, when they are not outright Goldwater supporters, fall into line behind President Johnson's war policies, while cursing him for medicare, minimum-wage legislation, civil rights and housing reforms. The city council, comprised preponderantly of businessmen who inveigh against government spending, devotes much of its time to devising applications for federal supports of city projects, among which is the extension of city utilities to a $70 million Boeing plant that is being built near the town.



Responses from even the most pro-war reactionaries have been couched in variations of "I don't know, but it seems. . . ." They feel almost to a man that the news is being managed, and that this government and the Chinese are artificially inflaming the minds of their people with half-truths and angled reports.

Comments from Auburn's citizens indicate that they think the news is being managed to retain popular backing for our participation in Vietnam's struggles, despite the fact that LBJ's criterion for this participation—a stable Vietnamese government—is obviously impossible.

Robert Eskew, employed by a water district association, says in a neighborhood bar: "The only difference between LBJ's Vietnamese policy and Batman is purely semantic."

"I accept the way LBJ's running things—to a certain extent," says Ray Stebner, a speech therapist in the area's schools. That "to a certain extent" is a key proviso. In those random cases where confidence in LBJ is expressed, it is usually qualified by such phrases as "up until lately" or "the last few days I've been thinking it over." To these observers, the Administration is beginning to look increasingly like the surgeon who, in order to operate successfully, must avoid human involvement with the patient. That such a policy goes against the traditions of many Americans is obvious in their troubled comments.

Most of these men are convinced that the news they receive about battles, casualties, victories and retreats is a tissue of P.R. images. Yet they continue to hold opinions which, by their own admissions, are based solely on this tainted information.

"They're covering up," said George Pain, a school counselor and veteran of World War II. "I think we're waging a much deeper war than they're telling us about. If I were the type who ate up this John Birch crap, I'd most likely say the North Vietnamese have no rights. But they do. We should withdraw if the Communists win in a free election. We should retain a little honor. Who are we? How can we play God?"

On the other hand, Pain, the father of five children, active in church work, a bright and alert participant in many local projects, says: "Let's bomb Hanoi. We're justified by stopping communism. We're on the horns of a dilemma; either way we're going to be hurt."

James Rice, Sr., a dairyman who served in France during World War I, is also troubled by the handling of the news: "You read the news and listen to the Fulbright Committee, and you just have to read between the lines. I don't know whether we've been given the exact truth or not. Correspondents seem to talk quite freely. The underlying principle must be a delicate thing, and you can't help but admire the President for keeping our commitment.

"To get the real truth, I don't know. It's such a complex thing, I just don't know. I don't like to see our boys get shot over there unless we can do some good, and I'm beginning to doubt we can. Those people don't think the way we do. The Communists are going to win in the long run—even if we have an election—they will just bide their time and take over in the long run."

The question of an election in Vietnam sticks in the minds as either a ludicrous or a profoundly serious matter. There is little middle ground.

"It looks to me," says Auburn Mayor Gaines, who runs a refrigeration business on the side, "like a free election over there is an impossibility, an insurmountable task. We would really lose face all over the world if we pulled out, though. Yet I have a hard time defining who the Vietnamese people are, and I can see how the newspapers distort things after my small experience in politics."

One of the Mayor's best customers, in case he is having a hard time identifying a Vietnamese, is a woman named Jean Wong who was born in Saigon and now operates a restaurant in Auburn.

"Vietnam is a very rich country," she explains excitedly. "Japan fight for it. China fight for it. French fight for it. Grow everything there. They all want it. I think Vietnam should be independent of the Chinese and the United States—free!"

Mrs. Wong, who is no fool, tried to do business in Saigon, and ended up emigrating. Asked what she liked best about America's Constitution, she unhesitatingly said, "the Fifth Amendment. You can have your own lawyer. You don't have to testify against yourself. You can have bail. It gives you real protection, real freedom."

Two salesmen working on identical jobs, one of them the father of five children, the other father of three, take militantly opposite stands:

H. Don Kupfer, 32, a former printer with one year of college, says: "I think it's a good thing. If I wasn't married and had three kids, I'd join the Army and volunteer. I can't think of a better place to protect the American people."

Sam Williamson, 31, who served in Korea, says: "I don't think there's been enough facts put out for anyone to decide whether we should be there or not. The best years of my life were spent in the Army, and I wish I'd spent 'em somewhere else. Our leaders know what they're doing, but they must have some reason other than fighting communism. We didn't do anything about Hungary and several other small countries. Then all of a sudden we just jump into Vietnam."

The reactivation of the programs to confine conscientious objectors in civilian public service camps, the extension of the draft, and the discussion about drafting college candidates, have stirred a heated exchange in Auburn, where a junior college has recently opened its doors.

"I'm absolutely sick about this college business, not exempting them," said Mrs. Joan Finnigan, president of the State Psychological Association, Division of School Psychology, and a vigorous participant in numerous civic and school efforts. "The army won't take the high school drop-outs if their IQ is below average. Yet many of these boys are clamoring to get in. They come to school and beg for help to get in the Army, not realizing that their IQ is keeping them out. In the meantime they are drafting our college-potential young men.

"This could kill off all our intelligent young people, and pretty soon the country will be run by the less able. There is a future for the mentally retarded and slow learner after all—they'll be the statesmen of the future.

"And I resent being the pawn of a political machine. If the United States really feels democracy is all this important, it would be refreshing if we would really wait for the underprivileged to ask our help. They obviously aren't getting enough volunteers. They've had to up the draft, which is a good indication of how young Americans feel about it.

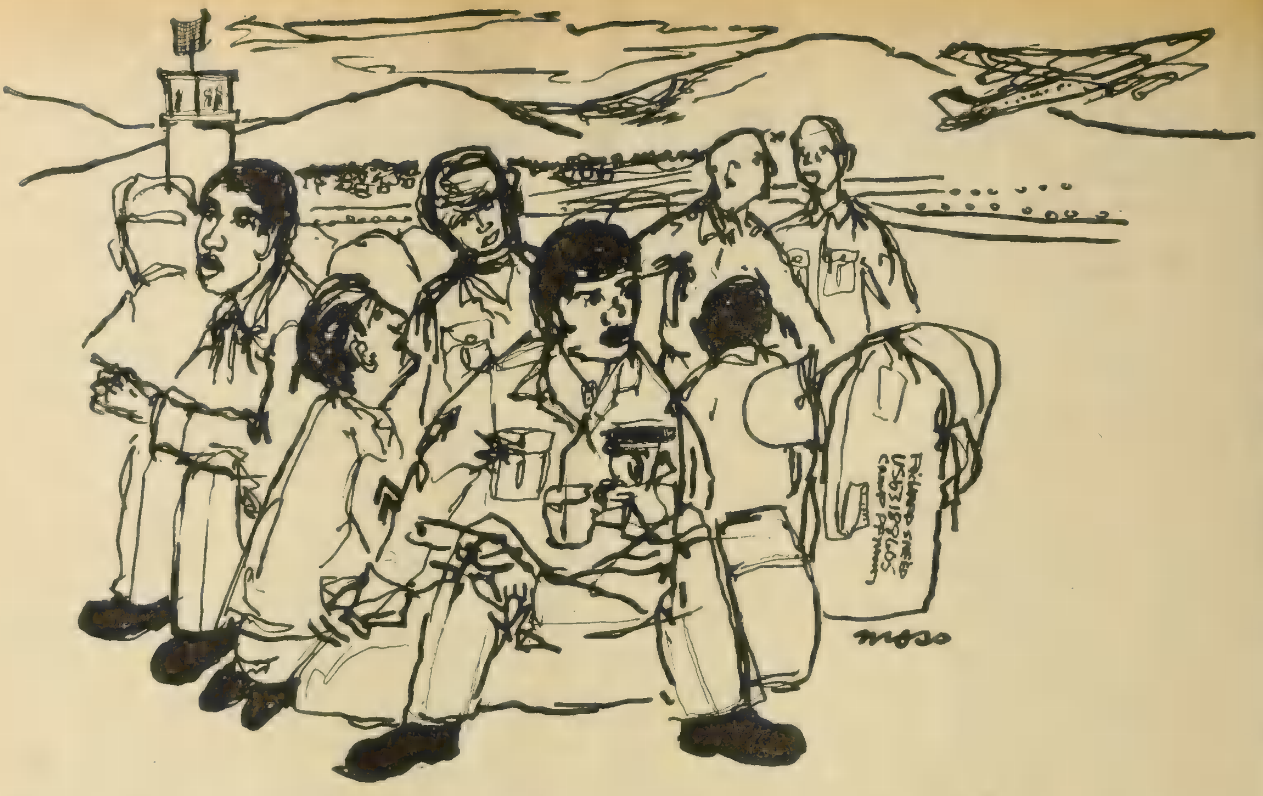
"This whole issue involves whether there is a justification for war and whether we have the right to impose our philosophy on other people, and whether our philosophy is any better than that of other people. We pride ourselves on not being an imperialistic nation, but time after time we set out to make democratic satellites."

One man deeply upset by the effect of this war on young Americans is Judge George Fiori, a justice of the peace who serves a district with 67,000 population. The judge is also a farmer, the father of five children, and was with the Army in France from 1950 to 1953. Despite his eminence in the community, the judge is only 35.

"I only know what I deduce from the newspapers on Vietnam," he explains. "The way they censor the news nowadays, how'n hell can you know anything? It's an insult to our intelligence to believe in our position in Vietnam. How can we know whether LBJ, Rusk and McNamara are telling us the truth? Truth has to be predicated on trust today, and who can trust them?"

The judge, who this year gave the Memorial Day speech in the city park for the American Legion, is also president of the local mental health clinic, active in many clubs, an ardent Democrat, and always willing to interpret the law humanely for young people.

"Adults ask youths to sacrifice this way in Vietnam," he points out, "and this creates tremendous conflict with youths who look for stability from adults. A youth looks for his norms from adult society, and finds it in great conflict with itself and asking him to risk his life for them. Per-



sonally, I feel that this state of affairs is horrifying. It will lead to the destruction of individual judgment and when it does it will destroy the essence of our republic. This is totally unacceptable to anyone who uses logic or common sense. Who knows North from South? It won't meet the test of any thinking person, this Vietnam business. This whole thing is a snow job."

Judge Fiori, questioning the legal position of LBJ in this undeclared war, maintained that the intent of Congress in giving Harry Truman emergency powers in the Korean conflict was limited to Korea. He pointed out that there is no way now of checking a President, and that our forefathers would never have approved of such license.

"But how do you unring the bell?" he asks. "The President is moving with the power of a dictator this way."

Meanwhile, the people discuss with less than enthusiasm the latest commercialized Bob Hope junket to war fronts, and are beginning to realize that the TV make-believe world of Gomer Pyle and McHale's Navy are commercializations as suspect as Buz Sawyer and Steve Canyon in the funny papers. The Madison Avenue retailing of patriotism has become, as Thoreau said about politicians in another time, "a maggot in their heads."

On those few occasions when reality breaks through, as notably in the case of a recently returned Auburn veteran, public reaction is as contradictory as the many opinions already quoted.

Dave St. Pierre, 24, a discharged Army vet, says Vietnam was "organized madness. There's so much politics involved over there, you just don't know what to believe. The men don't know what they're doing over there. They tried to convince us that it was right and honorable, but I'm not convinced. They aren't accomplishing what they set out to do. They'd have done it by now if they knew what they were doing."

Asked why he was revealing his feelings when so many servicemen remain mute, St. Pierre said: "I'm all right now because I'm out of the Army. I couldn't say anything before. People are scared to say whether they're for or against this war. If they don't say, what're you going to do? Who'll ever know?"

Reactions to St. Pierre's remarks, which were published in The Auburn *Citizen*, ran the range from outraged patriots to perplexed taxpayers. Many tried to discredit St. Pierre on the basis that he was a mere soldier and couldn't understand the grand design of this undeclared war.

The confusion and lack of agreement in the opinions expressed regarding this nation's involvement in Vietnam indicate in Auburn an instability and lack of coherence as great as that which presumably afflicts South Vietnam itself. The few coherent critics are lost in the welter of ignorance and confusion, and the lack of solid facts with which to develop an understanding of the problem runs like a drumbeat through all the discussions.

The state's two Senators, Warren Magnuson and Henry Jackson, are LBJ men down to their shoelaces. Jackson is known as "the Senator from Boeing" because of his vociferous support of defense spending in the aircraft industry, and he is much stronger at election time locally than is Magnuson who was nearly beaten by a right-wing Republican in the last election. On the other hand, Magnuson is stronger in Washington, D.C. But both men have been coming in for some heavy criticism for going mechanically along with the Administration, and admiration for Oregon's Wayne Morse seems to be growing among the local citizens.

One comes from talking to this cross-section of Americans with the impression that, without our prosperity to provide a point of common interest, there would be little or no political agreement about our foreign involvements. What seems to unite Americans, in fact or fancy, is their vision that they hold an impregnably strong economic position in a world plagued with political dilemmas generated by the economic frailties of smaller nations.

Possessing this assurance of our economic and political superiority, Americans do not profoundly question the decisions of Congress or LBJ and his Cabinet. Contradictions are ignored, logic warped to fit a justification for continued prosperity, and personal morality is viewed with disdain as being faintly tainted with mental instability.

It is appalling that so few Americans will discuss the war in Vietnam as a moral problem. Talk inevitably turns to strategy and tactics, of which Americans know nothing. That no man, as Shelley pointed out, has the "right to kill his brother," is scarcely considered. "It is no excuse," Shelley added, "that he does so in uniform; he only adds the infamy of servitude to the crime of murder." The reality of social values seems to have been in Auburn the chief casualty of the war in Vietnam.

Each day recently about 180 Marines have been flown in to Sea-Tac Airport for an hour and a half layover before taking off for Vietnam. They arrive after midnight to minimize contact with the public. These boys come from California, talk about home in the Midwest, discuss their girl friends, or stare morosely into a cup of coffee in the airport café.

"I'll save money over there," said one recently. "I get food, clothing, $65 a month and battle pay." He added that his brother had been in Vietnam two and a half years and volunteered for another hitch. "He's a kook of some kind."

"The one I feel sorry for is Johnson," said another young Marine too young to have voted in 1964. "So he pulls us out and the Communists take over. People won't like him for that. If he leaves us there, some of us'll get killed. He can't win either way."

One young Marine, who looked as though he belonged in junior high, turned to his side-kick and said: "Have you ever wondered what you're doing here?"

Too young to vote but old enough to die, they are dressed in fatigues so they can go right to work when they arrive in Vietnam in ten and a half hours. If they are under 18, they are sent to Okinawa or some other Pacific base, presumably to incubate until they are old enough to be killed in Vietnam without raising an outcry at home.

People in Auburn, like many other grass-roots Americans, are questioning without any facts on which to formulate questions—and most of them distrust even those "facts" they get.

THE BOBBY PHENOMENON

JACK NEWFIELD

Mr. Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York. His first book,* A Prophetic Minority, *has just been published by New American Library.*

The Saturday Evening Post. Time. Newsweek. Atlantic Monthly. Harper's. The New Republic. One by one, this election autumn, they have all published cover stories on a junior Senator, ninety-sixth in seniority, 41 years old, who sits hunched and dreamy in the last row of the great chamber. His name is Robert Kennedy and his political fate has became an obsession to multitudes, from Georgetown to Capetown.

Two years ago Kennedy was anathema to the rebellious young and intellectual middle aged of America. They said he had a cop's mentality, a mugger's instincts and an emperor's ambition. In the wake of Dallas, the inside dopesters prophesied that the more genial, less combative Edward Kennedy was the real family entry in the Presidential sweepstakes. In the 1964 Congressional elections, James Baldwin, I. F. Stone and Gore Vidal [and the editor of *The Nation*—The Editor] endorsed Kenneth Keating over Robert Kennedy.

During 1965, Kennedy cautiously took his stand one centimeter to the left of Lyndon Johnson on Vietnam, on Latin America, on nuclear proliferation, on urban poverty. Most people mocked his motives. Then suddenly, this year, antagonism to the man liberals had been deriding as the "Irish Roy Cohn," turned to respect and then, among younger voters, flamed into passion.

In January, he criticized the Justice Department for denying an Arlington Cemetery burial to war hero and Communist Robert Thompson. In February, he broke with the President on Vietnam and urged direct negotiations with the National Liberation Front. In March, he visited Delano, Calif., to lend his prestige to the dignity of the grape strikers' cause. In May, peace marchers picketed the White House with placards bearing quotations from Kennedy and Fulbright. In June, he journeyed to South Africa to denounce apartheid as an evil as monumental as fascism's gas ovens. Then he came back to New York to energize the city's fatigued and faction-split Reform movement for a winning primary war in behalf of a good-government judicial candidate. In August, he hectored Administration bureaucrats on national television for allowing the war on poverty to falter.

Thus, on Labor Day, 10,000 impoverished Texas farm workers chanted "*Viva* Kennedy" at the steps of the capitol in LBJ's home state. In October, anti-war protesters greeted President Johnson in New Zealand with signs reading, "Robert Kennedy for President." By November, dreamers and fringe liberals were pasting "Kennedy and Fulbright in '68" bumper stickers on their cars. And tough-minded pros, who read all the polls, were saying it wasn't wholly impossible. Hippy intellectuals labeled it all "a happening"; the alliteration-oriented editors of *Time* proclaimed it a

"Bobby Boom." The bemused Senator himself just refers to it as "this thing."

This sketch attempts to wrestle with only two dimensions of "the thing." Does Kennedy deserve the mantle of liberal leadership that has been bestowed on his Beatle brow? And what will he do with that leadership in the pit of Presidential politics?

To begin with, Kennedy's complex liberalism is cut from a cloth other than the traditional welfare-good government patterns of the 1940s. It has a philosophical base to it, not unlike the notions expressed by Albert Camus in the *Myth of Sisyphus.* Fate is cruel and often absurd, but vulnerable man must make the effort to push his heavy burden up the slope of history. Man must combat the plague, even if he knows it is hopeless. Kennedy is a pessimist and a fatalist, but also an activist. He has no taste for emotionalism rooted in simplistic slogans, and is, therefore, an impossible leader for the anti-war movement. He respects reflective iconoclasts like Murray Kempton and Senators Fulbright and McGovern more than he does aggressive dogmatists like Senator Wayne Morse or the ADA's Joseph Rauh.

Arthur Waskow, author of five books and resident fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, acutely describes Kennedy as "a new kind of liberal, in the same way the SDS and SNCC are new kinds of radicals." Waskow adds: "Bobby is a post-cold-war liberal, more oriented toward peace than collective security, more concerned with the nonworking poor than the labor unions, not so mechanistically anti-Communist, tuned in on the new generation's emphasis on individual acts of conscience, the existential act."

Kennedy's carefully crafted major speeches go beyond —or, more exactly, dig deeper than—the "more, better, quicker" clichés of the old liberals, who remain tuned to a paternalistic federal bureaucracy. Kennedy understands—or intuits—that the poor need dignity and a sense of participation, or that the coming convulsions of the Third World will be spawned by squalor and frustration, not the cadres of Mao or Fidel. The following are quotations from two speeches the Senator delivered earlier this year:

> The deeper part . . . is in the gulf which separates the Negro from the white power structure which governs him, and, in the failure of the Establishment to afford him full participation in shaping the governmental services he receives. For 300 years the Negro has been a nation apart, a people governed by a repression that has been softened to the point when it is now only massive indifference. The Watts riots were as much a revolt against official indifference, an explosion of frustration at the inability to communicate and participate, as they were an uprising about inferior jobs, education and housing.

And if that sounds New Leftish, listen to Kennedy on Latin America:

> In every nation of this hemisphere—certainly in the five I visited in November—we will find strong allies in our battle for social justice. We will find young men and women, proud of their country, but also aware that a century of progress must now come in a decade. . . . They will welcome—we must welcome—the revolution of our time. . . .

There seem to be only two legitimate criticisms to make of Kennedy since he was elected to the Senate. One would be that he has not been insistent or visionary enough in his dissents from the Administration's Southeast Asia policy. But, as I have already suggested, rhetoric and appeals to passion run against the grain of his personality; by nature he is a loner, a needler and a critic. In a recent interview he explained his season of quietude on Vietnam:

> I stated my feelings on negotiations in my speech of February 19. After that point I made a decision to let President Johnson implement his policy, to give him time to try it, because these are all hard problems. . . . Also, I sometimes get the feeling that things I say provoke the opposite response from the White House. . . . But should there be further escalation of the war, I will feel free to state my ideas about it.

The other point that might be made against Kennedy is his enduring puritanism (more accurately, perhaps, Manicheism). Before the Senate hearings on LSD last spring, his office put out a press release against the hallucinatory drug, warning of its growing use in the ghettos. Friends quickly pointed out to Kennedy that the drug was alien to most Negro slums and was used mostly on college campuses and in bohemian subcultures like Berkeley and Greenwich Village. During the hearings the Senator was less tough on the pro-LSD witnesses than was his younger brother; if he is not an advocate of reforming our repressive narcotics and abortion laws, he is not a headline-hunting crusader against the beards and beats.

Robert Kennedy may not be as scholarly as Fulbright, as hot for Congressional reform as Clark, as diligent a day-to-day legislator as Mondale or Muskie or as vigilant on civil liberties as Gruening, but he is close to being the most solid all-around liberal in the Senate. And how many people said that about John Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson?

Speculation about Kennedy's political future must distinguish sharply between 1968 and 1972. As far as '68 goes, Kennedy thinks it impossible to dislodge the President from the head of the ticket. A consummate politician, he knows that, regardless of what the polls might say and no matter how many primaries he might win (only fifteen states hold them), no incumbent President of Johnson's political dexterity is likely to lose control of such a manipulative situation as a national nominating convention. And almost no one in the Kennedy inner circle takes seriously the prediction of William Shannon in *Harper's,* that Kennedy's real objective is the Vice Presidential nomination in '68. My own guess is that, given the glandular antagonism between the two men, Johnson would rather lose to a Republican than have history record that he won re-election only because a Kennedy was his running mate.

Although Kennedy's circle thinks a '68 run is "not feasible," they are irrevocably closing the door on the option. Should the Johnson consensus continue to crumble, should his popularity continue to plummet, should the war become wider, then the Senator would probably review the situation early in 1968. Until then he can do nothing except be a good Senator, gain exposure and continue to point a gently scolding finger at the Great Society's warts. The crisis-in-the-cities hearings will probably pick up again in February, and Kennedy will be there, alternately melancholy and angry, pummeling some more double-talking bureaucrats. In February, the President will offer a bill increasing social security benefits by 10 per cent; Kennedy has already introduced a countermeasure to boost benefits by 50 per cent, co-sponsored by nine other Senators, from Prouty of Vermont, to Morse of Oregon.

Meanwhile, a band of peaceniks and disaffected Democrats have launched a seemingly quixotic committee to draft Kennedy and Fulbright in 1968. Bereft of top-level political brains, money or publicity, the shoestring guerrillas have ignited grouplets in sixteen states so far. They plan, without Kennedy's permission, to enter slates of delegates pledged to him in the District of Columbia and the winner-take-all California primaries. They also plan a write-in drive in the first-in-the-nation New Hampshire primary, recalling how another New England favorite son, Henry Cabot Lodge, won that state's primary on write-ins in 1964.

If the war is settled, these gestures will quickly seem absurd. But if instead we become more deeply mired in Vietnam, Kennedy would be forced against his judgment to reconsider, and the whole thing, nourished by our national guilt over Dallas, could get out of control. It is improbable, but hardly impossible.

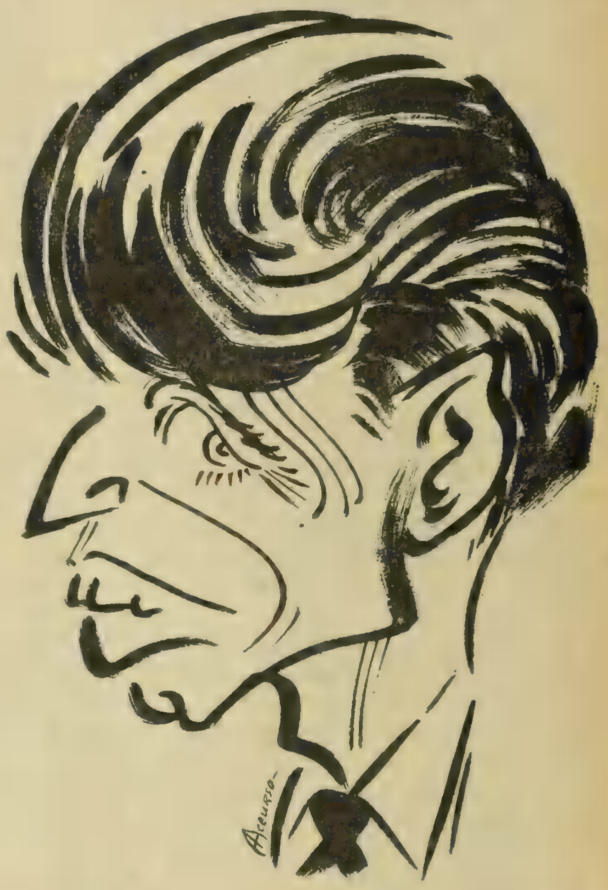
The prospect for 1972 is another story. Kennedy will be 47 then, Humphrey 61. As of today, the Vice President seems like a paper tiger; he has lost almost all his old union-minority-academic constituency to Kennedy, without really gaining the business community or the big-city machines. And the Senator has gained almost all the young with his wit, rebelliousness, candor, glamour, activism and odd combination of tough-mindedness and compassion which the young find so attractive in other culture heroes like Bogart, Goddard and Bob Dylan.

Kennedy likes Humphrey personally, while he has little personal affection for Johnson or his own generational rival, John Lindsay. He thinks the liberals have been too fickle in deserting the Vice President on the single issue of Vietnam. But I suspect myself that the defections have been so massive precisely because they have roots more fundamental than just the war issue. On a spectrum of issues, Humphrey's response became fixed in 1948, and he seems today unable to deal with the post-1960 issues of urban poverty, technology, bureaucracy, the Third World insurgencies, the breakup of the Communist camp. The urban crisis? Humphrey is against the Civilian Review Board. China? Humphrey is for containment. Latin America? Humphrey is for intervention.

In addition, the Vice-President is burdened with an unimaginative, feud-poisoned staff; his recent urgent efforts to recruit a few anti-Kennedy Stevensonians to his entourage have fallen flat. Kennedy, in contrast, is building a young, brilliant staff that includes 29-year-old Adam Walinsky and former Peace Corps maverick Frank Mankiwicz. Also, he works closely with such ex-New Frontiersmen as Richard Goodwin, Pierre Salinger and Burke Marshall, which occasionally provokes wholly exaggerated dispatches revealing a government-in-exile plotting a restoration.

Robert Kennedy's biggest barrier to the Presidency seems to be not the endlessly scenarioed 1972 Democratic Convention but his nameless 1972 GOP rival. Polls continually show such a polar split on Kennedy and the Kennedy name that no matter how decisively he beats other Democrats, he is at best a standoff against Republicans. The Harris poll of September 26, which reveals him outrunning the President 39 per cent to 37, rates RFK only 50-50 with shopworn Richard Nixon, and gives him only 49 per cent against George Romney. And should Kennedy run in 1972, after twelve years of Democratic rule, the "time for a change" slogan would be hard to blunt.

Also, Kennedy is unlikely to lead a united party in 1972. Johnson, not known for Christian charity, might try to sabotage him, or at least fight him at the convention, if not directly with Humphrey, then with a symbolic rival, like John Connally or Russell Long. Kennedy is bitterly unpopular with the segregationists in the South, with the business and banking communities, in the anti-clerical Bible Belt and, almost irrationally, among conservative anti-Catholic older Jews. Against Nixon, the Harris poll gives Kennedy only 42 per cent of the Protestant vote; he gets only 43 per cent of the vote of those over 50. When William F. Buckley, Jr., speaks of the "inevitability of Bobby," or when Gore Vidal says, "America now has a three-party system: the Republicans, the Democrats and the Kennedys," they are letting their dislike and envy cloud their perceptions.



Kennedy, of course, can still change in a variety of directions; there is no assurance that he will hold to the course he is pursuing in 1966. He will respond to events. The future is inscrutable, fate is capricious, facile prophecies are arrogant. But some day Robert Kennedy will lead his legions—the young, the black, the alienated, the romantic, the educated—to Armageddon.

AS MANY AS GOD SENDS?

FAMILY PLANNING IN MEXICO

MARGARET LARKIN

A journalist who has lived in Mexico for the past fifteen years, Margaret Larkin is the author of Seven Shares in a Gold Mine *(Simon & Schuster).*

"As many as God sends."

If you were to ask almost any young Mexican woman how many children she wanted, that would even today probably be her answer. Two months after her marriage, her friends would begin to question, "Are you 'carrying' yet?" To admit that she was not yet pregnant would cast doubt on the potency of her husband or on her duties as a wife and a Catholic.

In Mexico, as in all Latin American countries, large families have been the custom and the ideal. Among the peasants, sons meant helpers on the land and support in old age. In the upper classes, a large family was a symbol of success. It proved not only that the man was a real "*macho*"—a he-man—but also that he could afford to maintain eight or ten children, to clothe them, to feed them (and even overfeed them), to educate his sons, and to marry his daughters to men in like positions. [See "Mexico Resists the Pill" by Arthur F. Corwin, *The Nation*, May 11, 1964.]

Today, however, one can sense the beginning of a new attitude, as the population explosion bears down on individual families. Perhaps Mrs. C. R. de M. said, "as many as God sends" when she was married at 13. Now at 35, having borne eight children, she has come to Mexico's pioneer birth control clinic for help. "My husband gives me seven pesos a day [56c] and with that I have to feed and clothe my children. Some have no clothes at all, the rest are poorly dressed. I have barely enough to feed them beans. We live in a wooden hut and pay 30 pesos in rent, but who knows how long we can stay there because in the center of the city they no longer want wooden huts."

A generation ago many of those whom God sent He took away again. Infant diarrhea, pneumonia, measles and whooping cough carried them off. Mexican artists have loved to paint "the little angels," decked out with flowers and a gilt crown, as they were carried to their tiny graves and straight on to Paradise. Today, while the birth rate remains almost unchanged, the death rate has dropped dramatically. Between 1930 and 1964, it was more than cut in half. Out of every 1,000 babies born in 1930, 135 died before their first birthdays; in 1964, the figure was 69.5. Today's bride of 18 may expect to have eight or ten living children by the time she is 35—with some years of childbearing still ahead of her. Mexico has one of the world's fastest growing populations. There are now more than 40 million Mexicans; the demographers say that in twenty-three years there will be 80 million if the rate of increase is maintained.

Until recently, little concern was expressed about population. Leaders of the country, like those of the Church, adjured the people to be fruitful and multiply. Although deploring the lack of buying power among the impoverished masses, economists insisted that more people would create more wealth — despite the fact that unemployment and underemployment constitute a major problem in Mexico. (The man who sits all day in front of a dozen little piles of peanuts is counted as "self-employed.")

In the past few decades, Mexican industries, roads, dams, schools and health services have increased at an astounding rate. Yet in real terms the country is standing still as the proliferating population swamps these advances.

The problem has not gone unnoticed by Mexico's planners. The solutions offered have been more irrigation, higher production from the land, new industries and *justicia social*. Until recently there has been no suggestion, in public at least, that population limitation might be a way out. But in 1965, the "delicate subject" of birth control burst into the open. No doubt the fact that the Vatican was willing at least to consider possible changes in the Catholic attitude had something to do with this new frankness.

The discussion began with circumspect "debates" in which the question was examined from various points of view. In an eight-part series in Mexico City's leading newspaper, *Excelsior*, a Senator, and a university professor who was described as a lawyer, economist, biologist and geographer, deplored any movement toward control of birth. An economist, also from the National University, cautiously advised "careful study" of population control. Two eminent women came out strongly in favor of making contraceptive information and help available. They were Diego Rivera's elder daughter, a lawyer and formerly a Congresswoman, and Dr. Matilde Rodriguez Cabo who has held important posts in the government health services.

Other publications were more forthright. *Tiempo*, a magazine patterned on *Time*, published a special 6-page section in November, 1965, entitled "Population—Control or Catastrophe." It was a serious, well-documented statement of the problem, and it boldly went so far as to explain all known methods of contraception, including the pill, giving brand names and prices. It also listed the name and address of the Asociación Pro-Salud Maternal, the first birth control center in Mexico.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the article was a frank appeal to the government to take over the problem. This was not made by the magazine itself; the climate of opinion is not yet ready for such editorial directness. It came from the mouths of two of the three poor people whom *Tiempo* had interviewed on the subject.

Pedro Martinez, who earns less than $1 a day, has fathered eleven children in twenty-six years of marriage. The eldest is 25, the youngest 3 months. "So many children are a misery for the family and they grow up without proper education or preparation for life," he was quoted as saying. "But what shall we do? We are Catholics and we don't want to fall into mortal sin. Neither do we want to see our children dying of hunger." Then, obviously without much hope, he added: "I have heard that in some countries the government not only helps families with many children but also shows them how to have fewer children. But there is nothing like that in Mexico."

Margarita Gutierrez de Trejo, aged 39, and the mother of nine (including quadruplets), said to the reporter: "May God forgive me, but I think that the government ought to send doctors and nurses to teach us how to avoid having children without it being a sin."

From the number and variety of articles on the subject, it would seem that a campaign is under way to prepare the Mexican people for some kind of public action, even government action. It would not be quite fair to say that Mexico has a controlled press. Dissident opinion is tolerated up to a certain point and "Freedom of the Press Day" is celebrated with great fanfare. Nevertheless, such widespread discussion of a hitherto unmentionable subject could not have taken place in Mexico without the tacit approval of the authorities. With an appearance of probing for public reaction, conflicting statements by officials have appeared, often within the same week.

Sen. Antonio Flores Mazori and two Congresswomen, Martha Andrade de Rosal and Aurora Nadia Millan, associated themselves in the following public statement: "The Mexican Government respects the parents' right to determine the size of their families and in the case of poor families with many children, makes available through its Health Ministry the best advice in each case." *Ovaciones*, one of the "popular" papers wrote: "In spite of the fact that official medical institutions are reserved in respect to the problem [of population limitation] preoccupation with the fact has been notable. For some time contraceptives have been a part of the basic pharmacology of Social Security, and the Ministry of Health permits the sale of pills in drugstores without a prescription." (A month's supply can be obtained for less than a dollar.)

In another article, a functionary of the same Ministry of Health declared that the manufacture of contraceptive pills in Mexico was illegal!

As the falling death rate has increased family size, many Mexican women have tried in their own ways to limit their families. Prolonged nursing is an ancient method, based on the belief that a nursing mother cannot conceive. This custom is one factor in infant deaths. Whereas in a country like the United States most deaths before the age of 1 year occur in the first months of life, often from congenital defects, in Mexico most occur in the last third of the first year. Mothers' milk alone does not supply enough nourishment in these latter months and poor mothers cannot provide the additives that American mothers give as a matter of course. This primitive resort to prolonged nursing (often up to two years) results in malnutrition or in infections and diseases which the starved little body cannot resist.

"Giving" a child to a grandmother, a godmother, or a willing relative, is another not uncommon way of solving the problem. Some women adopt more desperate measures. "Babies are sold for 20 pesos in the General Hospital," Marie Guadalupe H. Mitchell, director of Orientation and Defense of Women, was quoted as saying in *La Prensa* (February 15). As I was writing this article, the newspapers reported the case of a woman who had given birth at a public hospital, only to slip away twelve hours later leaving her infant behind!

The rhythm method, sponsored by the Catholic Church as the only acceptable means of limiting family size, is rejected almost universally in this Catholic country. Poor women, especially, complain that it is too complicated, that it is unsure, and that husbands refuse to cooperate. A rhythm clinic set up near the Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe last year had to close for lack of patients. At the end of six months it had attracted only forty-four women. The most common method of limiting family size is abortion. Women try to abort themselves by using herbs or other primitive methods, or they go to midwives.

Absolute statistics are impossible to obtain, of course, but some notion of the size of the problem may be gathered from the number of women bleeding from incomplete abortions who are admitted to hospitals. In the first quarter of 1965 the three main government hospitals in Mexico City reported 4,014 births and 1,316 abortion cases—a relationship between births and unsuccessful abortions of 32.95 per cent. It is notable that at the General Hospital, where the poorest go, the relationship was 53.5 per cent!

A study of the abortion rate was made by the Asociación Pro-Salud Maternal, referred to above. Among the 1,000

women interviewed, 307 admitted to from one to *twenty-four* abortions. The total number was 6,118! One of the women expressed her feelings as follows: "May God forgive me for those abortions, but I simply could not go on. I think that it is better to take the pills than to have abortions; that is why I have come here."

The Asociación Pro-Salud Maternal was founded in 1958 by Dr. Edris Rice-Wray, graduate of Vassar and the School of Medicine of Northwestern University. She also holds a degree in Public Health from the University of Michigan and was the director of the first field study of Enovid, in Puerto Rico. Working for two years in Mexico for the World Health Organization, Dr. Rice-Wray perceived an "unfulfilled need" to bring the birth and death rates into balance:

> We had to organize privately because at that time, in 1958, neither government nor educational institutions were willing to enter the field. We began with the aid of a research grant and a private donation and with the assistance of a small group of Mexican people. The staff included a social worker, a nurse and myself. In the first month our social worker found sixteen women who were willing to come for information about family limitation. In the first year I treated only 286 women. It was impossible to publicize the work; the Mexican Health Code forbade this. But one woman told another and out of their need, more and more began to come. By the end of the second year I was thrilled that we had received more than a thousand patients.

Eight years later, in 1965, monthly patient visits numbered 3,900 a month in the main clinic and five subsidiary clinics that have been established in proletarian districts. The number of new patients received in 1965 was almost double the figure for 1964. Whether she can afford to pay 10c or $2, every woman is given a thorough gynecological examination and a cancer test. A social worker helps her determine what she can afford to pay for her monthly supply of pills or the insertion of an intrauterine device.

Although the clinic is concerned with helping the people who come to it, basically it is a research center. Between 1959 and 1966 it completed twenty-eight research projects on thirty-one compounds and dosages. Dr. Rice-Wray was a member of a scientific group of fourteen invited by WHO to Geneva in 1965 to sum up world experiences with oral gestagens. Along with many investigations in other parts of the world, her studies of long-term users of these compounds have contributed to the recent decision by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration to remove the previous four-year limitation on use of the pill.

The clinic initiated a professional training program in 1965, and in that year forty-seven doctors and six nurses from eight countries completed the two-week course. Besides studying the population problem in Latin America and the world, they were instructed in all available contraceptive methods. They received practical advice on how to go about setting up a family-planning clinic in a Latin American Catholic country. With the exception of the University of Chile, no medical school on the continent includes such material in its curriculum.

Mexican physicians and sociologists have for long assumed that their people would refuse, for religious and cultural reasons, to accept family planning. The thirteen doctors and seventeen social workers and nurse-interviewers now working with the Asociación Pro-Salud Maternal have learned a great deal about their patients, almost all Catholics. Some of the things they have discovered are in direct contradiction to accepted ideas.

"In Mexico, as in other Latin American countries, there is a gap of understanding between intellectuals and the masses," Dr. Rice-Wray explained. "Among traditional beliefs held by intellectuals is that Mexican men want large families as one proof that they are *machos*. We find here that the men are realistic, too, when it comes to facing the problems of a large family. You see them here in the clinic every day, holding young children while their wives are being attended. Ninety-eight per cent of our women come with their husbands' consent.

"The women try to obey the Church and they pray to the Virgin that they won't get pregnant again. When they do they are apt to feel that they have fulfilled their duty to the Church. Since they can't take care of another child, they have an abortion. Naturally, because of the conflict engendered, many simply stop going to Church altogether. The realistic liberal Catholic leaders know this and that is why they are fighting for change in the matter of contraception."

As many as God sends? How will the Catholic conscience absorb the totally new concept of spaced children and family limitation? The Asociación Pro-Salud Maternal is fortunate in having as consultant a Catholic priest trained in psychology as well as in the tenets of his Church. Father Alfonso Orozco works at the clinic with the permission of the Archbishop of Mexico. From his private interviews with the patients, he is in an excellent position to assess their life situations, their spiritual conflicts and their motives for seeking birth control information. In an article summing up interviews with 150 women he points out that many of them feel justified in taking their destiny into their own hands after they have borne a number of children. He quotes Mrs. S. Z. de G., 28 years old, married for thirteen years and the mother of five. "I am a Catholic because I pray to whom I should pray," she asserted. "As far as the pills go, I know that the priests are right in many things but they can't help my situation of having children I can't care for or educate. Anyway, I have done my duty. I have five children and my health does not permit more."

Mrs. R. E. de P. presented another aspect of the problem. She is 31 years old and and in twelve years of marriage has had nine children, all of whom are alive. "I came here because I no longer want to 'buy' more children," she told the priest, using a common euphemism for conception. "I am a Catholic and I believe I am doing right to use the pills because in this way God will give me life to watch my children grow up. If I continue to 'buy' more children I will probably die and my children need me. Children are beautiful and I love them very much but now I don't want to have any more so that I can take care of those I have."

Mexican women are reticent, but to the sympathetic priest one woman said: "Some have told me that I am excommunicated and maybe they are right, but I follow my conscience. Now I am afraid to go to church. But on the other hand, since I use the pills and am freed of the fear and constant anguish of a new pregnancy, there is greater love between my husband and myself and our children. We always discover new things in our love."

Perhaps the most encouraging sign of change is the recent establishment of a parallel all-Mexican organization which is beginning work with funds from the International Planned Parenthood Association and with the support of a distinguished board of directors. Señor Gerardo Cornejo, its executive director, represents in his own person the problem of the population explosion. He is one of fifteen children, ten of whom survived to adulthood. His father was a peasant who received land after the Mexican revolution. Two of his brothers have remained farmers; other brothers and sisters live modestly; he is the only member of his family to become a professional, although he is now educating a younger brother.

"The Fundación para Estudios de la Población enjoys the moral but *unofficial* support of the government," Señor Cornejo stated when I talked with him, and he went on to give me convincing evidence. The medical director of the organization is also medical director for the Maternal and Child Health Service in the Ministry of Health, certainly a close enough tie to indicate government interest. The president of the board of directors, which includes doctors, professors, demographers and engineers, is a prominent banker; the vice president is a former minister of government. In discussing the six urban and two rural clinics which his organization is opening this year, Señor Cornejo mentioned that the physician in charge of a clinic at Piedras Negras in Coahuila is also in charge of maternal and child health services in that state.

"The government must proceed very slowly and cautiously," he told me. "It does not want to risk an explosion of popular feeling such as took place in Brazil recently when it was announced that funds for family planning had been made available to the country. But I can tell you that in one government hospital here in Mexico City all of the women who come in bleeding from incomplete abortions receive birth control information when they leave, and if they want the pills, arrangements are made to supply them at whatever price they can pay." The whole purpose of the Fundación, Señor Cornejo said frankly, is to prepare the basis for government action to control the population. The machinery for doing this already exists in the thousands of clinics, health centers and hospitals of Mexico's three health plans. These are only beginning to reach into the countryside, but Señor Cornejo suggested that the family-planning idea might be introduced into the Rural Community Development Program which includes 7,000 villages.

The education of the public is an important part of the work of the Fundación. A women's committee, composed of five Congresswomen and a woman Senator and headed by Guadalupe Rivera Marín (Diego Rivera's daughter), arranges for lectures throughout the country and is making contacts with unions. Various industrial firms are participating in the program. The Fundación's clinic in Monterrey receives 90 per cent of its financial support from industry, Señor Cornejo said.

He gives full and enthusiastic credit to the work of Dr. Edris Rice-Wray and the Asociación Pro-Salud Maternal, "which has set us ahead of most other Latin American countries in preparing to tackle this crucial problem." The medical sub-director, Dr. Sergio Correu, is attached also to the Asociación where he is head of the training program.

Many Mexicans can of course be expected to oppose a program of population limitation on religious or nationalistic grounds, or from a sincere belief that science will find the way to increase productivity, or that a fairer distribution of wealth can be achieved. Those who work with the desperate poor may be too optimistic in their idea that the mass of the people will accept such a program with relief. In what seemed to me a sober estimate of the situation, Dr. Rice-Wray spoke as follows:

> Although there is separation between the state and religion since the Juarez Reform laws, it is an outward separation only. Catholicism is in the bone and blood of these people and it affects the manner of their thinking. If the Catholic Church takes a positive stand, action will come more quickly. If it doesn't, I believe that the government won't wait. The pressure being generated by the population growth grows stronger every day and the problem can be solved only by the government. I am sure that those in power are waiting only for an opportune moment when they won't risk a public reaction against a fertility control program. This moment of decision could come anytime.

A few weeks after she made this prediction, the government did indeed take a giant step forward. The Ford Foundation announced on October 18 that it had granted more than a half million dollars to three important Mexican government institutions for research into various aspects of population control, and for training of doctors, nurses and social workers. The largest of the three grants was given specifically for research in oral contraceptives. Since it obviously is impossible to study these matters without patients, many thousands of Mexicans who wish to control the size of their families will now be given the means to do so.

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

HUGH WESTON

Mr. Weston, an American, has for the past four years been minister of the Unitarian Church in Adelaide, Australia, and a lecturer on the educational programs of the Australian Broadcasting System.

Adelaide

Ever since the early white convicts and settlers in the 19th century got rid of the troublesome 300,000 aborigines by killing them off or starving them to death (today only about 40,000 "full-bloods" are left alive), Australians have with some justification considered their subcontinent a paradisiacal "island in the sun." They are fond of describing themselves as "content with our lot" (they often say this in contrasting themselves with Americans) and the favorite Australian expression is "She'll be right."

Aussies are proud to note that "beer and smokes" take first place in the family budget, ahead of new cars, television sets or washing machines. They are a bit ashamed that West Germany has slightly surpassed them in per capita beer consumption, but, perhaps as a result of their own achievements in this area, Australia holds an unchallenged first place in the number of traffic deaths per vehicle. Australians tell of the speaker in a public park who was asking: "What is an Australian? Just what is an Australian?" And a voice came in reply: "An Australian is a lazy boozer." All Australians present laughed knowingly.

Everything seems geared to make life easy in this sun-drenched subtropical land, where an annual rainfall of only 16 inches makes it the driest major land mass on the earth. Outdoor sports, practiced unflaggingly in the shadows of the palm trees, make Australia, in proportion to its population, the world's foremost nation of athletes. The country enforces compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, and the American unionist is always a bit shocked to find that *both* sides want it that way—strikes are a lot of hard work and cause too much nervous tension. Despite the law, there was a very fierce strike at the Mt. Isa Copper Mines last year, but Australians point out that the mines are American-owned, and that the strike leader, who defied most of the unions, was an American. Australians, we are told, would never behave like that, left to their own devices.

Australians cherish a myth of male dominance, and were astonished to learn, from a recent survey, that in the opinion of their children Australian women make a higher proportion of the decisions, even on matters of recreation and family budget, than do the notoriously assertive American women. In skillful rebuttal, Australian men argued that they do not feel dominated—they are, they say, just lazier than American men, and a good deal lazier than Australian women, and so they *force* their wives to make most of the decisions.

Sheltered in their subtropical paradise behind the protecting barriers of a "white Australia" policy, Australians have also been spared the tension of racial strife now perplexing large parts of the world. All polls and surveys indicate that "white Australia" is favored by the overwhelming majority, although certain modifications would be sought by the young. Only a very few hundred "non-Europeans" are admitted to more or less permanent residence each year and, at least until recently, Australia has been steadily getting whiter and whiter, as white immigrants to the number of 100,000 pour in every year.

But recently some disturbing clouds have appeared in this corner of the sunny sky. For one thing, the unaccommodating aborigines have stopped dying out and are beginning to increase—much in the manner of the "vanishing Americans," who refused to vanish. Early this September, there occurred in Adelaide the first civil rights demonstration ever staged by aborigines in Australia's history. Nearly 200 natives marched through the streets, demanding a voice in the running of the tribal reservations. Aborigines are not citizens, and in the Northern Territory they are, by law, paid minimum wages far below those set for whites. The white man's paradise is still well protected against alien breeds coming in from without, but what about this "enemy" within? To be fair in this matter, the attorney general of the state of South Australia (who has charge of aboriginal affairs) and many others are doing all in their power to help the cause of the aborigine—that is one reason why his numbers are beginning rapidly to increase. But aborigine is still spelled with a small a.

Culture often follows the trends of trade, and Japan is taking England's place, this year, for the first time, as the top customer for Australian goods. England is safe in second place for the moment, but the United States is third and coming up fast, while, of all people, the Chinese Communists rank among the top five. The decline of Britain as the once dominant trading partner has, supposedly, led to a loosening of ties with Great Britain, and the largest club on the campus at the University of Adelaide is the Republican Club, which wants to make a republic out of Australia.

With the emergence of Japan as Australia's best customer, and the concomitant growth of other Asian trade, there is increasing pressure to modify the "white Australia" barriers.

Something else that may eventually upset Australian tranquillity is the coming of the Americans. Wherever the British retreat these days, the Americans step in. American capital has become so dominant that Australians have taken to calling their country "the fifty-first state." Almost the entire motor car and tobacco industries are American held, and the excellent new national daily newspaper, *The Australian*, has published a survey indicating that perhaps a third of the biggest Australian enterprises are American controlled. American business methods are copied to the finest detail.

But the overwhelming majority of the immigrants still come from England. Although the American tourist, seeing the shiny, Yankee-style used-car lots, thinks America has taken over the place, down deep there is a basic British attitude that any American who lives here for several years cannot fail to note. Indeed, it is said to be more a 19th-century British attitude than one of the current century. No one more epitomized it than the former Prime Minister, Robert Menzies, also now Lord Mayor of the Cinque Ports in Britain, who demanded, when the currency was changed to the decimal system, that if Australia dropped the sacred word, "pound," at least the monetary unit should be called the "Royal." This idea was received enthusiastically by the upper classes, but was too much for the younger people and lower-class Australians, who consider themselves American at least in business methods, so a gigantic protest movement succeeded in naming the new monetary unit the "dollar."

Old-fashioned British traditions are illustrated in the fact that the pubs have until recently closed at six o'clock (they are now to be permitted to stay open until ten). Even new British arrivals are amazed by the Victorian censorship. *Playboy* and similar magazines are banned. Conformity is carried to a point that bemuses even the British. I have been politely removed from the tennis court for not wearing proper tennis attire which, in Adelaide at least, must be all white from top to bottom. Women must wear a tennis dress, not tennis shorts. Yet, paradox, go to the beach, and the bikinis are so brief as to be almost symbolic! Is Australia puritan? Hardly. Even the very severe censorship is a matter of propriety rather than purity.

At every basic cultural point, the Australian remarks how similiar he is to the Americans, and at every point the seasoned American notes how similar he really is to the British. The British don't go to church; neither does the Australian. British school children wear uniforms to school; so do the Australian children. Many Australian schools, even public schools, segregate by sex. The pupils all stand to attention when the teacher enters the room. Learning is by drill, not by "new-fangled" Dewey-ite methods of letting the students creatively find their own interests, let alone by the Kilpatrick methods of seeking even to abolish discipline in the classroom. Dewey, Kilpatrick, Patri—they are not even taught to the students training to be teachers. Americans live by Freud as by the Bible; Australians pay no attention to either. The favorite psychologist hereabouts is a man named Eysenck, who wrote a book called *The Uses and Abuses of Psychology*, Freud falling into the latter category. The philosophy departments of all universities, like other departments, are staffed by Australian and British teachers, not Americans, and all philosophy in Australia is British logical analysis, not Continental existentialism or American process philosophies. I am invited to give a lecture to the Philosophy Club of the University of Adelaide shortly, and this will be, as far as I can learn, the first time in the history of any Australian university that an existentialist thinker has been asked to lecture.

But some will say: look how Australia supports American policy in Vietnam. Is this not an indication of pro-Americanism? The answer is that on any ideological basis it is not. The Australian attitude toward the war is entirely cynical. The polls show that about 70 per cent of the people support the American-Australian intervention in the Vietnamese civil war, but they do so because they feel that they could be hurt financially if they failed to support the United States. Also, they say that while America is probably wrong in this case, "we Australians have to support it, because some day, if a rampaging Indonesia, either Communist or even rightist, should endanger us, we would need the United States." Britain, they point out, is withdrawing from these parts. But the absence of any conviction is shown by the fact that the polls also indicate an overwhelming opposition to sending any except volunteers to Vietnam. A tiny few think Australia might be menaced by Communist aggression, but most are happily reaping profits from the growing China trade (down somewhat in 1965-66) and think the United States is quite mad, but "we have to support them, anyway."

Meanwhile, the sun shines, and the tennis players continue training. But the government has rammed through a tough conscription law despite overwhelming popular protest. If the Vietnamese War continues for many years, if the Asians keep clamoring for the right to enter Australia, and if the aborigines keep increasing, sunny Australia may be in for some storms.

THE MEDICARE BONANZA

SELIG GREENBERG

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It is doubtful that any easy remedies will be suggested by the "very hard and very quick look" at climbing medical costs to be taken at President Johnson's direction by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Council of Economic Advisers and the Labor Department. More than anything else, this study is probably an attempt to forestall a threatened Congressional investigation of what many competent observers feel is HEW's excessive generosity in setting up—under medicare—payment schedules for hospitals and doctors. If so, the White House move is not apt to delay for long a legislative scrutiny of the reimbursement formulas and of some of the other factors responsible for the uncontrolled inflation in our health-care economy.

The threatened hospital bed shortages and other complications feared by top HEW officials have failed to materialize during the first few months of medicare's operation, and the jubilant word from Social Security Administration headquarters in Baltimore has been that all concerned are fully cooperating and the program is running smoothly. But the bills for services to medicare patients are just starting to come in, and in the light of what has lately been happening to hospital rates and doctors' fees, these bills are likely to be substantially higher than anticipated. A medicare program that costs materially more than estimates indicated will soon oblige the Administration and Congress to make a painful choice between raising still further the steep schedule of social security withholding taxes or dipping deeper into general revenue.

The costs of medical services, and particularly of hospital care, have for several years been rising at a pace faster than the overall cost of living. But what causes particular concern in Washington, and has been given as the reason for Mr. Johnson's order, is the steady acceleration of this rise, which appears to be at least partly related to the advent of medicare.

The end, moreover, is not in sight, especially in the hospital sector. The average expense per patient day in the nation's short-term hospitals rose last year by a record 9 per cent to $44.48. But this rate of increase has already been exceeded so far this year under mounting pressure by nurses and other employees for higher pay; many hospitals have been forced to raise their room charges above the $50-a-day mark, excluding ancillary services. Dr. Edwin L. Crosby, executive vice president of the American Hospital Association, predicted recently that hospital costs will jump during next year by at least 20 and possibly 30 per cent. The average yearly increase since 1960 has been 7 per cent. Some authorities have been predicting hospital costs of $100 a day by 1975, but if the present trend continues, this prohibitive level may be reached by the end of the 1960s.

The effect on medicare is obvious. While no great rush of aged patients into hospitals developed when medicare went into effect last July 1, hospital admissions covered by the program are now estimated to run at about 100,000 a week, which is close to 20 per cent of all admissions. Furthermore, the demand is certain to rise. The program came in during the low-occupancy months, and pressure on hospital beds will grow with the approach of winter and with the inauguration on January 1 of the nursing home part of medicare, which requires that its beneficiaries receive at least three days of prior hospitalization.

The costs of physicians' services are also certain to exceed expectations. Doctors across the country have been boosting their charges in anticipation of the establishment of medicare fee schedules; there are reliable reports that in some places fees for the elderly have been hiked by as much as 300 per cent.

Some of the continued rise in medical costs is unavoidable, particularly in the hospital field. Hospitals have still to close the gap between their pay scales and those prevailing in industry. To keep up with scientific advances, they must also continue to recruit more and better-trained personnel and provide additional costly equipment.

But the medical profession and the voluntary hospital system have long neglected the economies as well as the improved services that could be effected through more rational organization of medical practice and coordination of hospital facilities. When it underwrote a substantial portion of the nation's health-care costs, the federal government had a unique chance to insist on the adoption of some of these measures. By failing to do so, or to establish controls on the components which make up the costs of health services, the medicare law itself and the administrative regulations promulgated by HEW tend to freeze into the existing structure all the inefficiencies of the medical profession. The price of this omission may be high, not only in the threat it poses to the fiscal integrity of the medicare program itself but in its effects on our entire medical economy.

Some of medicare's original backers have become increasingly disenchanted with the program for two main reasons: the benefits are so enmeshed in limitations, deductibles and co-pay provisions that they cover only about half of the average medical costs of the aged; and the law and its implementation by HEW have, in effect, given the medical profession and the hospitals an administrative hammer lock on the program.

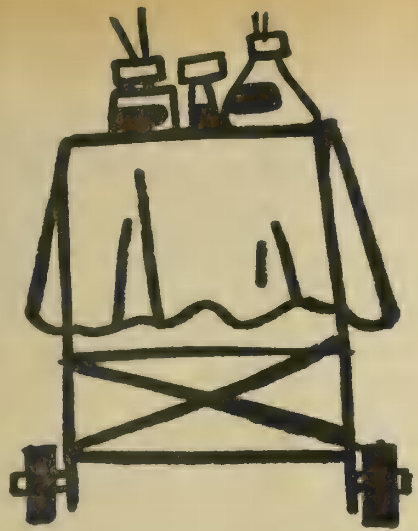
The eagerness of those who framed the medicare act to avoid a confrontation with the medical profession has created many openings for domination by physicians. The law establishes all-medical or mixed medical-lay advisory committees in several key areas of decision making, such as the approval of participating hospitals, the definition of reasonable charges and the review of hospital utilization. The statute requires HEW to consult associations representing physicians and hospitals and to administer the medicare program through existing insurance carriers which are vested with considerable latitude.

In most places Blue Cross and Blue Shield have been designated as administrative agents for medicare. Many Blue Cross plans are still dominated by hospital representatives. Blue Shield, which is playing a crucial role in determining the level of doctors' charges under medicare, is almost completely controlled by the medical profession. To some extent, at any rate, the doctors have thus been negotiating with themselves in setting the medicare fee schedule.

The medicare law specifically forbids the government from making any attempt to regulate the quality of medical care. This prohibition, and the Johnson Administration's predilection for trying to achieve a consensus by pleasing everybody, appear to mean that the government will merely underwrite the manner in which hospitals and doctors now operate, and that the only change will be in the way they are paid. The trouble with the policy of consensus in the health-care field is that while the doctors and the hospitals are tightly organized and represented by vigorous lobbyists, there are no effective spokesmen for the sick and aged.

The reimbursement formula gives hospitals about everything they had asked for. It guarantees payment of costs, plus allowances for depreciation and an additional 2 per cent for improvement of services. This arrangement has all the defects of cost-plus contracts and encourages the removal of all restraint on costs. Except for providing staff utilization committees to cut down excessively long stays, neither the medicare law nor the reimbursement formula imposes any controls on hospital expenditures. There are no provisions for eliminating duplicated plant and equipment, for more precise tailoring of facilities and services to the needs of patients, or for the development of less costly alternative services. The hospitals are guaranteed payment upon showing that they have spent the money; it makes no difference that they may have wasted it.

Much the same situation prevails with doctors' fees. Under the regulations, physicians must be paid "reasonable charges" for treating medicare patients. The criteria to be considered, the Social Security Administration has ruled, are "the customary charges for similar services generally made by the physician and the prevailing charges in the



locality for similar services." Here again the level of charges is, in substance, left up to the doctors themselves, and the conditions under which they work, which are often a cause of unnecessarily high costs, are left untouched.

At the height of the controversy over the medicare legislation the American Medical Association proposed an expanded voluntary health insurance program for the aged and said that its members stood ready to charge elderly patients less than the prevailing fees. But it now develops that in my own state of Rhode Island, for instance, doctors are allowed under the medicare formula to charge more for surgical services to medicare patients than they are charging low-income patients who are Blue Shield subscribers. Under Blue Shield, participating surgeons, assistant surgeons and anesthetists agree to accept the insurance program's fee schedule, which is below the customary charges, for patients falling within certain income limits. These limits are $2,800 for single persons and $4,000 for a family under Blue Shield Plan A, and $4,000 for a single person and $6,000 for a family under Plan B. But although the great majority of the aged fall within these limits, the patient's income is not a factor under medicare regulations, and doctors are allowed to bill at their full private-practice rates.

Social Security regulations provide two methods of paying doctors for treating medicare patients and leave it up to the physicians to pick the one they prefer. Under the direct-billing method, the patient pays the doctor and is then reimbursed for 80 per cent of established "reasonable charges." This permits the doctor to charge whatever he wants. The alternative is the assignment method, whereby the physician collects the allowable benefits on the basis of "reasonable charges" from the medicare fiscal agent, Blue Shield in most cases.

The government's definition of "reasonable charges" assures doctors of receiving their customary fees for patients whom they formerly treated free or at reduced rates. Nevertheless, at the AMA's convention a few days before medicare went into effect, the House of Delegates brushed aside the more moderate advice of its retiring and incoming presidents and adopted a resolution recommending that doctors charge their medicare patients directly. Behind the gobbledygook that direct billing preserves "individual responsibility" on the part of the patient and protects the doctor-patient relationship is the profession's desire to have its cake and eat it. It wants to collect from former charity patients while at the same time continuing its Robin Hood method of charging more affluent clients still fatter fees.

Among the most outspoken critics of HEW's generosity toward the hospitals have been Senators Russell B. Long of Louisiana, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, another key member of that committee and one of the earliest advocates of medicare. Both Senators have objected to the allowances for depreciation of hospital buildings and equipment and for improvement of services, and Senator Anderson has drafted a bill which would give control of such funds to federally aided state planning agencies which would be charged with preventing their use for unnecessary duplication of plant and equipment. Senator Long threatens to inject an investigation of drug prices into the consideration of medicare costs. His aim is to require greater use by hospitals of drugs sold by their scientific or generic names rather than by advertised brand names. Legislation to that effect is pending in the Senate.

Congress is reported reluctant to start tinkering with the new medicare law at the current session, but high medicare costs and the need for tighter controls on the providers of services are likely to become the subject of heated debate at the next session.

Profit is not a major issue in medicare's relations with the voluntary short-term hospitals, the great majority of which are nonprofit institutions. With them, the trouble arises from traditions of autonomy, the ambitions of trustees and medical staffs, and a dislike of outside controls. But 80 per cent of nursing homes are run to make money, and profit is already complicating HEW's negotiations for the medicare nursing home benefits that start next year.

The government has offered nursing home proprietors

the same reimbursement formula of 2 per cent above costs that hospitals are getting, with the additional proviso that payments cannot exceed a return of 4¾ per cent on investment. The representatives of nursing home associations have rejected this offer as inadequate and are now dickering for more.

Despite protests of the operators that they stand to lose money under the proffered formula, a boom is developing in the construction of such homes, and private investing groups are forming all over the country to back ventures in this field. The trend is toward chain operations, which hold out the promise of big savings on volume purchases and centralized controls.

A most ambitious enterprise for building nursing homes and operating them on a franchise basis has been launched by Medicenters of America, a Tennessee corporation backed by the principal owners of the Holiday Inn motel chain. Within less than a year of operations, the corporation has received applications for franchises from fifty-five persons or groups. Its first offering of 150,000 shares at $10 was snapped up a few months ago, and shortly thereafter the stock was selling for $16.

Two major difficulties which medicare will face when it initiates nursing home benefits are the shortage of such facilities and the fact that a sizable proportion of those now operating are expected to fail the program's standards. The principal requirements are that a nursing home have an agreement with at least one hospital participating in the medicare program for the transfer of patients and their medical records; that it have at least one registered nurse employed full time, and adequate nursing services around the clock; that it have a doctor always available for emergencies and that each patient be under a physician's supervision; that it keep medical records for all patients and have appropriate rules for dispensing drugs, and that it maintain a review committee with physician participation to make sure that patients are not admitted unnecessarily and do not stay longer than necessary.

Competent opinion is that the government will be forced to suspend some of these rules in order to meet the demand for convalescent care. But overshadowing this immediate problem is the key question of whether an important segment of health care should be entrusted to facilities operated for profit.

LETTERS

(continued from page 498)

There is some ambiguity in this writing—unusual in a professional like Swados—but he seems to be saying that such character assassination has been the main contribution of the two men he names. If this is what he means he should say so more clearly; if it is what he means he is a vicious slanderer and an ignoramus. If it is not what he means, what did he mean and whom did he have in mind? *Herbert Aptheker*

Valley Cottage, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: The last time I contributed a piece to *The Nation* I was rewarded by being classified as a pro-Communist "rogue" by the organ of the Socialist Labor Party. Now I am classified as "a vicious slanderer and an ignoramus" by Dr. Aptheker—conditional, however, on my assuring him that I did not intend to refer to him as one "whose contributions to socialism have consisted primarily in character assassination." I am happy to assure him that such was not my intention, that in fact I intended to *contrast*—as should be quite clear to any reader with a good conscience—Dr. Aptheker's scholarly attainment as one who has "something to contribute" with those whose lack of such attainment is coupled with venomous hatred for those Socialists with whom they disagree. As for identifying the character assassins, the paragraphs immediately preceding that to which Dr. Aptheker takes exception reported on their behavior, e.g., speaking of Isaac Deutscher as a Birchite. If Dr. Aptheker cannot bring himself to believe that such behavior has been characteristic of many Communists for the last forty years, I shall be happy to refer him to the appropriate citations from the files of the *Daily Worker*. . . . *Harvey Swados*

new stage for man

Lynn, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Isaac Deutscher said in his address on "Socialist Man" to the Second Annual Socialist Scholars Conference that the founders of *presently existing* "scientific Socialist" ideology, Marx, Engels, and Lenin, laid no blueprint for the future "Socialist man." To do so before a Socialist society existed seemed premature, utopian, and thus wrong to them. As you pointed out [*The Nation*, Oct. 3] the Chinese revolution is now preoccupied with and heavily committed to the construction of the "new man."

This indicates clearly that the guiding ideology of the Chinese revolution is going far beyond *pre-existing* Marxist-Leninist ideology. It seems that the first great impetus of modern Communist ideology came from Marx and Engels in the 1860s and 1870s. Then the next great input of ideological energy came from Lenin in the 'teens of the present century, about fifty years later. Another fifty years has now passed. *Is the stage now set and prepared for another great surge of ideological energy?* *Bernard Edwin Galitz*

at least a start

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I-Kua Chou's article on Communist China ["Between Goals and Dogma," *The Nation*, Oct. 3] presents an astute analysis of Peking's world view. . . . Normally statements of joint intent to settle disputes peacefully can even be harmful as they gloss over basic differences and allow nations to falsely believe peace is achieved, as witness the Kellogg-Briand Pact. However, here such a declaration has merit as it would mark a successful negotiation with Peking. Each nation believing that tensions have been reduced might find it profitable to institutionalize its communications with the other.
Mark Ginsburg

Nation file offered

Dear Sirs: I have an almost complete file of *The Nation* from mid-1960 to the present, which I want to dispose of. If a library or any of your individual readers would like them, please let me know.

Robert I. Cammer
4109 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The American Outsider

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

Poetry in America has long been a dangerous enterprise, for those poets, at least, like Whitman, Hart Crane or Theodore Roethke, who needed to follow their imagination into whatever hard country it would lead them. Such poets have seemed often to be clumsy explorers, paying a great price for every scrap of poetic certainty they managed to secure. Their work, as well as their lives, have had a curiously unfinished aspect, as if the effort of discovery had allowed them no time to smooth over their awkwardness and hesitation of first encounters. Because they have been, to all appearances, only half-skillful, they have been called the "low-brows" of American poetry, the "whisky-priests."

Critics have in fact always recognized two kinds of pleasure which the poet may take with his language. There is first the elaborate, almost playful skill with words; the love of their plasticity, and pride at mastering the complicated rhythms one can impose on them. But there is also the second, more unruly pleasure: the poet's surprise at the unnamed shapes he has entangled in his net, the dark language, the unmanageable love he dredges up from that part of his experience where opposites coincide, and where his word and some higher Word may be the same; that strangely "impersonal" mood, of which Lorca wrote:

> *They come to me, my essential things.*
> *They are refrains of refrains.*
> *Here in the reeds of the late afternoon*
> *How strange to be named Federico.*

In England and America, it is the first of these pleasures that has, on the whole, won out. The joy of great rhetoric has always stood close to the center of our poetic traditions; verbal skill like Milton's or Tennyson's, like Eliot's, Pound's or Stevens' has been, like frock coat and tails, a ticket into all the best homes. This has given rise to a poetry of argument, in which the skill with words is not unlike a lawyer's skill which marshals evidence, weighs emotional appeal, plots distinctions that unfold toward a crisp, final point which can no longer be refuted. The other poets, the "children of nature," like Blake or Whitman, fought so hard against the frock coat and tails that in the end they were locked outside the gates, imprisoned among the shapes of their imagination.

Van Wyck Brooks's distinction between low-brow and high-brow in America makes roughly the same point as earlier distinctions between Yankee and Englishman, New York and New England, East and West; but it also seems to cover this curious dissociation between the pleasures of rhetoric and the pleasures of discovery, which has made our poetic traditions in England and America so different from those of France, Germany or Spain. The "low-brows," the half-respectable wanderers, the visionaries, have also been the most "American" of our poets; they have chosen not to appeal to Europe or to the Academy, and have paid for their isolation—Crane with his life, Whitman and Roethke with their "respectability," and the recognition they never really obtained while alive.

During the past half dozen years, however, as the New Criticism has loosened its paralyzing hold, and the overdone "skills" of our poetry in the 1940s and '50s have begun to appear as faded as they, in fact, always were, a new mood has crept into the world of American poetry. Active and gifted poets have discovered a need to forsake the pleasures of rhetoric, or at least to allow their formal skills to be shaped by the wayward pressures of an imagination which has led them, as it did the surrealists, to recompose the very elements of their experience. Thus James Dickey can write, with the simplicity of vision: "My green, graceful bones fill the air/ With sleeping birds"; and John Logan can describe a death, as "His soft old flesh slipped/ Inside its great/ Trunk with a sound he held/ Too long inside his skull."

A thread of continuity in this changing mood has been Robert Bly's erratic, single-handed experiment with the Sixties Press, and with the controversial magazine he has published since 1958, *The Sixties* (formerly *The Fifties*). For more than half a dozen years, Bly has explored the impact and the delicacy of that transfiguration which may happen in language, and which has always been the concern of poets like Rimbaud and Baudelaire in France, Rilke and Trakl in Germany, and many Spanish poets.

From his farm in western Minnesota, Bly has kept up a steady stream of translations, articles, poems and criticism which have filled eight issues of *The Sixties* magazine, and a variety of books under the head of the Sixties Press. Although neither the books nor the magazine are distributed on the same professional scale as the sleek literary quarterlies, they have gained a large audience among poets and students, and have had an influence far beyond the numbers distributed. From the first, the Sixties Press has been a labor of artisans, with Bly himself taking charge of all stages of production, excluding the actual printing. He and several friends have done the selection, the writing, the translating, the book designing; and his wife has been in charge of distribution to subscribers and booksellers.

Robert Bly's work has been as much a symptom as a cause. Among the poets of his generation who were but uneasily rooted in the poetic mood of the 1950s, men like Louis Simpson, James Dickey, Galway Kinnell, James Wright and Donald Hall, responded to Bly's formulations. Their own need for a renewed lyricism, and their own experiments with imagery were confirmed by the articles and translations which appeared in the magazine. The effect was to open an exchange of ideas and influences between these and other poets, who remain, nevertheless, so different from one another. The bond between them, which has been catalyzed by the Sixties Press, has been less one of mutual influence than of a common resistance to the orthodoxies of American poetry since the Second World War.

Bly's effort with the press has been a double-pronged one. On the one hand, it has sought to make available to Americans, in good English translations, the work of some great European and South American writers, poets whose imagination reaches down again and again into its own depths to bring up landscapes of self-exploration. As Bly himself has written:

> The fundamental world of poetry . . . is the inward world. The poem expresses what we are just beginning to think, thoughts we have not yet thought. The poem must catch these thoughts alive, holding them in language that is also alive, flexible and animal-like as they.

To date, volumes on Georg Trakl, Blas

de Otero and Cesar Vallejo have appeared, while others on Pablo Neruda, Jiminez and Rilke are still in preparation. In pursuing this program of translation, Bly has tried to knit up the loose ends of a paradox which has so painfully isolated the American poets of the "Whitman tradition," who have wandered for so long at the edge of the well-dressed world of "literature." In a note, introducing the *Twenty Poems of Georg Trakl*, James Wright says:

> We are used to reading poems whose rules of traditional construction we can memorize and quickly apply. Trakl's poems, on the other hand, though they are shaped with the most beautiful delicacy and care, are molded from within. He did not write according to any rules of construction, traditional or otherwise, but rather waited patiently and silently for the worlds of his poems to reveal their own natural laws. The result, in my experience at least, is a poetry from which all shrillness and clutter have been banished.

How closely this resembles Whitman, and his attempt to blend into a single lifelong effort the art of words, and a spiritual attentiveness to those "natural" laws that governed their use, as he tells us in his famous preface to the *Leaves of Grass*: "The rhyme and uniformity of perfect poems show the free growth of metrical laws and bud from them as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses on a bush, and take shapes as compact as the shapes of chestnuts and oranges and melons and pears, and shed the perfume impalpable to form."

In issue after issue of his magazine, Bly has argued for a new sense of the imagination; a use, in particular, of that kind of poetic energy which is entirely self-expressive as it reinvents the objects of the world, and transforms them into imagery: not "pictures," or descriptions, but a layer of invented figures which have a root in the unconscious, and a blossoming in the clearly seen, delicately loved objects of the world. Not Pound's "petals on a wet black bough," writes Bly, but Yves Bonnefoy's "An interior sea lighted by turning eagles." That is an image.

Behind the Sixties Press is a desire to test the limits of our American poetic traditions; to weed out the dry exercises which have often, in the past twenty years, passed for poetry, simply because they followed a scheme of imagination familiar to all. This has led Bly to half-provocative gestures, like the recent publication of a volume entitled *The Sea and the Honeycomb*, containing a collection of four-line poems, drawn from the most varied sources. Because the pleasures of argument have always been uppermost in the English and American traditions, Bly writes, poets have tended to neglect a range of emotional material that moves in and out of their lives too rapidly to allow a hold for argument and elaboration. "The strength of a new form," he writes in his introduction, "is that it makes both poet and reader aware of feelings they'd hardly noticed before." The short poem, never a true member of our arsenal of forms, can do just that; it can extend the life of the intelligence into poetry in a way we have rarely tried before:

> The poet who succeeds in writing short poems is like a man who has found his way through a stone wall into a valley miles long where he lives. He walks back up the valley, and opens a door in the wall for an instant to show you where the entrance is. . . . Those who expect the poet to give them ideas see only a vague movement on the side of the mountain. Before they have turned around to face the poem, the door is closed.

The second prong of Bly's effort has been in the direction of literary criticism. He has written many articles whose aim has been to disengage the kernel of imaginative insight a poem may contain, although it may be obscured by an accumulation of rhetorical devices and half-thought-out literary effects. Every issue of *The Sixties* has contained, so far, a long essay signed by Crunk (usually Bly himself) on a young American poet whose work Bly feels touches in some way on the live energies of discovery. To date, essays have appeared on John Logan, James Wright, W. S. Merwin, Gary Snider, Louis Simpson, Donald Hall; others have been announced on Denise Levertov and William Stafford. In addition, the Press has published a volume of criticism by James Dickey, entitled *The Suspect in Poetry*, in which Dickey gracefully though bitterly dismembers much of what has been written in America in the past fifteen years. Dickey has a fine critical verve, and his volume is indeed hygienic for the cluttered "literary" mind. It is a pity, however, that those few poets Dickey admires rarely awaken his response as entirely as do those he "destroys" with such intelligence.

The whole idea defended by the Sixties Press (one which has given rise to such great poetry outside our country) depends on a sense of moral engagement of which poetry is only the purest expression in language. Whitman wrote in his preface: "The fluency and ornaments of the finest poems . . . are not independent but dependent. All beauty comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain."

Thus from this point of view, the effort of poetry becomes a kind of moral alchemy; to make great words, Whitman wrote, we must make ourselves. It is not accidental, therefore, that the most recent book distributed by the Sixties Press is entitled *A Poetry Reading Against The War In Vietnam*, edited by Bly and David Ray. It has been too easy for poets in America to consecrate a divorce between poetry and politics, which is usually justified by pointing to all the bad political poetry that has been written. Neruda, in particular, has been accused of selling out his imaginative genius by writing mediocre political verse, but one must not forget that some of Neruda's political poems are as great as anything he has written. In the past year much very ordinary poetry has been published expressing the almost visceral shock of the war in Vietnam. But some of these poems are very moving. What's more, others will be written, as the language of war and ideology and political conflict is transformed into that powerful language of tragedy and emotion out of which great political poetry must come.

The Sixties Press has shown, on the

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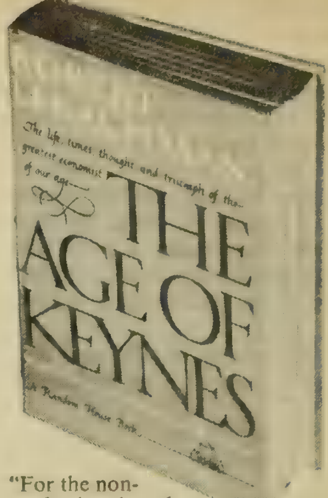
whole, the peculiar strengths and weaknesses of a very American enterprise. With an almost quixotic energy, Bly has singlehandedly turned out issue after issue of his magazine, in addition to more than half a dozen books, with more to come. He has translated, or seen to translations, from languages he has scarcely known. He has thought out the problems of his argument in the widest terms; though from a dryly scholarly point of view his information on literary history can turn out, at times, to be somewhat fanciful. This has led to errors, some misstatements, occasional wrong-headed translations—I am thinking, in particular, of the French issue of *The Sixties*—which have been held against his whole enterprise by many who have been offended anyway by the overturned idols. His magazine has veered in the most unexpected ways, and often within a single issue, from serious and carefully argued statements, to rambunctious satire, and at times unreasonable polemics. Yet, in the end, the weaknesses of the Sixties Press are only the reverse side of its strengths. Both bear the mark of the right- and wrong-headed activist who, like Whitman in the preface and *Democratic Vistas*, has discovered that the only way he could think was to think for himself.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MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Mr. Hamburger, poet, critic and translator of German poetry, has published many books here and in England, including Modern German Poetry *(Grove Press) and* Günter Grass: Selected Poems *(Harcourt, Brace). He is currently Purington Lecturer at Mt. Holyoke College.*

Heimito von Doderer, who celebrated his 70th birthday this year, was introduced to American readers in 1961 with the publication of his longest and weightiest novel, *The Demons*. Even before the German publication of this *magnum opus*, preceded in 1951 by *Die Strudlhofstiege*, an only slightly shorter novel quite as remarkable as the other and closely related to it in setting and theme, Doderer was one of the very few living Austrian novelists of a stature comparable to that of Musil and Broch. No English translation of *Die Strudlhofstiege* has yet appeared. *The Demons* was followed here by an earlier and less ambitious novel, *Every Man a Murderer*, originally published in 1938.

The Waterfalls of Slunj, Doderer's latest novel, is the first part of a projected tetralogy. It is complete in itself, but the four parts together promise to be as large in scope and scale as *The Demons*. Unlike *Die Strudlhofstiege* and the *The Demons, The Waterfalls of Slunj* reaches back in time to the 1880s. Like them, it is a "total novel," designed to render and interpret a whole society, a whole way of life, a whole geographical area; that covered by the Austrian Empire; and something more, in this case, since several of the principal characters are English, and the "world" of this novel is an Anglo-Austrian one.

Doderer is also an eminent historian; and whether he deals with recent events or with past centuries, he combines the historian's concerns with the novelist's. Yet he does not produce the totality of his novels in a synthetic way, by creating characters who are embodiments of ideas or tendencies. Here he differs radically from Thomas Mann, whose long novels might otherwise present an analogous totality. Doderer, who regards ideologies as the root of all evil in the modern world, subordinates ideas to another totality, that of an individual's perceptions and memories. In that he is closer to Proust than to Mann. The naturalistic breadth of his novels is inseparable from his psychological range—by which I mean the range of his sympathies and empathies—and this range is greater than either Mann's or Proust's. He excels at the portrayal of characters who are neither sophisticated nor highly articulate. Doderer knows that their inner life is intense, rich and interesting; also, that it is threatened by disturbances and obsessions akin to those of intellectuals, but exacerbated by the incapacity of the semi-articulate, the semi-aware, to understand their own thoughts and feelings. Mann's Hans Castorp was a character of this kind; but Mann could sustain his own interest in such a character only by overlaying Castorp's experiences with a superstructure of general, symbolic or exemplary implications. Doderer's engineers, executives and businessmen may be "dumb oxen," but their sensibilities are rendered without patronage or caricature.

One instance of this in *The Waterfalls of Slunj* is the dilemma of the younger Clayton, Donald, whose failures and frustrations culminate in his premature death by the waterfalls. This dilemma is not analyzed and explained, as it would be in a novel by Thomas Mann, but enacted in terms of the character's own experience and sensibility. Donald Clayton's failure as a lover becomes part of a complex that includes all his other failures; yet, in Doderer, such complexes are not traced to a single cause, which must invariably be sexual. The contrast between Robert and Donald Clayton crystallizes in two seemingly trivial incidents, both involving crayfish, the fascination of these animals for the two men, and the very different responses to this fascination of

Harriet and Monica. A related key incident is that in which Clayton's business associate, Chwostik, returns to the toy train set with which he had not played since his childhood; and another is that in which the schoolboy Zdenko is carried over from his experiment with electricity to an experiment with his friend's beautiful and electric mother. Like the waterfalls at Slunj, the scene of Robert's honeymoon and Donald's death, these incidents have a unifying function in the novel, without being blatantly symbolic.

Doderer's historical breadth and stylistic decorum make him a traditionalist among contemporary novelists. His originality, though indisputable, is discreet; and his experiments are conducted not in the reader's presence but in private, before and after the writing of his final drafts. His power to re-create environments and evoke their scenery, whether urban or rural, is self-evident, and scarcely surpassed by any other living novelist. Yet all the realistic detail also serves to enlarge our experience and sharpen our self-knowledge. The interaction between character and environment has been beautifully rendered in the English version by the Kaisers, who are also translators of Musil's works.

Death in the Schools

OUR CHILDREN ARE DYING. *By Nat Hentoff. Viking Press. 141 pp. $4.50.*

MAURICE R. BERUBE

Mr. Berube is assistant editor of The United Teacher. *His reviews and articles have appeared in* The Nation, The New Leader, Commonweal *and* New Politics.

Nothing so emphasizes the cruel disparity between the rhetoric and the reality of American life as the failure to educate the urban Negro poor. George Bernard Shaw expressed our national scandal in a famous indictment of the racial guilt of America: We turn Negroes into bootblacks and then claim the Negro is inferior because he is a bootblack. We add to the initial handicap of racial poverty, *de facto* segregated schools, badly trained teachers and deteriorating learning conditions. For the first time in our national history the school, instead of affording the means to transcend the ghetto slum, has become itself an oppressive force.

There is a growing literature documenting our failures. Nat Hentoff presents us with a fresh and valuable treatment in his expanded *New Yorker* profile of Dr. Elliott Shapiro, former principal of P.S. 119 in Harlem: a radical educator dedicated to the idea that compassion is an integral part of education in the slums.

Let it be said immediately of this admiring portrait that Hentoff does not shrink from challenging the assumption: is compassion enough? "But there's still something wrong there," Hentoff honestly elicits from a Shapiro admirer. "Those kids are not scoring as high as they should in the tests. It may be that all the understanding they get in that school, while it does help them develop a better self-image, doesn't help them to achieve. . . . Are his kids going to have enough competitive drive to do more than survive?" That, of course, is the heart of the matter.

Nat Hentoff intended this revised version as a microcosm of the educational macrocosm in Northern ghettos—a "book about some of these children" which is "relevant to all schools." However, the figure of Shapiro looms so large—even when he is not on stage—that nearly everyone and everything else seem to be props in the cult of Shapiro's personality. Perhaps this was conditioned by the needs of the profile genre of *New Yorker* journalism. But in rereading this book version, one becomes aware that the concentration on Shapiro creates an unnatural tilt separating him from his intricate milieu. Where one feels that the pupils and the environment should dominate, it is the father figure of Shapiro, his "life work and life style," that prevail.

For what we have here is the portrait of an extraordinary man in extraordinary circumstances, among quite ordinary peers (there are only two living legends in the New York City educational establishment among nearly 900 principals, Shapiro and the radical pacifist integrationist, Dr. Edward Gottlieb). Shapiro is a practicing psychoanalyst specializing in the young, a former teacher-union organizer, an adept administrator whose unique school encourages experiments and initiative, a visionary who believes that the schools' task is to alter the very fabric of society, a beloved figure in the black community ("You ain't just the principal of the school," one man tells him, "you're the principal of this neighborhood"), and a believer in direct action. (His mobilization of the parents and teachers around the drive for a new school is remembered in the now famous "rat incident." A newspaper advertisement brought dignitaries and television cameras to the old school. While the cameras were rolling and a horrified Mayor of New York watched, Shapiro chased a rat around the auditorium, swatting it with a broom. If Shapiro had staged it, the happening could not have been more effective. Of course, he got his new school.)

He is, then, an exceptional man. But as one educator put it, you can't build systems on Elliott Shapiros. But Shapiro's efforts for the children (who in his phrase

I DON'T MIND

I Carolyn Jackson am a pure-blooded Negro in soul and mind.
My mother's from North Carolina and my father's from Florida.
I know when I go to that old wooden bed,
Somewhere on the other side of town, there is a child being
put to bed in a soft cuddly nest.
But being a Negro isn't so bad (if you know what's going on)
Down South my cousin is being beat up—
And Look There . . . My aunt got put in jail for drinking from
a white fountain.
But here I feel better because I have more freedom.
When I ride the train and sit next to a person of the
opposite race
I feel like a crow in a robin's nest
And I feel dirty.
I'm not prejudiced or anything . . .
If we go on a trip and they call me names,
I Don't Mind.

CAROLYN JACKSON
(Age 11, United States)

From *Miracles,* Poems by children of the English-speaking world. Collected by Richard Lewis. Simon & Schuster. 214 pp. $4.95.

"are dying" because they fail to read and achieve) *has* effect: in the twelve years while he has been principal of the school, dismal statistics of the failure of 99 per cent of the children have been slashed to two-thirds.

And in Shapiro's special handling of a violent pupil, John, over the protests of his teaching staff that his method sacrificed the welfare of other children for just one, we have the distillation of what is best in education. For without concern over a John, the one among the many, the schools lose an integral part of their humanity.

Nat Hentoff not only knows which questions to ask, he sees the right things. Here are the many faces of poverty. The brilliant boy who reads twice his grade level, appropriated by various "families," is haunted by an attachment to the dead quasi-prostitute who assumed the role of his mother; they had often been seen "hanging on to each other, almost crying on each other." And there is the terrible world weariness of slum children exemplified by the pupil watching a fire who announced in a matter-of-fact tone to her excited teacher: "That's my house that's burning."

And beyond compassion, it is Shapiro's prescription for change which Hentoff finds relevant. Cut against the grain of conventional educational wisdom, his ideas, some dated, are an amalgam of progressive education, together with radical politics.

He proposes drastically reduced class sizes, and drastically increased educational services; but he does not stop here. Shapiro hopes that the schools will become real catalysts for social change in the community. "Suppose, for example, in a social science lesson, the teacher is talking about this being a democratic society," Shapiro tells Hentoff. "And a kid says, 'Teach, we have no heat at home. What do we do in this democratic society to get heat?' If the teacher doesn't formulate some plan in which the children can participate—picketing or other ways that might change the situation—the children won't buy the lesson." For Shapiro the world as a classroom is no euphemistic phrase.

Both subject and author are very special representatives of their breeds. The white compassionate radical educator in the ghetto school may one day be replaced by a more driving Negro counterpart. And creative journalists like Hentoff may give way to the specialized reporter. But should this come to pass, our lives will be less richly textured.

Reducing Kids to Dust

THEY CLOSED THEIR SCHOOLS: Prince Edward County, Virginia, 1951-1964. *By Bob Smith. University of North Carolina Press. 281 pp. $5.95.*

KENNELL JACKSON, Jr.

Mr. Jackson, a native of Prince Edward County, is currently a Foreign Areas Program Fellow and a doctoral candidate in history at the University of California (Los Angeles).

Benevolence and despotism are the most prominent, most contradictory features of the Southern political mind, indicating that an oppressive white elite can lay claim to impressive ideals and poetic vision, while courting intellectual impoverishment and truculence. Of this, Alexis de Tocqueville ventured a shrewd explanation: "In the South, the master is not afraid to raise his slave to his own standing, because he knows that he can in a moment reduce him to the dust, at pleasure."

At this moment, with an increasing number of interventionists in the South's affairs, Tocqueville's judgment is simply wrong. Mediá of conscience, the organs of news and law, harass and embarrass the Master, and have made a more hidden delight of his sport. If, however, we shift Tocqueville's description to an earlier period in the civil rights movement—when national indifference and inept leadership were more the rule—it is found to be uncannily true. Prince Edward County, Va., between 1959 and 1964, when the county's whites closed the entire public school system rather than integrate, is just one case that bears out his description.

The history of race relations in Prince Edward County had been distinguished by its reasonableness toward Negroes. There is no record of violent harassment or lynching, even when such events were widespread in other parts of the South. There appears to have been no systematic exclusion of Negroes from the voting rolls or gerrymandering of election districts within the county. While surrounding Virginia counties showed a marked tendency toward Negro migration to the cities, no exodus took place from Prince Edward County until the early 1960s. In 1961, there was a greater percentage of Negro landholders in the county than in any other rural area of the state. Finally, after the Second World War, a class of well-educated professionals, coming from

(Advertisement)

It is not entirely clear to us that a scholarly journal should be buying an ad in a commercial (albeit not *very* commercial) magazine, but the *Nation* said such very good things about us recently (in its Sept. 26 number) that it occurs to us that perhaps our writers deserve a wider hearing.

MASJ exists to keep American Studies people briefed on the best new thinking about US culture. We cover literature, art, history and the social sciences. Our contributors are specialists, engaged in active research. They write for us when they have something to say which transcends their own fields. When, for instance, the American historian has something to say which he feels the literary critic or sociologist should know about, he writes not for a history journal, but for us. Recently, a clutch of anthropologists gave the rest of us an eye-opening on what they now know about the American Indian (that was the issue the Nation praised).

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By way of comparison: we're rather less "popular" than American Heritage *(more emphasis on recent scholarship and research) but written for a far less specialized audience than the technical journals. One reader says that we're a sort of* Scientific American *for the humanities and social sciences.*

Another paid us a nice compliment: "I should tell you that yours is the only scholarly journal I regularly read from cover to cover."

The current issue is typical: It starts with an illustrated special section on the early political career of Harry S. Truman. The historians who wrote it say surprising things about HST's famous dealings with the Pendergast machine. There are a number of other good articles and a pile of reviews.

MASJ is frequently illustrated. And the editor makes a game effort to translate jargon, when it appears, into English. So MASJ is attractive and lively.

MASJ is edited by Stuart Levine at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, 66044. Subscriptions are handled by Professor J. Hauptmann, Park College, Parkville, Missouri, 64152. A copy costs $1.25; a year, $2.50; back issues, $1.50 (except for that Indian issue, with its un-scholarly 4-color cover: it costs $2.00). Make checks to MASJ. MASJ carries staid ads; rate card available.

Midcontinent
AMERICAN STUDIES
Journal

a wide range of economic groups, was developed; and by the early 1950s, Negro students from local high schools were achieving impressive academic standing in state and Northern colleges. Fifty years, from 1900 to 1950, had been shrewdly used by Negroes to build the structure of a viable economic and political community. During this time, the whites watched, even occasionally encouraging the efforts. But when the Negroes demanded integration in the public schools, this muted attentiveness took on all the elements of a ritual game. It was a segregationist *rite de passage*—instead of initiating the Negro into the political community, the whites leveled him to the status of the *tolerated* and the *kept*.

Bob Smith's *They Closed Their Schools*, a book of excellent reportage, chronicles this process of reduction, and lays open for clinical examination the machinery that did the job.

When the Supreme Court issued its original desegregation decision in 1954, the county's whites seized on the imprecisions and sketchiness of the decree. For the next five years, while whites collected funds for a private, segregated school system, the Court was led to believe that once the timetable and the conditions for integration were spelled out, the county would comply. But when clarification seemed possible, the county opted out of the area of public education—the only sphere to which the original Court decision applied. The courts were thus forced by the county's lawyers to analyze each of the traditional issues surrounding public education: whether the community could be compelled to levy school taxes and to operate public schools; whether a state had the right to public funds for use in the support of private education; and, most important, whether schools in other areas could be run by a state which had allowed a county to reject this function. Changing the legal situation, keeping the issues in a state of turmoil made the Court divert its energy to redefining the case. At the same time, the Court had to uproot the entangling state legislation which had permitted Prince Edward County's radical solution to the Negroes' demands. By the end of the lengthy exercise, integration had become a moot point. The schools finally opened with token mingling: an irritating reminder of the Negroes' failure in the arena of law.

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WAR

Not bad, but miserable
Drenched in gray sadness
Lonely grief handed out to all.

SARAH MASON
(Age 10, United States)

From *Miracles*, Poems by children of the English-speaking world. Collected by Richard Lewis. Simon & Schuster. 214 pp. $4.95

The catastrophe also throws interesting light on the policy and strategy of the state NAACP, which seriously misjudged its potential in Prince Edward County. The NAACP never comprehended fully the close connection between Byrd machine politics and the plight of the Southside whites, and was constantly embarrassed at the skillfulness with which the state machine and the local defendants meshed their case of legal traps. Only rarely did it understand that the whites were almost uniformly segregationists, that there did not exist a group of white moderates who could have stopped the school closure. But the great failure of the NAACP was to provide a program for an agrarian community—which needed intensive cadre work in voting, farming and collective economic efforts. It believed that the struggle was a moral one. It sought the law, the courts, as vindication of the Negroes' moral stand, rather than economic or political persuasion. It simply did not have a concept or a plan for a secular political community.

Rhetoric, moral ideals and historical optimism: all these scuttled the Negroes' demands. When Negroes appeared weary of the interminable legal process, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP asked the local parents: "What are a few years of education in the name of freedom?" A Negro teacher, who advocated direct action, replied: "They are buying your minds with words, your politics, with speeches."

Prince Edward County Negroes, today, live in an unrewarding present and stoically accept their leveling. (In 1963, there were 2,000 illiterate youth, a refugee professional class, and many landless migratory farmers.) Ironically, because of their faith in the revolutionary slogans of American democracy, and because of their willingness to follow due process of law, the Negroes were reduced, as Smith puts it, by a battle which was "merely a clash of abstract ideology."

There is a serviceable end to which this lesson can be put, and Mr. Smith's book is valuable as an exercise in dissecting the *fictions* that encumber and vitiate our understanding of American political realities. The masquerade of the courts in Prince Edward County is a perfect example of the use of political fictions. The whites assumed that the courts were largely irrelevant to their objectives. They also understood that they stood to profit as long as the legal charades could be continued; this game gave the impression of dramatic action when there was none. The county's Negroes labored under the powerful fictions of judicial redress and legal triumph. The whites prescribed their fate, and the Negro leadership sealed it.

The Protestant ethic, the concept of groups owning neighborhoods, the notion of a majority granting legally assumed rights—these are fictions, too, operating as filters between American political and economic life and the Negro American. Not to discern this is to make a serious misconception as to our plight and struggle. Without this knowledge, the Negro could easily fail to become the formidable political force—in America and the world—that his past history promises.

I AM MISSISSIPPI FED

I am Mississippi fed,
I am Mississippi bred,
Nothing but a poor, black boy.

I am a Mississippi slave,
I shall be buried in a Mississippi grave,
Nothing but a poor, dead boy.

IDA RUTH GRIFFIN
(Age 12, Harmony, Carthage)

From *Freedom School Poetry*. Foreword by Langston Hughes. Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Atlanta, Ga. 47 pp. $1.50.

How To Survive Childhood

THE CHILDREN. *By Charity Blackstock. Little, Brown & Co. 240 pp. $4.95.*

THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTH. *By Margaret Anderson. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 208 pp. $4.95.*

MURRAY POLNER

Mr. Polner teaches contemporary civilization at Queens College of New York.

At first glance both of these sympathetic books deal with similar themes: the strains and stresses to which children under attack are subject, the immediate impact and the long-run emotional dangers. *The Children* is concerned with adolescent survivors of German concentration camps, while *The Children of the South* tells the story of Negro youngsters in a newly desegregated high school, a story which is, potentially, filled with hope.

Charity Blackstock's subjects were between 14 and 19 years old. She had become involved with them soon after the war when she joined a small group interested in helping survivors reach England for brief stays with Anglo-Jewish families. By profession a writer of suspense novels, an Englishwoman and a Gentile, and totally unfamiliar with the problems of the work for which she had volunteered, she nevertheless hung on for five years.

At first she sensed the futility of trying to surround the shattered children with a "normal" family; later she recognized the limits of mere compassion. The Jewish youngsters were filled with hate and cynicism, or were simply broken, "wild, tortured young animals." Suburban English families could not possibly "understand the state of mind of a boy who had, six years back, been dragged out of the gas chamber by his hair and flung into a mountain of corpses, where he lay for a day and a half until it was safe for him to crawl away." How, indeed, identify with the victims of "so stinking and evil an experience"? Most of the host families could not, and they complained constantly about the incorrigibly ungrateful youngsters whom Miss Blackstock had sent to them.

Charity Blackstock also found the past too much to overcome for the survivors. One of her favorite boys classified everyone he met as murderer or anti-Nazi. Two Parisian brothers patiently explained their post-camp philosophy: it was a rotten world, you had to keep on top, and only fellow survivors who were Jews as well could ever really understand what they were talking about. Years after the end of the war there was a mysterious outbreak of delirium and violent fever in the French Jewish children's home where Miss Blackstock then worked. The illness was never connected to a physical cause and she concludes by suggesting that perhaps "it was the final expulsion of the poison."

In her seven years' work with these youngsters she witnessed no dramatic psychological breakthroughs, no vindications of man's capacity for gentleness and greatness, and no sudden transformations. A few married. Others drifted. Nearly all the youngsters, however, had been hopelessly crushed.

Margaret Anderson's book describes a segment of our most beleaguered youngsters, the Negro students who had to run a gauntlet daily in Clinton, Tenn., in 1956, to attend their newly desegregated high school. Mrs. Anderson was both a teacher and guidance counselor in Clinton High School at that time. She recalls the mobs, segregationist John Kasper's activities, and the dynamiting of the school.

But she never loses sight of what it all meant to the Negro students. There was first of all the physical danger. 'Mothers with babies in their arms heaped incredible abuse on the Negro children and men threatened murder as they walked to their classes. Once inside, the normal security of the school day was denied them. Obscenities were whispered to girls, and boys were terrorized.

Nearly every Negro child she met while acting as guidance counselor found it impossible to cope with the widespread castigation of themselves as intruders responsible for the chaos and tensions in town. One Negro child had to return to her segregated school because of a renewal of asthma attacks. Another kept jumping up from her seat and running out the door because she thought pencils were aimed at her. A boy's speech difficulties returned years after they were thought to be under control. It will be of more than academic interest to learn what consequences our years of racial turmoil are having on all the children of all our people. Does anyone still think that education and time will automatically bring greater tolerance in its wake?

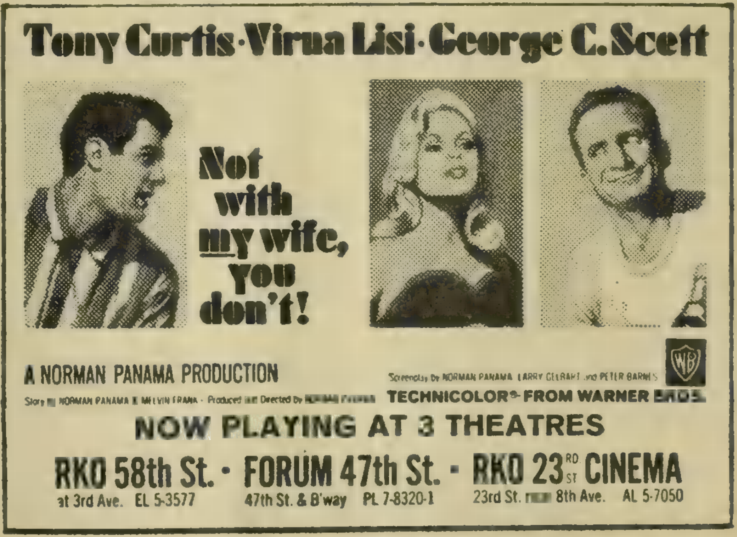
Someone recently suggested that we forget the anguish of the past and "start from now." Both these important books think it an impossible prescription—at least for those who lived through the pain of those times. Perhaps their children or grandchildren may be more dispassionate and forgiving.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It appears that Saul Bellow is now determined to devote himself to writing for the stage. We congratulate him on this resolve, not so much for his sake as for ours. He is a real writer; such men are sorely needed in our theatre. In his "evening of comedies," three one-act plays collectively entitled *Under the Weather* (Cort Theatre), he has chosen to give us something from the lighter side of his talent: the sportive, the odd, the eccentric.

Bellow's Herzog wrote many letters. Some were pathetic or painful, others seriously ideologic. Still others revealed Herzog as a bit of a nut. *Under the Weather* is conceived in the latter vein. The three one-act plays are farces through which Bellow seems to be relieving himself of impulses and anxieties that oppress his spirit. When objectified as "stories" they become laughably "far out." They



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are like those wild dreams which seem utterly ridiculous when recalled in the light of the morning. Still, they are unaccountably depressing. *Under the Weather* is comic and disturbing.

Part 1, "the weather picture in the Northeast," is about a middle-aged drug salesman—he has a Bachelor of Science degree—who induces a heart attack in himself to avoid marrying his old sweetheart, now widowed. We are uncertain that this is truly his motive, but it would seem so. Though overabundantly fleshed and no longer young, Flora Sharkey makes the impression of an eminently suitable mate for the complacently ailing (or hypochondriac) Harry Faufill. She is eager, enthusiastic, energetic and hysterically helpful. Despite all this, Faufill wants out and so arranges for his collapse. Laughter and puzzlement!

Part 2, "the weather in the Southeast," presents Solomon Ithimar, a top-secret atomic scientist on his way to a cosmically significant conference in Geneva. He stops off at a third-rate Miami hotel to see a childhood flame with whom he has since had no contact; she is a respectably married Jewish matron, Marcella Vankuchen. To what end? The memory which has sustained him through his rise from butcher's son to nuclear eminence was the sight vouchsafed him by Marcella during their pre-adolescent sex games of a tiny wen located in the region of her genitals. Nothing since that first intimacy has ever so stirred him. The great man pleads in an ecstasy of anticipation and in fear of rejection for permission to behold the magic spot once again and thus regain his capacity for pure elation.

If I am circuitous in stating this circumstance it is probably because Ithimar, like so many mental giants, is given to protracted verbal ejaculations. One is not sure if this logorrhea is simply a form of humor cultivated by Bellow to mock intellectuals whose tensions manifest themselves through an enormous spill of words (he uses the device in several of his novels), or if it is a kind of artful padding—the rhetoric of comedy—to compensate for a lack of characterization through developed action. In any case, what makes this episode memorable is the dry nervous squiggle of the impotent Big Brain whom Bellow, very ably abetted by Harry Towb as Ithimar, caricatures. I should add that the type has become familiar to me through much frequentation of literary parties. On that account alone these events are seldom pleasant experiences. Some of their uneasiness rubs off on this part of *Under the Weather*.

Part 3, "the weather picture for the Midwest," is the most telling. Hilda, a prostitute of Polish origin, begs Pennington, an octogenarian millionaire whom she has been serving in monthly installments over the years, to set her sister up in a dress shop. This skit is notable for its exposure of a not uncommon male attitude toward sex. It is crudely functional. Hilda is a domestic personality: she is patient, understanding and in her own way faithful. Pennington pays for her services but resents the intrusion of sentiment or any recognition of her except as an instrument of his need.

Do the three parts of the evening purport to be pencil sketches of grotesque aspects of American masculinity? The gamut runs from fear through employment of neurotic surrogates to cold and unfeeling possession as a touchstone of power. Since the plays on the whole are unpretentious, one cannot be sure that this is the plan. The effect is of a writer of complex talent still insecure in handling a medium to which he is not accustomed. He appears to be expressing fringe facets of his moral and psychosomatic self. We might describe the process metaphorically as that of an artist who took to depicting special portions of his anatomy—the tips of his fingers, the points of his elbows, the space between his toes—rather than his essential being. The result stimulates curiosity without being gratifying.

While Harry Towb in the three roles is offered the opportunity of altering his mask from asinine burgher, to jittery genius, to ludicrously superannuated powerhouse, Shelley Winters is for the most part effectively consigned to the role of feminine victim. It is her most satisfying stage performance to date. She gasps, sighs and moans in a mellifluous monotone which is at once humorous and touching.

The line of Arthur Storch's direction seems too close to "realism" and thus fails to capture the peculiar elements of "fantasy" which are woven into Bellow's writing. But his task has not been an easy one. I believe *Under the Weather* might fare better, commercially as well as artistically, somewhere or anywhere off Broadway. The New York midtown framework is damaging to such enterprises.

It so happens that goon writing, acting and direction are immediately available for observation in *How's the World Treating You?* by Roger Milner at the Music Box. Peter Bayliss and, much more startlingly as well as brilliantly, Patricia Routledge, are there on display in a variety of madly eccentric patterns and postures. Hardly any of our American actresses are capable of the kind of virtuosity in comic distortion of which Miss Routledge is a master. The mode seems to be an English specialty.

The trouble is that the evening is much too long for its special attraction: each act alone would be sufficient. Then, too, the quips and images are so thoroughly British (*Punch* to the nth degree) that most of our playgoers probably find them as weirdly foreign as an "in" joke of the Hottentot social register. The coin has no currency here.

ART / Max Kozloff

It occasionally happens that one is reluctantly forced to describe an intriguing work of art by what it is not. Similarities that it may have with other art, or simply the already known, have to be stripped away because they ring false. Confusing this issue, a pictorial apparatus may not altogether account for an effect. Or a formal element may not do what it had previously, in other circumstances, not hesitated to do. Parts, in this instance, resist adding up to a whole, although a whole there certainly is. And all this can grow under the aegis of some obscure negation that has yet the peculiar grace *not* to be malign. Such, I would say, is roughly the situation with the current pictures of Agnes Martin, at the Robert Elkon Gallery.

For example, they are ostensibly field paintings, worked all over, which nevertheless ask to be "read" as is type face. In addition, their oyster or buff white façades, each 6 x 6 feet, somehow suggest an errant tonality, and an induced colorism. They are flat pictures, too, that still get back rapidly into space without so much as even a token value change. Martin's work, then, is not geometric; it is not reductionist in the usual sense; neither does it purvey a serial or a single image. So far, this is easily enough observed. But it still leaves unexplained those diverse presences on the walls which finally bow out from being even paintings—since paintings are materialized by pigment, rather than as here given face mostly by pencil.

Large canvases drawn upon as if to resemble magnified graphs are what physically meet the eye. Uninflected, incessant horizontal rulings are met by somewhat weaker or less frequent vertical ones, evenly spaced. On certain canvases, a mid-key ground relieves white tracings, like a solarized print. Mechanistically straight, the lines, fine tipped as they are, flake or granulate minutely over the acrylic primed cotton. Further, the micro-intervals of these works seem to contract upon examination. They hover on the verge of becoming tone, but never lose their porosity. Moreover, one sees through variously regulated meshes that are translucent without being luminous, gridded without being discretely structured. Less noticeably, these pictures conceptually pair with one another, in the manner of alter egos. The same checker pattern is grounded by gray and eggshell in two separate instances; and a channel sequence whitens where it remains bare in the pendant. It is like stepping in and out of the shade, or better, half-light.

One might be tempted to dismiss this self-contained display as "sensitive," were it not uttered in deliberately matter-of-fact language. Still less should it be called monotonous, since it yields the most differentiated sensations. In the quietest way, the pictures invoke a kind of visual raveling that tautens their unstressed webbing. Largely this is because, as energy flows everywhere and nowhere at the same time, the eye requires, or plucks at, a focus, just as an organism exhibits a tropism. But this is no primitive experience. I was aware not merely of the impoverished materials but of their diffident, and elegant, seizure of my attention. It is an indication of how ramified is this art that its sensuality exists more richly and vividly as a psychological state than as physical fact. One is beguiled into unforeseen expectancies, of landscape, for example, or sky, because there is no alternative to viewing Agnes Martin's canvases as screens for unfigurated seeing. Here emerges the crux of her work for, without giving the beholder the faintest nuance or pictorial transition, it conjures an atmosphere and a rather airy one at that. This is all the more startling because the tactility of each work arises from nothing more than the physically even-pressured meeting of pencil and canvas. All other shaping or activity is banished to the choice of framework which remains ultimately an intellectual conception. The show stands midpoint, therefore, between the sensibility of the early fifties, with its loosely structured and empathetic recall of the outer world, and the "computerized" pictorial systems of today. It is a condition perhaps emphasized by the fact that the artist herself is of the middle generation. I am reminded by this exhibition of Valéry's remarks on the paintings of Berthe Morisot: "Made up of nothing, they multiply that nothing, a suspicion of mist or swans, with a supreme tactile art, the skill of a brush that scarcely feathers the surface. But that featheriness conveys all . . . the great gift . . . for reducing matter to a minimum and thus giving the strongest possible impression of an act of mind. . . ."

The Lucas Samaras exhibition at the Pace Gallery delights me with the knowledge that art can be a proper receptacle for all those impulses which in social life would be abashing or atrocious. The work simultaneously represents the degree to which the artist can purge himself of his fantasies (or outright sublimate them), and creates the distance necessary for his public to see them as in a sense ordered, and unthreatening. How gentle, in fact, it all seems, now that it is possible to view these images in the light of artistic metaphor.

It has already been noted that his prickly objects enact some aboriginal defense which may also maim, puncture or slice. They are the porcupines of modern art. Yet Samaras hardly considers himself a practitioner of standoffishness: "the manner in which art objects are made are [*sic*] erotic gestures. The Greek word lick and sculpt is the same. Artistic-creation-eroticism may be a substitute for genital-biological-creation-eroticism, however the eroticism is experienced in the brain in either case. . . . The erotic isn't connected with life and death . . . it is continuous. . . . Narcissism is making one's body into art." It apparently also means making one's house into art, and each of its furnishing or articles into reliquaries of one's own eroticism. From his words, one would never guess that Samaras has a St. Sebastian complex, and that he equates the erotic with the enthralling nightmare of self-impalement. But it hardly ends even here: "To be an artist is to be god (an ambi-sexual one, no doubt), and I don't know anything more erotic than that." The Pace show is a veritable cosmos of open nerve ends, of touchy, tacky, tingly glamour germinating everywhere from the inanimate. Indeed, one of his typical fancies is to figuratively X-ray himself (in drawings), preferably his colon and spine, seen under a spangled, celestial milky way.

This iconography is paraphiliac and callow in about equal measure. Many would even consider it juvenile, which hardly invalidates it as a basis for creating art. Perhaps the most remarkable illustration of the effect to which Samaras can put it is his new 8-foot-high room, its walls, floors and ceilings completely covered with mirrored panels. It will most literally expand the consciousness of any who enters it, repeating or showing him off from "impossible" worm's eye, or overhead multiple views in a gaudy display of omniscience. In terms of creative process, the artist can be imagined giddily incarcerating himself in such a chamber—of the mind.

If solipsism is the watchword that unites his boxes with their hypodermics, his pin-covered leaning chairs, his colored yarn whorls, bent forks, and razor-blade cocktails, Samaras also joins an eccentric tradition in American art. His work stands, it seems to me, between the nostalgic jewel cases of Joseph Cornell, and the bone-chain-glass-eye aggregations of Alfonso Ossorio. But he is not as poetic as the first, nor anywhere near as brutish as the second. There is a rather calculated effeminacy about his effects that allies him, at times, with the chiffon-swathed, yet ghastly ashes and pearl concoctions of Bruce Conner.

But such a comparison, oddly enough, makes him look only the more detached. The further one studies a Samaras assemblage, the more convincing does it appear as an abstract, even decorative, object. But I hasten to add that this abstraction seems to arise out of its own obsessive elaboration of patterns, opposed to any liaison with the current repeating formats of abstract art. Then too, Samaras' *horror vacuii* has pointillist connotations:

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pinheads serve as color molecules or breakups of chromatic grounds—all delicately reiterated. His earlier fascination with the optical changes made by overlaps of colored plastics is another aspect of that decorative instinct which is yet tinged with a slightly panic groping toward infinity.

In the end, Samaras accomplishes with ease the transfer of banal and repulsive materials into an uncanny glitter. It is a situation for which the Surrealist derivations of his works do not, in themselves, give account. Some larger impulse within seems to have carried him past preciosity: a creative principle to which all motifs are subsumed. Whether it be in the dainty homeliness of his execution, his capacity to change scale from very small to grand, or in the menagerie of his sensations, one perceives a prodigal imagination. It feeds upon itself, but in doing so, grinds up, or rather pulverizes, the psycho-sexual alarms that can also be found within ourselves.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Chusingura is the finest movie spectacle I have ever seen. These gargantuan epics are not my idea of how best to use the screen, but this tale of Japan's forty-seven samurai martyrs to honor is the only picture of the sort that I have ever sat through in willing captivity or could contemplate seeing again.

Partly, the acceptance stems from the exoticism of the work. A legend of 18th-century Japan inevitably contains more novelty and pleasant surprise than can be expected in accounts of Genesis, Lawrence of Arabia, or the Winning of the West, as imagined by our commercial film makers. But partly the film's lure is intrinsic. It is in the first place extraordinarily and unfailingly beautiful in its sites and settings. Hiroshi Inagaki, the directors, does not fall into the frequent Western fallacy of bringing legend down to earth; he sets his tale against a background painstakingly designed to ravish the eyes. Beyond that, the film is performed in a mannered and polished style that maintains an edge of elegance and control in the sprawl of plot. *Chusingura* is pageantry and dance, ceremony and tourney; it is never happenstance.

For a Japanese, the film may be an occasion of patriotism, even of piety, but Western viewers do best, I think, to sink into it passively, as into a reverie. It is so long (three and a half hours) and moves with such deliberation from one fist of violence to the next, that if you try to participate in its narrative you will find yourself stumbling ahead of the action. Moreover, the motivations of the work make to Western minds a kind of dream sense. The emotions—pride, loyalty, greed, vengeance—are familiar enough, but with us they are balanced, negotiated and transposed according to different formulas. Not even in feudalism or the code of chivalry can one find satisfying parallels to the behavior of these warrior lords and their ladies. What the protagonists do is clear and consistent enough, but I think it would be impossible except in a dream for an Occidental to "feel" them doing it.

So for us *Chusingura* is inevitably a partial experience. It offers visual pleasure at a superb level of restrained taste and provides teasing insights into the springs of a complex and remote psychology. But for all its redundant and implacable violence, it does not offer us the satisfying resolution of tragedy or the exhilaration of participation in heroic affairs that presumably its countrymen can derive from it. It becomes clearer all the time, I think, that world brotherhood, if it ever comes, will rest on mutual trust and tolerance at least as much as on shared understanding.

The Czech film, *Loves of a Blonde*, was apparently the darling of the New York Film Festival, and it is indisputably an endearing film. The trouble with it is that it is easier to like than to admire; less art than artless.

For one thing, it is curiously ill-constructed. The first third at least of its running time is devoted to the attempts of three middle-aged soldiers to pick up a trio of factory girls in a provincial dance hall. This provides a certain amount of feckless merriment, but it goes on much too long for patience or plausibility, and it has only the most tenuous connection with the main story, which is of a love affair between one of the girls and the piano player from Prague who is on the platform that evening.

The heart of this tale, which amounts to little more than a short, is that the heroine is as direct in action as she is naive in spirit. Some time during the night, her musical seducer (he employs the "I can feel you don't trust me" technique, which is still apparently new to the girls of the Czech hinterland) says she must come to Prague some day, and advances his purpose still further by giving her the address of the flat he shares with his parents. So a quick hitchhike later, the parents are confronted late in the night with what looks to them very much like a stray cat. When the boy comes home after being outwitted by a Prague girl who understands piano players, the family goes into a slapstick round of mutual recriminations that ends with the three of them thrashing about in one bed and the girl weeping her eyes out on the other side of the door. We are told in a sequel that everything works out splendidly, a prognosis I didn't for a moment believe after catching a glimpse of the hero's taste in Prague girls.

This is life, defined and performed at the level of television romance (and photographed with the camera 6 inches from everyone's nose). I like it well enough, but I'm surprised that we need to import it.

THE COWGIRL BALL

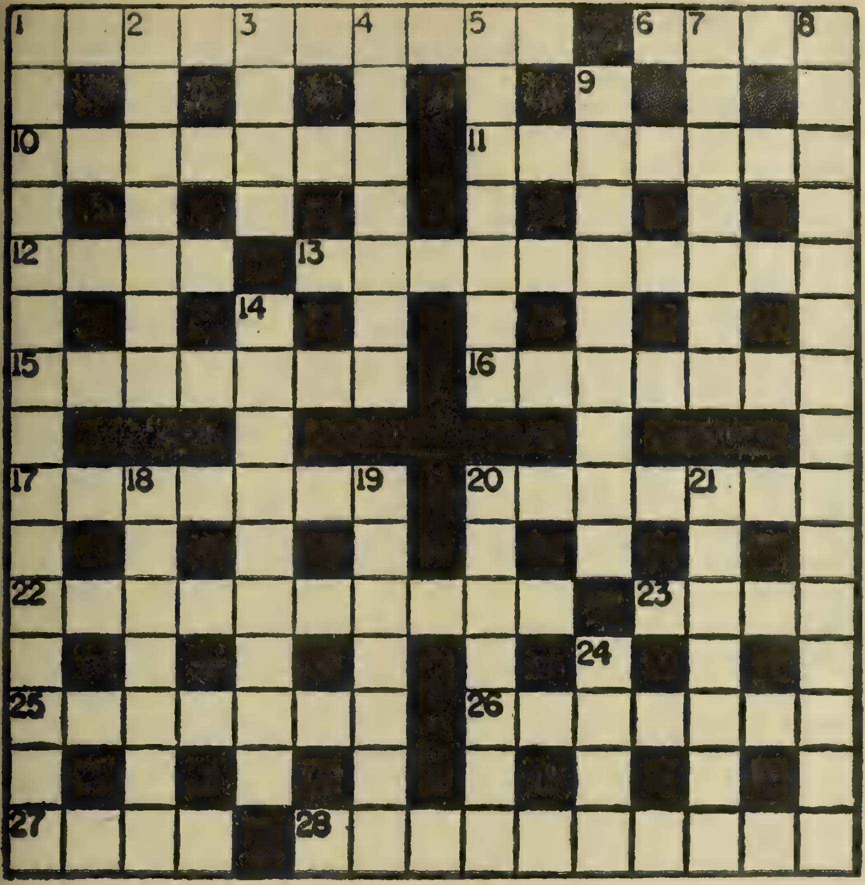
for Gene Autry

When you jumped into the snowy wagon headed
for the Cowgirl Ball your mommy pinched herself
and spoke in measured syllables:
"Yas yas, I regonice you by your farmer cheese smell,
Yas, I regonice you by your tacky nose."
Guessing her mind, you offered
up a pail of blue eats to make her sick and
you gave her an "aeroplane surprise."
A daisy mugging by the roadside got a coat of old
dust for its trouble. You had no time for nature
studies, you were off to the Cowgirl Ball!
The opening ceremony was me
Firing a raft cannon to provide the merrymakers
with a chance to speculate on how fast I would leave
the lake backwards.

MICHAEL SILVERTON

Crossword Puzzle No. 1175

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mat finishes seem to, being dull. (10)
6 and 24 down How to grab a bellhop implies no effort. (8)
10 One way to write a few bars — in Holst's "Planets" at last! (7)
11 You might find his position fits you, if you're a real performer. (7)
12 A bird might be one, twice. (4)
13 A spirit on the mountain can prove intangible. (10)
15 The end lies broken in a flax producer. (7)
16 A body in the rear? (7)
17 Just delivered? (7)
20 Yield? It starts to sound this way, phonetically. (7)
22 One doesn't coil the spring in front or back, evidently, like a little one with a rattle. (10)
23 Might be a composition, or it might compose it. (4)
25 The result has nothing in it but an offering from the mound. (7)
26 Lingua franca of Africa. (7)
27 Is it a job to pay it when things come in? (4)
28 The sort of inane press some poetry gets? (10)

DOWN:

1 To a great extent, is earth solid, or is it just water? (4, 6, 5)
2 It turns on after the top title. (7)
3 All-out boor? Not little Albert! (4)
4 The traditional American beauty was long this. (7)
5 Pull out of the passage? (7)
7 Not like the novice's liquor? (7)
8 One of those parliamentary procedures continually turning up in Strauss's works. (9, 6)
9 Is the man who works in one likely to be a ringer? (9)
14 Do wool men make proper bows with it? (9)
18 Descriptive of seers on the far left and right, in a rather broad circle of acquaintances. (4-3)
19 Such trains are not, at 21. (7)
20 Keep moving the decal's directions. (5, 2)
21 At both ends of the line? (7)
24 See 6 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1174

ACROSS: 1 Downhearted; 9 Hittites; 10 and 3 down United Nations; 11 Crimson; 12 Chassis; 14 Breaks; 15 and 23 Virginia Woolf; 17 Studious; 22 Ragweed; 24 Expanse; 26 Verona; 28 and 20 across After-dinner speech. DOWN: 2 and 27 Of Time and the River; 4 Elsa; 5 Rougher; 6 Exits; 7 Mirror; 8 Medici; 13 Avast; 16 Iterative; 18 Trades; 19 Overage; 20 Sixteen; 21 Caster; 25 Stud.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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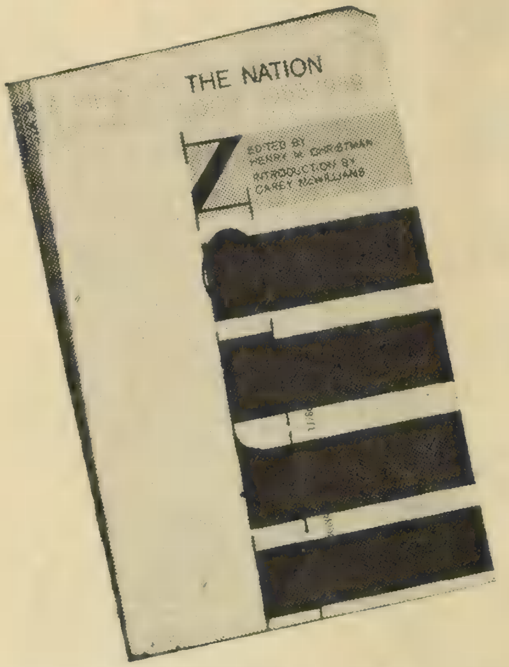
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LETTERS

too much to lose?

Cuernavaca, Mexico
Dear Sirs: I find Charles Roberts' article ["The Press Views LBJ: Fearsome Antagonist," *The Nation*, Oct. 24] somewhat naive. How can he hope that Johnson could *ever* be "convinced that Presidents of the United States must tell the truth, and nothing but the whole, unvarnished truth" when he has so much to hide?
Robert S. Hartman

angry encounter

Lima, Peru
Dear Sirs: I have read the article by Clayton Eshleman ["Explorations in the Apolitical," *The Nation*, Sept. 26] in which he refers to me, among others. Since the phrases attributed to me are partly false and might lead to mistaken and harmful judgments about myself, I request publication of the following clarification:

> I did not say that the students of the Universidad Agraria are in great part Communist. Neither did I say that two professors lost their positions due to the reasons Mr. Eshleman stated nor for any other. Contrary to what he states, it was he who came to my house.

Such inaccuracies, to say the least, are probably due on the one hand to Mr. Eshleman's beginner's Spanish, and on the other, to his temperament, in this case strongly heightened by anger. It is easy to understand that both these conditions should impede or disturb normal communications.
Javier Sologuren

New York City
Dear Sirs: Mr. Sologuren's letter answers itself. I was furious, as he says, because he had just copped out on me and on *Quena, giving the very reasons he now disclaims.* I asked him, can't *I* talk with those students, can't I tell them what I am trying to do, and if they accept it, wouldn't it take the pressure off you? Sologuren refused to have anything else to do with *Quena* that would involve his name. The matter was closed. It is, however, true that this took place in his house.
Clayton Eshleman

correction

Albany, N. Y.
Dear Sirs: In reference to my recent article on state legislatures ["Legislation: The 100-Year Lag," *The Nation*, Nov. 7], I would like to make it clear that the National Conference of State Legislative Leaders did not meet in Nevada and Louisiana the same year but in different years.
David H. Beetle

no racist

Hagerstown, Md.
Dear Sirs: There are many thousands of whites like myself who supported the August, 1963, March on Washington who are now disgusted with the violent demonstrations by Negroes. . . . We can't understand why when a policeman arrests a Negro suspect or lawbreaker a swarm of Negroes flock to the scene and often the policeman is in greater danger than his prisoner. . . .

Other minorities years ago lived and labored under worse circumstances than do the Negroes today. Unlike the Negroes, they did not terrorize a city in order to improve their lot. Nor did they go around shouting Jew Power, Italian Power, etc. Wake up. Not everyone who deplores Negro extremism is a racist.
Howard Keats

EDITORIALS

The Elections

There was less bad news in the returns than might have been anticipated. While the Republican Party has not yet overcome its internal divisions, it has made a substantial recovery from the debacle of 1964. With Republican governors in the four key states of New York, California, Michigan and Pennsylvania the party is in a strong tactical position for the battle of 1968. On balance, the liberal-moderate element in the party has been strengthened by the re-election of Governors Rockefeller, Romney and Chafee, by the election of Winthrop Rockefeller in Arkansas, Raymond P. Shafer in Pennsylvania and Spiro T. Agnew in Maryland and, most particularly, by the victories of Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy and Edward Brooke. Ronald Reagan's victory in California offsets, to some extent, these liberal-moderate gains, but the Republican convention of 1968 will not be a re-enactment of the Cow Palace *Putsch* of 1964. As things now stand, the Republican Party is in a position to make a strong bid for the Presidency in 1968. The "sleeper" issue in this campaign was, perhaps, the growing dislike and distrust of President Johnson; this could be a better issue in 1968 than it is today. The recent report of the Ripon Society, *From Disaster to Distinction,* provides an excellent blueprint for the further renovations that must now be undertaken. In essence the report argues that the Republicans must "leapfrog" the Democrats into the issues of the future; they must seize and hold "the issue initiative." To quote from the report: "They must leave behind the meaningless arguments of conservatism versus liberalism, public versus private, business versus labor, hard line versus soft line, and come to terms with the really new challenges." Under such headings as "Civil Rights," "Education," "Technological Change," "The Quality of the Environment," "The Revolution of the States and Cities" and "An Innovative Foreign Policy" the report spells out the nature of the new challenges. This is indeed the kind of strategy the Republicans should pursue in order to win in 1968.

The Escalation of Policy

Among the unpleasant facts that were only sketchily reported in the American accounts of President Johnson's trip to the Orient, the bamboo screens of Manila have particular significance. At certain points along the route from the airport to his hotel, he could have observed some of the most noisome slums in Asia, but the screens were emplaced to spare him this disagreeable sight. Once the President had left the Philippines, the screens were removed; needless to say, the slums remain. With a Philippine birth rate of about 3.5 per cent per year, the slums will get worse—there is no limit to squalor.

And there was scarcely a limit to the promises the President made to the rulers of the Asian and West Pacific countries he visited. These promises he evidently regarded as diplomatically necessary. The pomp and pageantry of such a journey are what the common people see and enjoy, but harsh realities underlie the spectacle. In countries like South Vietnam, the Philippines, Thailand, South Korea, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. The rich also get to worrying about how long they can keep their wealth atop such mountains of misery. They would like Uncle Sam to do something to reduce the glaring contrast between affluence and destitution in their countries. It would not only ease their consciences but add to their security. Uncle Sam would feel more secure, too; poverty is not only bad in itself, but it breeds communism. So Mr. Johnson spoke of the "New Asia" and his desire to bring the good life to the teeming Asian multitudes.

These promises will not be forgotten by the prospective beneficiaries. Because the President's speeches were written for immediate effect at the places of delivery (and in the United States), they were in many cases excessively eloquent, so that more can be read into the text than may have been intended. This grandiose outpouring of good will amounts to an escalation of policy on a scale greater than the military escalation in South Vietnam, and capable of getting us into even greater trouble.

In some ways the situation resembles that of the United States vis-à-vis Western Europe after World War II. The war had relieved us of depression and added vastly to our wealth, while parts of Europe lay in ruins. The Marshall Plan, coupled with the Atlantic Alliance, was our response. It worked. But the differences between Europe in the 1940s and Asia in the '60s are immense. Europe had an industrially educated population, and considerable productive machinery survived the war. Around the fringe of Red China—our Asian bogy in a role similar to that of the Soviet Union twenty years ago—we are committed to the uplift of countries which industrially have as yet hardly entered the 19th century. Our role as the major Atlantic power has cost us something like $100 billion. The chain of buffer states which we are forging around Red China might cost us ten times that amount.

Whether this is good or bad, or even possible, one thing certain is that the American citizen is entirely unprepared for global commitments on the scale Mr. Johnson dangles before the Asians. The contours of the new policy were tossed out in offhand, evangelical fashion, adulterated by the obsession with communism as the menace to our security and with Red China as the power which manifest destiny calls on us to contain at any cost. Unless all policy is to be left in the hands of Lyndon B. Johnson and a small, tight circle of advisers, here, surely, is something for the 90th Congress to ponder and debate.

The Johnson Touch

The President's castigation of Richard Nixon at his November 4 press conference was petulant and spiteful. His reference to Nixon as a "chronic campaigner" was apt enough, but then, with a childishly aggrieved air, he went on to say that "we shouldn't have men killed because we [meaning Nixon] try to fuzz up something" and to admonish Nixon that "he doesn't serve his country well by trying to leave that kind of impression in the hope that he can pick up a precinct or two or a ward or two." Mr. Johnson himself has never been above picking up wards

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

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THE NATION
Volume 203
No. 17

and precincts, using whatever arguments came to hand; and in fuzzing up the Vietnamese War for the American people he has no superior and few peers. Some 4,000 Americans will have lost their lives by the end of the year because Johnson chose to escalate the war, instead of trying to end it, as he gave the voters in 1964 the impression he would do.

With Nixon eagerly following up his advantage, Secretary McNamara was summoned to the LBJ Ranch. Though his appearance may have been planned before the Johnson-Nixon exchange, it had the earmarks of a pre-election snow job. McNamara's tranquilizing discourse may have neutralized Nixon's persuasion of some voters, but if the President thought he might thus entice the doves he must regard them as birdbrains in fact as well as in fancy.

In the face of his own admission that the Vietcong and North Vietnamese soldiers "are fighting stubbornly and from all indications will continue to fight stubbornly," McNamara promised a halving of draft calls next year, a lower rate of troop deployment, and no sharp increase in the present level of 25,000 bombing sorties a month. About the only bad news (barring unforeseen emergencies) was for the munitions manufacturers: with approximately 160,000 tons of air ordnance on the ground in Southeast Asia, and an additional 140,000 tons in transit, it might be possible to effect cutbacks. Though carefully qualified, McNamara's forecasts were calculated to reduce the level of anxiety of potential draftees and reservists subject to call-up; to some extent, also, parents and sweethearts might gain hope for the safe return of young men already fighting in Vietnam. Yet even as McNamara spoke, some of the heaviest fighting of the war was in progress. "All of a sudden the sky fell in," a West Point major told newsmen. "For eight hours it was nothing but solid lead." And that was only 40 miles from Saigon. And then, of course, on the day after the election the Pentagon conceded that the number of U.S. troops in South Vietnam might swell to 500,000 by the end of 1967.

Mr. Johnson overreached himself in his gratuitous denunciation of Nixon, in his stage management of the McNamara show, and in the pre-election announcement of his surgical operations which, from a medical standpoint, should have precluded his sweep through Asia and the Pacific. Skill in politics calls for a sense of proportion. Mr. Johnson seems to have lost his balance.

China and the Bomb

When a 20-kiloton bomb was first exploded in anger to end World War II, the world was appalled. The fires of hell had been unloosed. When, a few years later, the hydrogen bomb made its debut and explosive powers 50, 500, more than 2,000 times that of the primordial bomb became available, the Hiroshima bomb began to seem puny. Viewed factually, it was just as horrible as it had been in 1945. That the Chinese bombs so far tested are of Hiroshima magnitude or only a few times larger is no reason for taking them lightly. American reaction to nuclear explosives in the hands of unfriendly nations tends to oscillate between minimizing their importance and exaggerating their menace. Neither makes sense.

The Chinese have taken a long stride forward in nuclear technology, and the political importance of their achievement can hardly be overestimated. They have separated U-235 from U-238 to make an explosive mixture enriched to above 90 per cent U-235 content, a process no one thought they could put into operation in such a short time. A plutonium bomb would have been a considerable achievement in itself, but second rate in the nuclear scale of prowess. The Chinese wanted the best and they got it. Moreover, they have now been able to make a Hiroshima-yield bomb compact enough to be delivered by a rocket with a range of some 400 miles. They are probably ahead of France at this stage, certainly not behind.

The peril to the United States is not serious. The Chinese have submarines and some may be capable of firing nuclear warheads. It would, however, be extremely difficult for a Chinese submarine to approach within range of U.S. coastal cities without detection. The U.S. Navy has spent billions of dollars on anti-submarine warfare during the past decade. This effort was mounted against Soviet submarines, but it is equally effective against the Chinese. Aircraft operating from the decks of attack carriers can locate and, if necessary, use depth charges against intruders. Such carriers constantly patrol both the East and West coasts.

Still, at the present rate of progress, the Chinese could have nuclear weapons capable of retaliation against an American assault in a few years. They might not be able to attack the U.S. mainland, but American bases off the Asian mainland could be wiped out, and the security of U.S. allies, such as Chiang Kai-shek's forces on Taiwan, would be in jeopardy. Thus the balance of power in the Pacific is changing. It will not be an American lake much longer, at least not beyond Hawaii.

The Chinese have proceeded with their nuclear development at what, for them, is profligate expense, for reasons which seem to them sound. They are not content to allow other major powers to hold a monopoly of nuclear power. There is no hope of bringing Red China into the United Nations and of changing its mood quickly into one of sweet reasonableness. In the long run, however, the Chinese will be as amenable to reason as we are—no more, no less. They have pledged "at no time and in no circumstances" to be the first to use nuclear weapons. They are well aware of our superiority in this field. For our part, we could well afford to concede their right to possess nuclear weapons and to refrain from threatening them because they have exercised that right. Such a move would reduce international tensions and the danger that some unforeseen incident might trigger a third world war; but because it would be a wise and statesmanlike move, the Johnson Administration is unlikely to make it.

Walter Packard

A great and good man, Walter Packard was one of California's most admirable public servants, a world citizen whose claims to distinction he was notably successful in minimizing. Of his goodness there could never be any question; throughout a long lifetime (he was 82 when he died October 31 in Berkeley) he radiated an essential kindliness, a warmth and generosity of spirit and a constant concern for the happiness and well-being of others. But it is not easy to suggest wherein his greatness consisted. The familiar labels—"agricultural economist," "social planner," "reclamation and development expert"—are painfully inadequate, although he had achieved great distinction in these fields. Perhaps the best way to suggest the special quality of his eminence would be to say that he was a committed democrat, a man who understood and practiced in all relationships, and taught others to understand and practice, the principles of democratic living. With him, democracy was both means and end, a mode of living as well as a social philosophy.

Wherever his work took him—to Mexico, to Venezuela, to Puerto Rico, to Greece—people responded to his inspired personal leadership. In Greece, where he taught the villagers of Anthele how to grow rice on what they had long regarded as a sterile plain, they called him "Papou" ("grandfather") and, much to his embarrassment, erected a marble statue in his honor. The areas in which he worked were invariably the richer for his having been there. When he went to Greece, the country was importing $5 million worth of rice a year; when he left it was exporting that much or more. At his death he was carrying on, with typical energy, cheerfulness and infectious good will, a campaign to induce the residents of Berkeley to set up a city-owned power system. He had recently completed a book, *The Consumer-Labor Approach to Social Organization*, which embodied his deeply felt commitment to the principles of social and economic democracy. But wise and illuminating as the book will be, it will not do justice to the quality of his insight into the theory and practice of democracy. Why is it that public servants of his breed seldom win reputations commensurate with their achievements? Part of the explanation, no doubt, is that men of his kind usually have, as he had, a passion for anonymity; but it could also be because their true greatness consists not in the artifacts they leave behind them but in what they have inspired others to do for themselves.

The Opportunity

"World enlightenment will speed the day when the burdens of armaments and the fear of others will be removed from the backs and hearts of men." It was not some starry-eyed visionary who made this prediction, but Dwight D. Eisenhower, in 1962. But how? General Eisenhower proposed an international school for world understanding, staffed by a community of scholars "whose concern would be objective truth purged of national and regional bias, hatred and prejudices." A practical application, in short, of H. G. Wells's reminder that civilization is in a race between education and catastrophe.

General Eisenhower has not pursued the idea of an international university in recent years, but Dr. E. U. Condon, who needs no introduction to readers of *The Nation*—nor to any other group of educated persons—has not allowed the proposal to die. He revived it in the March, 1964, issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, and commented on it early this month in connection with the twentieth anniversary of UNESCO in Paris. One of the official U.S. delegates named by President Johnson was Joseph R. Smiley, president of the University of Colorado, where Dr. Condon is currently professor of physics.

The world's annual expenditure on war preparations is now estimated at $140 billion a year—and rising. Dr. Condon proposes that the nations of the world agree to pay to the UN a tax of 1 per cent of their armament expenditures, thus providing a sum well in excess of $1 billion a year for promoting international good will along the lines proposed by President Eisenhower. Another way of looking at the financial problem is to compare $1 billion with the current cost of our war in Vietnam—about $2 billion per month. We hardly notice this drain on the national treasury, yet if the war were ended and the saving for only one year were diverted to the uses of peace, the international university could be maintained for twenty years or longer.

Suppose, says Dr. Condon, we budget $6,000 per student-year—a lavish figure. With about half of $1.2 billion we could provide total costs for 100,000 students. Assuming a four-year course, we could have an annual output of 25,000 men and women a year. These young people would be specially trained "for working on the front of promoting international good will and development of the underdeveloped parts of the world." To house and teach them in the industrialized countries would require expanded facilities in existing institutions of learning. In the underdeveloped countries, Dr. Condon proposes to use the remaining $600 million available annually to build a world-wide chain of United Nations universities. The capital investment required for the plant and facilities of a major university, offering graduate and undergraduate training in the liberal arts, the fine arts, medicine, agriculture and engineering, is about $100 million. By spreading construction over four years, about twenty-four such institutions could be built. Their capacity would be 240,000 students. Not all of these would complete their education with a one-world outlook, but inevitably many of them would be persuaded in that direction, and would in turn influence their countrymen. The odds against catastrophe would be appreciably lengthened. (Dr. Condon is not alone in attempting to give substance and meaning to the Eisenhower proposal; it is endorsed in principle in the recent report of the Ripon Society, *From Disaster to Distinction*, p. 111.)

Another proposal by Dr. Condon involves overseas military properties of the United States. We have been assuring the world that we are prepared to move out of South Vietnam as soon as the fighting stops. If this evacuation ever comes to pass, what will be done with the bases we have built at a cost ranging far up in the billions? A large part of these installations would be usable as dormitories, classrooms and laboratories. Dr. Condon cites our naval base at Guantanamo as a current example. At one time it was necessary for the defense of the Panama Canal, but even before World War II air power had made Guantanamo obsolete. Of course we insist on maintaining it as a thorn in Castro's side, but might it not be better politics to dedicate it as a great UN university, a significant contribution to the Alliance for Progress?

UNESCO will remain in session through the month of November. It would be a pity to let pass this opportunity for making a start on the international university project.

OUT TO GET SNCC

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting the progress of the civil rights movement.

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is fast becoming the Erich Von Stroheim of civil rights groups —the organization you love to hate. Rep. Wayne Hays (D., Ohio) spoke for many Americans when he told a cheering House: "Carmichael and his anarchistic group belong behind bars, and the quicker we get him there the better off this country is going to be."

A typical cartoon approach by Hy Rosen in the Albany (N.Y.) *Times-Union* showed SNCC chairman Stokely Carmichael riding one end of a two-headed hobby horse called Violence. Carmichael is shouting "Black Power" while George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazi Party cries "White Power" from the other end.

Recent events in two cities—Philadelphia, Pa., and Atlanta, Ga.—warn that SNCC has become the target of opportunity for attack that claims to be motivated by patriotism and fear of racial strife. More often it satisfies a growing Yahoo-ism over the Vietnamese War in a climate of repression created by the reactionary racial mood of many whites and its cautionary (scared) counterpart in some Negroes.

The danger to SNCC is immediate; the threat to other liberal establishments and concepts lurks just behind the patterns of attack in the two cities and reactions to them. First, the Philadelphia story.

Carmichael carried his message of black power there in July, seeking to mobilize the generally moribund Negro ghetto consciousness into meaningful activity not controlled by hack, black politicians. Democratic Mayor James Tate was aghast. He seriously suggested that Carmichael should be banned from speaking in Northern cities.

Philadelphia, a city of 2 million, is already 35 per cent Negro and, like most cities, growing blacker. Sullen seas of interlocking slums stretch over it, with here and there shining little islands of renewal. Renewal is most noticeable downtown, say around Independence Hall, where any morning one of the city's numerous drowsing tramps may waken to find himself in the middle of a new mall.

In the black ghettos, infant mortality is twice that of white sections. Negro unemployment—though not nearly so bad as elsewhere—is double the white. Fifty per cent of Negro high school pupils attend four of the city's twenty high schools. Philadelphia's overall dropout rate is the worst of the eighteen largest American cities; in some black high schools it reaches 80 per cent.

Housing is the dreariest fact of life for the poor, black and white. Between 1948 and 1963, 27,000 dwellings were torn down for urban renewal, but only a few thousand public housing units have been built as replacements. The city began one redevelopment plan called Eastwick which would have placed public housing in a bog between the airport and an oil refinery.

"Eastwick was conceived in sin," wrote *The Greater Philadelphia Magazine for Executives.* "It was believed that the project not only would siphon off the black overflow but would be a low visibility cul-de-sac into which the burgeoning Negro population could be stuffed."

Public outcry scotched Eastwick. In 1964, the License Department, unable to ignore slum horrors any longer, began stringent inspections. Many landlords chose to abandon rather than rehabilitate, and a survey turned up 14,000 abandoned units. Add these to living quarters demolished for projects never constructed, and a picture emerges of the poor being packed tighter into slums costing more as supply shortened. As always, the black ghettos were the worst and oldest. Intolerable pressures have been building in them, blowing off once in the riots of 1964.

On Saturday, August 13, nearly everybody in Philadelphia read the *Bulletin* lead story with the headline:

80 ARMED POLICE RAID
FOUR SNCC OFFICES HERE,
SEIZE DYNAMITE, ARREST 4
1,000 More
Deployed to
Keep Order

The story quoted Acting Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo as saying that the offices were "becoming storehouses of arms, ammunition and dynamite." Rizzo charged that an informant had tipped him about the dynamite "powerful enough to remove Independence Hall," bringing in as confirmation three sticks and blasting caps. The police officer identified all four persons arrested during the night as SNCC members.

Virtually everything in the headlines, the story and Rizzo's quotations was untrue or misleading. *One* of the four places raided was a SNCC office. *One* of the four persons arrested belonged to SNCC. Two and a half sticks of dynamite were allegedly found in a private apartment not connected with SNCC. No other arms were found, but police did confiscate placards from SNCC headquarters. These included a photograph of President Johnson holding his hands apart as though indicating a measure; beneath it someone had written: "Use a bomb about this size." Finally and most curiously, the informant had *not* gone to Rizzo but to an FBI agent, whose call had initiated the entire action. This was never revealed publicly.

The first account received nation-wide attention and the casual reader could only conclude that SNCC was involved in a wicked bomb plot. Over the weekend, surface facts clarified. Police raiders wearing bulletproof vests and some carrying machine guns had operated under a warrant requested by FBI agent Irving R. Dean. Dean swore that his informant had given him information "on approximately 200 occasions which has led to valid arrests." The super-successful informant, said Dean, had seen the dynamite in SNCC headquarters on August 12, and members of SNCC had told him it was being deployed "for the destruction of property in connection with civil disturbances in the near future."

Raiders found nothing explosive in the SNCC headquarters on South 16th Street. But in the apartment of 26-year-old George Brower on North 16th Street, they announced finding two and a half sticks of dynamite ingeniously hidden—under a couch. Brower belonged to no civil rights group but his apartment was a gathering place for the Young Militants, a Philadelphia group that had been picketing segregated Girard College under the leadership of NAACP leader Cecil Moore, an attorney. The people at SNCC disliked Moore; they suspected him of wanting to become the only symbol of black militancy in the city.

In the apartment, police arrested Brower, another youth and a girl. Outside, they grabbed 23-year-old SNCC field secretary, Barry Dawson. By next morning, Attorney Moore had been named counsel for all four defendants, despite SNCC efforts, later successful, to get another lawyer for Dawson. And Dawson soon was talking to police under circumstances which, given the Miranda decision, were inexplicable. Here is part of the official transcript of Dawson's questioning by William Wolf, Jr., of the Philadelphia D.A.'s office.

> *Q*: Mr. Moore just told us he had to go out for about an hour, do you wish to make a statement even though he is not here?
>
> *A*: Yes.
>
> *Q*: Did he advise you to make a statement in his absence?
>
> *A*: Yes.

Without counsel to advise, Dawson rattled away. Here are the salient portions: On August 3, a friend named Winston Ealy, who had picketed with Mr. Moore's Young Militants, showed Dawson a paper bag containing about nine sticks of dynamite and two blasting caps. If Dawson was curious about where Ealy got the dynamite or why, the statement doesn't say. There is throughout a certain cavalier attitude toward dynamite:

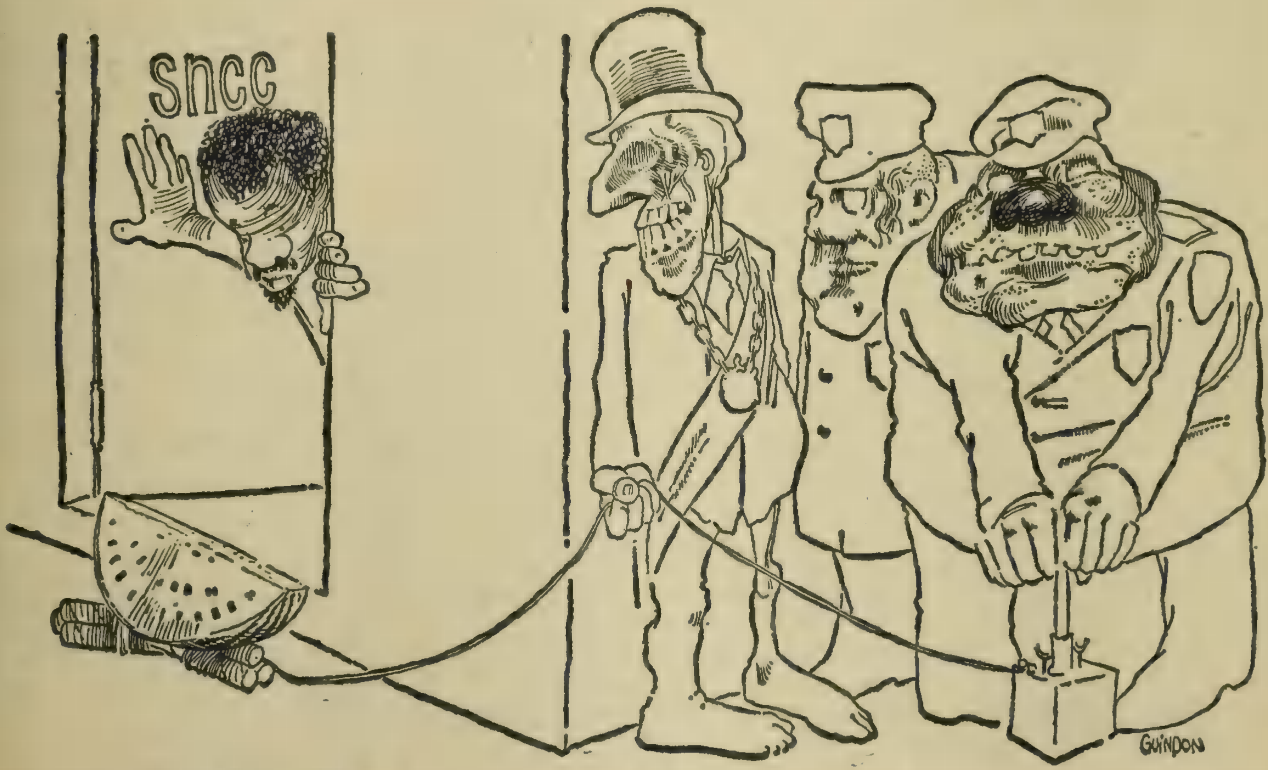
> *Dawson*: I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he said that he was going to take it over to George's (George Brower's) house. So I said, Don't do that, you'll get in trouble. Give it to me and I'll throw it in the river.

Supposedly en route to the Schuylkill River, Dawson stopped at the SNCC office and told fellow member George Anderson what he was carrying. Dawson says there was a policeman outside (the SNCC office was under intermittent surveillance and—SNCC believes—continuous wire tap) so he decided to leave the dynamite there. He hid it in the basement where it stayed eight days. Fred Meely, Philadelphia SNCC director, learned about the dynamite, according to Dawson, and urged him to get rid of it. To complicate matters, on the night of August 10, Dawson was attacked by a carload of white men he believed to be police who had been following him earlier. They beat and kicked him unconscious, and he received hospital treatment.

Finally on Thursday, August 11, Dawson says that he, Meely and SNCC staffer Morris Ruffin carried off the sticks:

> *Dawson*: Each of us had a bag, plus the fact that Fred had two blasting caps. My bag had two and a half pieces and I don't know how the other bags were shared. We planned to throw the bags into the Schuylkill River.

Dawson says he thought he was tailed from the office, so instead of going to the river he dropped his bag of dynamite over a fence near Brower's apartment. Interrogator Wolf, without a lawyer to intercede, then asked Dawson how the dynamite he had dropped by the fence on Thursday wound up under the couch in Brower's apartment during the Saturday raid. Of course, there was no



proof that this *was* the same bag of dynamite. With so much of it flying around, even in the hands of FBI informants, it was a presumptive question. Dawson said he didn't know.

Police arrested Winston Ealy and he said that a 45-year-old construction worker named John Jenkins had given him the dynamite. Jenkins, a blaster, admitted that he had been stealing dynamite off and on for years. Later, he led police to a private mine field of sorts where he used to bury the sticks and caps. Jenkins told police that he had given a batch to Ealy because he was afraid of children playing with it. Then he got drunk and lost track of the stuff.

It seemed a sloppy conspiracy, but Mayor Tate returned from vacation to congratulate everyone on a fine job. Police had already released three of the first four so-called "SNCC" members arrested—Brower and the couple in his apartment—but Dawson, Jenkins and Ealy were held on various dynamite and conspiracy charges (possession of dynamite, without intent to use it illegally, is no crime in Pennsylvania). Fugitive warrants were issued for SNCC's Meely, Ruffin and Anderson who had dropped from sight.

Recapitulating, police were saying that a non-SNCC man named Jenkins gave stolen dynamite to a non-SNCC youth named Ealy who gave it to SNCC member Dawson. Dawson, furthering a conspiracy, enlisted SNCC-ers Meely and Ruffin to carry it from their headquarters to sites unspecified. Police raiders in a non-SNCC apartment searched unsuccessfully in two small rooms for ten minutes before a Negro officer suddenly found the dynamite under the couch. Net cache uncovered—two and a half sticks of du Pont de Nemours' best.

Some skepticism developed in the city and by August 15 the *Bulletin* was editorializing that "some observers may see a disproportion between the results of the raids and the overwhelming forces mobilized to effect them." But it then discoursed on "wild rumors" and "ill-informed people easily converted into a destructive mob," and concluded with Alexander Hamilton's remarks on the 1794 Whiskey Rebellion: "Beware of magnifying a riot into an insurrection by employing in the first instance inadequate force. 'Tis better far to err on the other side."

'Tis best of all for a newspaper to correct itself when it errs, but the *Bulletin* never cleared up its initial, erroneous tale. By August 16, with plot developments buried inside, the front page carried a sad little story that 300 Youth Corps applicants in Philadelphia had been told that theirs was the first poverty program in the country to be suspended because funds were diverted to the Vietnamese War. There was a brief plot flurry next day when police dug under an old doghouse in the yard of Jenkins' girl friend and found nine blasting caps. Serial numbers on two of these caps, it was claimed, matched numbers on the dynamite sticks turned in by the FBI informant. But Acting Commissioner Rizzo had said that those sticks came with caps. Were they wearing somebody else's caps?

The judicial atmosphere was gamy at the hearing August 22, when Philadelphia officials produced an undated photograph, allegedly showing Ruffin and Dawson leaving SNCC headquarters with two small parcels the officials said contained dynamite. Since the photo was not taken with an X-ray camera, there was no way to verify this assertion. However, the photo was released to the press as showing dynamite in transit, in defiance of the Supreme Court ruling on safeguarding evidence.

Some people in and around SNCC concede privately that the dynamite probably got into the office in the manner Dawson described. They feel he was lured into a dangerous and atrocious error by persons who collaborated with police on a frame-up to destroy SNCC. "If they keep you on the defensive," said former Executive Secretary James Forman, "you can't do anything creative."

"All those people know how to handle dynamite," says Lieut. George Fencl in charge of community relations for the Philadelphia Police Department. "We can't say the field secretary said, 'we need dynamite, go get it,' but we know it got there from a man who had picketed with SNCC and NAACP [Jenkins]. It was found in Brower's apartment—and you should have seen the filth and the roaches when we searched. Maybe he wasn't what you'd call a card-carrying SNCC member, but Young Militants and SNCC hung out there. They're interchangeable."

But in the next breath Lieutenant Fencl says that if Dawson really had been beaten a few days before the raids, it wasn't by police but by members of the Young Militants who wanted to be paid for picketing Girard College. Police, he admits, never checked the hospital records on Dawson's beating.

Mayor Tate quietly let his actions speak louder than words as white feeling ran against the blacks. Two days after the hearing, he was scheduled to address a convention of the National Technical Association, an engineering society of Negro and other minority groups. An aide told the association in the morning that the Mayor had been summoned out of town "to a federal conference dealing with enormous sums of money."

An hour later, reporters found the Mayor playing golf at the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club. When rioters stormed the apartment of a Negro couple moving onto an all-white North Philadelphia slum street, Mayor Tate again did not choose to speak.

On August 30, 2,000 Negroes attended the largest black power meeting ever held in Philadelphia.

* * *

Atlanta bills itself as The City Too Busy To Hate. One of its many Negro ghettos has the lovely name Summerhill. There are 30,000 black people living in Summerhill under Southern slum conditions. Four or five times in the past, the city considered Summerhill for renewal but always by-passed it for projects it considered more urgent. The administration of Mayor Ivan Allen (who spoke for the 1964 Civil Rights Act and lately denounced Lester Maddox) is all white and, understandably, has an all-white conception of human priorities.

So today, looming two blocks from Summerhill, is a shining concrete $18 million sports stadium. The city went deeply in debt to build it, but the money should come back in gate receipts. Integrated baseball and football teams play there. You can stand on the porch of a shacklike Negro home lacking hot water and furnace, and watch the 4,000 spaces in the parking lot fill up. If you have a poetic turn, you may remember Sarah Cleghorn's lines:

The golf links lie so near the mill
that almost every day
the laboring children can look out
and see the men at play.

On September 6, an unarmed Atlanta Negro with a record for car theft was shot when he ran from police who were trying to arrest him. Within hours, Negroes in Summerhill were stoning police. Within a day, Atlanta was charging SNCC workers with insurrection. The press seized on the story with a glee that lent substance to SNCC's repetitious charge that the media cannot be trusted.

The New York Times, whose news columns are often a solitary light on the darkling plain of American journalism, editorialized:

> An artificially induced riot involving a few hundred susceptible Negroes shattered the calm of an Atlanta afternoon. . . . They had been whipped to a frenzy, reportedly by the so-called Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, espouser of the separatist and inflammatory slogan Black Power.

The *Times* did not say what the Negroes were susceptible to, or why a ghetto should be calm in an Atlanta afternoon or any other time, or how one determines the artificiality of a riot. A month before, the *Times* had published what it claimed was a SNCC position paper on black power, obtained clandestinely. It was a lucid statement of our racial realities, neither separatist nor inflammatory unless to urge blacks to unite for survival is to inflame. But in its own "rush to judgment" on Atlanta, the newspaper was accepting an old Southern theory that "darkies are contented until outsiders stir them up."

N.B.C. Radio listeners heard David Brinkley's observation that "Southern cities trying to help the Negroes have had race riots." Brinkley called SNCC (with 135 members) "one of the largest Negro organizations" and said Carmichael was a "classic demagogue."

Atlanta Constitution publisher Eugene Patterson had served on the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. He wrote:

> The Student Nonviolent Coordinating was born here. It was betrayed here by roughnecks who took it away from students and turned it away from nonviolence. It would be fitting if SNCC died here as a result of its naked incitement to riot this week in Atlanta.

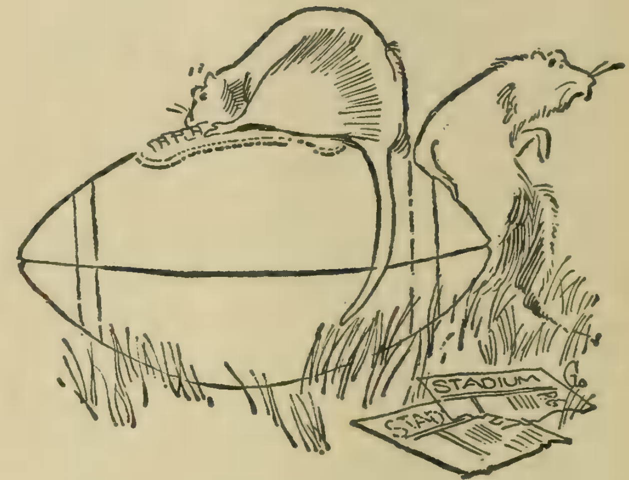
Patterson had toured Vietnam and SNCC's anti-war stand offended his sense of patriotism. As a white liberal, he objected to the change of character in SNCC; civil rights, presumably, should forever be frozen, smiling into a Birmingham fire hose. Patterson had his own built-in Southern-liberal clock for colored progress and no hour on its face was marked NOW. Little of what any of these know-nothings or know-somethings said was addressed specifically to the question: What happened in Summerhill and why?

It is impossible to reconstruct precisely how a street disturbance begins. Summerhill is an area where slow fires of discontent have burned over the years, sending up faint signals like those blue ghosts of smoke that rise over Southern "Niggertowns" in early morning. Atlanta SNCC had made passing efforts to get the people there mobilized, but had centered its attention on a worse ghetto called Vine City. In neither place had it become a moving force (Atlanta Negro mobilization in general is dismal, with only 50 per cent of eligible voters registered despite public and private efforts).

"We brought in too much philosophy and not enough program," one SNCC veteran told me. "Talk, talk, talk. Some gets through subjectively but people need programs to rally around."

About 2:30 on Tuesday afternoon, September 6, Harold Prather, 24-year-old father of four, became a rallying point. Two white policemen with a warrant chased him near his home and one of them shot him twice. He crawled to the porch of his mother's house, lay there and was handcuffed.

"You ain't going to hurt him no more," his mother said to the policeman who shot Prather. "There used to be days in slavery times when they killed people like dogs, but this is another day. If you live and he lives, you'll pay for this."



People began gathering, their mood angry. Emmanuel Hall, a Negro news announcer for Atlanta station WAOK, went with Carmichael to the scene where SNCC had been planning to organize a rally. "Local people had made picket signs against police brutality," Hall said. "Stokely moved around, asking what had happened, quietly. Then he made a short speech and said he was coming back at four."

Police claim Carmichael said he was returning to "tear this place up." Atlanta civil rights lawyer Howard Moore says he said ". . . to tear up your old ways." Hall isn't sure what was said. Carmichael frequently complains that he's misquoted, more often he is misinterpreted and sometimes he forgets what he says. Since no tape of his remarks at Summerhill exists, the semantic point remains in doubt. But the great emphasis placed by white opponents on the words of one black man among many seems an attempt to embody responsibility in a single individual for what was a mass reaction.

By four o'clock, two SNCC members trying to get a sound truck in operation were under arrest. Carmichael came back and a Negro policeman later testified he heard him exhorting: "Burn, baby, burn. . . . Stay on the streets." Carmichael denies it. A thousand officers were massing in the stadium parking lot and blacks faced them across years of enmity and distrust.

"One white police officer grabbed a colored boy around the neck," said 18-year-old Jerry Lowe. "The people started hitting the police officer with their hands and sticks until the policeman let that fellow go. He ran away. Somebody hit the white policeman in the face with a brick."

Young Doris Williams of Summerhill gave unwitting testimony to the image of SNCC in the neighborhood:

> The boys across the street were urging other neighborhood boys to throw bricks at white folk's cars. It wasn't any SNCC-looking boys. . . . I've never seen any SNCC people but I've heard the boys have lots of hair, that the girls wear pants, wear their hair natural and look like boys. I saw a lady and a boy who looked like they might be SNCC folks talking so loud everyone could hear, but they didn't say anything about hurting the mayor or anyone else.

While police made wholesale arrests, seventy-two in all, and Carmichael departed, Mayor Allen arrived on the stormy scene. Editor Ralph McGill, abetting the deification of Allen, described him in his *Constitution* column: "Impeccable, bareheaded, distinguished looking, he walked literally into the midst of fighting groups where angry and embittered men were embroiled."

Allen tried to calm the crowd from the top of a car but was knocked off. Bricks and bottles flew, police fired warning shots from the hip. Allen angrily gave the order for tear gas and included houses in his order. The gas broke the crowd; it also sent women and children crying from houses where it had been tossed indiscriminately. As a riot, it was not much—no burning or looting—although any riotous incident does carry incalculable potential for violence.

Carmichael and other SNCC members were arrested over the next two days and some initially faced insurrection charges, which carry a possible death penalty and are not bondable. After the word "insurrection" served its purpose by making national headlines, the charges were reduced to disorderly conduct and inciting to riot. The American public was saturated with a version of Atlanta reality epitomized by a *Time* story which began: "Atlanta, which deservedly prides itself on a tradition of racial moderation," and described Mayor Allen as being "as protective of Negro rights as he is of Atlanta's reputation."

But the cynical black Atlantan could ask, what was he protecting that day in Summerhill, rights or reputation? Do Southern blacks under the First Amendment have the right to gather angrily to hear their grievances articulated in a time of stress? Or shall an administration which has no Negro department heads in a city 40 per cent black and no visible Negro desk help in City Hall decide the time and tone of protest?

The Council on Human Relations of Greater Atlanta, a humanistic but nonradical group, said:

> As much as we deplore violence in any circumstances, the Council . . . does *not* accept the explanation that SNCC members were directly responsible for Tuesday's rioting. SNCC members are not responsible for the conditions under which Atlanta citizens live in the Summerhill and Mechanicsville area.

Atlanta achieved its moderate reputation by opening registration years earlier, by taking the lead in desegregating public accommodations, by City Hall appeals for racial reason and a façade of equal opportunity. Its poverty program has been one of the best in the country, which is to say that the poor in it have stayed off welfare and on a poverty level.

But Atlanta's image had no relevance to the black poor. Mayor Allen is proud of Atlanta Stadium, but SNCC viewed it as an infinitely worse crime than car theft. It demanded black control over black people, which would mean the end of white control over everything.

"Allen is a vicious racist," charged Attorney Moore. "Negroes get nothing for their vote. But Allen can send a black politician's kid to a nice school by seeing he gets a liquor license. Naturally when SNCC tries to organize people to take charge of themselves, whites are against it. The feeling comes all the way from Washington. Why do you suppose now, for the first time, SNCC's taxes are being investigated?"

At City Hall, the mayor's affable assistant, Dan Sweatt, calls what happened in Summerhill "trouble" rather than riot, and he says Allen is planning a housing campaign to end Atlanta's slums forever.

"The Mayor's handling of Summerhill set a new standard for U.S. mayors," he said. "He had the guts to call a spade a spade, not blame the trouble on economics or any sociological business. It was the first time anybody called Stokely's hand and it provoked a lot of thought. I think it will help kill black power and SNCC."

To kill SNCC and black power is a prevalent white wish. Says SNCC's former executive secretary, James Forman:

> The Administration wants to get us. Basically because we are the one black group both articulating opposition to Vietnam and taking action. Johnson has this need for consensus. But our job is not to psychoanalyze him and make him feel loved. All the harassment does is to make the issues clearer and to make the black man see just what he's up against.

When Carmichael says things like "I want chaos so bad I can taste it," he perhaps convinces himself that he is speaking metaphorically, but the white opposition relishes his words as proof not only that he isn't lovable but that he may be lethal. Carmichael may just be indulging himself when he flourishes contempt for whites, or it may be that he is indicted for misdemeanors while he dreams felonies. SNCC as an organization does not invariably handle truth or statute law with any more respect than, say, leaders of the Democratic or Republican Parties. But in a society with a history of horrendous mistakes, SNCC and Carmichael should be allowed some of their own, subject to criticism but free from persecution, as they struggle for black self-realizations that must not be deferred or compromised.

It seems clear that if the phrase black power had never been invented and Stokely Carmichael had never been born, the currently insecure American mood would have found something else black to try to crush. The essence of the backlash says that Negroes must subscribe to the dominant white version of what their reality should be or otherwise must suffer as bad "niggers" have always suffered.

So the stage is set for our peculiar tragedy. Denounce the bomb plot and insurrection. Praise the informer and riot police. Hiss the villain Stokely. Cheer the hero Ivan Allen. Audiences arise at the first note of the National Anthem. Whistles and applause.

HISPANIOLA '66

BAHAMA ISLANDS
CUBA
GREATER ANTILLES
JAMAICA
HAITI
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
SANTO DOMINGO
PORT AU PRINCE
HISPANIOLA
PUERTO RICO

Haiti: Chaotic and Corrupt

GERARD R. LATORTUE

Mr. Latortue is a former professor of economics at the Law School of the State University of Haiti. He is co-author of Politics and Economics in the Caribbean *(University of Puerto Rico Press).*

> Latin America is in deep need of reforms. Not just a new tax structure or an improved federal agency, not just putting the outs in and the ins out, is required. To toss out one oligarchy in favor of another will solve nothing, even if the new oligarchy is modern and progressive and willing to make less profits on its investments and ready to delegate some of its power to technicians. What is needed is *a total rejuvenation, a change in attitude, habits, interests, and alliances, a change in philosophy and a change in practices.* (*Italics added.*)

This opinion, expressed by John Gerassi in *The Great Fear in Latin America*, is true for almost all the countries of the area. In the case of Haiti, however, the need for basic change is desperate. The situation there has almost reached the point where the Haitian masses will no longer be able to satisfy the voracity of the so-called "elites" (blacks as well as mulattoes) that have been exploiting the country since Independence Day in January, 1804. If something is not done now to curb the arrogance of the ruling classes and support those who favor change in "Feudal Haiti," the country will explode in a scene of terrible violence. The longer that eruption is postponed, the greater it will be.

Dr. François Duvalier exploited the great desire for change during the 1957 campaign, but as President he has taken no positive steps toward long-term social and economic improvement in Haiti. His demagogy only hides his regime's incapacity to find other than superficial solutions. In many respects the situation in Haiti is worse today than it has ever been.

That being the case, one wonders how long the United States can remain indifferent to a potential crisis so near its shores; one looks to Washington for signs of a policy toward Haiti. Relations between the two countries have been strained in the past, particularly so in the years from 1914 to 1934 when United States Marines occupied Haiti. In recent times, however, a better feeling has developed and most Haitians still remember President Roosevelt, who brought the occupation to an end; and President Truman, whose Point IV program conferred great technical and financial assistance on Haiti.

During the Kennedy administration, American officials at the embassy in Port-au-Prince established excellent contacts with the different social groups in Haiti. Nevertheless, most American officials still see Haiti as a small "black republic," not very important in terms of global foreign policy. This attitude changes only when Haiti's geographical position becomes strategically important—as in 1914, when German investments in Haiti led to the arrival of the Marines, and in 1962, when Castro's espousal of communism in Cuba brought increased financial aid to Port-au-Prince.

In addition, the United States has from time to time tried to establish military bases in Haiti, principally at Môle St. Nicholas in the northwest, which offers control of the Windward Passage. Haitian nationalists have always shown strong opposition to such bases, but Duvalier, who calls himself a great "Dessalinist," in reference to the vigorous spirit of independence expressed by the nation's founder, has offered them to the United States. More than that, he at one time asked Trujillo's air force to patrol the air space and seas of Haiti, and in April of 1965, after U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, suggested that American or inter-American forces be sent to Haiti to prevent communism.

Immediately after his election, Duvalier expressed publicly his willingness to cooperate with the United States and his hope that the United States would adopt toward Haiti the same solicitude it was showing toward Puerto Rico, a U.S. Commonwealth. For a time, President Eisenhower and later President Kennedy responded to Duvalier's advances. Mr. Leslie Manigat describes the relationship in *Haiti in the 60's*:

> In a kind of uneasy game, with unkept promises and unrealized hopes on both sides, relations between the Duvalier government and the United States Mission had their ups and downs. The initially cold attitude of the Embassy [American Embassy in Port-au-Prince] was tempered, in 1959-61, to encompass open political support and the hope that Duvalier would be amenable to American guidance towards democratization and administrative rationalization.

That open political support was accompanied by increasing United States aid. In 1957, Haiti received $3.1 million; in 1958, $4 million; in 1959, $12.7 million and in 1961, $15 million. At the same time, a United States military mission, headed by Col. Robert Debs Heinl, Jr., was giving military training to those who were to become known to all Haitians as the Tontons Macoutes.

By late 1961, however, the United States had become most reluctant to continue its support of Duvalier's regime. Many reasons have been given for that change of attitude. Mr. Manigat offers five reasons for the new stand:

¶ The removal of Clément Barbot, secret police chief, who, as acting President during Duvalier's heart attack, had become friendly with the American ambassador.

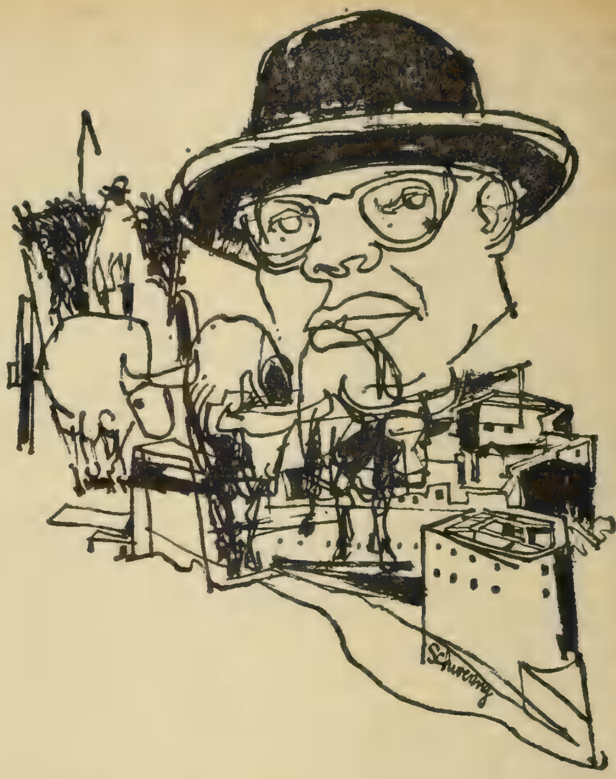
¶ The dislodging of certain public servants and politicians known to have excellent relations with the U.S. agencies in Port-au-Prince.

¶ The temerity with which, at the Inter-American Conference of the Finance Ministers in Punta del Este, Haiti tried to bargain by withholding to the last moment its deciding vote for adoption of the American position and displaying its preference for nonalignment.

¶ The refusal of the Haitian Government to satisfy Alliance for Progress requirements for representative democracy and development planning.

¶ The surprising election *coup d'état* of May, 1961.

To that skillful analysis one might add that President Kennedy (like many groups in Haiti) believed at first that Duvalier would make the economic, political and social changes that Haiti so badly needed. When he found out that Duvalier had only a "Fascist answer" to Haiti's problems, he abruptly stopped helping. That decision was in line with Kennedy's general policy toward Latin America, which was to support no dictatorship, Right or Left. This principle was applied consistently, and Latin American liberals generally agreed with Kennedy's decision to sever diplomatic ties and suspend economic aid after Duvalier's *coup d'état* of May, 1963, after the Juan Bosch overthrow in September, 1963, and after the military coup in Honduras of October, 1963.



That rational attitude toward Latin America has not been followed by President Johnson. He has reopened diplomatic relations with Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Honduras. He has also resumed economic aid to the two latter countries. Furthermore, the appointment of Thomas Mann as chief adviser to President Johnson for Latin American affairs chilled the hopes of most Latin liberals that the United States would continue Kennedy's policy of accepting changes in Latin America.

Mr. Mann has since resigned, but the new doctrine he developed has been fully accepted by President Johnson, although from time to time he solemnly declares that he wants justice and freedom for Latin America. It has only one preoccupation: to prevent another Cuba in Latin America. The result is that the Johnson Administration will be readily satisfied with any government that outlaws communism by official decree. If, in addition, that government supports U.S. foreign policy in the international bodies, and "protects" American interests at home, it will enjoy the good will of Washington, whatever its domestic policies.

It is time that public opinion in the United States recognized that outlawing communism is not a solution; it only creates a greater fanaticism among the extremists. Moreover, whereas in many countries the Communist Party was once the only organization openly promoting the welfare of the masses, today the "democratic Left," initiated by José Figueres (Costa Rica), Rómulo Betancourt (Venezuela) and Muñoz Marín (Puerto Rico) proclaims social and economic justice. President Eduardo Frei of Chile led his party to victory on a similar platform. But such an approach to Latin American problems does not appeal to minds so sensitized to communism that they view with suspicion all appeals to social justice.

Meanwhile, Duvalier plays the game according to the current rules. He declares himself pro-Western and pretends to get along well with the "leader of the free world"; most of the time he votes with the United States at international meetings. He offers no threat to American investment in Haiti and keeps the Communist movement in check. That seems enough to elicit sunny smiles from the Johnson Administration.

Earlier this year, some sectors of the American press were attempting to "improve" the image of the Duvalier regime. Several newspapers and magazines suggested that any change of government in Haiti might now be worse for the country. The Washington (D.C.) *Evening Star* devoted three articles (June 15, 16 and 17) by Jeremiah O'Leary to the subject. In the third article, cabled from Port-au-Prince and entitled "Duvalier Held Lesser Evil," Mr. O'Leary wrote:

> The decision [to resume aid to Haiti] was reached by Washington policy makers on the basis of political reality and genuine concern for the incredibly poor Haitian people. . . . "Papa Doc," a cruel throwback to earlier Haitian tyrants, represents stability in that he and his Tonton Macoute organization are the absolute rulers of Haiti. So long as they are in charge, it is reasoned, there will be no need for American troops to wade in and restore order or prevent a communist takeover.

Mr. O'Leary concludes: "Thus Duvalier, as bad as he may appear, seems a better alternative to a power struggle and possible blood bath."

It has been said in other reports as well that the United States wants to avoid "chaos" in Haiti. But Duvalier is himself chaos—in public administration, university, secondary and primary schools, courts, House of Representatives, unions, Chamber of Commerce. In fact chaos prevails today in all sectors of the political, social and economic life of Haiti. And what is worse, it is aggravated by a corruption that exceeds anything known in the past because it has now spread to all levels and sectors of the nation. If the United States really wants to help the people, strict controls must be placed on any aid to Haiti: otherwise Duvalier and his greedy clique will steal in the future as they have stolen in the past.

Another excuse sometimes given by American officials and some newsmen to justify American indifference toward those who are fighting against Duvalier is the lack of leadership among Haitian exiles. There may be some truth to this, but officials in the United States also have a concept of leadership that may not apply in the case of Haiti. They are always looking for "a big name"—someone who has been an ambassador, a general, Cabinet member or high-ranking civil servant—and most of these former bigwigs still live in the past and have identified themselves with the privileged groups in Haiti. When they had power themselves, they used it for their own benefit, and that of their relatives and friends. They are part of what has been wrong with Haiti.

President Johnson gives the impression today of wishing that the problem of Haiti would go away. He has been widely criticized for his actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, and would like to avoid any new foreign policy commitments, particularly between now and 1968. But Haiti under Duvalier is not a problem that will disappear, and that may be why most Haitian patriots (abroad as well as on the island) hope that one day such American liberals as Sen. Robert Kennedy and Gov. George Romney will have a stronger voice in framing the foreign policy of the United States.

Dominican Republic: Burden of the Past

KAL WAGENHEIM

Mr. Wagenheim is editor of the monthly San Juan Review. *He has lived in Puerto Rico and covered Caribbean affairs for the past six years.*

About a year and a half after the bitter civil war there is today a mood of guarded optimism in the Dominican Republic; that troubled country is engaged in what one might call a period of "embryonic democracy." For more than thirty years Trujillo ruled tyrannically. After his death, President Joaquín Balaguer was dumped by a military coup and the country was run by an army-dominated civilian council. Juan Bosch won the 1962 Presidential elections by a landslide, but lasted only seven months, after which the military ruled once more through a civilian puppet regime until the revolt of April, 1965. Now, Balaguer is back in power, but his victorious Reform Party shares legislative responsibility with Bosch's Partido Revolucionario Democratico (PRD) which Bosch proudly calls "the first loyal, creative opposition in the Dominican Republic in years."

However, the mere existence of a legally elected President and a loyal opposition does not solve the problems of the Dominican Republic. The roots of its dark and tragic past still live and threaten to strangle what is as yet only a promise of social, economic and political progress.

One of the biggest threats is the army, heavily influenced by a clique of ruthless, corrupt officers who long for "the good old days" of Trujillo—or, even better, the days just after Trujillo's death when they ran the country and funneled into their own pockets huge amounts of government funds. To them, even the conservative but reform-minded, Balaguer is not to be wholly trusted, and rumors of an impending *coup d'état* were dignified by Balaguer's denial of them in a Presidential address. For all that, the government is more secure than it would have been under Bosch, whose mildly socialistic ideas were considered "subversive and far leftist" by the Dominican military.

Balaguer has already felt compelled to make several concessions to hard-line military and police groups. Many police officials of the Trujillo era are back in their old positions of influence. Two months ago, José Rafael Molina Ureña, secretary-general of Bosch's PRD, was touring the southern region of the country with a few party members. They were detained by members of the Dominican Air Force who brandished weapons, threatened them, and later put them through several hours of intensive questioning. When outraged PRD legislators protested the detention of their secretary-general and asked that the Dominican House of Representatives pass a motion to condemn the episode, the majority party refused to act. House Vice President Roque E. Bautista of the Reformistas said: "We deplore what has happened, but we should not act too rashly."

Pressuring Balaguer from the other side are the Dominican masses. Desperately poor under Trujillo, they have become still poorer from the disastrous effects of the civil war, and they are now impatient for a better life. Thus, Balaguer urgently needs cash to finance employment-creating projects: to build houses and roads; to provide more funds for education in a land crippled by illiteracy. He has thrown the country wide open for investment from abroad, but must be careful lest nationalists accuse him of selling away the Dominican patrimony. Even the United States is interested in protecting Balaguer from such accusations. It is said that he was on the verge of selling the government-owned airline to an American company, but that Washington exerted pressure to have the deal canceled.

Sugar is the key problem in the Dominican economy. "The gravest ill of our sugar industry," wrote an editorialist in the daily *Listín Diario* recently, "is that it is so important to us."

At President Balaguer's inauguration ceremony on July 1, Vice President Hubert Humphrey announced that the United States would do "all that is possible to aid in the economic recuperation" of the Dominican Republic. About a dozen U.S. aid projects, totaling nearly $50 million, are now being considered; if put into effect, they would make the Dominicans second only to Chileans with respect to U.S. aid per person.

Yet many Dominicans feel that the most effective aid of all, which would have cost the United States not a cent in capital outlay, has been ignored—or rejected. Washington's policy on sugar is causing murmurs of discontent in a nation still smarting from the humiliation of having foreign troops invade and occupy its soil.

Mexico and Brazil consume 74 and 78 per cent, respectively, of their sugar output, but the Dominican Republic uses only a tenth of the million tons it can produce annually. It is, accordingly, heavily dependent upon the sweet cane for foreign exchange; it represents 50 per cent of Dominican exports and 60 per cent of the nation's income. Also, the sugar industry employs more than 85,000 people, *half* of the organized labor force, including thousands who work for less than 20c an hour because there is nowhere else to work.

In recent years, as the world price of sugar has plummeted to an unprecedented low of about 1.5c a pound, it has become crucial for poor sugar-producing nations to be included in the quota allotments of major purchasers like the United States, who pay an artificially high price of nearly 7c per pound. And the major purchasers, in turn, have consistently used their quotas as levers of political influence.

The U.S. sugar quota assigned to the Dominican Republic in 1962 was 863,439 short tons. In 1963, the year of Juan Bosch's short-lived Presidency, the quota was reduced to 605,103 tons. In the next two years, while the Republic was first run by a military-dominated civilian body, and then embroiled in a bloody internal war, it hovered at 400,000 tons. The 1966 quota dropped below that level.

But at mid-year, with a new pro-U.S. and anti-Communist President in office, Dominicans felt confident that there would be a return to at least the 600,000-ton level of 1963. The extra 200,000-ton assignment would provide about $15 million annually in extra revenue—an enormous sum when one considers that the entire annual budget for the Dominican nation is about $150 million. Dominican hopes rose when it was learned several months ago that Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands would fall short of their U.S.-assigned quota by 415,000 tons, and that this amount would be redistributed among other nations. And hopes soared when a joint U.S. Congressional committee recommended that about half of that amount—200,000 tons—be assigned to the Dominican Republic "if political conditions permit."

But the Department of Agriculture, ignoring the committee's recommendation, assigned only 40,867 tons of the available 415,000 to the Dominican Republic. Thus, the Dominicans would have to dump about half of their sugar production on the world market at below-cost prices. They cannot understand why the United States, publicly committed to helping them, should ignore this obvious mode of economic aid. Rumors immediately began to sprout in Santo Domingo. The weekly magazine *¡Ahora!* alleged in a cover story that "the reduction of the Dominican sugar quota forms part of an elaborate long-range plan whose objective is to force, by the building up of economic difficulties, the sale of the state sugar mills to private interests."

Since then, Washington has raised the quota somewhat, but it is still not close to the 800,000-ton level of 1962, and recent events have given further grounds for suspecting that U.S. interests may be maneuvering to control a greater part of the Dominican sugar industry.

During his thirty-year reign, Trujillo put together an enormous network of personally owned industries; these were taken over by the state at his death. One of them was the Companía Azucarera Dominicana (CAD) which, together with two privately owned mills, accounts for the entire national sugar cane production. (According to *¡Ahora!*, the United States has favored the two private companies by buying 80 per cent of their production and only 40 per cent of the CAD's.)

The CAD was in serious financial trouble. It was "padded" with thousands of extra employees who clung to it like barnacles to avoid becoming statistics among the nation's 40 per cent unemployed. It needed reorganization and additional financing to carry it through a difficult transition period, but President Balaguer announced recently that his government, which is itself being subsidized, was "in no position to subsidize the CAD." A few weeks ago, the Dominican legislature (despite strong protests by the minority party) voted to dissolve the CAD and create the State Sugar Council. This reorganization breaks up the massive government sugar industry into twelve autonomous mills, and the new law states that if any of them operates at a loss for two consecutive years it may be closed. *¡Ahora!* has suggested that such bankrupted companies could then pass into private American hands, whereupon the U.S. quota would be jacked up, allowing them to prosper.

Whether or not such a plan exists, the grounds for suspecting its existence certainly do, and no one in Washington has yet explained why the Department of Agriculture reduced the quota level recommended by the Congressional committee.

This would not be the only time that commercial interests were rumored to have tried to buy Dominican Government industries. In the May 23 *¡Ahora!* exiled Dominican Air Force General Rafael R. Rodríguez Echavarría (who led the coup which deposed Balaguer in late 1961) writes:

> Many people do not realize that a powerful grain consortium from the United States told Ramfis Trujillo [the dictator's son] that it would arrange for the lifting of U.S. economic sanctions against his government in exchange for Molinos Dominicanos [the government's grain mills] being delivered to the consortium, and that this operation was under way when the government of which I formed part . . . confiscated that industry. The consortium even offered the Trujillo family $2 for each sack of grain produced.

And rumors are current today that President Balaguer is being approached to sell other government-run industries and properties to private U.S. or Puerto Rican interests. "Balaguer has got to sell," one source said, "because his government is hard up for money and will do anything to get some development projects going."

While the United States may not be directly involved in pushing for the sale of the Dominican sugar, or other interests, such sales would definitely serve the goals of U.S. foreign policy. The Dominican Government industries form part of what Juan Bosch envisioned as the "infra-structure" of a mildly socialistic, Scandinavia-like republic. Despite many obstacles, Bosch's PRD drew more than half a million votes in the July 1 elections. It is not impossible that it could win the next election, in 1970, but if meanwhile the government industries had been sold off, Bosch would probably not feel strong enough to reconfiscate them, and his vision would remain a dream. Also, with key industries in North American hands, the Dominican Republic would be more than ever dependent upon the United States.

These, admittedly, are only assumptions, but they seem to fit a pattern of assumptions. Thus, it is difficult to believe that the United States, when it intervened in the civil war, really feared communism in the Dominican Republic; but one can make a forceful case for the theory that not even an *independent* Dominican Republic would be convenient to U.S. interests, and that this—not communism—was the real threat of the April, 1965, revolt. It may be quite true, as one Dominican said, that "we are just a chip in the big game of the cold war." With the cold war in such delicate balance, with each vote in the UN or OAS potentially decisive, a "maverick" (if non-Communist) Dominican Republic could be as awkward for the United States as Tito's nonconforming communism has been for the Soviet Union.

Juan Bosch, who has often said: "I am not a Communist, but I am not an 'anti-Communist' because too many people have made themselves rich by abusing that term for their own gain," seemingly aspired to become the de Gaulle of the Caribbean. Toward that end, he might have tried to reduce his import-export dependency upon the United States, by "shopping around" with his country's vote in the UN and OAS. Eduardo Sánchez Cabral, who was the Dominican ambassador to the OAS during Bosch's Presidency, alluded to such a neutralist technique recently when he said: "We must develop an Organization of *Free* American States: Uruguay, Costa Rica, Chile and Mexico —a balancing force."

A neutral or independent Dominican Republic would also have softened the effect of the U.S.-directed blockade of Cuba. Although Bosch and Castro have often traded insults, it is possible that—rather than dutifully join hands in the blockade—the Dominicans under Bosch might have simply ignored Castro or, like the Mexicans, maintained "correct" relations. This would have helped considerably to legitimize Castro's now "quarantined" government.

Dominicans who find this view of U.S. foreign policy persuasive, point to the fact that Trujillo—whose death they believe to have been brought about by CIA-supplied weapons—was not touched until his relations with the United States soured and he began a flirtation with the Communist nations.

President Balaguer is considered eminently "safe" in this matter of East-West balance. He boldly pronounced in his inaugural speech that he was "in favor of maintaining diplomatic relations with all the countries of America, without it mattering to us the nature of the institutions under which they live . . . and we are in favor of establishing strictly commercial relations with the Socialist nations." But when asked about Cuba, Balaguer replied, "Cuba is neither ideologically nor politically part of America." Haiti, one of the most brutal, backward dictatorships in history, apparently is "ideologically and politically part of America," for Balaguer announced recently his decision to renew diplomatic ties with Duvalier's regime.

Of course, Balaguer is not alone in his "see-no-evil" view of right-wing dictatorships. As Robert D. Crassweller notes in his new book, *Trujillo: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator* (Macmillan):

> An influential body of opinion in the United States Congress—not a majority, but a vocal minority—came to the support of the Dominican Republic and its dictator in the last half of the 1950's whenever trouble threatened. . . . The Majority Leader of the House, Representative McCormack of Massachusetts . . . referred in May, 1957, to the "broad, humanitarian policies" of Trujillo. . . . "This rock of stability in the turbulent Caribbean" [was] the phrase of Senator Johnston of South Carolina, who spoke frequently on this note. "Every attack on the Dominican Republic can benefit only Moscow and Peking," said Representative Overton Brooks of Louisiana. Many Congressmen fell in with this view, including Representatives Anfuso of New York, Zablocki of Wisconsin, Reece of Tennessee, Long of Louisiana, and Senator Smiley of Wisconsin and the influential Senator Smathers of Florida.

Here, rumors and ideological myopia aside, are some of the realities of the Dominican "plight":

Employment: At least 40 per cent of the working population is presently unemployed. It is estimated that in twenty years the present population of 3.5 million will more than double, and that even with a healthy annual economic growth rate of 7 per cent there will be 1.2 million unemployed by 1986.

Education: Only 5 per cent of the national budget goes toward education (compared with more than 40 per cent for military expenditures). More than 130,000 school-age children are not enrolled in classes; half of them would need clothing in order to attend: three-quarters would need to have food served to them at school. At least 3,000 more teachers are needed, and at least half of those now teaching lack degrees. The government's Adult Education Department has been running an anti-illiteracy program for fourteen years, during which period literacy has declined (only one out of seventy Dominicans reads a newspaper, compared with one out of fifteen in neighboring Puerto Rico, and one out of three in the United States). The entire nation, which is 70 per cent agricultural, has only twenty-five agricultural engineers and twenty veterinarians.

Housing: More than 65 per cent of Dominican homes have dirt floors and palm-leaf or cane-stalk roofs. More than 75 per cent have only one room which, as Dominican sociologists put it, "accents the problem of promiscuity." Less than 10 per cent of the homes have inside toilets; many do not even have outside latrines. More than 20,000 housing units are needed in the next two decades; only 10,000 are being built.

Nutrition: Food intake averages 2,100 calories daily, a deficit of 400 calories, with a marked deficit in animal proteins.

Trade: More than two-thirds of imports are consumer goods, rather than raw materials for income-producing fabrication (a recent study showed that the country could produce $40 million worth of goods which are currently being imported).

One can become hardened to figures like these, until one remembers that they refer to people, living in shacks, defecating in the fields like animals, going to bed hungry, diseased, jobless. And these people live just a couple of hours by plane from the United States—which invaded to prevent communism, and which did not invade when a democratically elected President was toppled by the military.

Today the United States seems bent upon pumping up the economy to unprecedented heights—as long as the Dominican Republic remains comfortably within the U.S. sphere (it will be recalled that Chile also received generous aid once it decided that rather than confiscate the U.S. copper companies it would buy shares in them).

However, Juan Bosch once commented: "You cannot pour two liters of water into a one-liter bottle." He meant that the Dominican Republic so lacks trained technical and administrative talent that existing Dominican institutions will be unable to absorb and apply the amount of aid funds available to them. Thus, many ambitious U.S.-backed aid projects may take longer than expected to materialize. And the Dominican rich, still fearing political turbulence in the future, are shipping their capital abroad.

These delays and frustrations may produce the turbulence. Strikes and protests are commonplace throughout the world, but the Dominican police and military—heavily manned by illiterate brawlers whose idea of keeping the peace is to crack heads—have a way of inflaming small protests into mass riots. Economic activity—keeping people busy—can avert this unrest, and Balaguer is trying. He has announced a massive road-building project that will employ 40,000 men, and a home-construction program to raise 1,900 houses in the near future. He also chose women to govern the country's twenty-six provinces, since so few men, thanks to the rancorous nature of Dominican politics, are sufficiently liked to promote tranquillity.

In the name of patriotism, Balaguer has called for a strict austerity drive to help put the country back on its feet. All government salaries have been sharply reduced; his own to $750 monthly. Wages in private industry have been frozen for a few months.

The austerity drive has been hailed by everyone, but once people begin to tire of sacrifices, and demand results instead, the strikes and protests may come. And if Balaguer turns "liberal" to mollify the people, he will have to deal with the military which removed him from office in 1961. What happens then is anybody's guess. The military has been equipped with modern weapons by the occupying U.S. "Peace Force," and the *constitucionalistas* still have thousands of firearms hidden away.

The Dominican people have yet to force a showdown with the Dominican military. At this point, the future of Joaquín Balaguer's government is highly enigmatic. If it should turn dictatorial and the people should revolt, few Dominicans doubt that the United States would intervene again (despite Lyndon B. Johnson's statement in Mexico on April 28, 1966: "My administration . . . will not be deterred by those who say that to risk change is to risk communism"). And if Balaguer should be dumped by a military coup, there is always the precedent of the recent Argentine military take-over: the United States gave diplomatic recognition within two weeks. Perhaps Juan Bosch was suffering from the bruises of political disappointment, but he summed up the attitude of many of his countrymen when he wrote in his latest book: "Any democratic Latin American government that refuses to use its power for the benefit of the chosen few . . . cannot survive in this underdeveloped world of pirates with Cadillacs. Such a government must be a Communist regime and must forthwith be smashed."

PRESSURES ON LABOR

Vietnam, Race and the Unions

B. J. WIDICK

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Detroit

Repercussions of the escalated war in Vietnam have at last disrupted trade unions' activities to an extent that requires a fresh look at old problems and tested solutions. A war-oriented economy, characterized by inflation and labor-market shortages, puts new pressures at the collective bargaining table as union leaders strive to keep their ranks under control. The increasing unrest and the cracks now widening in the monolithic façade of American labor are evident in current arguments about AFL-CIO foreign policy; rejection of the "wage-price" guidelines as a basis for significant union bargaining, organizational gains and changes, new difficulties on the civil rights front, resistance of the rank and file to union leadership, and the considerable growth of white-collar unionism.

Walter P. Reuther, president of the 1,300,000-member UAW, is unable any longer to stomach the hard-line Vietnamese stand of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. He took recent public issue with the foreign policy resolution adopted at the August meeting of the AFL-CIO Executive Council—a statement reflecting Meany's rigid world outlook, which includes lumping Moscow, Hanoi and Peking together in a myopic blur ordinarily associated with veterans' organizations. The council's resolution, giving blanket endorsement to President Johnson's policies was, in Reuther's words, "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy of a policy statement of a free labor movement."

This outburst is only the latest in a series of important arguments between the two leaders. Last summer, Reuther questioned the tactics of having an AFL-CIO representative walk out of a meeting of the International Labor Organization because a Russian delegate took his regular turn as chairman.

Early last summer Victor Reuther, director of the UAW International Affairs Department, charged that the AFL-CIO foreign affairs director, Jay Lovestone, was working with the CIA overseas; he was also most critical of the role and functioning of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), which the AFL-CIO operates with support from some major industrial firms, and with a subsidy from the federal government.

In immediate response to the Reuther charges—rejected by the vast majority of the AFL-CIO council—Joseph Bierne, president of the Communications Workers of America and secretary of the AIFLD, gave a public accounting of the institute's work. He reported that the AFL-CIO had contributed $200,500 to the institute, business and industry (including some firms not celebrated for their pro-union attitude) about $150,000, and the government Agency for International Development about $3 million in 1965 alone. All in all, about $8 million has been spent since 1961 when the program began. So far, 43,000 unionists in Latin America have been training under AIFLD, of whom only 455 went either to classes in Washington, D.C., or at Fort Royal, Va., where, presumably, the CIA would have a voice in the training.

Other sources of friction between Reuther and Meany are the UAW's independent foreign policy statement which called for admitting Red China into the United Nations; the dispatch of a UAW inspection team, including Pat Greathouse, UAW vice president, on a trip to the Soviet Union last summer, and the UAW's increasingly independent role in the world labor movement, expressed in the creation of world auto workers' councils, and maintained through an active liaison office in Geneva.

While it is too early to guess the outcome of this schism in the top leadership of the American union movement, it is clear that Walter Reuther is labor's counterpart to Senator Fulbright. At their September convention, the Steelworkers adopted a foreign policy resolution more in line with the flexible views of Reuther than with Meany's standpat doctrine. How effective these developments will be in breaking the Meany-Lovestone monopoly on foreign policy decisions should become evident during the full-dress debate of the issues scheduled for a November meeting of the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO. Much depends, of course, on what happens on the Vietnamese front in the next several weeks.

In the area of economic problems, the headline-making strike of the machinists union against five major airlines last summer has been from many viewpoints the most important labor struggle of 1966. It bared the inadequacies of the Council of Economic Advisers' guideline policies, and shattered the influence of that body. It demonstrated how tinged with politics collective bargaining had become in some sectors of the economy, a consideration damaging to the Johnson Administration. It shook up the labor hierarchy, since the successful repudiation by the striking machinists of a contract their leaders had accepted set an ominous precedent for rebellious rank and filers in other unions. It provided an opportune occasion for the steel industry to take another swat at the guidelines by announcing a 3 per cent price increase on sheet metal—an act criticized by Gardner Ackley, chairman of the CEA, but soon accepted by the Administration.

The "wage-price" guideline was almost in a shambles before the machinists tied up the airline industry. Business has learned much since the dramatic confrontation between the steel industry and President Kennedy; selective price increases, or changing the "quality" of the product are much more difficult tactics for the Council of Economic Advisers to counter. Both industry and the union disregarded the guideline formula in the 1964 auto contract settlements. Recently, the auto industry has again raised its prices without provoking the wrath of Washington. With rare exception, the building trades unions and the construction industry have ignored the guidelines. The powerful Teamsters union has considered laughable any suggestion or interference from Washington on its collective bargaining. James Hoffa, the Teamsters' president, showed the extent of his contempt for the guideline theory when he urged the airline strikers to turn down the last and accepted offer whose cost was estimated at more than 5 per cent.

In view of the high profits of the airline industry, its growth possibilities, and the report that its annual productivity increase is about 7 per cent, the Hoffa suggestion is not as irresponsible as it may have seemed at first glance. Given the cost-of-living trend (it is increasing at a rate of about 3.5 per cent per year), to expect labor to take seriously a 3.2 per cent guideline is to enter the Washington dream world. As *Newsweek* pointed out in its September 26 issue, business profits have nearly doubled in the long boom since 1961, while pay-check gains have been cut in half by the rising cost of living.

Besides price increase, the profits have come from the more efficient use of plant capacity because of the high volume of production, and the introduction of automation and other technological innovations which have kept unit labor costs almost at a standstill. Corporation profits have soared from $44.2 billion before taxes and $32 billion after taxes in 1960 to $82.9 billion before taxes and $48.7 billion after taxes in 1966.

Important as this data may be for labor-management arguments about the "cut of the pie," it would be an error for the protagonists to become embroiled again in their postwar debate as to who was to blame for inflation. At that time they blackguarded each other, when the truth was that the pent-up consumer demand of the war years had created the basis for what is now recognized by many economists as demand inflation. To find the culprit today one would have to look into the farm sector—food prices are important—and what effect government monetary and fiscal policies have had on the economy.

In 1965, gross farm income totaled $44.4 billion, and realized a net farm income estimated at $14.1 billion. Direct government payments to farmers, or more exactly to the farm industry, were about $2.5 billion. (This prosperity does not reach down to the 4 million-plus farm people whose gross incomes are much lower than $5,000 annually and most of whom are classified as living in poverty. The plight of the agricultural workers, dramatized by the march in Texas and the long strike in the vineyards of California, did enlist the support of sections of the union movement, but a long fight lies ahead before unionism extends its beachheads among these dispossessed.)

And what kind of profits are the large middlemen making? Are rises in farm prices justified, or does government policy contain a large element of "political pay-off" to the farm lobbies? Farmers paid 4 per cent more for what they bought last year, but the price of commodities they sold increased 9 per cent.

As for government monetary and fiscal policy, there is evidence that devices like raising interest rates have not succeeded in checking inflation, but have priced many potential home buyers from the market (housing starts are declining to a rate of about 1 million annually from a high of more than 1.5 million). High-profit industries have not cared much about higher interest; they can afford it.

The inflationary pressures have come from business investment in plant and equipment and from increased defense spending. Although President Johnson has urged industry to restrain investment, his failure over the past year to touch the special 7 per cent tax depreciation allowances has encouraged business to intensify investment. Now the question is: can action still be taken on that front, or are bigger taxes needed?

The real cost of the war, in terms of federal purchases of goods and services, has been hidden in the comfortable

statistic that these expenditures for "national defense" were only 7.5 per cent of the gross national product in 1965, and are estimated to increase to only 7.6 per cent in 1966 and 1967. But this is pressure placed on top of an already boom situation.

The added commitment in Vietnam and its economic consequences were predicted by *Fortune* in April, in an article entitled: "The Vietnam War: A Cost Accounting":

> But the war, it appears, will get bigger. U.S. Senators who know what the defense department witnesses say in closed Congressional hearings have predicted a U.S. buildup to 400,000 and more. General William C. Westmoreland, the U.S. Commander in Vietnam, has reportedly requested a buildup to 400,000 by the end of December. With that many U.S. Servicemen in South Vietnam, the cost of the war would run to $21 billion a year — even more if bombing and tactical air support is increased in proportion to the buildup on the ground.
>
> At any such level, the Vietnam war would bring on economic strains beyond what most economists appear to foresee and beyond what makers of public policy appear to be anticipating.

On June 6, *The Wall Street Journal* made a similar analysis: "The economic effects of Vietnam seem to have reached a stage where any change that takes place in the degree of U.S. involvement could prove disruptive. . . ."

With industry running close to full capacity, the demands for military hardware have priority in already critical materials like copper and textiles, and goods of all sorts are likely to be in short supply for the consumer. This will automatically drive up prices (the cost of clothing, for example, is up 7 per cent) and create an inflationary pressure. Shortages continue to mount. What is really happening to the economy was reported in *The Wall Street Journal* on July 13:

> Defense contract awards, which ran to $27.4 billion in the fiscal year ended in mid-1965, probably reached $36 billion in the year completed June 30. Though they're tentatively scheduled to drop to $34 billion in the new fiscal year just begun, few in the Pentagon now think they will. Estimates range from $36 billion to $40 billion if the pace of the war accelerates significantly. . . .
>
> As a result of this speedup, total defense expenditures last fiscal year probably topped $55 billion, compared with the $54.2 billion predicted in January. And the $58.3 billion budget estimate for fiscal 1967, too, seems certain to be eclipsed. One reason is that the budget submitted in January assumed arbitrarily that the Viet Nam war would end by June 30, 1967 — which few people in the Pentagon believe will happen.
>
> Already major "hardware" with long lead-times, such as aircraft, is being ordered for delivery beyond that date. Thus spending now is expected to climb beyond the $60 billion mark in the new fiscal year. . . .
>
> Along with higher spending, increased disruption of the civilian economy seems certain. A wide variety of industries is having trouble getting materials and equipment: Rope, telephone cable, textiles, forgings and castings, electronic equipment and machine tools are in short supply or subject to long delivery delays. Anthony A. Bertsch, assistant administrator of the Commerce Department's Business and Defense Services Administration (BDSA), forecasts "selective disruption" of the civilian economy in the months ahead.

The victims of inflation are in the main poor people, pensioners and people with fixed incomes, notably lower salaried personnel. It is not surprising, then, that teachers, nurses and government employees have revolted against this burden. Strikes, threats of strikes, mass resignations and other forms of pressures have been manifestations in 1966 of the unrest in the white-collar sector of the economy. In a sense, the vigor of the American Federation of Teachers in recent times—winning contracts and growing to about 125,000 members—is a white-collar analogy to the arrival of the CIO on the industrial front during the middle 1930s. The example of the CIO revitalized sections of the AFL; the teachers' union has already succeeded in transforming its rival, the National Education Association, into a semi-union, bargaining, threatening sanctions, and otherwise being forced into competition for teachers' loyalties as an instrument of protection in an inflationary period. Government employee unions now number about 1.5 million members.

Collective bargaining in one form or other is here to stay in the public sector, and given the shortage of teachers, nurses and other public servants, the white-collar groups enjoy today some of the economic power formerly reserved to skilled labor. A case in point is the AFT strike in Ecorse, Mich., where 194 teachers were fired for striking at the end of the spring semester. By August, the board of education had realized that replacements were impossible to find, and the union settled on terms better than it had originally demanded. Nurses in San Francisco discovered the power in mass resignations, and somehow money was found to meet their needs.

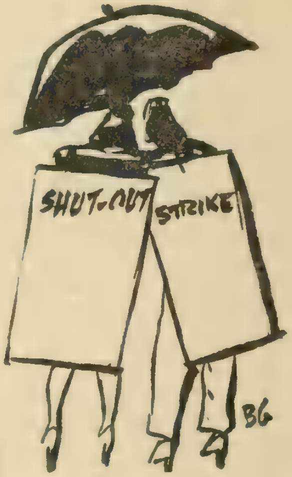
The growth of unionism in this new area has somewhat alarmed the Washington Establishment. James Reston referred to the government's misgivings in the September 4 *New York Times*: "Unfortunately, the feeling in official circles here is that the leaders in the newer unions organizing and bargaining for the airline workers, the retail workers, the teachers and other government employes are not outstanding, and that the older and more responsible leaders of the AFL-CIO have little influence over them, and have not been able to provide for the transition to the new generation of national labor union leaders who will have to take over from Mr. Meany in the AFL-CIO."

The real problem for labor leaders is somewhat different. The role of "labor statesmen," so much admired in newspaper editorials, no longer has quite its old appeal for men who remember what happened to David J. McDonald, labor statesman par excellence, and who note that George Burdon, president of the Rubber Workers union has just lost his job. The recent White House dinner for 100 labor leaders did succeed in improving relations between President Johnson and his guests, but few of the labor leaders present would have forgotten how many previous White House guests no longer run their unions. The increasing intrusion of the rank and file into union affairs gives substance to the definition of a labor statesman as a labor leader who has retired.

The fear of union democracy was well illustrated in a *New York Times* interview with William E. Simkin, director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service: "Mr. Simkin gives 'some credence to the fears of union leaders,' that Congress, in passing the Landrum-Griffin Act to restore more democracy to unionism and curb bossism, went too far in the other direction of encouraging rebel movements."

On the contrary, it seems to me that the recent Steelworkers' convention again demonstrated that a solid union leadership which genuinely respects the rank and file, as does the new regime of I. W. Abel, is a far superior implement for welding an effective organization than were the traditional attitudes of fear, contempt and iron-handed rule. The convention of the International Union of Electrical Workers, under its new president Paul Jennings, fortifies that opinion. The view-with-alarm school also forgets the high degree of correlation that has prevailed between dictatorially run unions and the incidence of racketeering and corruption.

In another important area of concern—the effect of trade unions on the civil rights struggle—it is difficult not to remain a pessimist. Although the AFL-CIO officially uses its limited influence to support social legislation, there is little suggestion of anything but an increasing strain between the Negro communities and the unions. Currently, there are an estimated 250,000 apprentices in the one-to-four-year programs in which unions are involved, and if one makes the generous estimate that 10 per cent of these young people are Negroes, about 25,000 Negroes may gain entry into unions via that route. At a time when Negro unemployment is at almost 9 per cent, and Negro youth unemployment at about 31 per cent, the apprentice entries are a tiny dent in a massive problem.



The failure of the NAACP to nominate Walter P. Reuther to its board of directors is eloquent evidence of the new estrangement between Negro organizations and unions. Reuther's record on racial issues is far superior to that of anyone else in the trade union hierarchy, and the NAACP can hardly be categorized as "black nationalist." At the Labor Day rally in Detroit Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, bluntly criticized large segments of the labor movement for failing to rally to the Negro's cause.

A staunch friend of unions, Msgr. George G. Higgins, director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference's Social Action Department, added his warning: "Too many labor leaders and too many members of the rank and file have yet to grasp the depth and passion of the present racial crisis. As a result, there is, unfortunately, a growing rift between organized labor and the Negro community." How deeply the "white backlash" has penetrated the union ranks can be better estimated when the current election returns have been analyzed.

Although Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and his organization retain close ties with the Reuther forces, it is openly acknowledged in Washington that many union officers are deeply disturbed by the Negro leader's activities in Chicago and other Northern cities. They feel that he creates new political difficulties. A common complaint, for example, was that he hurt the re-election chances of Sen. Paul Douglas by his Chicago demonstrations. The assumption seems to be that King has other options, though no one suggests what they might be.

Unless there is a dramatic shift in the war in Vietnam—a bigger war promises wartime restrictions on labor and management, and peace would introduce the problems of reconversion—all signs point to increasingly difficult labor disputes. A new breed of rank and filers confronts union leaders and their management counterparts in negotiations. The social composition of the work force is changing. The young strikers in the airlines defended their demands far more eloquently than did the CIO militants of the thirties who hated the open-shop industrial relations system, and wanted a union of their own choice. Those shock troops of a generation ago are gone or are disappearing. The young workers want results on a rising scale of expectations: salaries for blue-collar workers, guaranteed annual wages, cost of living "escalator clauses," annual gains. Making good on these issues, rather than reminders of the struggles and sacrifices of the past, is the criterion for a growing body of blue-collar workers who were not even born at the outbreak of World War II. This social factor, added to the economic impact of the war, augurs troubles in the major negotiations ahead.

Any tendency to discount these signs should have been stopped by the aftermath of the recent negotiations between General Electric and the International Union of Electrical Workers, supported by other concerned unions. Even though the package came to a 5 per cent increase (again mocking the 3.2 per cent guideline), the ranks were not satisfied, and a series of local strikes were settled only with Taft-Hartley injunctions and great leadership skill.

With certain modifications, one can also agree with this blunt statement of Walter Reuther: "Look, I'll level with you. Organized labor is in deep trouble. I could give you a story that would make headlines across the country; I could tell you things that would blow organized labor apart. But I'm not going to do it." Events of the past two years suggest that organized labor's leaders may well be "blown apart" by the ferment, unrest, exposures and weaknesses at the top. But unionism itself is too deeply integrated into the industrial relations systems for anyone to talk seriously of its demise. Union revenue and income, the fact that 90 per cent of agreements are signed peacefully and for two- and three-year periods, and a public policy which recognizes the right to organize and bargain, even when restricted by state and federal laws—these factors make certain that trade unions will play a permanent, if inadequate, role on the American scene.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Yevtushenko and the Underground Poets

SIMON KARLINSKY

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The more one studies the Symbolist-Acmeist-Futurist creative explosion in Russian poetry of the first three decades of our century, the more staggered one is by its total scope and accomplishment. By the early 1930s, that great age was forcibly brought to an end by what in retrospect amounts to a governmental ban on all creativity and imagination. While Mayakovsky was being acclaimed *the* great Soviet poet and his work nationalized; while Pasternak was being decried by the Soviet press for his uniqueness and individuality, no younger poet was any longer allowed to try to equal the stylistic daring and modernity of either of these two. Victorian-age poetic techniques, themes and styles were brought back, proclaimed the latest word, and institutionalized as the only possible way for Socialist-Realist poetry, whereupon all Russian poetry worthy of the name ceased until after Stalin's death. As Boris Slutsky, a poet who survived the Stalinist period, described the plight of Russian poetry during those years:

> *Only yesterday she was on the run,*
> *Wringing her hands in terror.*
> *Only yesterday she was on the executioner's block*
> *For perhaps the tenth time.*

Since 1956, however, there has been a definite poetic revival in the Soviet Union. Within the country, the most striking development of the past decade is the grudging recognition now granted to the great Russian poets of the early 20th century and, most important, the partial availability of their work. The recognition and availability are limited and subject to certain carefully observed ideological rules, but with all that, the really momentous phenomenon in Russian poetry of the past ten years is that the poems of Anna Akhmatova, Boris Pasternak, Marina Cvetaeva, Velimir Khlebnikov, Nikolai Zabolotsky and, most recently, Andrei Belyi can actually be read, after decades of suppression, vilification and officially imposed oblivion. But at least a dozen of other major poets who were exiled, condemned to silence or physically destroyed by the Soviet regime (Kuzmin, Gumilev, Mandelshtam, Zinaida Gippius, Viacheslav Ivanov, Khodasevich, to name a few) have not yet been republished and are still treated very gingerly in the Soviet press and scholarship.

Outside the Soviet Union, the younger post-Stalinist poets have been making the biggest news. The international attention now attracted by Yevtushenko and Voznesensky is nothing short of phenomenal. Their poetry is read in translation and acclaimed by thousands of young Europeans and Americans for whom Akhmatova and Pasternak were merely names, and who probably had never heard of Mandelshtam or Cvetaeva or Zabolotsky. This situation is paradoxical: the reverse would be for a generation of Russian readers who had never heard of Yeats or T.S. Eliot or Auden or Marianne Moore suddenly to acclaim Allen Ginsberg as the first significant English-language poet since Whitman and Wilde. But this situation is also the sign of the times. The fact is that Yevtushenko and Voznesensky represent two of the possible options that a Russian poet has today. Examining the respective situations and accomplishments of these poets and contrasting them to the alternative options, exemplified by such poets as Bulat Okudzhava, Iosif Brodsky and Nikolai Morshen, may perhaps throw light on the actual state of Russian poetry.

Antiworlds: Poetry by Andrei Voznesensky. Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Basic Books. 120 pp. $4.95.

The New Russian Poets 1953 to 1966. An Anthology, Selected, Edited and Translated by George Reavey. Bilingual Edition. October House. 292 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.95.

Yevtushenko Poems. Authorized translation by Herbert Marshall. Bilingual edition. E. P. Dutton & Co. 191 pp. $4.50.

Voznesensky: Selected Poems. Authorized Translation, with Introduction and Notes, by Herbert Marshall. Hill and Wang. 129 pp. $4.50.

Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky. Translated and with an Introduction by Anselm Hollo. Grove Press. 107 pp. $1.95 paper.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko. *Selections from The Bratsk Hydroelectric Station and Other Poems*. Translated by Bernard L. Koten. New World Review. 48 pp. $1 paper.

Iosif Brodsky. *Selected Poetry*. (In Russian.) Inter-Language Literary Associates. 239 pp. $2.25 paper.

Nikolai Morshen. Poems in *The New Review*. Nos. 82 and 83. (In Russian.)

Bulat Okudzhava Sings His Songs. (In Russian.) 12" record, recorded and pressed for ARFA by RCA-Victor Custom Records Division. $4.50.

Bulat Okudzhava. "Lots of Luck, Kid!" Translated by Robert Szulkin, in *Pages From Tarusa*. Andrew Field, editor. Little, Brown and Co. 367 pp. $7.50.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko is undoubtedly the biggest name in Soviet poetry today. There has not been such a matinee idol in Russian poetry since the days when Igor Severianin used to recite his Ego-Futuristic poems to audiences on the eve of World War I. Despite Yevtushenko's vehement denials, there is an unmistakable kinship: he shares Severianin's penchant for a pseudo-elegant foreign vocabulary and has on occasion the same sure-fire sentimentality and the same facile and bouncy optimism. He also possesses Severianin's theatrical flair. To hear Yevtushenko recite his versified editorials is a spellbinding experience. But deprived of the author's delivery and reduced to a printed page, his poems inevitably disappoint.

Yevtushenko's main strength is in being topical. Such poems as "Babi Yar," "The Ballad on Poaching," the still unpublished "Letter to Esenin" and the recent, dreadfully maudlin "Italian Tears" can state the thoughts and attitudes of the younger Soviet generation in ways that could not be safely printed in the Soviet Union unless dressed up as verse. There is an obvious analogy in this with the czarist Russia of the 1860s: Nekrasov's verse and Chernyshevsky's literary criticism also had ways of bringing up certain "burning issues" otherwise too hot to be aired publicly. Considering the role his poetry plays within the present-day Soviet society, Yevtushenko's success and fame at home are both understandable and well deserved. But when his foreign admirers accept his mixture of grandstand histrionics and mawkish sentiment as a major poetic utterance of our age, there is evidence of a total misunderstanding of what poetry is all about.

Yevtushenko can be admired for his editorial daring; the daring of Andrei Voznesensky is largely stylistic and thematic. His poetry tries to be frankly original and unabashedly imaginative—two qualities that are of course essential for any true poetry, but which were considered grave sins in Stalin's era. Voznesensky, more than any other young Soviet poet, also brings back the emphasis on the verbal aspects of the poet's craft. His strident assonances, out-of-control alliteration and overly insistent play on verbal stems are all borrowed from his great predecessors Khlebnikov, Pasternak and Marina Cvetaeva, who used such devices, however, both with more restraint and greater expressive effect. But these poets are dead, while Andrei Voznesensky is alive and celebrated and, besides, Soviet poetry can certainly use a transfusion of technical originality, whatever the source. A far more talented and accomplished poet than Yevtushenko, Voznesensky shares with him a certain provincial limitation of outlook and the habit of interspersing his more daring efforts with more conventional or even conformist utterances on the standard themes of official Soviet poetry: the greatness of the Russian people, the tenderness and affection inspired in the poet by Lenin's name, and the horrors of American militarism, Western decadence and the FBI. When Mayakovsky treated similar themes back in the 1920s, there was no doubt that they represented his actual convictions; in Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, whatever their feelings may be, the reader gets the inevitable Soviet clichés which all Soviet writers (and especially those allowed to travel abroad) have been required to reiterate *ad nauseam* for the past thirty years.

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VOL. X, NO. [illegible] FALL 1966

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For the third most popular Russian poet now writing, Bulat Okudzhava, freedom from the compulsory cliché has become *the* crucial freedom within the context of Soviet literature. Although he has published several slim volumes of verse, Okudzhava is primarily a *chansonnier* in the French tradition. The effect of his poems depends equally on the melodies he composes for them and on his own subdued and intimate delivery. The most original and popular of his songs were not included in his published collections; nor are they commercially available on Soviet-made records. But privately made tapes of Okudzhava's songs enjoy an enormous circulation in the Soviet Union, and no party in Moscow or Leningrad has been complete without them for the past five years. The recording recently released in this country contains some of his best-known pieces. A good half of the songs included represent underground poetry.

The concept of literature, including poetry, as a lesson or a sermon has always been central to Soviet culture. In his minor and modest way, Okudzhava now revives the opposite, nondidactic concept of art, stemming in the Russian tradition from Pushkin and Chekhov. His songs simply show or describe things as he sees them and his attitude to his subject matter is contained within his manner. He can also be quite refreshingly irreverent. His *Paper Soldier* treats the whole notion of military heroics, Soviet or otherwise, as absurd (the same kind of scoffing in Okudzhava's amusing novella "Lots of Luck, Kid!" was literally horrifying to the orthodox Soviet critics).

Another Okudzhava song tells of water-front prostitutes and of some Soviet sailors who are frightened to go out to sea. Prostitution is not indicted, the sailors' cowardice is neither defended nor condemned—there is an implied presupposition of an adult audience that has outgrown Sunday school. Okudzhava's *The Midnight Trolley* has particularly irked the orthodox Soviet mentality. The hero of this song tells of his remedy against loneliness and acute depression: take the midnight trolley in Moscow and sit in it next to others who have also experienced shipwreck in the night. Neither Lenin, nor the great Russian people are evoked. Instead:

Who would have thought that there
is so much kindness
In silence. In silence.

Quietly, unobtrusively, Okudzhava brings back the things that are most inimical to the Soviet brand of Socialist-Realistic aesthetics: a detached irony, freedom to be either optimistic or pessimistic, depending on the subject at hand, and, at times, a genuine sense of human tragedy. His refusal to take out insurance in the form of occasional reiteration of official clichés is apparently what makes some of his most popular work unpublishable in the Soviet Union to this day. Other younger Soviet poets who have come into prominence in the past decade—Bella Akhmadulina, Yevgeny Vinokurov, Viktor Bokov, Novella Matveeva—do take out such insurance. The remaining alternatives for a Russian poet today is to publish clandestinely in the Soviet Union (and perhaps to send his work to be published abroad at great personal risk) or to be an *émigré* poet.

Shortly before her death, Anna Akhmatova stated in several interviews that today's important and lasting Russian poetry does not appear in the official press and is unknown abroad. (See "Akmatova: Tragic Queen Anna" by Alexander Werth, *The Nation,* Aug. 22.) The underground poetry Akhmatova had in mind has a minuscule circulation in the Soviet Union in mimeographed publications, the very names of which constitute a challenge to what is officially acceptable: *Syntax* (an open invitation to a charge of formalism), *Sphynxes* (an assertion of the mystery of poetic creation) and *Phoenix* (a rebirth of poetry from the ashes). In these privately circulated publications (some of which have been reprinted *in toto* in a West German *émigré* journal), young and unknown poets can achieve a full measure of freedom from the ideological fetters and can write in any style about anything they please. Their stylistic inspiration comes for the most part from Khlebnikov's experiments with language of some fifty years ago; Marina Cvetaeva (who committed suicide in 1941 after her voluntary return from exile) and Nikolai Gumilev (shot for counterrevolutionary activities in 1921) are objects of a cult. The poetry in these little journals is by no means great, and it is even rarely good, but it *is* fresh and free in the way Yevtushenko's is not.

The most notable poet to have so far emerged from these clandestine publications is Iosif Brodsky, who became famous after the Soviet authorities put him on trial for being a "parasite" and a "sponger." The transcript of his trial, published in the West, left no doubt that what was really indicted in Brodsky's person was the whole notion of writing socially useless poetry. After being sentenced to five years at hard labor, and spending almost two years carting manure in a remote northern area, Brodsky was quietly released this year. A piece of poetry he has written since his release has just reached the West; it is a cycle of poems dedicated to the memory of T. S. Eliot. A selection of Brodsky's poems, most of which appeared in Soviet underground journals, was published in 1965 by the Inter-Language Literary Associates, Washington, D. C. Brodsky's poetry is uneven, often murky and verbose, but at its best it has a seriousness and a profundity no other Soviet poet can match. He uses surrealistic imagery freely, his acknowledged foreign influences—John Donne and Eliot—are not on any Soviet approved list; and if Okudzhava's jaunty songs admit only a possibility of a tragic view of life, Brodsky's brooding elegies are at times permeated with an oppressive sense of doom which only the eternal values of art and nature are allowed to overcome.

The best present-day Russian poetry is not produced by any of the four by now internationally famous poets discussed so far. Since the death of Anna Akhmatova, the finest living Russian poet is a man whose poetry is known to perhaps a few hundred people at most. His name is Nikolai Morshen. In originality of content, profundity, literary culture and craftsmanship, neither Voznesensky nor Brodsky can even touch his work. Morshen has been publishing for over a decade, yet his name remains virtually unknown in the Soviet Union. It is all a question of the peculiar role of geography in modern Russian literature. St.-John Perse or Thomas Mann could reside in America and maintain their positions in their respective literatures. But a modern Russian writer who leaves his country inevitably loses not only his Russian audience but any claim to international attention.

Nikolai Morshen, the most important

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of several interesting Russian *émigré* poets now active in the West, left Russia as a very young man during World War II, and lives at present in Monterey, Calif. His one small book of verse was published in West Germany in 1959. Entitled *The Seal*, the book uses this pinniped mammal, with its breathing hole in the Arctic ice, as the central metaphor for the collection, whose theme is the situation of a restless and inquisitive intellectual in an environment of totalitarian orthodoxy. Since the publication of *The Seal*, Morshen's poetry has been steadily growing in scope and stature. This year he has published in the New York-based Russian literary journal *The New Review* two sets of poems which clearly place him in the front rank of 20th-century Russian poets. Influenced initially by Mandelshtam, Pasternak and Zabolotsky, and later by Teilhard de Chardin, Morshen has more recently matured into a wholly original poet, unlike any other in Russian literature. His latest poetry draws on completely new areas of human thought (cybernetics and paleontology, for example); the elegance of his verbal texture, which is light years away from the strident pyrotechnics of a Voznesensky, is comparable to the best of Pasternak; a recent poem in which the grasses and weeds of the North American wilderness are made to recite a tiny anthology of classical Russian poetry is a tour de force of truly dazzling proportions. There is no doubt that a large and enthusiastic audience awaits Morshen's poetry in the Soviet Union, should it be made available there (at which time, presumably, translators into other languages will also deign to notice it).

In the meantime, there is a veritable flood of English translations of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. Anselm Hollo's versions of Voznesensky, inexplicably endorsed by the poet himself and now available in paperback, are a particularly blatant example of that all too frequent recent phenomenon, translation of Russian literature by guesswork. Knowing the language only sketchily and apparently not wishing to use a dictionary, Hollo translates "hunting hound" as "rodent"; "Ah, those home-grown Iagos!" as "O they are hothouse flowers"; and "Poetesses hasten to become market-women" *("Poètessy begut v lotosvicy")* as "And the poet-girls, running, running . . . / Toward the trembling black grove." Whenever the text gets too idiomatic for comfort, Hollo simply drops the passage and develops an earlier or later phrase. He throws in Anglo-Saxon obscenities or French words, apparently just for the hell of it, when there is not the slightest pretext for them in Voznesensky's Russian original. At times he totally misses the point of an entire poem.

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Compared to Hollo's "translations," even Herbert Marshall's versions of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky look well. But the improvement is only relative. Marshall understands many more Russian words and he tries to convey something of Voznesensky's style and verbal structure. But as an English stylist, Marshall is naive, to say the least, and he, too, has considerable difficulties with the Russian idiom. Voznesensky's introduction to his "Triangular Pear" begins: "I am writing a work of major proportions, with a plot. It is about 'the discovery of America.'" Marshall's rendition of this is: "I am working on a big thematic subject: 'About the Discovery of America.'" (Hollo's version of the passage is: "I am working on a great theme: the discovery of America.")

Marshall's own wildly ungrammatical Russian sentences, quoted by him in his largely irrelevant introduction to the Voznesensky volume leave no doubt how ill equipped he is to translate anything at all from that language. Copious footnotes have been supplied by Marshall for both the Yevtushenko and the Voznesensky volumes, and the only word for some of them is "unbelievable." Natasha Rostova, in a footnote appended to a spectacularly garbled and misunderstood Yevtushenko passage, is described as a character from Tolstoy's "great novel *Anna Karenina*" (*Yevtushenko Poems*, p. 149), while the Queen of Sheba and Bathsheba, mentioned in Voznesensky's "Ballad of Work" are left in their Russian transcriptions and helpfully identified by Marshall as "A Tsarina of Russia, patron of the arts, of whom many portraits were painted," and "A lake in Estonia," respectively *(Voznesensky: Selected Poems*, p. 115).

Fragments from Yevtushenko's long epic "The Bratsk Hydroelectric Station" have been translated by Bernard L. Koten. (How odd that this sprawling, verbose opus should become available in some three English translations, while such authentic masterpieces of Russian 20th-century narrative poetry as Belyi's "First Rendez-Vous," Cvetaeva's "Poem of the End" and Zabolotsky's "Triumph of Agriculture," to name a few, still remain untranslated.) Coten worked with greater care than Marshall, in whose volume this poem is also partly represented. At least Coten conveys the meaning of the title, while Marshall's equivalent, "Bratsky GES," makes no sense in English and throws the gender agreement of Yevtushenko's Russian title out of kilter. But Coten, alas, also has his vocabulary trouble (Yevtushenko speaks of Lermontov's "bilious gaze," which Coten renders as "bitter vision") and as poetry, even on Yevtushenko's level of the term, Coten's translation is often plodding and uninspired.

The same has to be said, unfortunately, of the translations in George Reavey's anthology, though Reavey's are on a far superior level than the grotesqueries of Hollo or Marshall. In addition to the inevitable Yevtushenko, Reavey's book offers a sampling of Voznesensky, Brodsky, Okudzhava, the underground poet Galanskov, the witty and whimsical Novella Matveeva (her least typical work, it seems) and a few others, but all of them somehow emerge flat and unrewarding in English, with Okudzhava, stripped of his direct and laconic manner and relentlessly explicated to the full, faring about the worst. Whatever one can say about the new post-Stalinist Soviet poets, one thing is certain: they deserve better from their English translators.

Voznesensky, for one, does get better (and then some) in the unusual volume *Antiworlds*, edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. The contrast between this volume and the others mentioned is dazzling. Not only have Voznesensky's poems been translated by those who have understood all his Russian words and who have no problems with Russian idiom or syntax (an elementary requirement, of course, though it is rarely met these days), but most of the poems in this volume stand up remarkably well as English poetry. In fact, the paradoxical fault of *Antiworlds*, if regarded as a set of translations, is that the results are too spectacularly good. Put into English by the likes of W. H. Auden, Robert Lowell (who on this occasion, for once, was given reliable trots) and Richard Wilbur, Voznesensky loses the naive and provincial tone he often has in Russian, sheds his often crude and overemphatic alliteration, and indeed becomes the kind of poet he undoubtedly could be had he the literary culture and sophistication of his translators. But this is probably mere carping. Everybody who contributed to *Antiworlds* is to be congratulated (Voznesensky on his good fortune). Is it too much to hope that a similar venture may be organized by the editors to furnish an equally successful English volume of Mandelshtam or Cvetaeva or Khodasevich or Zabolotsky?

Familiars of Death

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger served as art critic of the New Statesman *for ten years and is now a regular contributor to* New Society *(London). His most recent published work is* Success and Failure of Picasso *(Penguin).*

It is five years ago that I first saw the sculpture of Ernst Neizvestny in Moscow and first wrote about it. Since then he has developed very considerably as an artist, and what were then predictions are today certainties. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to suppose that his most important works—according to the very high standards which he has set himself—are still to come. Whether or not they are created depends upon whether he is granted the space and time in which to work slowly and calmly. He is now a fully mature artist who can no longer be content with sketches and indications. The critical question is not that of a reputation: but whether the genius of Ernst Neizvestny is fully expressed in works or remains only a challenge.

It would be an exaggeration to say that he was neckless: but Neizvestny's head seems to be part of his body. His body is short, broad and expressive of extraordinary energy. You remember his shoulders and chest as you remember another person's forehead or jaw. One of the shapes that recur many times in his drawings and sculpture is that of an enlarged heart. As a result of a heart attack several years ago, he himself is said to have a "weak" heart, yet considering the pace at which he still lives and works, it must have been an unusually tough organ to begin with.

It is difficult for him to stay still. He sleeps only a few hours at night. Very little passes him by. On a practical level he is almost excessively observant. This observation combined with his intelligence and organizing ability might have made him a remarkable soldier or politician. As it is, his art has curiously little to do with what he observes directly. His art is the creature of his own physical existence. Not in any hedonist sense. It is as though the structure of his imagination had been formed to demonstrate the severe truth—that being conditions consciousness. It is via his own body—as we shall notice later—that he has become a spokesman for his country and age.

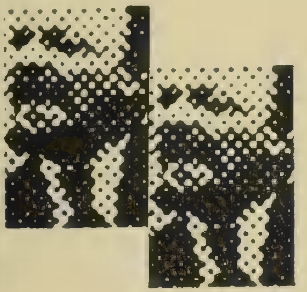
He was born in 1926. On his official papers it says 1925. This is because he lied about his age when he applied to join the army in the Second World War. His father is a successful doctor and his mother is a scientist and writer. They live in the Urals where Ernst was brought up as a child. It was an area where there were many exiles both of the anti-Communist and Communist intelligentsia. He grew up in an atmosphere of intellectual tension.

"My war began in early childhood, and it hasn't stopped. I have always had the feeling of being in the front line. Now I've reached the point where I feel really well only when I'm under stress. But of course today it could be the stress of work. . . ."

In 1942, he joined the army, aged 16. He became a lieutenant in command of a platoon of commandos. They were dropped behind the German lines. Part of a poem that he wrote at that time has the documentary value of a soldier's letter. Neizvestny would today make little claim for the poem as such. But it illuminates something about his later attitude as an artist. All his sculptural figures are familiars of death. They are the very antithesis to, say, the "deathless" figures of Maillol. Neizvestny talks of there having to be a dialogue within each figure. All imitation classic art he dismisses as a monologue. And of dialogues none is deeper than that implied by the following:

A lull. They fell in clusters.
Fell asleep instantly erased by fatigue.
The living and the corpses embracing.
  In blood.
No disgust. Soon we'll all be dead.
Anyone here? Get up — it's Reveille.
Unfamiliar faces. Blue.
Anyone from the Second Storm
  Battalion still alive?
On your feet. There's fun ahead.
The corpses getting up? How strange.

PATTERNS OF SOVIET THOUGHT



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I thought the living ones were over there. . . .

Soon after, Neizvestny was severely wounded in the chest and in the back, and left for dead. Twenty years later he was awarded the Order of the Red Star for his part in that battle. In the intervening twenty years no one had made the connection between Lieutenant Neizvestny, missing, presumed dead, and a notorious sculptor.

Yet the connection could not have been more fundamental. Neizvestny's sculptural figures, familiars of death, express at the same time endurance, pain and the will to survive. They allude to an experience of time probably known only to those who have been given up for dead. Tolstoy's famous passage about Prince Andrey lying on his back at Austerlitz describes the same truth. Prince Andrey thinks: "How was it that I did not see that sky before? And how happy I am to have found it at last!"

Neizvestny's work is concerned with the following chain: Time = Change = Pain = Endurance = Release = Arrival = Time. The less experienced would expect to find Departure instead of Arrival. The chain can be interpreted in terms of survival or creation, in terms of living or the sexual act.

After the war Neizvestny studied philosophy as well as art in Moscow. It was at this time that he first read the early Marx—and, later, Gramsci. He wrote a paper on the nature of Fascist art, which led him to study the beginnings of Nazism in Germany. He came to the conclusion that the early Nazis had learned a good deal from *émigré* members of the Russian Black Hundreds: the prototype Fascist organization first formed in the 1860s, backed by the big landlords, incidentally anti-Semitic, and operating as a force of intimidation against the liberation of the serfs. During his childhood Neizvestny had met men who had been latter-day members of the Black Hundreds. It is an absurd understatement to call Neizvestny's lifetime—our lifetime—a period of transition. It is a period of revolutionary transformation. But in the visual arts the implications of this have generally not been understood.

Neizvestny worked as an assistant to various sculptors and as a mason. One of the most eminent of the official sculptors for whom he worked—modeling the boots on some gigantic monument to Stalin—noticed that his assistant tended to be independent-minded, and tried to warn him: "The secret of success is to do what *they* tell you. To try to go against *their* wishes—believe me—is like trying to pee against the wind."

Fifteen years and many events later

REPORT TO THE BLUE GUARD

the problem: to remember
the dreams of the day
to report
to the blue guard
on the bridge

and i will forget
tonight again
and lie in the sun pits
uninterrogated
painted many colors

far below the bridge
standing on the bridge
with the blue guard
smoking
swaying

ROBERT HERSHON

the same sculptor made a proposition to Neizvestny: "Look, why can't we be friends? We're the two strongest men in the field, we should arrange things together." Neizvestny laughed. "You're a member of the Academy," he said. "You have the army behind you and an honorary rank of general, you have a vast studio, a large car, a dacha, a marble bathroom, you get continuous commissions, and you have the illusion that you're strong."

In the late 1950s Neizvestny began to work by himself and to acquire a widespread unofficial reputation—more especially among the young—as an artist who was different and would make no concessions. The fact that he was a sculptor and not a painter or poet was highly significant: more significant at that time, perhaps, than the quality of his work, which was still somewhat hesitant—in the sense of being formally somewhat inexperienced.

There was already a large tradition of writers and painters working "privately": their work was usually highly personal, lyrical or contemplative (e.g., Pasternak in literature or Falk in painting). Their privacy tended to be preserved by a veil of some kind of mysticism.

Neizvestny, however, was challenging the official record in one of the least private, the most public, branches of art—sculpture. Furthermore, he was prepared to argue for his work by virtue of its monumental, its social function. This was not another quietist withdrawal. He was contesting the right of Soviet sculpture, as it was generally being practiced, to its own claims.

The challenge carried with it its own dangers. To write poems you need a notebook in a park. To paint pictures you need a room and some paints such as you can buy in a shop. To make sculpture you need stone or wood or bronze, a foundry and a studio. The only access to any of these in the Soviet Union is through official channels which are controlled either by the Academy of Arts or the Union of Artists.

Neizvestny was forced to find himself an unused shop which he had no right to use as a studio, and to buy his materials illegally on the black market. (A little later he gained one official commission—to build a wall of sculptural relief for a pioneers' camp in the Crimea.) For a large part of his time he was now occupied with what—according to the letter of the law—was his own illegal work, bronze figures—mostly consequential to war. The contradictions of a man working with the conscience of a public artist—as distinct from an idiosyncratic nonconformist—being forced to become a petty criminal, helps to explain the drama of the next sequence of events.

The confrontation between Khrushchev and Neizvestny in November, 1962, is well known, but in order to understand its meaning one must correct a frequent illusion about the struggle concerning the arts in the USSR. It is not a simple struggle between a Philistine political leadership and a group of constrained artists. There are certain powerful voices on the Central Committee who are in favor of experimental art. So far as the visual arts are concerned, the greatest single obstacle to change lies in the power of the majority of well-established artists who dominate *all* policy decisions in order to defend and maintain their own position of excessive privilege.

Among these privileged artists there are, of course, differences of attitude. The most successful are members of the Academy. The Union of Artists is mostly in the hands of "liberals," who oppose the Academy—up to the point when they, themselves, have the opportunity of being elected to the Academy—as a kind of licensed opposition. The former believe in serving the people with whom they share, at the very most, a sense of patriotism; the latter believe in their own artistic sensibilities which have so far been underestimated.

The enemy of progress in Moscow is not Philistinism but opportunism manipulating Philistinism.

The exhibition which Khrushchev greeted with shouts of "Dog shit! Filth! Disgrace! Who is responsible for this? Who is the leader?" had been specially assembled at the Manège Building so that Khrushchev and other members of the government might inspect it. In the room were most of the participating artists, who had labored all night to mount their works. Many of them were the young experimental artists whom Neizvestny has been encouraging for several years, both directly and indirectly. In style they range from Kinetic artists to those predominantly influenced by Surrealism and Dada. It might seem that he encourages anything nonconformist just because it is so. His reasoning is, in fact, far more responsible.

He recognizes the value in most recent innovations in art (and is, incidentally, very well informed about them) but, at the same time, he recognizes that their revelations, however genuine, are extremely narrow. He sees the crisis of art today as being epitomized by the inability of the artist to approach his work from any distance: such inability being caused, in the last analysis, by a sense of historical impotence. Consequently, he sees the need for a synthetic view which will both recognize and situate the innovations: a view which can only be born out of historical understanding.

In his shop there is a model for a "sculpture," a construction on a huge scale which people will cross like a park or enter like a building. Uncommissioned, as yet unaccepted, but taken seriously by a number of architects and philosophers, it is a project for the new scientific research town near Novosibirsk. In this,

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Neizvestny imagines artists of all styles being employed, but each section forming part of an overall sequence whose theme will be that of human thought examining its own history. Scale frightens no Russian, and so grandiosity, although it exists, is seldom thought of as a danger. "The new vulgarity," says Neizvestny, "is good taste."

It was Neizvestny who was pointed out to Khrushchev as the leader of the group. When Khrushchev started to shout again, Neizvestny shouted back: "You may be premier and chairman, but not here in front of my work. Here I am premier and we shall talk as equals."

The discussion which followed was extraordinary for the courage Neizvestny displayed. It went on for more than an hour, during which Neizvestny was accused of being a beatnik, a homosexual and a thief. In the end Khrushchev told him: "You are the kind of man I like. But there's an angel and a devil in you. If the angel wins, we can get along together. If it's the devil who wins, we shall destroy you."

A later investigation included an examination to test Neizvestny's sanity. The need for this may have arisen from Khrushchev's asking Neizvestny, some time after the Manège affair, how he could withstand for so long the pressure of the state. Neizvestny replied that there are certain bacteria—very small, soft ones—which can live in a super-saline solution such as would dissolve the foot of a rhinoceros. The doctors found him sane.

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The entire Manège incident will eventually be seen to be a turning point in the history of Soviet art. Partly as a result of Neizvestny's behavior, partly as a result of many other broader social and political developments, the existence of a new art was acknowledged and, despite all the threats, not forcibly suppressed.

But this is to take the long view. Meanwhile Neizvestny's working situation is the same as it was then. He is less threatened. But his art is as much hindered.

He has received no new commissions. All applications for the exhibition or sale of his works abroad are turned down by the appropriate committees, dominated by the established artists who, since he has so improbably survived, have become even more aware of the danger he may represent. One might ask why they should be so worried by one competitor—when the state spends about 50 million rubles a year on sculpture projects. But they realize that if his claim to be a sculptor was admitted, their own would soon be doubted, and a whole new generation of sculptors would then form behind him. This is—or so I am convinced—the basis of the arguments which overtly are about style, content and realism.

Neizvestny sells drawings and a few small sculptures privately to individuals—mostly to scientists of one sort or another. Occasionally a supporter at government level outflanks the artistic bureaucracy. Thus one of his sculptures was presented as a state gift to the President of Finland. Thus last year he was given permission to go and work for an international symposium in Yugoslavia. There, for the first time in his life, he was able to work unharassed in proper working conditions, for six weeks on end. He made two large stone carvings and numerous drawings on the theme of Dante's Inferno. With these he won first prizes. The prize money he was able to take back to the Soviet Union. But not a single word about this honor gained by a Soviet artist has yet been published in the Soviet press.

He continues to work in the unused shop. It is cramped and dark. Full of most of his life's work to date, the working space is now reduced to about 2 square yards. He still has to cast his own bronzes in an absurdly small and primitive furnace at the back of the shop. This means that any figure measuring more than about 2 feet has to be cast in several pieces. It also means that the quality of the casts is extremely rough. He must find his materials and any equipment he needs on the black market.

The disadvantages of these wretched conditions affect his work less drastically than they might another kind of artist. "I think, read, philosophize before working—and then work in an unthinking passion."

When he is modeling he depends far more on his sense of touch than on sight—hence the dinginess of the light and the cramped space are not insuperable difficulties. By laboriously having to do all his own casting he has found that he can often come nearest to his intentions by working directly on the sand molds, changing them radically, as compared to the original plaster models. "I can work from inside the body instead of from the outside, and what will be the exterior surface of the bronze feels no further from the center of me than my own skin."

Yet if an artist habitually works at this pitch of intensity, one must face the possibility that his working life may not be all that long, and then the use to which he can put his perhaps limited energy and time becomes critical.

Neizvestny continues to have to waste a great deal of both in order to improvise and organize for the minimum he needs in order to work at all. "In the last five years I've been able to spend about 15 per cent of my energy on sculpture."

If the situation does not change, the loss could still be tragic. Neizvestny may well be the first visual artist of genius born in the USSR since the revolution. Furthermore, he is a *Soviet* artist. This is not a case of an artist in an enclave, surrounded by a society with which he is out of sympathy, demanding the freedom to pursue his own art. The truth of this can be demonstrated, I think, by examining the general meaning and content of his work.

"He clove my breast with a sword, and plucked out my quivering heart, and thrust a coal of live fire into my gaping breast. Like a corpse I lay in the desert. And the voice of God called out to me: 'Arise, O prophet, see and hear, be filled with my will, go forth over land and sea, and set the hearts of man on fire with your word.' " This is a prose translation from a very famous poem by Pushkin (*Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, edited by Dimitri Obolensky) about the creation of a prophet. One of Neizvestny's most recent life-size figures is also entitled "The Prophet." It has a gaping breast and through it are thrust the man's own hands as though to grasp the "coal of live fire." I am not sure whether Neizvestny had the Pushkin poem in mind. Anyway the analogy is more general than that. The poem applies to all Neizvestny's work—and to certain aspects of his life too.

Sometimes Neizvestny calls all his recent figures "Prophets." He imagines them finally assembled together to form what he terms a "Gigantomachia." These prophets developed out of sculptures of "Machine-Men" and these in their turn developed out of figures of wounded soldiers and war victims.

The fundamental element in common among all these figures—also described in Pushkin's poem—is the substitution of a natural part by an unnatural, incongruous or artificial part. Among the early works there is a sculpture actually entitled "Man With Artificial Limb"; in the "Machine-Men," machine parts are absorbed by the body; in the prophets, parts are ripped out and reassembled. This is the mode—as we shall see—of Neizvestny's obsession with endurance.

It is the same preoccupation which leads him to make some of his figures hermaphrodites, to sculpt a centaur, and to make several hundred drawings inspired by Dante's Inferno. In all of them the human body suffers radical transformations, which are usually the result of substitution or an intrusion of something foreign to that body.

This preoccupation clearly refers to his own war experience. And in doing so it can refer to the experience of millions of others.

The most important single fact in the post-revolutionary history of the Soviet Union is that 20 million men, women and children lost their lives as a result of the Second World War. There is now a Soviet artist who might be capable of creating a memorial that would do some justice to this fact. In a sense, part of Neizvestny's work already constitutes just such a memorial.

But his art has wider references. It is a comment on the relationship between man and the machine or, more generally, on man's ability to interrupt and alter the processes of nature. It is realistic comment. It takes into account the fact that the intrusion of the machine—combined with the knowledge that it makes possible—has increased and qualitatively changed the human possibility of suffering. This is why Neizvestny has no use for classic harmony. At the same time he shows that man is stronger than the machine. His "Machine-Men" are not spiritless robots, nor are they monsters: they are men adapting to a new condition. He shows this with the human body. A chain is only as strong as its links; a machine—or an argument—is as strong as its parts. But a man is stronger than most of his parts—and may one day become stronger than any of them. He can survive subtractions and additions. By comparison with him all artifacts are absurdly delicate. Such is the meaning of Neizvestny's figures.

There are some affinities between Neizvestny and Rodin. Both have, as artists, a strong sexual impetus; both are concerned with ideas. Neither of them is in any sense a formalist. Both are deeply involved with the idea of endurance. But here also is the revealing difference between them.

For Rodin, endurance meant the suffering of inevitable change. This is implicit in such works as "She Who Was Once the Helmet-Maker's Beautiful Wife." He saw time as a current that eventually swept all away. "How we imitate, or rather how we are nature," he said. "Those clouds are no more capricious than we. Our souls and our thoughts are fleeting too."

Neizvestny's very different view of time is the result of his remaining faithful to that self which was given up for dead. Everything that follows is an unexpected gift. He has ceased—except purely physiologically—to be the victim of time. He is its surveyor. Hence, for him, endurance means the extension of what is possible: the reduction of what was previously thought impossible.

It is not so difficult, with the help of Marxism, to arrive at such a point as an intellectual hypothesis. But for an artist to make it utterly implicit in his work requires very rare experience and very rare qualities.

RECORDS / Benjamin Boretz

STRAVINSKY: *Pulcinella.* Irene Jordan, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6281/MS 6881.

Le Baiser de la fée. Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6203/MS 6803.

Perséphone. Vera Zorina, speaker; Michele Molese, tenor; Ithaca College Concert Choir; Texas Boys' Choir; Gregg Smith Singers; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6319/MS 6919.

Agon. (with Gunther Schuller): *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee.* Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2879.

The complete *Pulcinella* is one of the peaks of Stravinsky's discovery in terms of large-scale consecution and local detail. Because of the familiarity (and hence compositional neutrality) of the Pergolesi pieces that form the backdrop for *Pulcinella*'s real structure of rhythm and sonority, one can perceive in its purest form Stravinsky's generation of a wholly new continuity out of the succession of internally uniform sections sharply differentiated in qualities of motion and enunciation. Indeed, the power of such differentiation as a primary unit of relation is largely derived from this very internal simplicity. It creates a macrocontext in which entire sections function as simple "elements," ribbons of texture cut off at different lengths, and thus precisely measurable against one another in terms both of total time difference and the articulative differences with which they fill a given span of time.

The result is a remarkable "rhythm in the large," functioning between separated movements as well as, and most strikingly, within individual "scenes" where several Pergolesi movements are joined to produce a single composite projection. The quality is still further developed by the interspersion among these "composites" of extended "closed" numbers consisting of a *single* Pergolesi piece (the "song" in its first appearance: later, significantly, it returns as an element of a "group"; the trombone-double bass *Vivo;* and the woodwind Gavotte and Variations just before the final scene).

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This macrorhythm is complemented by an extraordinary placement of local details (superimposed on or insinuated into the fabric of the original pieces) that, similarly, extend the sense of a single sonority over longer segments, thus composing a new rhythmic level—the rate of sonority change—that counterpoints with the smaller-scaled inflections within the subsuming frames. And the way Stravinsky has thus approached Pergolesi's conventional 18th-century harmonic limitations—not, as might have been expected, by using them as an open field for elaborative intricacy in the manner of Richard Strauss's Couperin or Schoenberg's Handel, but by intensifying them to transform a collection of compositional trivia into the precisely particularized elements of a total structure—is an awesome demonstration of the compositional craft, in both senses, that Stravinsky has uniquely revealed.

Since almost none of these qualities can be discerned in the Suite of separate movements through which *Pulcinella* is most frequently represented, and which actually reduces it to the set of attractive transcriptions that Diaghilev thought he was commissioning, the need for an adequate recording of the complete work is obvious. Stravinsky's own earlier recording with the Cleveland Orchestra, while instrumentally competent, was vocally catastrophic. The present recording, however, rectifies much more than this vocal deficiency; for the free-lance "Columbia Symphony," precisely because it lacks any predetermined ensemble sound, produces for Stravinsky a sharpness of accentual inflection, a "close" articulation of rhythmic contour, and a fibrous separation of timbral levels that were simply unavailable to the pre-integrated, overconditioned Cleveland players. The advantage, unhappily, is somewhat dissipated by ensemble imperfections, notably a frequent nonsimultaneity of attack, which are evidence of hasty recording practice especially inexcusable in connection with a project of this historical and musical magnitude.

Tchaikowsky's music is rather too directly ancestral for Stravinsky to have produced, in *Le Baiser de la fée*, a *Pulcinella* of the 19th century. There are, after all, places in Tchaikowsky that are (in the rare proper performances) astonishingly "Stravinskian" in texture, sonority and even rhythm (listen, for instance, to Klemperer's recording of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony). Thus the individual pieces in the *Baiser* are rather too nostalgically handled, are never welded into the special concision and proportional precision of their *Pulcinella* analogues. If anything, they seem somewhat overextended in presentation, and single "numbers" are sustained over such long spans that they tend to "close" internally, never creating a piece-to-piece connection that transcends their episodic succession.

But *Baiser* is interesting, if thus on a lesser level, for what Stravinsky hears in Tchaikowsky's orchestrations and textures; in his accentuation and, especially, his harmony. In particular, interesting ideas of phrase accent result from Stravinsky's special instrumental partitioning of linear conjunctions—an especially "nice" touch since so much of Tchaikowsky's own characteristic phraseology derived from *his* approach to this domain. And there are, predictably, quantities of wonderful ideas of instrumental sonority—low flute, tremolo strings, plucked basses, etc.—but primarily one is aware of that magnificent Stravinskian absence of sonorous redundancy, the constant accretion and discovery of new combinations that are not simply "different" or "varied" but "developmental." Thus, for example, in the last section a locally "beautiful" conjunction of woodwinds, harp and horn is transformed into a relation of bowed and plucked strings, and then expanded into a full-orchestral sonority—a succession whose insight into the range of timbre-relational possibility should permanently transform the auditory awareness of any attentive listener. Performance and recording in the present release are reasonably faithful.

Of the other recordings, *Perséphone* is the one Stravinsky work whose hybrid elements seem to remain unreconciled, and where the presentational manner imposes requirements of contrast, transition and proportion that don't appear to merge with a unitary compositional idea. The result is a sense of "padding," event emptiness, and even at some points a purely gestural appropriateness that almost negates all the strokes of imaginative idea. The very sharpness of this recording (except for a pitch-uncertain tenor) exaggerates the fundamental soft-headedness of the music. And the Boston Symphony's performance of *Agon* warrants mention only to warn that its conceptual and executive misrepresentation imposes articulative ponderousness and sonorous homogenization on one of the most intricately lucid works of the century.

TWO DEPARTURES

1. GIRAFFES

The giraffes got away at dusk,
the pair of them headed for the zoo exit.
along with the departing crowd—
two giants hardly seen against foliage in half-light
floating down the path among the trees,
their hooves frolicking out just as the gates were shut,

and the keepers chasing too late after into a deserted street
as the tall shapes faded in the dark air.

2. GIANTS

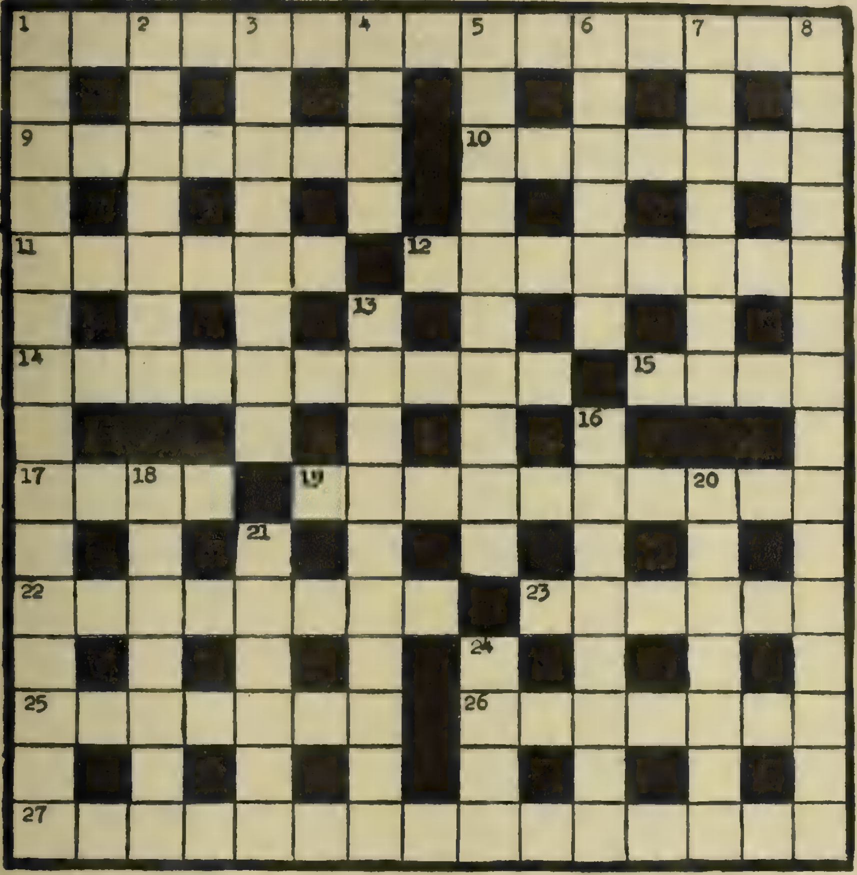
Out in the street the two giants
head home after work like everyone else
with rolled-up workclothes under their arms, holding lunchboxes,
and make their way to the train
that will take them to their nearby village:
It is Italy.

I was afraid, and ran ahead into a restaurant
and watched the approaching scene
from a table through the plate-glass window.
A gang of boys were following them down the street
like they do in Italian towns
attracted by the great mis-shapen bodies and knobby heads.
And as the giants turned off toward the railroad station,
no monsters but just workmen after all
living dull, hard-working, ordinary lives
(luckily there were two so they had each other)
the whole gang of boys streamed into the restaurant where I was
and let them go on.

EDWARD FIELD

Crossword Puzzle No. 1176

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 If one sees a sultan drive in a strange way, such people don't try to look well. (15)
9 Experience. (7)
10 How the percussion section might consider the quiet passages. (7)
11 Came down with cold condition, and cried? (6)
12 Deviates from the calming type? (8)
14 You might be on the right track with one, but still in the dark. (5, 5)
15 See 4 down
17 Dean of Bingen? (4)
19 A really fabulous horn! (10)
22 Are misanthropes, because they do? (8)
23 A plant of Siam, strangely enough, to be found around an American state shortly. (6)
25 Mitigate, like usage, in a way. (7)
26 The rote involved in addition? (7)
27 Duke Ellington's song, given without short notice, and how the subject behaved? (15)

DOWN:

1 Having us mail law letters for a man of note? (7, 8)
2 Certainly not a little girl fish dishing it out! (7)
3 Racks, perhaps. (8)
4 and 15 It might prevent a smash opening, but drops too violently! (4, 4)
5 Proving people with no wings are peculiar? (10)
6 One can't be trusted, if a bad sailor overseas. (7)
7 Made of calf, fit only to cause 3. (7)
8 Is the justification of the egoist? (4-11)
13 Hunter keeps such a trio of stars around him. (6, 4)
16 There's usually no purpose in having one. (8)
18 Donate a little food? The faint-hearted does easily. (5, 2)
20 Go ahead! (7)
21 Talk a little, with the content a little salty. (6)
24 About the ear? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1175

ACROSS: 1 Lackluster; 6 and 24 Stoppage; 10 Neptune; 11 Trainer; 12 Ibis; 13 Impalpable; 15 Linseed; 16 Tonneau; 17 Newborn; 20 Palatial; 22 Sidewinder; 23 Trio; 25 Upshoot; 26 Swahili; 27 Duty; 28 Spenserian. DOWN: 1 Long Island Sound; 2 Caption; 3 Lout; 4 Stemmed; 5 Extract; 7 Tenable; 8 Perpetual motion; 9 Campanile; 14 Lemonwood; 18 Wideset; 19 Nonstop; 20 Press on; 21 Termini.

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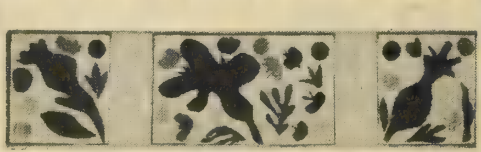

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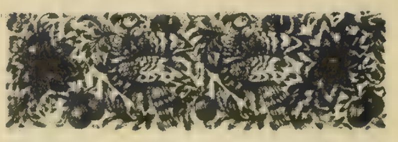

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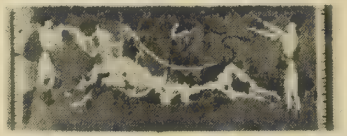

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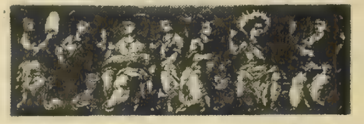

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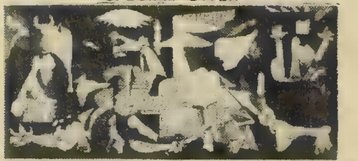

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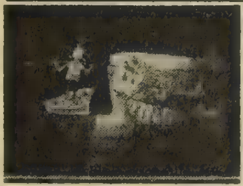

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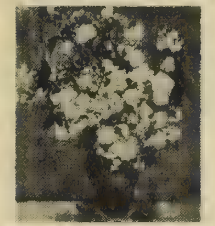

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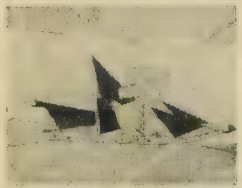

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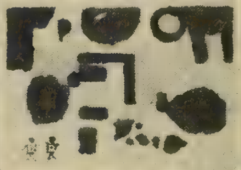

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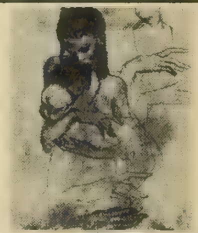

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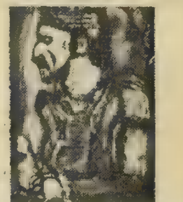

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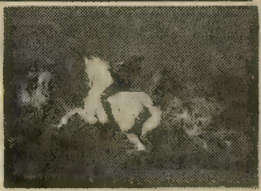

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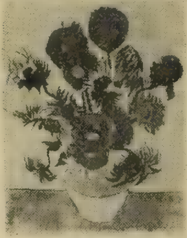

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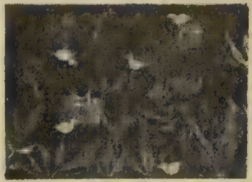

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LETTERS

strident friend

New York City

DEAR SIRS: For me the truly phenomenal aspect of "The Bobby Phenomenon" is the increasing number of publicists engaged in apologetics for and promotion of the Senator. Jack Newfield's performance [*The Nation*, Nov. 14] is as strident as the screams of any bobby-soxer at the sight of the Beatles. . . .

Mr. Newfield is a bit apologetic about the image he projects of the Senator as an Existentialist philosopher, the Albert Camus of American politics. But he is unrestrained to the point of fulsomeness in his praise of Bobby Kennedy, the "new kind of liberal" eschewing the "clichés of the old liberals, who remain tuned to the paternalistic federal bureaucracy" and their "simplistic slogans," etc. It is a pity that Mr. Newfield in drawing this portrait did not adopt his idol's distaste for rhetoric and clichés. . . . At some points he is really overwhelming, as when he speaks of the Senator's "wit, rebelliousness, candor, glamour, activism and odd combination of tough-mindedness and compassion which the young find so attractive in other culture heroes like Bogart, Goddard and Bob Dylan," and as when he ends his panegyric worthy of an Elizabethan courtier with: "The future is inscrutable, fate is capricious, facile prophesies are arrogant. But some day Robert Kennedy will lead his legions—the young, the black, the alienated, the romantic, the educated—to Armageddon."

I wonder whether this gush does not make the Senator . . . just a little uneasy. I hope he will forgive one of his well-wishers for warning him that sycophancy has the opposite effect, certainly on *Nation* readers, from the one intended.

David L. Weissman

jingle

Atlantic City, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: Johnson's favorite thesis, that we must show 'em that might does not make right, suggests the following quatrain:

What we fight
Is "Might Makes Right."
We're so strong,
We can't be wrong.

Abraham Glicksman

changing the old order

Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: As an overseas reader, Prof. Hyman Levy [letter, *The Nation*, Oct. 31] deserves an answer to his inquiry: "What sort of people have you become . . . ?" The answer is we have merely readjusted our priorities. We still believe in "the pursuit of happiness, [civil] liberty and life"—in that order.

S. Drucker

Mr. Kostelanetz replies

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I am continually appalled that Oscar Handlin should allow his reputation to be exploited by organizations that win his allegiance; however, here his associates betray his trust, for his letter [*The Nation*, Oct. 31] is full of mistakes and falsifications. In fact, there were three (not two, as he says) Negro Fulbright scholars my year, and the third, who lived in Manchester, was considerably darker, which is to say less invisible, than the other two. Second, included in our contingent were several nonacademics, both by profession and personality; and my list of eccentrics, in context, exempli-

(*Continued on page 580*)

EDITORIALS

A Look Ahead

The President's recent visit to the hospital invites speculation about his political future. It goes without saying that everyone was glad to hear of the success of his two operations, although there was some adverse comment on the strange spectacle of the President of the United States surrounding himself with reporters and TV cameramen four hours after he came out of the anesthetic. But that is a matter of taste, which is scarcely Mr. Johnson's forte. His political future, on the other hand, is a matter of cardinal importance to the United States, and indeed to the whole world.

It would seem quite possible that the President may not be a candidate for re-election in 1968—not necessarily because of ill health, although that remains a possibility, but because he had decided to bow out rather than undertake a political campaign in which the odds were not in his favor. On more than one occasion Mr. Johnson has demonstrated what his friends might call political prudence; his enemies would term it political cowardice. Witness, for instance, his failure to come to the aid of Governor Brown in California. True, the attempt would probably have failed, but for that very reason an inveterate fighter like Harry Truman would have made it.

By present indications, Mr. Johnson has passed the zenith of his popularity. The Republican election victory, however qualified, shows that the tide has turned. Social progress in the United States must largely be financed henceforth with federal funds. State, county and city budget directors look to Washington for support in fighting poverty, air and water pollution, wretched housing, medical indigence and other stigmas of poverty in the midst of plenty. But federal funds are now flowing to Southeast Asia in a war which may not be over in 1968. Liberals will be tugging Mr. Johnson in one direction, conservatives in the other. It is no longer a question of the Great Society, but of maintaining any social progress at all. In such a relatively static situation a President can hope for little good will. As for past achievements, political gratitude is proverbially short-lived.

Should the President decide that his chances are poor against, say, a Romney-Javits or a Romney-Hatfield ticket, he might decide to leave while, from a historical standpoint, his name was still in good repute. But if he did thus resign himself to fate, he would in all likelihood do so late in the game and without advance notice. He would probably give "ill health" as the reason, making the exit as graceful as possible, and relinquishing power no sooner than he had to. The role of a lame-duck President would be particularly galling to a politician of Mr. Johnson's temperament.

Political prophecy is perilous at best, but we would venture to guess that a Romney-Hatfield ticket would give Hubert Humphrey a great deal of trouble if he should be the Democratic nominee. For another prospective nominee —Robert Kennedy—1968 would be too early. The wave that might sweep him into the Presidency is more likely to crest in 1972. These two aside, where are the possible

JAN 4
~~MAY~~

Democratic nominees for the two top offices? To ask the question is to point to one of the major weaknesses of the Democratic Party at this juncture. Just a few years ago, the Republicans were without new faces and stood in dire need of suitable candidates. Now the situation is almost exactly reversed.

An obvious possibility is that in 1968 Mr. Johnson might conclude that his one chance to win would be to tap Robert Kennedy as his running mate. Unthinkable? Not really. Franklin D. Roosevelt dropped Henry Wallace with a thud at a time when Wallace had as much popularity as Humphrey has now—probably more, because Wallace had a consistent record as a liberal, while Humphrey has lost much of his liberal support without making friends among conservatives. And a Johnson-Kennedy ticket would be no more incongruous than a Kennedy-Johnson ticket was in 1960. There was no love lost then, and there would be none lost now, but the idea is not unthinkable.

Hawks on the Wing

Secretary McNamara's press conferences rarely bode any good for the American people, but the latest such appearance, at the LBJ Ranch with Walt W. Rostow, Gen. Earle G. Wheeler and the President himself in the supporting cast, is pregnant with mischief beyond the ordinary. It forecasts a compromise on deployment of an ABM (anti-ballistic missile) system and, as a corollary, a revival of the dormant shelter program. Estimates of the capital cost of an ABM system range as high as $30 billion; shelters, if they are to provide the populace with meaningful protection against blast and fire, could easily account for another $30 billion. Once the barriers are down, the odds favor an early escalation to full-scale deployment of these "defensive" measures.

Money cost is not the most serious consequence of the anticipated decision. The prime casualties will be the current U.S.-USSR nuclear standoff and, eventually, the nuclear test ban. Sen. Henry M. Jackson began the assault on the latter when he took to the floor in the closing days of the 89th Congress to warn the Defense Atomic Support Agency to do nothing that might reduce U.S. capability to resume above-ground testing on short notice. Mr. Jackson is usually prescient in such matters.

The reason the test ban is in jeopardy is that all the ABM schemes are almost entirely based on theory, calculation and speculation. Before even a single operational battery can be designed and manufactured with any assurance that it will work, even partially, test firings will be required. To jettison the test ban and resume polluting the atmosphere will require a considerable public relations effort, but this can be powered by suitable depictions of the Red Chinese nuclear menace and the Soviet ABM menace. How effective the latter may become no one knows, neither the Russians nor ourselves, since their system will necessarily be experimental, just like ours. From a technical standpoint everything in this field is vague, but politically it offers great opportunities for hawks—not the little hawks of the Vietnamese War but big hawks who look forward to the ultimate nuclear showdowns, whether in great exchanges and world devastation or in new stalemates like

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION
Volume 203
No. 18

the one between the U.S. and USSR which the ABM schemes threaten to upset.

Our plans are so nebulous that it is not even clear whether those finally selected will be designed to protect American population centers or only portions of the Minuteman complexes. That is one reason for the differing views regarding shelters. Another is that ICBMs of large caliber, say 50 megatons, might be used to set fire to large sections of countryside with high-altitude bursts beyond the range of defensive missiles. The hope is that fireproof shelters in metropolitan centers might reduce casualties from such catastrophes. It is only a hope. None of the ABM systems is capable of anything more than palliative action. McNamara's conjecture of 130 million United States casualties in a massive surprise attack might be halved, some researchers think. But this is only another of the big guesses which, in this realm, seem to be as effective as Hitler's big lies.

The ABM project is open-ended in all directions, including the design of future ICBM systems. Mr. McNamara has already forecast a complete refitting of the forty-one Polaris submarines to enable them to fire the upcoming Poseidon missile. Poseidon will have the same range as the A-3 Polaris but will offer about double the payload, and can thus carry a variety of penetration aids against an enemy ABM defense. Since the A-3 has a range of 2,500 nautical miles, there is little need for increased range. The distance from the Taiwan Strait to the farthest point of mainland China is 2,500 nautical miles.

The diverse attitudes of the services to the ABM reflect their several preoccupations. The Navy is indifferent: its interest is in nuclear carriers and submarines and the deployment of Poseidon will presumably satisfy it for the time being. The Air Force is intent on getting the big bomber. Only the Army is hot for the ABM and the trading within the Joint Chiefs of Staff has brought it within reach of success.

From the standpoint of domestic politics the ABM has a bright future. The 89th Congress forced on the Department of Defense $168 million beyond the amount requested for the Nike-X ABM development. This increment will not be spent, since in the current program there is nothing to spend it on. But now that the lid has been pried up further on the ABM, legislative hawks can count on years of patriotic activity, with most of the earlier inhibitions thrown off.

Double Discrimination

A November 15 AP dispatch from Jackson, Miss., tells of a suit filed in Federal District Court by the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights under Law as a class action on behalf of a 20-year-old Negro civil rights leader, John Otis Sumrall. The complaint charges that as a result of personal intervention by the state Selective Service director, Col. James L. Davis, three criminal charges, all involving civil rights activities, against Sumrall were dismissed, thus clearing the way for his induction into the army. It is charged further that Sumrall is being inducted out of turn, as chastisement for his civil rights activities. The suit also seeks a court order to compel Gov. Paul B. Johnson, Jr., to appoint Negroes to draft boards in proportion to the composition of local populations, and to suspend all Selective Service operations until such time as this has been accomplished.

It would take some doing. At present, according to the complaint, not a single Negro is serving on any local board or appeal board in the state of Mississippi. If the federal court finds merit in the suit, an acute shortage of pliable Negroes might result. It is even possible that some Negroes who insist on justice to members of their race might, temporarily at least, find themselves on a draft board.

The present total absence of Negroes on these boards shows the racist character of Mississippi—not that a further demonstration was needed. The boards now serve in several capacities—coercive, punitive and exploitative. For short periods, during the harvest season, Negroes will be passed over by their draft boards so that they can work in the fields for white masters. Local draft boards are given such wide discretion, on the theory that they will exercise neighborly justice, that the grossest abuses may be perpetrated instead.

The situation in Mississippi is another argument for a checkup on the operation of the entire system. This will be a time-consuming process at best. In the meantime, should this suit be allowed to drag through the federal courts? Is the Commander in Chief of the armed forces powerless to cope with a moral outrage so glaring? And the Secretary of Defense? And the Director of Selective Service? Surely there is enough "white power" in Washington to correct an injustice to the whole Negro race. And if the power exists, why should there be reluctance to use it?

The Contagion of Corruption

From a two-month study by a group of reporters one learns that enormous sums of U. S.-appropriated funds disappear every year in Vietnam: through black marketing, theft, bribery, waste and currency manipulation. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, on a morning stroll, notices luxury items from PX stores on sale in a section of Saigon known as PX Alley: champagne, Scotch, transistor radios, tape recorders, expensive cameras, and similar items. The Ambassador summons the police. Sirens wail and the culprits are soon picked up and carted off to the court where they pay their fines—100 per cent of the value of the goods. But payoffs are made immediately and the next day the same items are back in PX Alley—with the price advanced enough to cover the costs of the fines!

There is virtually no limit to this kind of corruption and no way of coping with it. William L. Ryan of the Associated Press, revisiting Saigon after an absence of some time, reports his impressions: ". . . an acute feeling of depression . . . [from the streets] a stench of garbage and refuse . . . peddlers everywhere pushing black-market goods . . . kids sleep everywhere . . . corruption has become a serious infection reaching far down the ladder." To Mr. Ryan the cause is clear: we have committed economic and social aggression against the Vietnamese. "The most affluent society in history descended on a poor and backward country. Along with the Americans came the signs of their wealth, in profusion: things the Vietnamese had never seen before. Corruption has been nothing new at the top in various regimes. Now it is spreading down the ladder. The temptation has been too great to resist. . . . American affluence has hit Saigon like a monsoon rain." While quibbling a bit over details in the AP report, senior officials of the U.S. aid mission concede that graft is rampant and that the Vietcong are among the beneficiaries. "As readily as any other Vietnamese," one official said, "the Vietcong can buy what's available in the economy. It's part of the bounty of this war." The recent reports confirm in abundant detail John McDermott's analysis of "welfare imperialism" in Vietnam which we published earlier this year (*The Nation*, July 25). It is not a pretty "image" that is being beamed back at us and time will not brighten it.

That Committee Again

The Nation of January 23, 1960, contained an article by John O'Kearney titled "The Lobby of a Million Ghosts." It was about "The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations," the brain child of Marvin Liebman, a New York publicist who has long busied himself with right-wing causes. *The Nation*'s next reference to Liebman's pet organization was in Urban Whitaker's "China Lobby's New Gambit" (October 7, 1961). Whitaker pointed out that as of that year the committee had only 6,000 contributing members and printed only 25,000 to 35,000 copies of its brochures, so that the other 965,000 "members" had little knowledge of what "their" organization was up to.

At that juncture Liebman intended to reorganize into a "Committee Against U.S. Participation in the UN," thus aligning himself with one of the standard right-wing phobias. In 1962, however, the original name was on a mimeographed handout which came into the hands of Harry W. Ernst, a staff writer for the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*. Now the Committee—or the indefatigable Liebman—was warning Adlai Stevenson that "continued American support of the UN would not be justified if its Charter is weakened and ultimately destroyed through the admission of representatives of the so-called People's Republic of China." Struck by the committee's new-found solicitude for the UN, Ernst rescued the manifesto from the wastebasket and his "Behind the Handout Curtain" appeared in *The Nation* of March 17, 1962. The handout listed 349 Senators and Representatives who were identified as "Congressional endorsers." W. E. Chilton III, publisher of the *Gazette*, queried fifty of the 349 who had reputations as liberals or moderates. Of the twenty-five who replied, only three said they believed the United States should abandon the UN if Communist China became a member.

Liebman is still operating at the old stand, however, and the committee, still a million strong on paper, produced the same well-worn arguments against Red China in a full-page advertisement in the October 31 *New York Times*. This time Liebman aroused the ire of Representatives Fernand J. St. Germain and John E. Fogarty of Rhode Island, whose names appeared in a list of fifty Senators and 282 Representatives ostensibly in agreement with Liebman's principles. In a long story in the *Providence Evening Bulletin* of November 5, Lewis W. Wolfson of the paper's Washington bureau noted that Sen. John O. Pastore was no longer listed: last November he had sent the Committee a "scathing denunciation" of its tactics. The Messrs. Pastore, St. Germain and Fogarty are not particularly in favor of admitting Communist China to the UN, but they are even less in favor of Liebman.

No doubt from time to time there will be other dropouts, but Mr. Liebman is no quitter. He is not only founder and secretary of the "Committee of One Million" but one of the founders of "Young Americans for Freedom," the "American Jewish League Against Communism," the "American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters" and other groups which are working with might and main to save the U.S. from communism, broadly defined. He is also allied with Dr. Fred C. Schwartz's "Christian Anti-Communist Crusade." He once said, "If there is a China Lobby, we (the 'Committee of One Million') are it." A less modest man would have said, "*I* am it."

INDONESIA

HOPE AFTER MASSACRE

ALEX JOSEY

Mr. Josey has been a free-lance correspondent in the Far East for the past eighteen years. He is the author of Socialism in Asia *and* Trade Unions in Malaya.

Singapore

I recently visited Jakarta again for the first time since 1962. On my previous stay, I was there, by chance, when Sheik Azahari staged his abortive coup in Brunei on the island of Borneo. That morning I had been to see D. N. Aidit, leader of the Partai Kommunist Indonesia (PKI). We had been meeting for years. As usual, I brought with me a pile of anti-Communist books, mostly American, which he had asked me to buy for him in Singapore. Aidit was a keen student of anti-Communist books. In exchange, he gave me signed copies of his own books and pamphlets. He was a prolific writer. We drank coffee in his office (adorned with a big bust of Stalin), chewed peanuts and gossiped. Aidit told me that party membership had risen above 3 million. He said some generals in the army were trying to whip up feeling against the PKI: they were, he said, trying to produce an anti-Communist hysteria by accusing the PKI of plotting to capture the government by force. Aidit denied this. "We have no such plans. We don't need them. . . . We are prepared to tolerate insults and threats. We will not be provoked. If the army spits in our faces we will wipe it off and smile. We will not retaliate. Time is on our side. We shall win without a struggle. We will go along with Sukarno's guided democracy. That suits us fine." I asked him if I could quote him. Aidit said I should not quote him direct. Then he added, after thought: "Why not?" I said I would particularly like to use the phrase about taking all the insults. He threw more peanuts into his mouth and said: "Go ahead. It's true."

When I left Aidit that morning I expected to call upon him again in a couple of months, but a few weeks later the soldiers shot him dead. In Jakarta, a general told me Aidit was shot trying to escape, after signing a confession in which he took sole responsibility for organizing the abortive coup. The general smiled when he said: "trying to escape."

After that final meeting with Aidit, I had gone to another suburb to meet some Socialist friends. I was with them when Radio Jakarta broadcast the news of Azahari's uprising in Brunei. Now, four years later, they were broadcasting the trial of Dr. Subandrio, the former foreign minister. Direct from the court, the questions and answers went on for hours. People listened for sensational revelations which never came, and the general feeling seemed to be that this was a dull affair, a heavy-handed effort to cloak political murder with legality. "Much better to have shot him out of hand, like Aidit," was the consensus among the people with whom I spoke. One of the generals disagreed. "Subandrio must die because of his complicity in the abortive coup. We have staged this trial, and broadcast the proceedings throughout the country, because we want to damage Sukarno's image. In effect, Sukarno himself is on trial and, in a Javanese way, in what you would call a devious way, the people will understand this."

Physically, Jakarta had not changed much in four years. It still took me longer to get out of the airport, through passport control, immigration and customs, than it did to fly from Singapore to Jakarta. The airport building was under repair, the place was half dark, and there were muddy pools. But, unlike my last reception there, I was treated well. Most officials were in army uniform, but this time there was no shoving about, no rude demands to open this bag or that, no audacious stealing of watches or rings: everyone was friendly and helpful. Arms akimbo, the customs officer did no more than raise an interrogative eyebrow, and, when I shook my head, he smiled and waved me through. What had taken all the time was the minute inspection of every traveler's passport.

Hotel Indonesia had a small bus waiting outside in the dark. All of us, Japanese, Dutch, American, a few Indonesians (heavily loaded with presents) scrambled in. There were few street lights, and heavy rain added to the gloom; the streets to the hotel were awash. I thought the roads felt to be in better condition than they had been four years ago, hardly any potholes. (After an intensive week of traveling over Jakarta roads I came to the conclusion that some were much better than others.)

Soon after I was smoothly and efficiently booked into the hotel, the power failed in that part of the city, and the hotel's emergency lighting came on automatically. There were four power failures during the week I was in Jakarta; none lasted longer than ten minutes. This is a great improvement over 1962, although I was told that the failures in other parts of the city were much more frequent, and that sometimes residential areas were without water. While I was there the governor of the city issued a warning that excessive rain had fouled the water supply with sewage. Most guests in the hotel preferred to drink coffee, at 30c a cup (four times the price in Singapore).

There seemed to be more automobiles in Jakarta now than four years ago. Indonesian petrol is the cheapest (some say the worst) in the world; but cars are not cheap; and yet officials told me that there are close to half a million of them running through Jakarta's streets (sometimes four abreast down the busiest streets, causing fantastic traffic jams), and the majority appear to be large and in good condition. Every visitor is puzzled to understand who can afford them. Or, for that matter, who can afford to be sick, since the price of some medicines has gone up 500 per cent in two years. Certain other commodities and goods have gone up 1,500 per cent.

Wages for everybody, including army officers, are still miserably low. Fortunately, Indonesia's civil service (reputed to be easily the largest in the world) and, of course, the armed forces (about 450,000) get a subsidized rice ration, and in the rural areas the peasants grow their own food. Police Brigadier General Dr. Awaluddin Djamin, minister for manpower, reckons that 71 per cent of Indonesia's working population (there has been no census for years, but it is probably in the neighborhood of 23 million) is in agriculture, and 29 per cent in industry. He admits that there are 13 million unemployed or underemployed in Indonesia, and 1.3 million job seekers are coming into the labor market each year. The Central Bureau of Statistics gives out that the population now stands at 109.5 million. If the labor estimates are reasonably accurate, there are tremendously more workless than workers in Indonesia. Officials admit that the tin mines produce a quarter of their 1958 output. Industry is running at between 15 to 20 per cent of capacity.

These statistics underline Indonesia's grim economic position. But the situation is not evident in the air-conditioned Hotel Indonesia, where you must pay for your rooms in American dollars or other hard currency (Indonesia must be the only nation in the world which rejects its own currency). Hotel officials tell tourists now trickling in from the United States, Japan and Thailand that they can buy anything at Sarinah, the state-run skyscraper wonder store, five minutes away. Not all its twenty floors are yet open; they may not be for some time, for although there is indeed an almost embarrassing selection of foreign-made luxury goods (mostly from Japan), hardly any Indonesian can afford to buy anything. In the basement one can get Indonesian food (as well as Irish stout and Coca-Cola in tins: there is little difference in price), and on the second floor there are textiles from Japan and India, as well as locally made stuff. Both the basement and the second floor do a reasonable business. Jostling crowds of men, women and children, and soldiers with guns, swarm through the other floors as well, riding joyfully up and down Indonesia's first shop escalators (carefully guarded by neatly dressed, attractive, patient girls who help old ladies on and off and shoo away the children). They gaze at the expensive cameras, the beauty preparations, the matched luggage, the tape recorders, the furniture, and they marvel. They buy nothing. Sarinah is another monument to Sukarno's stupidity; it may have contributed to his downfall, for its mocking showcases remind Indonesians how far their own standard of living lags behind that of the citizens in other modern states.

A factor new since my previous visit was the urban Indonesian's attitude toward the Chinese merchants and technicians, still largely responsible for the city's economy, especially the private sector which includes the distribution of consumer goods. The tolerance of the past has been replaced by an active hostility encouraged by the authorities. You can almost smell the racism. The Chinese are afraid, and with good cause. They are blamed for increasing prices and short supplies. "They are more rapacious, the Chinese capitalists in Indonesia, than were the colonial capitalists," growled Adam Malik, the present foreign minister, on a visit to Tokyo. This sort of talk, constantly repeated, has established the official line against the Chinese minority.

Once the Chinese numbered about 3 million in Indonesia. Now Malik talks about a million and a half Chinese, who, he says, constitute a problem because only 80,000 of them can be persuaded to go home to China—a home they do not know, most of them, since they were born in Indonesia. In the week that I was there, 10,000 Chinese left for China in a ship sent by Peking. They took with them little more than the clothes they wore. Thousands were left behind on the dockside to wait for another ship. Malik complained that under the Dutch the Chinese received "all the facilities, all the opportunities," to exploit Indonesia. He said they had been allowed special rights, such as their own schools, their own newspapers. General Suharto, head of the junta that took over control of the government from Sukarno, had stopped all that. No longer would Indonesia allow the Chinese "special advantages in banking and trade." Neither Malik nor anyone else has explained what these so-called special advantages were. The truth is that the Chinese has a greater aptitude for business than the leisure-loving Indonesian. Removal of the Chinese from the local economic scene will not by itself transform the Indonesian into a go-getter. This was proved years ago when the army brutally rooted out all the Chinese shopkeepers and merchants from the rural areas. The rural economy almost collapsed, and it has never recovered in spite of all the promises, no doubt sincerely made, that the army would provide the peasants with co-operatives.

For centuries the Chinese enriched themselves in Indonesia, but they also organized an economy. Now Indonesia, like other emergent states in Asia, feels the strong winds of nationalism, and wishes to be rid of everything that can be associated with colonialism, damaging though this clean sweep may be to the nation's economic well-being.

General Suharto has said that Indonesia's efforts to absorb the Chinese have failed because of China's influence. The charge is dubious because Chinese rarely assimilate in any foreign country. But now General Suharto wants to get rid of them all, and it is difficult to see how they can remain in the face of what amounts to national opposition. At the airport I saw a dozen Chinese men, women and children, all of them wearing Mao Tse-tung-type uniforms. Traders who had accepted the inevitable, they were dressed for reception in Peking, where Red Guards are

waiting to pounce upon returned Chinese wearing bourgeois Western clothing.

When you talk to government servants, and also to the military, in Jakarta, they tell you that things are not too bad. They insist that the military command has never been more unified, that the army, marines, navy, air force and police are working together. They deny that war lordism survives anywhere. They say that General Suharto can, and has, put his own commanders in sensitive places. And this, they point out, includes Central and East Java, traditionally pro-Sukarno regions. They admit that the economy is chaotic, that the people cannot afford such essential commodities as rice, frying oil, salt fish, vegetables and sugar, but they speak with confidence of new methods, reorganization, massive foreign aid.

Indonesians, in the mass, are easygoing. Adam Malik told them frankly that their foreign debts were enormous (approximately $3,000 million, costing about $500 million a year in interest), but they were, he said, insignificant compared to the nation's natural resources. "Indonesia has diamonds, oil, copper, uranium," Malik said, "and these resources can be developed through cooperation with foreign investors." Malik spoke the truth. Indonesia is potentially one of the richest nations on earth, with black volcanic soil on some islands capable of producing a wealth of agriculture hard to imagine. Can the Indonesians be organized to turn all this treasure into monetary terms, and a higher general standard of living? General Suharto must solve the economic situation and, at the same time, he must balance the conflicting power forces in order to achieve a measure of political stability. He must contain Sukarno while making use of Sukarno's unquestioned popularity in the rural areas. He must placate the students and watch the activities of the political parties. Even more important, he must be on guard lest factions within the armed forces cooperate to overthrow him. He must treat the Left with solicitude, while not offending the anti-Left Muslims. President Sukarno, master intriguer, could juggle these forces to his own advantage. Suharto has yet to be tested fully, but he is making certain careful moves.

Suharto and General Nasution worked with the students at the start to bring down Sukarno. That having been achieved, they suddenly slapped down the students and the organized children when these attempted to insist that Sukarno should be tried. The army wants to keep Sukarno as a constitutional President. He is a most useful scapegoat; beyond that, he knows too much to be subjected to public trial. KAMI (Indonesian Students Action Command), claiming to represent 80 per cent of Indonesia's 300,000 university students, and KAPPI (United Indonesian Students Action Council), with a membership of half a million high school children, demanded to know why Sukarno was with Aidit and other plotters at Halim Air Base, headquarters of the abortive coup, during the critical hours of October 1. Suharto had already asked this question and Sukarno had explained: "I was of the opinion that the best place for me was near an aircraft which could transport me at any moment to another place if anything which was not expected took place." In Tokyo, Malik told the Indonesian community: "We accept that explanation." Then he went on to blame Sukarno for lack of action immediately after the coup had failed and the wanton killings began. Why did Sukarno remain silent? For three days he did not speak, and when he did it was not to condemn "PKI treachery which killed six generals in one night in an atrocious manner. There was unrest because of the President's indecision. Chaos followed, causing the death of hundreds of thousands." Malik said that the PKI began killing nationalists and members of religious groups after the collapse of the coup, and that savage retaliation followed.

By now, the generals claim they can account for at least 60 per cent of the known PKI leadership. Most of them are dead; the rest are in jail. Gen. Sugeh Arto, the attorney general, told me there were probably 120,000 Communist suspects in jail, in addition to 800 suspects in the armed forces. He hopes they will be sorted out by the end of December and those against whom evidence is available will be tried. The general agreed with me that counting the dead and the suspects, the total would come to about a quarter of a million. If we accept as even approximately accurate Aidit's claim that there were 3 million Communists in Indonesia (including about 110,000 in the armed forces), many are still unaccounted for. Gen. Sugeh Arto believes the PKI has an underground setup, but thinks that given reasonable economic and political progress, the Communists will never again be a threat in any part of Indonesia.

The generals know they must move carefully. Sukarno has mass support, unorganized but potentially powerful, especially among the religious peasants. To reassure the population of Sumatra, commanders of the armed services issued a joint statement promising they would follow Sukarno's leadership as long as he obeyed the People's Congress. Similar statements have been put out elsewhere. The PNI, Sukarno's old political party, is not without support in the ranks of the army, and in Indonesia's colossal civil service. The generals see no virtue in stirring up serious discontent by ousting Sukarno. They say they want to create a new order, based upon democracy. They want a government made up mostly of elected representatives of the people, but including also representatives of the armed forces, regional groups and functional groups. How this is to be made ready before July, 1968, when the army has promised general elections, provokes a great deal of discussion among generals and politicians.

What seemed to me particularly significant was the lifting of the ban on the Murba Party when Malik was in Moscow discussing Indonesia's debt and the possibility of aid. This could have been a coincidence, but the Murba was founded by a Communist, Tan Malaka, who was earlier a founder of the Partai Kommunist Indonesia. It was a nationalist, as distinct from a Cominform-affiliated, Communist party. Both Adam Malik and Tan Malaka were tossed into jail by Sukarno in 1946 when they tried to capture power. This was the first abortive Communist coup. A year later, Tan Malaka, still scheming, was shot dead by pro-Sukarno soldiers. Sukarni, the original chairman of the Murba, is still in office. After the removal of the ban, he said that Murba stood for a just and prosperous society based on Pantjasila (nationalism, religion and socialism). It opposed foreign investment in Indonesia, though it would "tolerate" joint ventures; supported General Suharto's cabinet, but opposed liberalism in political and economic affairs. It condemned United States aggression in Vietnam, and "could not justify China's intervention in Indonesia's internal affairs," approved peaceful coexistence among nations with different social systems, and strongly opposed any kind of racism.

Leaders of the still banned Partai Sosialis Indonesia told me they were prepared to become part of Murba's "mobilization of all Pantjasila forces of socialism," and that they would accept Adam Malik's guidance and leadership. They believed that, with Malik's prestige and influence behind it, Murba could become important in Indonesian political affairs, filling the vacuum created by the disappearance of the PKI. Until now, the Socialist movement in Indonesia has been restricted to an intellectual group and has lacked mass following. Murba was also an intellectual organization. To become a factor in political affairs, to compete with the two Muslim parties, the PNI (Nationalists), and the Masjumi (still banned), Murba and the PSI combined might now attract thousands of disillusioned leftists stranded by the demise of the PKI.

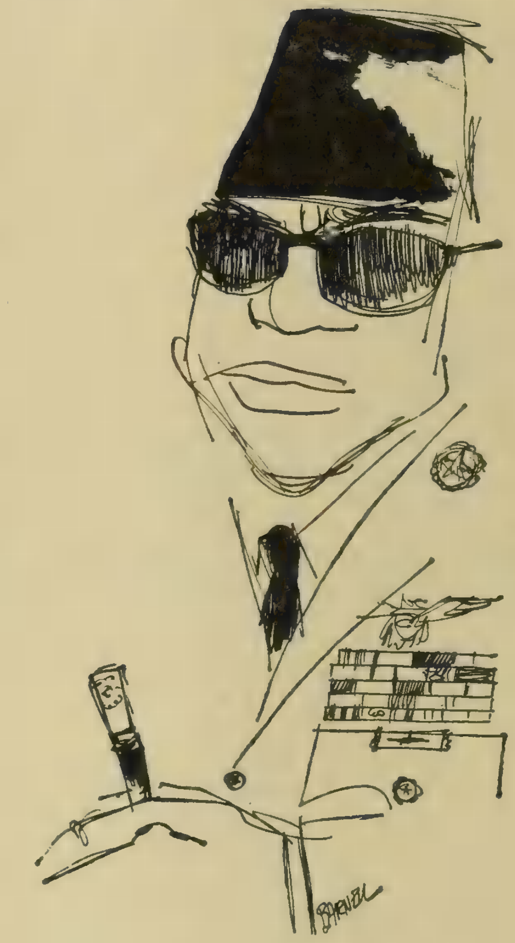
This may be the intention of Adam Malik and General Suharto, though care would have to be taken to prevent PKI elements from taking over. By creating a respectable, controllable Left, Indonesia's new rulers could balance the pressure and influence of the Moslem parties, and thus retain the national balance which history may judge to be Sukarno's only worth-while achievement in twenty Presidential years.

Did Aidit die? The army, "for security reasons," has never issued a statement giving details of his death. There is, however, persuasive evidence that he was shot in the early hours of November 22, 1965. What I find much more difficult to accept is the confession which was printed in extract in the *Asahi Evening News* of February 10, 1966. I can never believe that the Aidit I knew for nearly a decade would write a confession accepting full responsibility for organizing an armed coup without explaining why he had been prepared to use force to bring about something which for years he was absolutely confident could be achieved peacefully.

As I read the *Asahi Evening News* version of the confession I could not help recalling Adam Malik's admission that a good many people were reluctant to believe that the plot which led to the murder of the six generals and the subsequent massacre was in fact Communist inspired. What really happened, a cynical British journalist told me with a grim disbelieving smile, was that the generals became fed up with saber rattling against Malaysia, since it was depressing the nation's economy and most seriously affecting their sales of copra, rubber and tin. Many colonels, accustomed to getting a rake-off on the commerce, were becoming restless. They argued with Sukarno, but he was adamant and threatened to demote officers not carrying out his instructions to invade Malaysia with guerrillas. So the military formed the Council of Generals, but not without the knowledge of Sukarno who saw a chance to rid himself of unfriendly generals and replace them with stooges.

Sukarno passed word of the brewing conspiracy on to the Communists. Aidit at once realized that if the Council of Generals toppled Sukarno the Communists would also catch it in the neck. He had no alternative but to make the first strike. Sukarno, meanwhile, made the usual private reservations: if the coup was successful he would go along with it. Here was a chance for him to become the head, perhaps the reluctant Moslem head, of a Communist state, which was what he had always wanted to be. If the plot failed he would, of course, condemn it. Aidit struck, and the army walloped him smartly. Half a million people lost their lives, and Sukarno slunk back home.

If that is not exactly what happened, it is the most plausible reconstruction to be offered thus far. We may never know the truth. What we do know is that the PKI leadership is smashed, Sukarno is contained, confrontation with Malaysia has ended, and trade is starting up again with Malaysia and Singapore. The army is in control, and could be for a long time, in spite of talks about elections. Sukarno appears to be accepting his new status, but he is the most experienced Indonesian politician of all and knows how quickly power in Indonesia can change hands. The generals know it too.



Sukarno

Other questions which may never be answered are whether Peking was directly involved in the plot, or whether the United States in any way influenced the students' agitation against Sukarno. From inquiries I made in Jakarta, I concluded that there is no real evidence that Peking on this occasion departed from its basic policy of limiting its encouragement of local Communist movements to words of advice. At his trial, Subandrio did admit that Peking agreed, in talks between the two governments, to supply Indonesia with a quantity of small arms. But even if Subandrio was in the thick of the plot, that hardly points to Peking as a co-plotter. An Indonesian Foreign Office official testified that during the flight back from Peking Subandrio gave him certain instructions about the final destination of the small arms, but the Chinese may have known nothing of that.

As for the students' demonstrations, for two years and more Sukarno's "to hell with you" policy toward the United States and Britain had, perhaps fortunately, made it difficult, if not impossible, for those countries to intervene, however subtly, in Indonesian affairs. I believe recent developments, ranging from the abortive coup to Sukarno's containment and Suharto's rise to power, were entirely Indonesian affairs. Indonesia was shaken, in my view, by an old-fashioned battle for succession, rather than by an ideological clash. Sukarno's reported ill health brought the contending groups abruptly into collision.

As I flew back to the efficiency, the modern comfort and the comparative security of Singapore, I tried to imagine what role Indonesia could be expected to play in Asian affairs in the foreseeable future. This country of 100 million people is potentially among the richest in the world, but it is encumbered with a run-down, state-controlled economy, with between 2 million and 5 million civil servants (nobody really knows), and with more than half a million in its armed forces. It desperately seeks a domestic political formula and economic sanity. If there is to be progress in these fields, the generals and the politicians will have their hands full for some time to come. Relations with China will probably deteriorate; those with the Soviet Union and the West, including the United States, will most likely improve; Japan will move much closer. The non-Communist world may be relieved that Indonesia has been rescued, on the brink, from communism. And, by now, thanks to Radio Jakarta and the controlled papers, most Indonesians may share this view without knowing exactly why. But the truth is that the abortive coup, whatever it was, the awful massacres, Sukarno's containment and the new army regime have left Indonesia very much as it was before. With, however, one important difference: there now is hope.

TEST RUN FOR '68

Blue Notes from Dixie

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting political and social events in the South.

The South has taken another turn for the worse: The Republican Party failed to crack the mono-politics of the solid South; the Negro voter had no place to turn, and George Wallace is leering at the White House over the shoulder of his bewildered wife.

In the welter of post-election statistics and analyses, it is clear that racism won the ballot of a majority of white voters. The hope that a nascent two-party system would provide Negroes and white progressives with an alternative to habitual Democratic recidivism died in the polling booths. Sometimes considerable Republican gains—particularly on the state legislative level in places like South Carolina—were applauded as if the appearance of a second party were a creative political achievement without reference to what the party was doing. But with the qualified exceptions of Republican Winthrop Rockefeller as Arkansas governor and Howard Baker as the new Senator from Tennessee, most GOP candidates tried to out-seg the Democratic segs.

The elections underscored the limitations on the Southern Negro vote, which generally found itself forced to choose between the lesser of two considerable evils if it wanted to count at all. That has been the history of the Southern black vote when it was minuscule—scurrying around like a poor cousin, trying to find some rich protector it could trust. Most ominously, George Wallace—thanks to the smashing victory of his governess—has established himself as a force capable of creating incalculable rightist mischief on a national scale in 1968.

Despite the Republican callowness, the indecisive Negro vote and the saga-to-be-completed of the Wallaces, optimists take comfort from the fact that Rockefeller, a mild segregationist, climbed victorious from the muck of racism and personal vilification that Democrat Jim Johnson shoveled against him. "Moderate" South Carolina Democratic Gov. Robert McNair beat immoderate Republican Joseph Rogers (Dixiecrat-turned-Republican Sen. Strom Thurmond and Negro-baiting GOP Congressman Albert Watson also won in South Carolina).

Tennessee was a mixed bag, with both Senatorial candidates courting the Negro vote, though what they would do for Negroes if elected was left vague. A screaming GOP reactionary, Dan Kuykendall, was elected to Congress and other Republican victories smudged any image of triumph for party moderation, to say nothing of liberalism.

Finally, in Macon County, Ala., Lucius Amerson became the first black sheriff in the South since Reconstruction and possibly the only one in the entire Republic. This occurred, it must be noted, in a county where voting-age Negroes outnumber whites four to one, and registered Negroes hold a numerical edge of 2,000 despite 175 per cent white registration. The county is the home of Tuskegee Institute and unique in the Black Belt. But Negroes must be grateful for small gifts.

Against these pale encouragements were unanimously reactionary results in Georgia, the rest of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida. Texas options were so slight that most liberals went fishing rather than vote for Democrat Waggoner Carr in his losing effort against conservative Republican John Tower. Black power, applied politically, failed in its first challenge to the murderous white supremacy of Lowndes County, Ala., and the Mississippi Freedom Party candidates were suffocated by bipartisan racism.

Elsewhere in America, these results would assume the color of a disaster for democracy. For the South, they are seen as tolerable, though of course lamentable. This is partly because of the confusion over images and labels. Segregation has become increasingly sophisticated in Dixie; politicians are adapting to the waning provincialism and waxing urbanism of most constituents. The national observer is so relieved to be spared a gallus-snapping reincarnation of Bilbo or Gene Talmadge "cussin' out niggers" that he is less repelled by a new breed of bigot—one who opposes civil rights advance, and champions the "Nigra" *status quo,* but is labeled "moderate" because he condemns the K.K.K. and lynching.

Even an occasional anachronism with the ax-handle mentality of Georgia's would-be governor, Lester Maddox, presents an urbane front. He offered a platform of help to the aged and of keeping the schools open in cooperation with federal decree that might have been denounced as socialistic twenty years ago. And he managed to go through an entire campaign stressing program and rarely alluding to race. Everybody pushes program in the new South; one-note racism is passé.

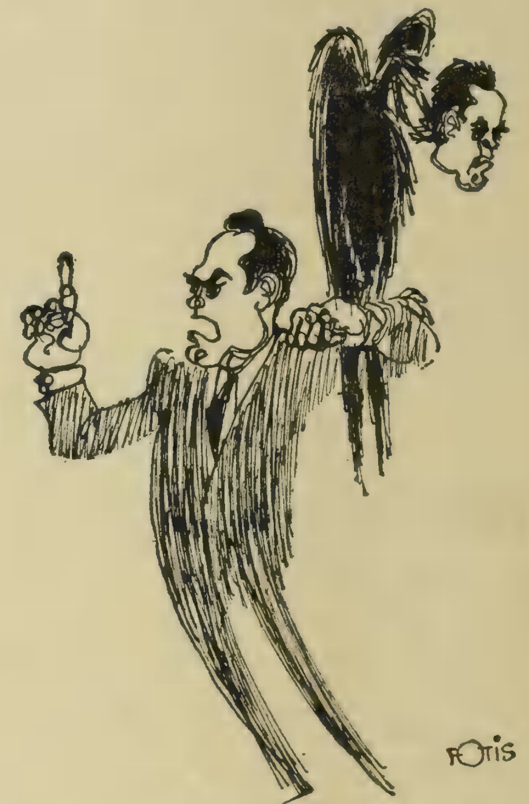
Writing of unfortunate racist political trends before the election, University of Mississippi Law Prof. Michael Horowitz noted:

> More subtle and dangerous, is the growth of the Chamber-of-Commerce Babbittry for which the Republican Party speaks. The button-down, dispassionate, country-club racism of the *nouveau riche,* whose dominant sense of the political process is that no one ought to take away the money they have made too quickly and too easily, is the politics of the Republican Party.

This realistic appraisal is a far cry from the hopes expressed before the election by the Republicans for Progress, a Washington-based group striving to excise segregation from the party. "It is urgent," the organization said, "that the Republican Party seize its opportunity and rally responsible Southerners to fight for the leadership of a New South. If it demonstrates courage and leadership now when the future of the American South appears to hang in the balance, the Republican Party can expect to command the respect and allegiance of the new generation of Southern voters."

That is well put, but unfortunately, the opportunity to create a second party in the South sprang from the worst Southern motivations. In 1964, whites voting with almost blind fury against the Johnson Administration and its Civil Rights Act carried Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina for Barry Goldwater. All five states elected Republican Congressmen, some for the first time since Reconstruction, but moderate Republicans (whatever they are) who had long nurtured dreams that the party of Lincoln might attract Negroes, were brutally shoved aside. They had not been doing much anyway.

By 1966, Negro registration in the eleven Southern states had risen to more than 2,600,000. This was something less than formidable compared with 14,300,000 whites. However, Republicans favoring civil rights hoped this potential bloc would be attractive enough to induce Southern GOP leaders to offer Negroes more than dreary, old-line Democratic rejection. But men like Alabama's John Grenier, who ran the Goldwater Southern campaign, were firmly in the saddle and convinced that a repeat of 1964 would win again. Basically, he was right, although the Democrats outflanked him.



Southern defiance of civil rights, Grenier saw, was running as strong as ever. And in 1966 an important factor had been added—supporting sentiment from the rest of the nation. The social seismographs of Democrats and Republicans alike were responding to rumbles throughoutout the United States. Northern indifference had sealed the Negroes' fate after Reconstruction, and Southern segregationists sensed the same opportunity in the backlash.

The spirit of intransigence took heart when the Administration reacted lackadaisically to the brutal gas attack on Meredith marchers in Canton, Miss. It was cheered when the Mayor of Waukegan, Ill., went on television to denounce Negro rioters in his segregated enclave as "scum" and "savages." *The Saturday Evening Post* editorialized that the White House was devoting an "inordinate amount of time" to Negro problems, but no time-study charts were offered. The most substantial evidence that defiance of civil rights was going places in 1966 and thereafter was the treatment accorded Education Commissioner Harold Howe II.

Less than 10 per cent of Southern schools are integrated, with considerable tokenism included in this figure. Howe reasoned that twelve years after the Supreme Court reached a decision, a law should mean something or become meaningless.

"I have the feeling," he said, "that those of us who think of ourselves as gentlemen should either stop pretending that we care about racial equality or we should step down from our air-conditioned podiums and start something definite in the way of a program."

Howe tightened up the slipshod guidelines. Eventually, funds would be withheld from only seventy-four of 1,800 Southern school districts. But Howe came under ungentlemanly fire from both sides of the Mason-Dixon line. South Carolina Democrat Mendel Rivers called him a "misfit . . . an idiot . . . this man talks like a Communist." Rep. Paul Fino, a Bronx Republican courting backlash, whose only previous claim to legislative fame was backing a federal lottery, said that Howe was a "socialized quack." Nobody came to Howe's defense. One day, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield said that Education was pushing too fast; next day he said it was going too slow.

On October 9, *The New York Times* cited "erosion" of enforcement provisions in Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act (prohibiting discrimination in federally assisted programs). The story said that Congressional chipping away was to blame. "Now when we call on Southern school officials for compliance," said an Office of Education official, "they just laugh at us. They feel they have the rest of the country on their side now."

This was the key, establishing the climate of the Southern elections, the plausibility of defiance. But Republican Goldwaterites generally could not capitalize on it because even "moderate" Democrats ran as if President Johnson and the Great Society (Negro aid) were figments of someone's diseased imagination.

In Alabama, GOP Rep. James D. Martin was emboldened to compete against Mr. and Mrs. Wallace for governor, and was swamped. Grenier took on Democratic Sen. John Sparkman, who is despised by Wallace and not much loved by anyone else, but whose contributions to the state and Senatorial seniority are widely respected. With the help of the Wallace landslide, Sparkman won easily. The Republican Party in Alabama may have suffered a mortal wound.

In Mississippi, the GOP rebuffed Negroes and ran Rep. Prentiss Walker (a Goldwater creation) against Sen. James Eastland of Sunflower County. A Negro protest vote for Freedom Party candidate, Rev. Clifton Whitly, gathered only 27,000 votes, although 140,000 Negroes are registered in the state. The result was a Democratic sweep and further entrenchment of die-hard segregation, with Ross Barnett of Meredith-at-the-University fame probably returning to the governorship next year.

Georgia politics have been described as "never dull and sometimes downright hilarious." The tragi-comic result of the 1966 election is ample proof of the truth in jest and an example of how the two-party system has misfired in the Deep South. Ax-handler Maddox finished in a dead heat for governor with Goldwaterite Rep. Harold "Bo" Callaway. This was fitting. Voters were offered little except a difference in style and class between the two. Lester was a po' boy become rich. Callaway, in the words of a rural Maddox booster, was a millionaire from the moment the doctor "first slapped him on his butt." He is also a West Point graduate whose voting record in Congress shows him completely at home in the 19th century.

But Negroes are losers whether he or Maddox is eventually declared winner in the tangled election aftermath. The only election alternative Georgia blacks had was to join the write-in campaign for former Gov. Ellis Arnall. Even if Arnall had won by some miracle, significant Negro advances could not have been gained with a "moderate" white administration psychologically unable to think in terms of the drastic effort needed to bring Negroes fully and equally into Southern society.

Florida offers an example of Republican bankruptcy in the South. Businessman Claude Kirk, Jr., capitalized on backlash and the alarm cry of organized crime to defeat liberal Democratic Miami Mayor Robert High. The most reactionary Democratic elements campaigned for Kirk. Toward the end of his campaign, he borrowed a racist slogan from Maryland gubernatorial candidate, George Mahoney, to put him over the top: Your Home Is Your Castle.

This, of course, was an attack on open housing and shorthand for everything else racial. It was the one note sounded by Mahoney, who had the white middle-class Maryland vote and probably lost because he did not realize that the Compleat Segregationist today must also present a Program. Mahoney's note fitted Kirk's Babbitt medley and he won in a state where the potent Negro vote (second in percentage only to Tennessee) had beat back Goldwater in 1964.

This helps define what the black vote can and cannot do. Southern politicians made dire predictions about a Black Wave after the 1965 Voting Act was passed. But an examination of statistics tells a different story.

In the five Deep South states of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina, Negroes have a *potential* voting majority in only sixty-five of 418 counties. Presently, and despite intensive campaigns that have tailed off, Negro registrants are in a majority in only twelve of those sixty-five counties. The majority is often a bare one. By contrast, there are thirty-six counties in Alabama alone where white registration is far in excess of white eligibles. Ghostly hands vote white supremacy. And the county level is where control is exerted over homely but vital facts of life like school boards, law enforcement and road paving.

Before the elections, the Southern Regional Council made public progress accounts of its Voter Education Project. Here is a typical field report from a county in central Georgia: "We registered 649 people and have a list of 862 who were not able to register due to fear of losing their jobs, or causing their parents or members of their families to lose theirs. Some are afraid of the Ku Klux Klan."

Results of this kind of intimidation showed up in places like Lowndes County, Ala., during the elections. Mrs. Viola Liuzzo and seminarian Jonathan Daniels were murdered in Lowndes and their slayers were freed—once by a black-white jury. While voting-age Negroes outnumber whites 5,122 to 1,900, a better than 100 per cent white registration gives the races an almost equal number of registered voters—around 2,800 each. On November 8, the independent Lowndes County Freedom Organization, popularly called the Black Panther Party because of its emblem, ran seven candidates for offices ranging from sheriff to tax assessor (an extremely important post in Lowndes and elsewhere, since undertaxed white landowners get away with fiscal murder at the expense of minimal service to Negroes and poor whites). All the Black Panther candidates lost by an average of 600 votes. The county has a hard core of Uncle Toms that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee numbers in the neighborhood of 350. Add to these the victims of fear and some idea emerges of the difficulties inherent in creating a meaningful black rural vote.

The problem is intensified by two other factors: diminish-

MATHEMATICS OF CONSENSUS

LOUIS H. BEAN

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Why did the Democrats lose ground in the 1966 elections? Can the Republicans now count on taking over the White House in 1968?

As to the reasons for the Democratic losses, you can, by proper selection, point to one or more that fit your judgment. Do you think the Vietnamese War swayed the election? Look at Hatfield's victory in Oregon. Were the race issue, riots, backlash determining? See Reagan's victory in California. Did the farmers turn thumbs down on President Johnson and Secretary Freeman? The Republicans made notable gains in the Midwest. Were youthful faces preferred over age and experience? See Percy vs. Douglas in Illinois. Was there general revolt against government spending, taxes, the Great Society programs? Just look at the forty-seven House seats and the eight governorships the Republicans won. Perhaps it was chiefly a matter of family name, since three Rockefellers (two Republicans and one Democrat), young Taft and young Stevenson were victorious. You can of course find instances that point to just the opposite conclusion.

To get at the central features of this election and its meaning for 1968, one must compare the results with what should normally have happened. It then appears to have been neither a Democratic calamity nor a momentous GOP victory leading straight to a Republican White House in 1968.

The prospects for 1966 pointed to more than normal midterm losses in the House, and by normal I mean the number of seats, twenty-five to thirty, that the party in power tends to lose, in midterm years, because the President's coattail influence is absent. Why should one have expected losses to exceed this number?

(*1*) The falling off in voter turn-out I expected to be about 10 million, from 66 million voters for Congressmen in 1964 to about 56 million in 1966 (UPI, November 10, said the vote was near 56 million). Most of this drop was to be on the Democratic side, not merely because the Democrats were in power but because about 2.5 million Republicans had stayed home in 1964, not wanting to vote for Goldwater. This pointed to a drop in the Democratic share of the vote for Congressmen from 57.5 per cent in 1964 to 53.5 per cent in 1966. (It was probably 52.5 per cent.)

(*2*) While pollsters say that it is not possible to translate a change in the percentage of the popular vote into a change in the number of seats, my formula says that for every percentage point there is a shift of nine to ten seats. The prospect for 1966 was therefore a Democratic loss of thirty-six to forty seats, about ten more than normal. (The actual loss, forty-seven seats, is therefore about twenty more than normal.)

(*3*) There were across the country about sixty districts where Democrats had won in 1964 with less than 55 per cent of the vote. Of these nearly forty, or two-thirds, had been Republican in the two or three elections prior to 1964, and were therefore most likely to elect Republicans in 1966, merely as a result of midterm apathy and the absence of Goldwater (more than 60 per cent of the Republican House gains occurred in the marginal districts).

(*4*) Geographically, the 1964 marginal districts were concentrated in the Middle West, with some in the Northeast and some in the Far West, and a few in the South. And for the most part these marginal districts were rural, not metropolitan (and it was here that the Republicans made most of their comeback).

The actual results thus conform closely to expectations, as to the size of the vote, the geographical distribution of the Republican gains, and even the total number of seats gained.

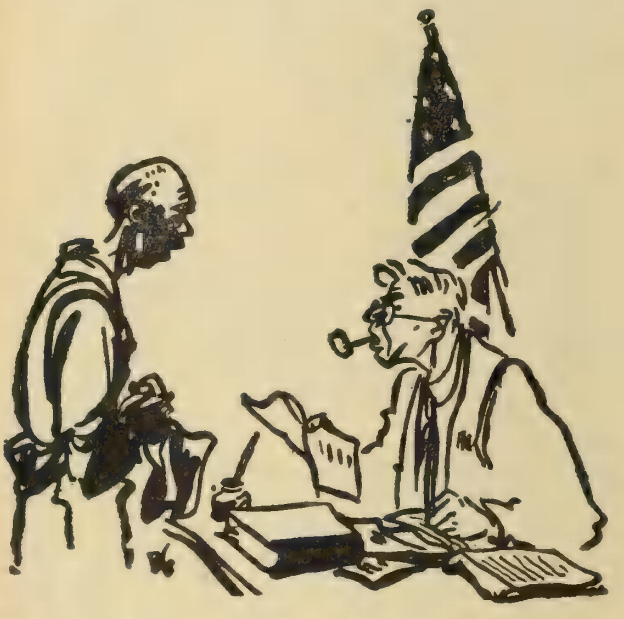
If looking at the election results in this statistical way makes sense, then the real question to be answered is what significance have issues, personalities, campaign expenditures, public relations operations, television exposure? If thirty-six to forty seats were destined to go Republican anyway, we are left with only about ten seats to be explained by all of these factors that politicians, columnists and political analysts worry about. And if one allows for a certain number of Republican candidates that rode in on the coattails of the three Rs (Romney, Reagan and Rockefeller), even less of the Republican gains need to be explained by the so-called issues in this last election.

With very little change in the make-up of the Senate, and with very little to explain in the GOP Congressional gains over what would be normally expected, it seems to me that the main features of this election that will stand out on further analysis will be the noticeable Republican gains in the state capitols, and the further Republican gains in the South. One other fact that will be noted particularly by Democrats is that the 1966 Congressional roster, with 245 midterm Democrats in the House, would, if translated into its equivalent for a Presidential election, amount to about 270 to 275 Democratic seats. That is the kind of Democratic Congress President Johnson could have had if he had been running for re-election now.

ing ability of civil rights groups to put registration volunteers in the field (in the absence of federal efforts) and white political manipulations aimed at scotching black militancy and maintaining an uneasy but politically profitable *status quo.* White liberal refusal outside the South to complete the job and lack of support from Negro groups that should know better will increasingly cripple private efforts to encourage Southern Negro voter participation.

More insidious is the role of Democratic politicians on the high national level. Mississippi furnishes a good example. For the past two years, the Johnson Administration has been tampering with the efforts of Mississippi Negroes to create some kind of workable black force, given the indifference of the two major parties. SNCC's Stokely Carmichael summed up militant Negro reaction to suggestions that blacks make a coalition with whites by exploding: "Coalition! Who you gonna coalesce with?"

It's a pertinent question but it raises another. In Mississippi, with white registration 3.5 times black, how can you win meaningful victories without white allies? Mississippi "moderates" with backing from the White House tried last year with the Mississippi Conference to wean away Negroes from the activism of the Freedom Democratic Party and into an alliance that supposedly would work to reform the state's regular Democratic Party. It failed, not only because blacks weren't buying but because no reform is yet possible in the race-obsessed state.



However, that hasn't prevented the Johnson Administration from trying to cripple the Freedom Party, SNCC and everybody else who refuses to play the coalition game. The action of Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity in killing the Head Start program of the Child Development Group of Mississippi was not very subtle. It substituted Mississippi Action for Progress, a collection of hand-picked blacks and whites, in an agglomeration that plainly was attempting to establish a patronage base with Poverty Program dollars toward the long-range aim of building a Democratic nucleus responsive to Washington and not to the mutinous Mississippi Democratic overseers.

The CDGM program was widely praised by Northern observers, including Walter Reuther. It undoubtedly had its built-in defects and it clearly was oriented toward Freedom Party thinking. But it did reach children effectively and why should it be the only Head Start program in the country to be publicly disowned by Shriver? Unless Shriver, a thoroughly political animal, was responding to political pressure from an old and expert hand.

The frustration of Negro voters with nowhere to go was most apparent in Alabama where the Wallaces (who had been spreading around some state jobs to Negroes in Montgomery) received substantial black votes. He—they—didn't need them. Wallace has become a contemporary Huey Long, a smooth-functioning tyrant who exerts almost total control over his state. Twelve state Senators last year successfully opposed his attempt to legally succeed himself; all are now out of the legislature through defeat, resignation and one suicide.

Wallace has led Alabama through the most violent days of its modern history and he has visions of leading the entire United States. While he is an accomplished administrator and appeals to the masses with his highway, school and industrial programs, he has only one basic credo to offer nationally: white supremacy. Even with the current backlash, it seems impossible that he could mount a significant third-party campaign in 1968. Still, he scared hell out of the professionals in 1964 when he took 30 per cent of the Indiana Presidential primary, 25 per cent of pristine white Wisconsin, and 43 per cent of Maryland.

On election night in the Montgomery executive mansion, seated beside his quiet-as-a-mouse wife, Wallace said: "I don't have any great ambition at all to be President." But in the next breath he warned that if neither major party provided a clear choice for conservatives in 1968, ". . . you can look for us to be in your state all the way from Maine to California." He then proceeded to eliminate virtually every candidate to the left of American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell from his list of possibilities. Wallace wrote off Ronald Reagan, Barry Goldwater, George Romney, et al. It is clear already that he intends to make a run for it.

How will he do? Last month in Birmingham, Goldwater said that a third-party effort wouldn't work and "shouldn't even be tried." The Louis Harris poll played with the possible three-horse race of Johnson, Nixon and Wallace, and proved to its own satisfaction that Wallace would hobble the GOP and insure Johnson's re-election.

Any realistic appraisal of Wallace's chances must be based on national developments in 1967. The present year has demonstrated that ghetto Negroes are at the boiling point. New York avoided riots largely because of effective use of Poverty Program "quiet-down" money and because a civilian-dominated Civilian Review Board gave the ghetto Negroes the feel of having a legal weapon against white authority. Now the Poverty Program is foundering as money is diverted to Vietnam, and a backlash vote has erased the review board.

It isn't pretty to think that widespread riots in 1967 would give George Wallace fuel for his run. But there are chilling signs that some people *are* thinking of it just that realistically. In a recent speech to the convention of Independent Mutual Insurance Agents, Norman Lustic, president of Consolidated Mutual, discussed the problem of insuring high-risk property in areas of potential riot. He said: "Nor is there any guarantee that riot will necessarily be confined to the square blocks in Harlem . . . that it will not spill out. . . . I cannot conceive that an underwriter will accept a risk in the heart of any of these depressed sections without a full recognition that a riot might destroy the building."

Should riot disfigure national life next year, Wallace could become a symbol of white against black that loomed over other issues and qualifications. The feelings of outrage and fear would probably not be strong enough to elect him, given the basic sanity of the electorate, but they might be strong enough to induce the Republican convention to nominate a rightist candidate in the hope of heading off the Wallace ploy. Or, more likely, Wallace could deny either major-party candidate a majority in the electoral college. This would send the election into the House of Representatives where his adherents might swing the choice to him. Each state delegation would get one vote, and twenty-six would carry the Presidency. A man with six or eight states in his pocket could conceivably determine the next President of the United States.

It can't happen here? Neither, thought Georgia progressives, could Lester Maddox. Nor, for that matter, did anyone think that a Mississippi Head Start program would be cut off for political reasons by an Administration supposedly committed to Negro exercise of civil rights free from intimidation. What happens next in the South is closely tied to what happens in Washington. And anyone searching there for reassurance looks in vain.

Too Soon for Peace

SANFORD GOTTLIEB

Mr. Gottlieb is the political action director of SANE. He was coordinator of the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam of November, 1965.

The war in Vietnam had little direct impact on the 1966 elections. It has not yet bitten deeply enough into the American conscience to produce clear voting patterns. The 5,000 dead are 5,000 too many, but in a nation of 197 million relatively few families have been touched. That tight money and high prices are largely caused by the war is not yet understood by the public. The morality of destroying a people to "save" it from "communism" has so far failed to agonize even clergymen who are not already committed to the peace movement.

As an issue, Vietnam is still ambiguous. Voters feel tugged in several directions. They want to back their President, as citizens traditionally do in time of war, but they don't trust him. They want to "support the boys," but don't clearly understand what they are doing in Vietnam. They want to "stop communism," but are increasingly reluctant to pay the price. This ambiguity will disappear as the war continues. Mounting casualty lists, extensive draft calls, higher prices, and the crippling of badly needed domestic programs for a burgeoning urban population will sharpen the public mood of frustration, and America will tend to polarize as it did during Korea. There will be more people on one side who want to use more force to "get it over with," and more on the other side who simply want to get out. The climate will be ripe for major challenges to the Johnson Administration. Richard Nixon understands this: on October 31, he warned that if the war drags on indecisively, the Republican Party might be "grievously tempted" to bring forward a peace candidate for President in 1968.

In 1966, however, peace candidates still represented an idea whose time had not yet come. The Republican gains reflected no more as yet than an unfocused dissatisfaction in the country. Rep. George Brown, Jr., of California, who survived both the Republican tide and a scurrilous attack on him as a pro-Vietcong "appeaser," thinks the nation needs a redefinition of its goals. "We haven't set goals which can attract the ordinary human being," he reflected after Election Day in attempting to analyze the discontent. The average citizen may be eating well, Congressman Brown observed, but he wonders where we are going.

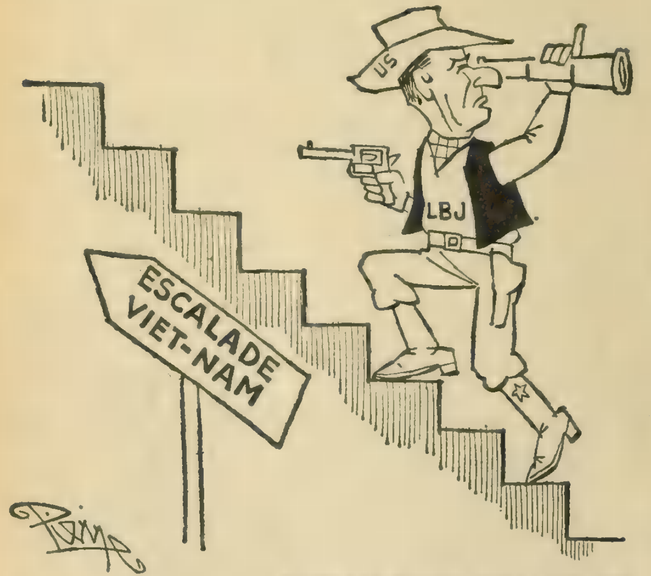
There is a sense of drift, and the public has lost confidence in the man at the helm. As one travels around the country, one sees that people simply don't trust Johnson. Americans of many persuasions judge him to be an operator who manipulates the truth as he manipulates people. I think many Democrats suffered defeat on November 8 in large part because the electorate is repelled by Lyndon Johnson, the man, his policies, his power and his professions. Where voters split their tickets and elected Democrats to local offices, they rejected Democratic candidates at the national level. Even in Lyndon Johnson's corner of Texas, a Republican, Sen. John Tower, carried the area for the first time.

Against this background, it is justifiable to suggest that below the surface the public senses the contradiction between the promise of a Great Society at home and a dirty war abroad, between the civil war which erupts in the streets of the ghettos and the civil war we have helped to internationalize in Vietnam.

The peace candidates who tried earlier this year to bring these connections into focus failed to achieve many electoral victories, although they reinvigorated the political process in many areas. About eighty nonincumbent peace candidates ran for Congress in 1966, stressing American initiatives to achieve a peaceful settlement in Vietnam. There were fifteen such candidates in California, thirteen in New York, nine in Pennsylvania, eight in New Jersey, four in Washington and one, two or three in nineteen other states. A handful, including Robert Scheer in California, espoused radical platforms combining a New Left critique of American society with calls for immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. The others, however, moved on their separate paths toward an essentially nonideological, humanist view of the world and support for U Thant's three-point program for peace in Vietnam. Most were amateurs—professors, lawyers, businessmen, writers and housewives—who had never previously run for public office. Their mere presence in the electoral arena was a phenomenon, since their candidacies were in great measure spontaneous and uncoordinated. Most ran as Democrats, a score as independents and write-ins, and a few as Republicans.

With the exception of Mark Hatfield in Oregon, who belongs in a special category, none of the major-party insurgents was elected in November. Most met defeat in the primaries, although sixteen Democratic peace candidates did survive until November. Defeated in the election, they had much company. Only two new Democrats were elected to the House outside of the South, one of them in a district previously represented by a Democrat. By now, the Democratic peace candidates tend to look much like any other defeated Democrat, especially in traditionally Republican districts. Only one independent peace candidate, Stephen Minot in Connecticut's 6th District, emerged as the balance of power between Republicans and Democrats. His 3.5 per cent of the vote caused the defeat of a lackluster pro-Administration Democratic incumbent. Except in marginal districts, independent peace candidates have little future except as outlets for a protest vote.

The peace candidates lost for reasons usually unconnected with the issue of Vietnam. Particularly in the primaries, they often lacked the manpower and organization to compete with the political machines. In New Jersey, a Senate primary campaign of several months by science writer David Frost could not begin to defeat an entrenched Democratic machine, despite Frost's considerable personal appeal, the expenditure of sizable sums of money and the help of enthusiastic volunteers. On Election Day the machine used hundreds of members of ethnic groups and city sanitation departments to "pull" voters to the polls. Frost carried communities where he was able to field volunteers, but received only 11 per cent of the state-wide vote. The machine candidate received 75 per cent, three other candidates the balance. Frost did succeed in getting Vietnam discussed before the New Jersey electorate, and convinced many people that he was more able and articulate than his opponent. But the votes eluded him. "There's no substitute for organization," he later concluded.



Pierre-Aux Ecoutes, Paris: Ben Roth

"And at the same time, I must keep my eye on the voters!"

Moreover, in American politics a candidate's personal background, experience and fame count heavily with an electorate which is oriented more to personalities than to issues. Most of the 1966 peace candidates were unknowns. If there were any surprises during the year, it was that some peace candidates, such as James Pelley, a professor and livestock breeder in Ohio's 24th District, won contested primaries. About half of those who did so had either held or run for public office, as was the case with the two New York Reform Democrats, Ted Weiss and Melvin Dubin, who came so agonizingly close to victory.

Americans are not renowned as protest voters, especially in primaries. They tend to cast their ballots for candidates who generate a sense of trust and confidence. Aside from purely personal factors, nothing generates these like political experience.

Massachusetts was a case in point. Thomas Boylston Adams, peace candidate for the Senate in the Democratic primary, has a distinguished family name. However, his opponents, Gov. Endicott Peabody and Mayor John Collins, were political pros closer to the contemporary limelight. Adams ignored his opponents and attacked President Johnson's policies in Vietnam. His opponents ignored both Adams and Vietnam and ran traditional Massachusetts Democratic campaigns. Adams received 8.7 per cent of the total (and about the same number of votes that H. Stuart Hughes collected as an Independent in 1962). This impressed some of the local politicos and newspapers; they were surprised that so many Massachusetts Democrats were interested in world affairs.

Another handicap was the one-issue campaign. While most of the peace candidates had platforms which covered both international and domestic issues, many were publicly identified almost entirely with Vietnam. Regardless of the feelings of the voters about the war at election time, many of them were more concerned about inflation, open occupancy, tight money and big government. At the very least, they wanted a candidate who could speak knowledgeably about a wide range of subjects. A one-issue candidate makes them suspicious.

In some areas, peace candidates were hurt by the "don't-split-the-vote" reflex. This emerged in Maryland's new 8th Congressional District, where labor lawyer Seymour Spelman was a last-day entry in a field of six. Spelman quickly became one of the three top contenders. Royce Hanson, a well-known, well-liked liberal who had run before and had the backing of most of the Democratic workers, was the front runner. Mike Monroney, son of the Senator from Oklahoma and an Administration supporter on Vietnam, was runner-up. Spelman received only 7 per cent of the primary vote in a district of high educational and income levels. Hanson, who adopted a position mildly critical of the Administration after Spelman entered the race, won easily. Spelman failed to capture at least several thousand potential votes because many liberals were convinced that "a vote for Spelman is a vote for Monroney," and were repelled by Monroney's hard line. Hanson later succumbed to the Republican sweep in November.

Events within Vietnam did seem to have some influence on the fates of the peace candidates. On the whole, peace candidates fared better in May than in September. The May primaries were held soon after the Buddhist uprisings in South Vietnam, an event which sowed doubt among many Americans. It was not by chance that in May the get-out-of-Vietnam sentiment reached its high point in the public-opinion polls. The September primaries, on the other hand, followed by several days the Ky regime's elections in South Vietnam, an operation superbly merchandised in the United States as a great defeat for the Vietcong and a victory for representative government. This packaged optimism clearly helped the pro-Administration candidates. By November, the surviving peace candidates were swept up in the Republican tide.

However, a look at the new Congress reveals that the Republican tide by no means submerged all the doves. In the Senate, the body with the greater influence on foreign affairs, the election of three prominent Republicans has strengthened the forces favorable to a peaceful settlement in Vietnam. Mark Hatfield's victory in Oregon brings to the national stage the one man who refused to support President Johnson's Vietnam policy at the last Conference of Governors. Hatfield conclusively defeated Robert Duncan, the only pro-Administration Democrat who waged a one-issue campaign on Vietnam. He replaces Maurine Neuberger, who tended to keep private her criticisms of Administration policy. The elections of Edward Brooke in Massachusetts and Charles Percy in Illinois have replaced two Administration supporters, Leverett Saltonstall and Paul Douglas, with two moderates who favor more vigorous efforts to negotiate an end to the war. Percy attacked Douglas during the campaign for refusing to rule out the use of small nuclear weapons in Vietnam, and campaigned for an all-Asian peace conference. Brooke has opposed further escalation, stated that the National Liberation Front should be included in negotiations, and criticized the Administration for making its offers of negotiation less credible by escalating the war.

The re-election, in most cases by overwhelming margins, of Senators Bob Bartlett of Alaska, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Lee Metcalf of Montana, and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island will return to Washington a quartet of scholarly and moderate advocates of a negotiated settlement. Senator Pell received two-thirds of the vote in Rhode Island against a self-styled hawk. Sen. Thomas McIntyre's landslide victory over retired Air Force General Harrison Thyng in New Hampshire is further evidence that the voters were not accepting extremist solutions.

In the House, all the Congressmen who voted against military appropriations in 1965 and 1966—George Brown, Phillip Burton and Don Edwards of California; Edith Green of Oregon; John Conyers of Michigan; and John Dow and William F. Ryan of New York—have been re-elected. While five of these incumbents were in safe districts, Congressmen Brown and Dow went into contests where outcomes were very uncertain. This indicates that voters do not automatically punish Congressmen who vote their principles in opposing further escalation. On the other hand, among the Democrats who were defeated in the Republican sweep were sixteen who had signed one or more of the joint statements advocating restraint in Vietnam and greater efforts to reach the conference table. They were not defeated because of their stand on Vietnam, but their loss to harder-line Republicans strengthens the hawk sentiment in the House.

Yet, will it be that clear? Will the freshmen Republicans identify with Dirksen and Strom Thurmond or with Hatfield, Percy and Brooke? Will they rally 'round Lyndon Johnson's now tattered standard, or will they play the game Richard Nixon's way? Nixon wants a "strategy for victory" within a year, as well as "peace without appeasement." The shrewder Republicans will no doubt play both sides of the street. This creates a situation of greater fluidity, since many Democratic critics of the Vietnamese escalation who have now been defeated hesitated to go against the President of their own party. The Republicans will be under no comparable constraint, especially after the results of November 8. More than ever before, political pressures may now influence Administration actions in Southeast Asia.

What, then, can be learned from the 1966 elections? The first lesson would seem to be that government policy is not changed by pressure groups alone or by fledgling efforts to use the electoral machinery. If government policy is to change, it will be through constant work by pressure groups *and* by influence in at least one national party. There were pressure groups for peace before 1966; thanks to the peace candidates, there are now bridgeheads in the political party structure. During 1967 these must be buttressed and additional ones established.

If the lack of electoral victories does not lead to discouragement, we shall be able to look back at 1966 as the year the peace movement became political. Thousands of new people began to use the electoral process to bring about a change in government policy. They have gained invaluable experience, not the least of which is an understanding of the need for patient grass-roots organizing, to which peace-oriented citizens have not been attracted in the past. Yet there are no short cuts. The party machinery helps select the candidates and helps write the state party platforms. If by early 1968 the peace forces are not in position to influence both the selection of candidates and the direction of the party platforms, they will have little direct leverage on the Administration, whether they want to end this war or prevent the next one. Now is the time to lay the groundwork for the peace candidates of 1968.

Whether they work in nonpartisan pressure groups, in political parties or both, peace-oriented citizens should be looking for allies. In the past too much effort has been wasted trying to get everybody concerned to agree on all the particulars of joint efforts. What is needed is greater understanding of the separate but overlapping interests of different groups. When a member of a peace group works to end the war in Vietnam, he is also working indirectly to free the resources now consumed in that struggle for possible use in rebuilding the slums at home. When a member of a civil rights organization lobbies Congress, for aid in the ghettos, he is working indirectly to end the war in Vietnam. For the resources of even the wealthiest power in the world are limited.

So let each group apply its own pressure, keeping channels of communication open and exploring common action in the political field. Those candidates who stump the country in 1968 suggesting that we should do well to invest a sum equal to the $32 billion spent on Vietnam this past year on rebuilding the cities, creating mass transportation, cleaning our air and water and providing quality education for the half of our population under 25 would have a compelling—perhaps a winning—formula.

SHOWDOWN ON VITAMINS

RALPH LEE SMITH

Mr. Smith is the author of several books, among them The Bargain Hucksters *and* The Tarnished Badge *(both Crowell).*

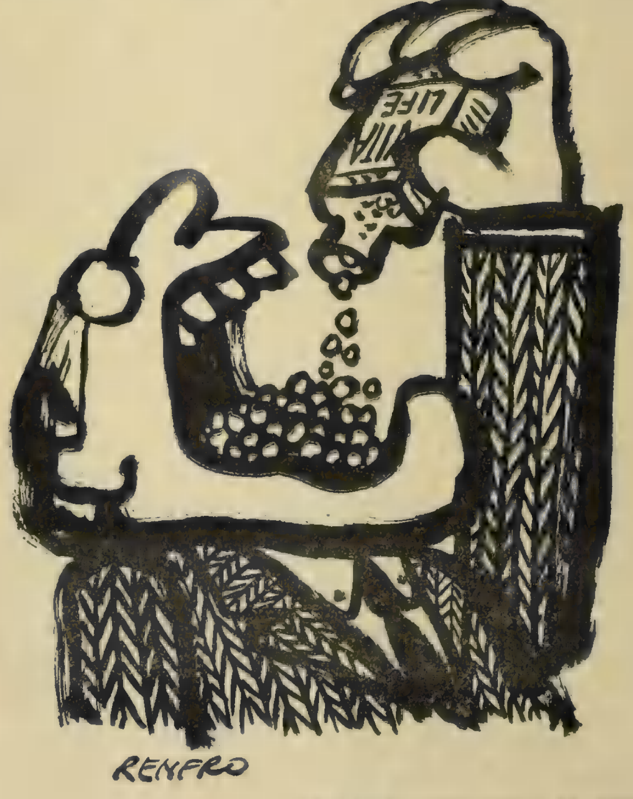
In September the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association and twelve of its member firms went into U.S. District Court in Washington, D. C., seeking a court order to prevent the Food and Drug Administration from holding public hearings on new regulations it proposes for vitamin preparations and dietary foods. This is the latest move in a little-known battle the drug industry is waging for very big stakes. Dr. Robert Shank stated before the Senate Special Committee on Aging in 1963: "Perhaps the most lucrative deception is perpetrated by nearly every distributor of vitamins and vitamin-mineral supplements." Dr. Shank is head of the Department of Preventive Medicine, Washington University, St. Louis, and chairman of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Vitamin deficiency is a rare condition in the United States. Less than 1 per cent of the population suffers from it, according to expert medical testimony received by the Federal Trade Commission in its recent cases against two leading vitamin-mineral products, Geritol and Vitasafe. "All of the nutrients that man requires are found in ordinary 'everyday' foods readily available in all parts of the country the year around," says the American Medical Association. "It is not necessary to memorize the details of the nutrient composition of foods in order to achieve a nutritionally adequate diet. Simply choose foods from the four basic food groups: milk, meat, vegetable-fruit, and bread and cereals. These foods offer us a wide variety and assure us the basis of a healthful diet."

"The American food supply," says the Food and Drug Administration, "is unsurpassed in volume, variety and nutritional value. In fact, Americans have to go out of their way, nutritionally speaking, to avoid being well nourished." Dr. James L. Goddard, commissioner of Food and Drugs, notes that in economically depressed areas some families do not have a varied or plentiful supply of foods, but that, as a simple medical fact, this rarely appears to result in failure of such persons to secure basic nutritional requirements. And he sees food-distribution programs, not vitamin pills, as the answer to such needs as exist.

Under these circumstances, the sale of about $300 million worth of vitamins and vitamin-mineral preparations a year, often at immensely inflated prices, to people who almost never need them, is a marvel of modern merchandising. To achieve it, the drug industry has invested heavily in advertising and public education.

The approach has involved the subtle use of a well-proved combination—fear and reward. The fear part of the campaign warns people that if they do not take vitamins they may be risking insidious, undetectable dietary deficiencies—and who in his right mind would take such a risk when it can so easily be avoided? Dr. Walter A. Compton, executive vice president of Miles Laboratories, distributors of One-a-Day multi-vitamins, informed the Senate Committee on Aging in 1963 that people who fail to take vitamin pills are risking serious consequences and that "our company and other reputable pharmaceutical firms serve the public by recommending for their use and marketing multiple vitamin preparations." "The average person has no way of knowing how good his diet is," the National Vitamin Foundation agrees dolefully, and recommends vitamin pills as "insurance." The industry-financed foundation bears about the same relationship to the vitamin business that the Tobacco Industry Research Council bears to the tobacco industry.



The reward for using vitamins is the alleged therapeutic value that the ads often state or imply. Among other things, vitamins have been offered to help cure symptoms of fatigue—Geritol's "tired bood" is an affliction well known to the air waves, if not to the medical schools. They are also said to promote feelings of pep, health and well-being. A TV commercial for Squibb's Vigran multi-vitamins shows a handsome young man jogging through a park in an early morning workout. Superimposed on the picture, and in time with his stride, are the letters VIGRAN, going up and down like pistons.

The messages are drummed home with large advertising budgets. In January, 1965, Miles Laboratories stated that its ad budget for the year was $8 million, and that it planned to spend $2 million to promote a single product, One-a-Day Plus Iron Tablets. The Federal Trade Commission, in its case against the Vitasafe company, found that the firm's annual gross business was $9 million, of which $3.5 million was spent for advertising. Advertising figures for Geritol are hard to come by; its distributor, the J.B. Williams Company, does not disclose sales or earnings. In 1962, *Advertising Age* estimated the Geritol ad budget at $6 million. In all instances, of course, the cost of advertising is incorporated into the price of the product. In the late Senator Kefauver's memorable phrase, the people pay for their own brainwashing.

Another cost borne by the purchasers of the products is the struggle that the industry, and many firms in it, have put up to avoid federal regulation of their activities and claims. Any company or industry that has both the will and the money can fight running battles with federal authorities over many months or years while continuing the lucrative practices to which the government has objected. Many drug firms have the will, and needless to say, they have the money.

Thus, it took a complicated series of actions by three government agencies—the Food and Drug Administration, the Post Office Department and the Federal Trade Commission—extending from 1957 to 1966, to curb effectively the therapeutic claims that were being made for Vitasafe capsules. A final ruling has yet to be handed down in the case against the distributors of Geritol, initiated by the Federal Trade Commission in 1962. After lengthy and complex hearings, the FTC ordered the firm in October, 1965, to stop representing that all cases of tiredness, loss of strength, run-down feeling, nervousness and irritability indicate a deficiency of iron and that Geritol is an effective remedy for these symptoms. "The inescapable conclusion," said FTC chairman, Paul Rand Dixon, "is that the number of people in the total population who are tired because of iron or vitamin deficiency is infinitesimally small." Geritol promptly appealed the FTC ruling to the courts and announced that meanwhile it would continue its fabulously successful advertising themes. This means more years of grace for "tired blood."

Another problem is the composition of multi-vitamin and vitamin-mineral preparations. Whatever may be motivating the scientists who dream these pills up, it does not seem to be the facts of medical science. In almost every instance the formulas bear no relationship to the realities of diet or of dietary deficiency. Vitamin and vitamin-mineral products now on the market, the FDA said in June, 1966, "contain as many as seventy-five ingredients. Only a few of these ingredients have any real value as food supplements." Most of the products, FDA went on, contain more than a reasonable amount of some nutrients and less than a reasonable amount of others. This was strongly confirmed by the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and Nutrition. Checking 1,000 vitamin preparations listed in *The American Drug Index,* the council found that 993 exceeded the council's recommendations in either the amounts or the kinds of certain vitamins or vitamin-mineral combinations. "Only seven preparations," says Dr. Philip L. White, secretary of the council, "were considered to be rational."

A product called Nutri-Bio, which was launched about 1960 and which had achieved $8 million sales volume by 1961, had listed on its label more than thirty ingredients, for over half of which the need in human nutrition has not been established. "There is no reason," Dr. White stated, "for including most of the ingredients." The product was hawked on a door-to-door basis, with purchasers being required to buy a six-months' supply. Two items were offered: Nutri-Bio Vitamin and Mineral Tablets at $24; and Nutri-Bio Protein Tablets at $15.50. Thus, a family of four that purchased both items for the whole family would pay $316 a year.

Vice president in charge of nutritional research for the

VITAMIN	PRICE PER 100 TABLETS			
	Squibb	Eli Lilly	Drug Guild	Hudson Vitamin
(1) Thiamin Chloride (Vitamin B_1) 50 mg. Tablets	$2.25	$2.55	$ .65	$ .65
(2) Thiamin Chloride (Vitamin B_1) 100 mg. Tablets	4.05	4.50	.85	.85
(3) Ascorbic Acid (Vitamin C) 100 mg. Tablets	1.20	1.40	.44	.45
(4) Pyridoxine (Vitamin B_6) 25 mg. Tablets	3.00	5.67	1.35	.75
(5) Riboflavin (Vitamin B_2) 5 mg. Tablets	1.17	1.30	.59*	.40
(6) Vitamin A 25,000 Units	4.09	3.65	.75	.75
(7) Vitamin E 100 Int'l. Units	6.00	6.50	1.95	1.95

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*for 10 mg. tablets (twice as much)

The chart above shows recent retail prices for a number of identical vitamin products sold under four different brand names. Drug Guild is a brand name used for the distribution of drugs at moderate prices to drug outlets in the New York metropolitan area. Hudson Vitamin Products is a national mail-order firm. Food and Drug Administration inspections insure that there is no variation in either the content or the quality of the products.

firm was the movie and TV star Bob Cummings. A stock prospectus filed by the company with the Securities and Exchange Commission listed his salary as $76,641 a year, plus $7,453 set aside under the firm's profit-sharing plan. Another valued executive was Mrs. Cummings; her salary was listed at $76,141. Each of the Cummings' five children, most of whom were under 10 years of age, was on the payroll at $166 per month.

This racket was apparently not designed for a long voyage. In 1963, Cummings severed his connections with the firm and sold his stock; by 1965, Nutri-Bio was bankrupt, and its name and assets were acquired by a new group. FDA's latest record shows the seizure by FDA inspectors in May, 1966, of $9,404 worth of Nutri-Bio and Baby Bio on charges that they were deficient in vitamins A and C.

In 1962 the Food and Drug Administration had decided that the situation required a broader approach than individual actions against firms in the field. Back in 1941, FDA had promulgated regulations governing the labeling of vitamins, multi-vitamin preparations, and vitamin-mineral supplements. Since then, great strides had been taken in scientific knowledge of nutrition, and even greater strides had been taken in the technique of selling such products despite prevailing medical knowledge. FDA now proposed new regulations. Among other things, these would have prohibited claims of special dietary value for ingredients not recognized as essential in human nutrition. For pills containing perishable nutrients, the rules would have required an expiration date on the label. The industry rose up in arms and the rules were never applied.

In June of this year, FDA returned to the problem, issuing a new and more extensive set of proposed regulations. These rules incorporate the old ones, and contain additional positive provisions to assure buyers that they are getting something medically rational. "In order to be labeled 'Multi-Vitamin Supplement,' " the proposed rules state, "a product *must* contain Vitamin A, Vitamin D, ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), thiamine (Vitamin B_1), riboflavin (Vitamin B_2) and niacin, and *may* include Vitamin E, Vitamin B_6, folic acid, pantothenic acid, and/or Vitamin B_{12}. A 'Mineral Supplement' must contain calcium and iron, and may include phosphorus, magnesium, copper, and/or iodine. A 'Multi-Vitamin and Mineral Supplement' must contain all of the required ingredients and may contain any of the optional ones."

The proposed rules also specify minimum and maximum amounts of each ingredient that such pills may contain. Among the practices the provision would prevent is loading pills with immense amounts of relatively inexpensive nutrients, while failing to include, or including in insufficient quantity, more costly ingredients. "The content of most vitamin-mineral supplements now on the market will have to be changed to conform to the published standards," says FDA. "Most supplements now exceed the maximum amounts allowed to them in some respects and contain less than the required minimum amounts in other respects."

Another stipulation of the proposed rules would require the labels of vitamin preparations to carry a notice to the effect that "vitamins and minerals are supplied in abundant amounts by the foods we eat. . . . Except for persons with special medical needs, there is no scientific basis for recommending routine use of dietary supplements." (It should be noted that several members of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council have expressed reservations about the exact wording of the label. Dr. Goddard has stated that he believes an acceptable wording can be worked out.)

The industry took one look at the proposed rules and fled in collective horror to its attorneys. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association has made the first move in trying to block public hearings. It's going to be a long, hard fight, with the public paying for every bit of it.

LETTERS

(continued from page 562)

fies the kind of people apparently excluded from the Fulbright scholarship's beneficence. (Also, William Faulkner was in fact a Fulbright lecturer, not a scholar.) Third, when Handlin says that British stipends give £6 per week and American £15, he unscrupulously juggles statistics, dividing the total British sum (£325) into a fifty-two-week calendar year, and the American (£558) into a thirty-five-or-so-week academic year; and as I said in the earlier article, the English could take formal jobs where we (sans a working permit) could not. Since Handlin did not attempt to live on the stipend, he is simply not qualified to judge its adequacy—unlike immigrants long deceased, we Fulbrights are able to speak for ourselves. That the program is no longer supported by war debts, even as part of "joint contributions," is news to me (as the executive secretary himself told me it was, at dinner on Feb. 16, 1965); and may I trust that my other proposals, which Handlin indicatively does not dispute, will become realities with equal haste.

What irritates me more about Handlin's letter are, first, its moral premise and, second, his own damned presumptuousness. His irate tone ("particular [*sic*] poor grace") presumes that the poor should never complain about relief, solely and simply because they are recipients of a government dole. (Need I say more?) Second, he claims to know more about my life than I do. Of the two "people with whom [I] chiefly came into contact at the commission," I happened to meet one, the most eminent (Cleanth Brooks), only once; and how I spent my own money or where it came from would interest only an incipient totalitarian—the sort who would also feel inclined to revise the facts of history to his own convenience. Finally, contrary to what Handlin tells me about myself, I did not at all suffer "unhappiness in London," but many of the discomforts that all the scholars felt I would attribute to needless deficiencies in the Fulbright program. Either the program reforms itself or it earns an increasingly bad name.

Richard Kostelanetz

The Nation dissociates itself from all passages in the above letter which characterize Oscar Handlin, deprecate his behavior or ascribe motives to him.—*Editors*

eyes right

Trenton, N.J.

Dear Sirs: At a time when we hear so much about left-wing infiltration of the mass media, it is interesting to read Francis Pollock's convincing evidence ["Junkets to Apartheid: America's Press on Safari," *The Nation*, Nov. 7] that so righteous a government as that of South Africa is attempting to buy favorable opinion with free trips to American journalists. *Christopher E. Fullman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

What Shall A Moral Man Do?

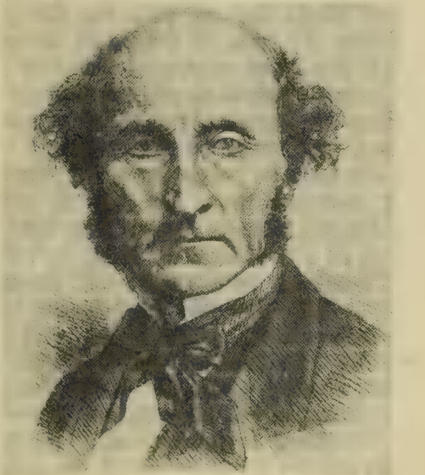
CHRISTOPHER LASCH

Mr. Lasch is a member of the History Department at Northwestern University. His most recent book is The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type *(Knopf).*

Last February a book was published called *The Psychology of Power*, by R. V. Sampson, lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol.* The book appeared in England in 1965. Neither there nor in the United States did it cause much of a stir. In the United States, in fact, it has been almost ignored. I do not propose to "review" the book so much as to call attention to its existence, and beyond that, to try to formulate a position about some of the questions it raises. One of the difficulties in the way of the book's acceptance is that it is not blindingly original. Herbert Marcuse's *One-Dimensional Man* is a more thoroughgoing and brilliant attack on positivism than Sampson's, and Philip Rieff's *Freud, The Mind of the Moralist*, a more incisive critique of the moral and political implications of psychoanalysis. *The Psychology of Power* tells us something about the history of the family, and that alone would have justified its publication; but its principal importance lies not in its contributions to scholarship but in its powerful assault on the moral sensibilities of the reader. It is a book that calls the reader to account, asking him, with maddening insistence, whether the truth about certain moral questions is quite so complicated or obscure as he likes to pretend.

The book belongs to a literary genre once common but now altogether unfamiliar. It is neither history nor political theory nor sociology nor, in spite of its title, psychology. Nor is it another essay "for our times," a free-wheeling series of speculations about the contemporary "crisis," dazzlingly dressed up in fashionable despair. *The Psychology of Power* is not a despairing book, it is not even something which can be recognized and recommended as a "disturbing" book—of which we have had so many—one that clamors for attention, a book intended to shock and titillate at the same time. Sampson has something more serious in mind; but it is so seldom, these days, that anyone tries to be serious in this vein that readers hoping to be "shocked out of their complacency," or confronted with a startling new interpretation which "challenges our previous understanding of the subject," will turn away from the book in disappointment.

The book is not "for our times"; it is not even, exactly, an essay. It sticks quite closely to certain illustrative material, mostly 19th-century documents relating to the family; yet it is not principally concerned with interpreting these documents. It does not try to examine them exhaustively, as a historian would; nor does it subject them to "criticism." The book therefore gives an initial impression of thinness, of a want of allusion, resonance and depth. We have come to expect a critic and scholar to declare his primary allegiance to the materials which it is presumably the obligation of scholarship to interpret and explain. Sampson is not interested in interpretation except as it advances his other purposes. It is hard for us to remember, in the age of critical scholarship, that there is anything else to be interested in.



John Stuart Mill

"The blessed are the poor and humble and those who are ill-used by the world."

The Psychology of Power is a philosophical inquiry into the subject of human equality, or inequality, but very few academic philosophers would recognize it as philosophy. Philosophers, indeed, of all specialists, will least admire this work. Part of Sampson's subject, in fact, is precisely the decay of philosophy, and his treatment of this theme incidentally explains why his book will not be popular. Until the 19th century, he contends, philosophers argued about the moral premises from which conclusions were to be drawn. They argued, for instance, about the moral basis of political power. Did power derive from authority, from contract, or from the "consent of the governed"? Could any government which rested on force be said to be legitimate?

But within the last hundred years, according to Sampson, philosophers have agreed not to discuss questions about which it is impossible objectively to agree. They have chosen to regard moral questions as by definition questions of opinion, relative to time and place, and hence as improper subjects for philosophy. People in North America believe one thing, people in the Trobriand Islands another. Given the relativity of morals, philosophers now confine themselves to applying the techniques of logical and linguistic analysis to the working out of various premises, whatever the premises happen to be, without attempting to judge the merits of the premises themselves. A political philosopher, in Sampson's words,

> . . . will scrutinize the way in which people use their political vocabulary, make recommendations to secure greater precision of usage, expose internal inconsistencies in argument, and bring into the open concealed or suppressed premises. The one thing that is definitely outside the competence of the logician of language are [*sic*] questions of truth or falsity in the sense of the ultimate appropriateness of any specific political theory.

The test of a given policy is whether or not it promotes the national interest, whatever the national interest happens to be. What this comes to in practice, according to Sampson, is that the test of realism becomes "the balance of opinion . . . among the people whose working lives are spent in investigating and handling the affairs in question." The test of policy, in other words, becomes the consensus among precisely the people most directly involved in making it. Realism is what they have agreed to regard as realistic; and if anyone doubts the appropriateness of such a test, the experts duly remind him, in the worn phrase of which they are so inordinately fond, that politics is the "art of the possible."

Recommendations which do not begin with the experts' own definition of what is possible automatically become idealistic and utopian. And although disagreements, sometimes sharp disagreements, can arise over the policies by which the national interest is to be promoted, objections to current policy must themselves be referred to the realism of the decision makers. It is possible for Hans J. Morgenthau and other realists to condemn the war in Vietnam on the ground that it is futile, in the long run, for the United States to oppose the dominant role which Communist China is bound to play in Southeast Asia, and on the further ground that American troops cannot indefinitely police the world. These objections, however, leave undisturbed the ruling premise that American troops ought to police those parts of the world in which the country has an acknowledged and unambiguous interest — the Caribbean, for example.

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*Pantheon Press. 247 pp. $4.95.

In this way Walter Lippmann, in May, 1965, had to accept the logic of his position and countenance American intervention in Santo Domingo, arguing afterward only that the danger on which it was based—the danger of a Communist "takeover"—had been shown never to have existed. This particular intervention was thereby discredited in the minds of Lippmann, Senator Fulbright, and other liberals, but their objections presumably left the door open for further interventions, in the American sphere of interest, wherever a Communist threat could be shown indisputably to exist.

The argument between the Administration and its critics—grateful as one must be to the critics for raising any questions at all—boils down to a disagreement, necessarily confined to experts, about the boundaries of the American sphere of interest, and the danger, in particular cases, that Communists will acquire territory formerly defined as part of the area of freedom. The Administration contends that American interests are at stake in Vietnam. This may be absurd—it was certainly absurd to begin with, if it meant that American military security depended on a base in Vietnam—yet the continuing effect of American intervention seems to be creating interests in Vietnam, national or otherwise, the fact of which in turn becomes the justification for more intervention.

In any case, the argument about national interests — quite apart from its tendency to confuse the interests of certain rich and powerful individuals with the interests of the nation as a whole—furnishes no basis on which to insist on the immorality, the essential inhumanity of American policy in Vietnam, in Santo Domingo, in Watts and in many other parts of the world. The arguments of the pragmatic realists implicitly concede the point that more than any other needs to become the object of unremitting attack —that napalm, the destruction of crops, the destruction of villages, the "pacification" of peoples are justified under any circumstances at all.

Ladies Repository

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

. . . did not escape from her father's domination by appealing to his conscience but by defying him.

These examples, drawn from American debate, are my own, but they illustrate the truth of Sampson's contention that moral empiricism—"realism"—has come to dominate political discussion. Given the triumph of "objective" analysis, those who insist on the relevance of moral issues to politics invite the ridicule of reasonable men. But this is itself ridiculous, Sampson argues: how ridiculous, he tries to show by laying bare the philosophical assumptions—and beyond those, the social and psychological upheavals — which underlie the modern tendency to dissociate ethical judgments from objective reality: the decline, Sampson notes, of the "metaphysical debate."

The debate having declined, it is difficult for any writer to pick it up again: given the definition of reality as empirical objectivity, it is impossible in a strict sense to resurrect a debate which it is the whole purpose of empiricism to bury. One has to make an *ad hominem* attack: empiricism itself is subjective, an ideology in the sense that it serves the interests of those who wish to believe it. The triumph of ethical empiricism, according to Sampson, paralleled the decline of social conflict in Western society. The plausibility of empiricism "is clearly dependent on the absence of fundamental divisions of an ideological character within a given culture." The view that "when we speak of moral principles, we can rationally mean nothing more than that certain rules of conduct are observed with a greater or lesser degree of statistical uniformity at a given time and place"—this view naturally commends itself to homogeneous societies which have outlasted the wracking social conflicts of the 19th century and evolved into internally peaceable welfare states.

Tolerance, no doubt, is one of the intellectual virtues of such communities; but Sampson wants to make us understand the social and moral price, as it were, that has been paid for tolerance. He wants us to see not only what is obvious, that moral tolerance has usually been achieved by downgrading morality —by lowering the degree of ethical aspiration — but to see what is not so obvious: that liberal empiricism, claiming at last to have discovered an objective basis for philosophy, is in fact no more politically or morally neutral than other doctrines which make no claim to neutrality. "It is itself an intervention in the political debate. For while such a view is compatible with the liberal or pragmatic political stance, it is not compatible with the stand of Christians, Marxists or humanists. In these instances, the metaphysical framework requires every belief to be certified as valid in the sense of being grounded in objective reality"—and not merely certified by their being widely regarded as valid at a given time and place. "A verification principle that defines evidence in such a way as to make it coterminous with sense data, stands itself in need of verification."

In an article on "Soviet Ideology" (*Soviet Studies*, July, 1966), David Joravsky provides a succinct and workable definition of ideology. "When we call a belief ideological, we are saying at least three things about it: although it is unverified or unverifiable, it is accepted as verified by a particular group, because it performs social functions for that group."

(He adds the important corollary that it is impossible to analyze ideology, given this definition, without engaging in *ad hominem* arguments. "In analysing group beliefs the sociologist cannot avoid taking sides—or making them—for he cannot avoid accusations of ideology. Even if he is purely rational, rational discourse between him and the group he is studying will be as unlikely as it is between men of opposed ideologies." Joravsky is talking about the difficulty of rational—i.e., nonideological—conversation between Soviet and Western scholars, but the same observations apply to conversations between ethical empiricists and those who insist on the objectivity of certain moral beliefs.)

According to Sampson, ethical empiricism is an ideology in this sense. It rests on the unverified assertion that moral sentiments have no objective basis (a point to which I shall return). It accepts this unverified assertion as verified; and it performs certain functions for the liberal and civilized people who believe it—namely, the perpetuation of a state of toleration of which they are the principal beneficiaries, and beyond that, the perpetuation of the entire social order to which they owe so many of their privileges and pleasures. The effort by T. D. Weldon, a British philosopher of politics, to devalue the logical status of "foundations" to the level of recommended or agreed upon conventions, shorn of objective standing, serves Sampson as an example of the ideological basis of the view that all moral ideas are subjectively determined:

> It is not difficult to understand why this view should have commended itself to someone in Weldon's position. He was a member of a homogeneous, tolerant, essentially satisfied social class. The ascendancy of the class was marked by prestige, power and prosperity, and it could afford to be and is liberal, civilized, urbane. Essentially three facets of experience sharply impressed him: (1) the freedom of discussion and the comparative ease with which the sources of differences of opinion could be disentangled among people within his culture; (2) the corresponding magnitude of the difficulty of arriving at common conclusions with people from a different but powerful culture in the Communist world; (3) the irreconcilability of this conflict suggesting the advisability of an agreement to disagree with mutual avoidance of proselytism.

American debate (which Sampson, in the main, does not discuss) abounds in equivalent examples. George F. Kennan is a more attractive spokesman for this position than some of the other realists because there has never been the slightest doubt about the decency or intellectual integrity behind his work. No one has spoken more convincingly than Kennan about the need for "mutual avoidance of proselytism." Listening to his Norton lectures at Harvard in 1961, Edmund Wilson took heart at this sign of a "revival of relativistic intelligence." At the same time Wilson noted the outraged reaction of one member of the audience, that Kennan "didn't seem to know the difference between right and wrong."

Faced with a choice between Bostonian dogmatism—democracy is right, communism is wrong — and Kennan's skeptical relativism, our sympathies automatically go out to the latter (which is precisely why it is so important that a book like Sampson's be read by liberals). We automatically wish to declare ourselves on the side of liberalism, civilization and urbanity. Yet these values, as we know, are by no means incompatible with acts of inhumanity. To the degree to which Western liberal culture still rests on the exploitation of colonial peoples, they may even depend on acts of inhumanity. The undeniable element of proselytism in American foreign policy, together with the existence of a fanatically righteous and increasingly powerful Right, makes it hard for us to see that ethical objectivity may pose an even greater danger than proselytism. But if we recall the writings of Herman Kahn—one of many examples to which one can point—the dangers of "objectivity" seem less remote and abstract.

Far from being proselytes and moralistic crusaders, Kahn and the other strategists of escalation have no interest at all in the moral and ideological debate between communism and the West. If they found themselves on the other side, they would presumably be writing and saying the same things they are saying now. Their sole concern is national survival—it hardly makes any difference which nation. The trouble with George Kennan's political relativism, tolerant and civilized as it is, is that in grounding itself on considerations of national interest (as opposed to moralistic crusading), it becomes ethically indistinguishable from the "realism" of Herman Kahn. If Kahn has taught us how to think about the unthinkable, so in his own way has Kennan, because there is nothing in Kennan's philosophy to suggest that some efforts on behalf of the national interest ought to be considered morally impermissible—indeed, that the very idea of the national interest may be a moral abomination. (To be sure, Kennan on at least one occasion [an article that appeared in *The Atlantic* in the late fifties] has argued that the use of nuclear weapons might be considered un-Christian. But this consideration is extrinsic to Kennan's realism, an intrusion of moral issues that cannot be reconciled with a philosophy of international relations which argues that the national interest is the standard against which everything else has to be weighed.)

On the contrary, it is precisely moral considerations which the political realists blame for the shortcomings of American policy in the past. Hans Morgenthau, as Sampson notes, has gone so far as to say: "The moralistic detractors of the national interest are guilty of both intellectual and moral perversion." It would be hard to find a more striking illustration of the "decline of the metaphysical debate."

The realism of Kennan and Morgenthau who today criticize the war in Vietnam, not only blends imperceptibly into the realism of Kahn, who has outlined a strategy for its escalation; it also keeps us from experiencing, as a moral fact, the geopolitical fact with which we are all so familiar, that the West represents historically an island of physical well-being in an otherwise wretched world. It is in this respect that realism is most fully an ideology: it blinds itself to the way in which an ethic of moral relativity, of live and let live, serves the interests of the privileged, educated, white Americans who subscribe to it. It serves their interests not only by its built-in insistence on "orderly" change in parts of the world where orderly changes mean no changes at all. More important, it does so by the mood of moral relaxation which it induces in those who subscribe to it—a weary, sophisticated sense of the world as an inherently imperfect place which serves to insulate us from the moral horrors in the midst of which we live. Not yet the direct victims of these horrors, we can experience them only with an effort of the imagination. But it is precisely this imaginative effort that the prevailing tolerance, the sense of the world's imperfections, the denigration of moral enthusiasm, all serve to thwart. Since these attitudes serve so well to diminish the critical sense, one is justified in asking whether that is not the reason for their popularity.

If one is to insist on the ideological basis of moral empiricism, one must also show that its tenets are unverified or unverifiable. Sampson accordingly asks us to believe that one moral principle is universal and objectively based, namely, the idea of equality; and that the counter-

Bobbs-Merrill

viet nam in the mud

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assertion—that moral issues are mere opinions—has been accepted as valid not because it has been shown to be valid but because people desperately need to believe that it is. The strategy of this argument will disappoint those who expect Sampson to set about "proving" his case by showing that equality has been universally upheld as a norm (as some writers, for instance, have tried to prove the universality of incest taboos). His appeal is to the reader's conscience rather than to his hunger for empirical demonstration. The argument for the universality of the sense of equality turns out to be merely a restatement of the *ad hominem* case against empiricism, that empiricism functions as a mechanism of resistance which enables us to conceal from ourselves what we really know to be true. "The truth is not complex or difficult to know or relative but very simple."

The truth, Sampson argues—whatever we may say or do—is that every person has a right to be recognized as a moral agent capable of living his own life, and that when by the sheer superiority of our power over other people we deny them that right, we commit an immoral act. The truth, as John Stuart Mill wrote in his *Essay On Liberty*, is that "the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world," and "that if [we] would be perfect [we] should sell all that [we] have and give it to the poor." But the truth, Sampson maintains, "when stated so lucidly and unequivocally is felt to make impossible demands upon us. Therefore the need is great to deny that this can be truth." (Even the Nazis had to invent rationalizations for genocide.) Or, more precisely: "People . . . waver between asserting these things to be true in a mechanical verbalistic fashion without any underlying conviction and affirming that because they cut across the grain of 'human nature,' that is, what they themselves want to do, they cannot be true." As Kierkegaard put it, in a passage quoted by Sampson in commenting on the passage from Mill, the "tolerance of the orthodox"—that is, the idea of moral relativity—derives from the simple fact that what people "really desire" is "to have a good time in this world."

Of course none of these statements proves anything. And in any case, the reader may ask, how can we accept the assertion that equality is universally held up as a moral good, when inequality is universally the practice? Sampson replies that inequality is the general practice because there is invariably something important to be gained from treating people as unequal—it fills the pocket or puffs up the self-esteem. Treating people unequally, in other words, accords with what we want to do, it accords with having "a good time in this world." But the conflict between what we want to do and what we know we ought to do is unbearable. Hence we have to rationalize what we want to do by inventing moral justifications for it. Hence the appearance, in the world, of ethical pluralism: people's rationalizations vary. This is still no answer to the demand for empirical proof.

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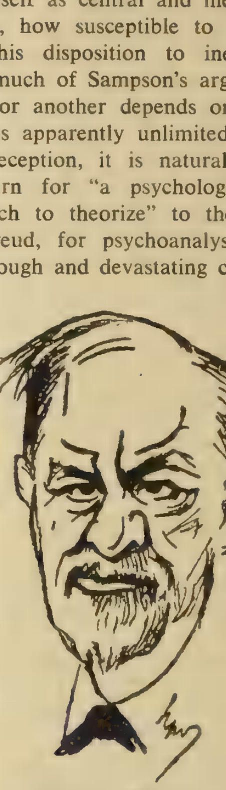
Instead of answering his questions, Sampson appeals to the reader's conscience and to his sense of history as a history of exploitation. The reader is asked to admit to the conflict between his sense of injustice and his desire to enjoy the good things of life undisturbed by thoughts of the life that most people are forced to lead. He is also asked imaginatively to confront the spectacle of millions of other people, throughout history, faced with the same conflict and resolving it in the same way. Common-sense conservatism would have us believe that inequality is a natural phenomenon, the inevitable result of the malapportionment of brains, strength, or beauty; the result of sheer bad luck; or, more subtly, of the ingrained and unchangeable lust for power, which assures that some people will always prey on others. Sampson, in common with a long line of radical thinkers, wants us to see inequality as historically determined—the sum of innumerable individual and collective choices, conscious or otherwise. Inequality comes about because some people derive advantages from dominating others; but the very pervasiveness of the fact of domination makes it seem that the urge to dominate is a psychological constant, a given, a permanent part of human nature, like sexuality, which can be superficially modified but never eliminated.


SIGMUND FREUD

"Nature has determined woman's destiny through beauty, charm and sweetness."

This psychological issue is the heart of Sampson's argument. "The question presents itself as central and inescapable: how rigid, how susceptible to modification is this disposition to inequality?" Since so much of Sampson's argument in one way or another depends on a sense of people's apparently unlimited capacity for self-deception, it is natural that he should turn for "a psychological base from which to theorize" to the authority of Freud, for psychoanalysis is the most thorough and devastating critique of self-deception that exists. Like Philip Rieff, Sampson argues that one of Freud's blind spots was the psychology of women; more generally, his inability to see love except as an aspect of authority. "The human being's natural capacity to love derives, according to Freud, from the original primacy of emotions of dependence and submission," that is, from the Oedipus complex which in "normal" adults gives way to a freer love, still grounded, however, in earlier, dependent relationships. Freud's remarks on John Stuart Mill, quoted at length by Sampson, show the extent to which Freud conceived of the sexual relation as a relation of unequals. In a letter to his fiancée (November 5, 1883), Freud praises Mill as "perhaps the man of the century who best managed to free himself from the domination of customary prejudices" and then rebukes Mill, in Sampson's words, "for his supreme achievement in unmasking the most disastrous of prejudices to which Freud succeeded in clinging his life long"—the natural inferiority of women. Freud's letter continues:

> In [Mill's] whole presentation it never emerges that women are different be-

> ings—we will not say lesser, rather the opposite—from men. He finds the suppression of women an analogy to that of Negroes. Any girl, even without a suffrage or legal competence, whose hand a man kisses and for whose love he is prepared to dare all, could have set him right. . . . It is possible that changes in upbringing may suppress all a woman's tender attributes, needful of protection and yet so victorious, and that she can then earn a livelihood like men. It is also possible that in such an event one would not be justified in mourning the passing away of the most delightful thing the world can offer us—our ideal of womanhood. I believe that all reforming action in law and education would break down in front of the fact that, long before the age at which a man can earn a position in society, Nature has determined woman's destiny through beauty, charm and sweetness.

These bourgeois prejudices, Sampson argues, come out unmistakably in Freud's own courtship and marriage. It might be added that Freud's prejudice is shown in his whole psychology of women, a view which is now for the most part discredited. (As an example of the remarkable insensitivity of many psychoanalysts to questions of sexual equality—an insensitivity, needless to say, which is not peculiar to psychoanalysis—Ernest Jones, in whose biography of Freud this letter first appeared, adds the following comment, from the lofty pinnacle of the superior insight into these matters afforded by the science of modern psychology: "In exculpation [!] of Mill one should mention that his wife is supposed to have been the main author of the book in question.")

The point of this discussion, however, is not to score points against Freud, whose "position in intellectual history," Sampson thinks, "is secure." The point is that "since the sexual relationship is the most important of all human relations . . . an error at this point is bound to distort the total picture of man's psychic possibilities." Sampson tries to document this assertion by examining a number of 19th-century case histories—Elizabeth Barrett, Samuel Butler, John Stuart Mill himself—which illustrate the corrupting influence of sexual inequality and the tendency of this corruption to spread to every other kind of relationship. The subjection of women, Sampson argues, perpetuates itself from one generation to the next, in the form of the paternal tyranny so vividly recorded by these writers, but also, more insidiously, in the form of the feminine will to power, thwarted in the mother and transferred to her children. More precisely, the will to power derives in the first place from the frustration, particularly in women, of the will to freedom. "As Mill correctly sees [in his classic polemic, *The Subjection of Women*], the female who is denied by birth the normal freedom permitted to persons born as males will seek power as a surrogate." What Mill did not see was that the will to power led women to conspire in their own subjection, a fact which has always embarrassed feminists because it seems to imply that the injustices of which they complain are largely imaginary. The denial of freedom to women, according to Sampson, and their pursuit of power as a compensation, lead them to comply with the very system that thwarts their wish to control their own lives—the system of relationships founded on dominance and dependence. "Women, denied the rewards of psychic freedom, develop a strong interest in preserving such opportunities for psychic power as they have been able to forge for themselves." And these opportunities for power generally take the form of intense vicarious ambitions for their offspring.

The life of Mill's father, James Mill, vividly illustrates the process. The child of a poor Scottish shoemaker and a restless, ambitious woman who resented her husband's lowly status and compensated for it by visiting her ambitions on her son, James Mill became a successful man in the world's terms. In turn he became a perfect example of the dominating parent, subjecting his son to the famous course of studies that was to make John Stuart Mill a worthy successor to himself. It was out of this experience, and the nervous crisis to which it led him at the age of 20, that John Stuart Mill eventually struggled to the triumphant conclusion that "the desire for power over others can only cease to be a depraving agency among mankind, when each of them individually is able to do without it: which can only be where respect for liberty in the personal concerns of each is an established principle."

The fact that Mill, Butler and Elizabeth Barrett did, in the end, win through to a realization of their own victimization does not vitiate the argument that the whole process tends to repeat itself from generation to generation. What is important is the searing struggle which taxed the limits of their resources and would have defeated those with no such resources on which to draw. What is important, in short, is the price these people had to pay for such freedom as they managed to achieve; freedom, in any case, which is always qualified to the degree to which rebellion ends, as it did in Samuel Butler, not as an unambiguous assertion of the corrupting influence of power but as a cynical mockery of all pretensions, which allowed Butler to rest in the knowledge that "for most men, and most circumstances, pleasure—tangible, material prosperity in this world—is the safest test of virtue."

Nor can it be objected that in deliberately choosing extreme examples of domination, Sampson has ignored all the evidence that would have refuted his theory. The purpose of these extreme examples is to force us to recognize the persistence of authoritarianism beneath the rhetoric of equality in which family life is clothed in the 20th century. The family has admittedly changed since Victorian times, and it may even be that these changes tend toward equality; yet honesty compels us to admit that the patterns revealed, in exaggerated form, by these 19th-century biographies are familiar today. Many readers could doubtless testify to fresh outrages of their own.

Sampson has not established as an indisputable fact of history that the inequality of the sexes is the root of all evil, but the hypothesis certainly merits consideration. We might modify it to say that the new phase of family life, in which the family became increasingly isolated from the rest of the world—a change which seems to have taken place in the 18th century—intensified the struggle for power at the same time that it gave rise to the ideal of sexual equality, the former tending to corrupt the latter. In this form, the hypothesis might help to clarify the ambiguities of the feminist movement and of the "sexual revolution" which is supposed to have

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taken place within the last hundred years. Whatever else it may be, *The Psychology of Power* is an important contribution to historical analysis.

It claims to be, and is, much more than that. Read with sympathy by readers who hold in suspension the impulse, prompted by uneasiness, to cavil at every point, it is the kind of book that quickens our sense of injustice and reminds us of the degree to which we deceive ourselves into accepting a debased moral currency as if it represented a real standard of value. I have written at such length about the book not only because it is a compelling statement of the pacifist position —a position which it is too easy for "reasonable" men to dismiss—but because, quite apart from the merits of pacifism, it confronts us head-on with a challenge to our motives in dismissing it. Pacifism may or may not make political sense, but the fact remains that our common-sense objections to this and other varieties of political idealism—our eagerness to subscribe to the axiom, in one or another of its myriad forms, that "you can't change human nature"—serve to rationalize our fear of making fools of ourselves, our reluctance to invite ridicule by challenging arrangements which everybody accepts, and from which, in any case, we ourselves derive both profit and pleasure.

It must be said, however, that the political implications of Sampson's argument are not entirely clear. Faced with a world dominated by the psychology of power, what should a moral man do? He should dissociate himself from those who wield great power, that much is clear: intellectuals, for instance, should not serve the state. Neither should they effect a quietistic withdrawal from the world. What choices remain? According to Sampson, the only political movement with which a moral man can associate himself is a movement "that is striving against opposition to make headway in the right direction and is not itself seeking political power."

This formula is unexpectedly vague. It applies to the peace movement, in its nonviolent phase, and to the initial stages of the civil rights movement in the United States. But nonresistance, in the civil rights movement, is giving way to a drive for black power, and the peace movement is struggling to evolve from a protest into a political force. Are these developments to be deplored? Does the transformation of moral protest into political action furnish yet one more instance of the corrupting influence of the psychology of power? It can no longer be said that these movements are not themselves "seeking political power," when that has become their avowed intention. Are they therefore corrupt? Only a simple-minded pacifism can solve the difficulty by arguing that although the civil rights and peace movements have become political, they are still nonviolent. Power, not violence, is the issue. And in any case the search for political power has already begun to alter the nonviolent orientation of the protest movement. Demonstrators have begun to answer violence with violence, and discipline is becoming more and more difficult to maintain. Revenge emerges for the first time as a motive in the protests of the sixties: the vision of a revolutionary apocalypse, a universal turning of tables.

It is not easy to distinguish between the wish to dominate and the wish to be free from domination, when the wish to be free begins to take a political form: the attempt to fight power with power. Moreover, the pursuit of domination easily masks itself in the rhetoric of equality. The distinction, however difficult, can nevertheless be made, because the quality of a group's aspirations inevitably manifests itself in the things its leaders do and say. Groups seeking political power are not necessarily seeking the power to dominate other groups. They may be seeking no more than the material requirements for a decent life. Perhaps that is all Sampson means when he speaks approvingly of movements that are "striving against opposition to make headway in the right direction." But when he says that "all history testifies to the fact that the law of love is by no means impotent to move men's hearts and minds," he appears to reject the use of power under any circumstances, on the ground that the law of love is always incompatible with the law of power. The oppressed must appeal to the conscience of their oppressors.

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SOREN KIERKEGAARD

"What people really desire is to have a good time in this world."

This is the true spirit of nonresistance —a spirit that is rapidly going out of the protest movement in the United States. One regrets its passing not because the appeal to conscience ever accomplished very much but because it did great credit to those who tried, in the face of every discouragement, to converse with their enemies. The conversations, however, were seldom reciprocal; indeed they merely testified, once again, to the arrogance of power and to its inaccessibility to persuasion. Power seldom yields without a struggle. Elizabeth Barrett did not escape from her father's domination by appealing to his conscience but by defying him. Similarly it would seem that civil rights for Negroes and self-determination for Asiatics can be won only in the face of the prolonged resistance of powerful groups in American society. If, in these situations, the appeal to conscience were to succeed, it should have succeeded a long time ago.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

There is a scene in *Viet Rock* written and directed by Megan Terry (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32 Street) which caught my attention. A frightened and grieving mother is conducted into a military hospital to see her wounded soldier son. She bends over to speak to him—he is unrecognizably disfigured—but cannot elicit any response. Horrified at his silence she inspects the boy's identification tag. He isn't her son; the attendant apologizes for the error. The woman bursts into wild sobs as she presses the hopelessly marred soldier to her breast. This stranger too is her son.

The scene—no more than a moment really—is something of an intrusion in the proceedings. It may not be an original dramatic idea but it is vivid and potent. Yet it probably passes unnoticed in the hullabaloo of the proceedings. *Viet Rock* is an irregular chain of improvisations, in feeble rock 'n' roll style, intended to protest and mock the indignity and stupidity of our action in Vietnam.

One would suppose that such an enterprise, however crude, would arouse our social conscience, stir us to applause and shouts of approbation. *Viet Rock* does not propose "art" but propaganda. But we who are not averse to propaganda—particularly in a theatre that offers so little art—are sorely disappointed to find ourselves not only untouched but embarrassed by it. The reaction comes not simply from the ineptitude, the lack of originality in the various parodies (the screaming sergeant in charge of muddled recruits, the barking of inane slogans, the imbecile Congressional hearings, etc.), or a straining after strong effects of satire and caricature. We squirm because of something peculiarly pretentious behind it all. What disturbs is a tone not of youthful bravado or raw radicalism but of a certain artiness and a by now no longer new conformism.

It sometimes goes by the name of "total theatre," an item in "the theatre of cruelty." It aspires to be free and gay, raucous, graphic, topical, improvisational, saltatory, shocking and politically explosive. What is aimed at is not a show but an *event*. Something of this was done with incomparably superior skill in the Brook production of *Marat/Sade*, and it has been brought off in various forms throughout the theatre's history; but in *Viet Rock* we are given the gesture without wit, invention, thought or real point. There is little to indicate that this farrago is propelled by the force of genuine social indignation or understanding. There is hardly any true spontaneity; only untempered ambition and unripe mind. Such exhibits are swipes of *avant-garde*-ism.

Several steps up in the ladder of this "movement" is *America Hurrah*, "3 Views of the U.S.A.," as the author Jean-Claude van Itallie calls them (at the Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Avenue). Compared to *Viet Rock*, the proceedings are much better disciplined, steadier in aim, more coherent in effect.

The three "views" are played against an antiseptically neutral—white and silver—background resembling the surface aspect of a refrigerator. The setting is emblematic of the nature of the satire, or complaint, leveled against our civilization. The first piece, "Interview," begins with a group of applicants being questioned by clerks at an employment agency. The faces of the applicants and the interviewers multiply and merge into a phantasmagoria of the city. We are in the subway, at a street accident, at a charm school, at a discothèque, at the feet of a candidate for the governorship delivering a campaign speech, in a confessional, on a psychiatrist's couch listening to the medico's refrain: "Love! Love! Love! Hostility! Penis! Mother! *Money!*," terminating with an inglorious death for the central personage. The choral and picture motto of it all is a line of human ciphers whispering in the shadow: "Will you help me? Next! Will you help me? Next!" The lines of dialogue are illustrated by the actors in well-designed and arresting poses like photographic stills often accompanied by telltale flickers of sound. The eye which composed them is alert.

The second "view" equates the mediocrity of conversation and behavior among three office workers with the atrocious banality of television programs. They are played off contrapuntally against one another and finally merge, the first becoming indistinguishable from the second. The pattern is clear and clever up to a point, but the verbal material is routine.

The final episode, "Motel," is for me the most striking and, as a "signature" for the occasion, symbolic. It is wholly nonliterary: what counts in all three pieces is not the words, which are shorthand for meaning, but images. Language as individual expression is nonexistent. In "Motel," a figure—body as well as face entirely masked—speaks in taped speech—advertising the advantages of the motel's accommodations. As the spiel progresses we cease to listen to what is being said but watch the similarly masked and entirely grotesque figures of a man and woman as they disrobe and prepare for the expected sexual hanky-panky of the night. They scribble obscenities all over the walls and in every possible manner wreck the joint. Meanwhile, blinding lights are projected in the direction of the audience and a pandemonium of discordant sound thunders through the house. We are submerged in an absolute chaos of the senses. The result, astonishingly enough, is exhilarating. This is our natural element; this is home!

There is talent in *America Hurrah*; how much cannot be determined until future evidence is brought forth. The evening is well prepared and directed by Jacques Levy and Joseph Chaikin; the actors perform their several chores dutifully and ably.

Though I was certainly not bored, my responses were nevertheless restrained. The difficulty with such entertainments is that the derided clichés tend to be turned into further clichés. It is all very well—it is, in fact, necessary—to hoot at the vile personal disaffection of our time. But to take any pleasure in its exposure, or even to enjoy some masochistic satisfaction (in the guise of retaliation) at the injury, we must get more than its petty reproduction. In America, every new aesthetic enterprise seems to set out from scratch and nearly always with somewhat less energy and humanity than was manifested in a similar vein by our forebears.

Our scorners and jeerers, the would-be rebels in the theatre nowadays, appear to have hardly any artistic or cultural memory. There is only the present, con-

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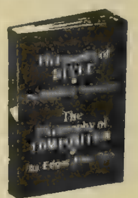

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taining no yesterday and looking forward to no morrow. Thus Dada and Surrealism are never recalled, or German Expressionism (Georg Kaiser, Ernest Toller and others), or the genuinely lyric outcries that lent poignancy as well as color to Lawson's *Processional,* Rice's *The Adding Machine,* Cummings' *him* of our own twenties, or even the political cabarets of the thirties, and the fun and games of *Beyond the Fringe* and the shows at "The Premise." Some of this is to be found in the smudged plaints and jibes of our solitary "fools": Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Bob Dylan, but the theatre which demands a synthesis and a progression is still barbarously infantile. We are thus made to appear even more abject and impotent by the trappings and parade of a hell-raising "sophistication" which are merely the discarded rags of affectingly ancient and ill-used clowns. Our attempts at liberating laughter and tonic defiance are kid stuff. The only innovation is the lack of heart. We may smile and occasionally guffaw but the consequences are for the most part dispiriting—as with the recent elections. Can we not become a little wiser without all of us first submitting to a real crack on our heads?

ART / Max Kozloff

Wrote Zola of Manet:

> I cannot repeat too often that in order to understand and savor his talent, we must forget a thousand things. . . . The artist is neither painting history nor his soul. What is termed "composition" does not exist for him, and he has not set himself the task of representing some abstract idea . . . he should neither be judged as a moralist nor as a literary man. He should be judged simply as a painter. He treats figure subjects in just the same way as still-life subjects. . . . Don't expect anything of him except a truthful and literal interpretation. He knows how to paint and that is all. . . . He is a child of our age.

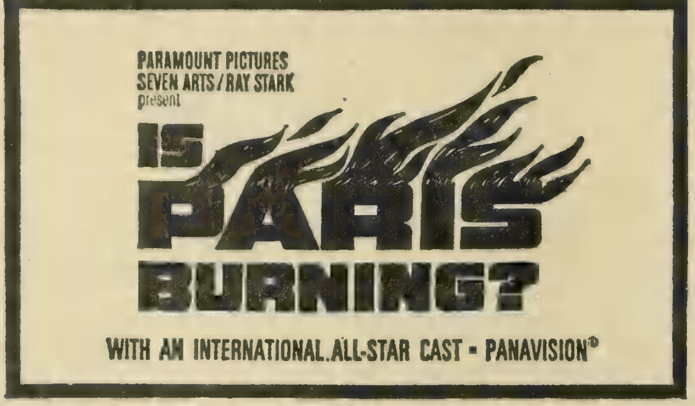
Contrast that with Paul Mantz, on the same subject:

> If the representation of human life, with its attendant joys and miseries, counts for anything in painting, then Manet's work . . . has very little to tell us. . . . The actors whom he places on the stage are mostly dumb. They pose immobile—don't ask them to show any feeling, or to express an opinion. They share the calm of a still-life group. They are examples of painting in which the sole interest lies in the technical questions they raise.

Two writers, observing the same art, not even disagreeing very much on what is seen, find themselves on opposite ends of the evaluative pole. It is a common enough occurrence. But what distinguishes this particular tiff is that it was initiated by the unwitting founder of modern art. (The Philadelphia Museum is currently showing a momentous display of Manet's work.) The issues he provoked are still resonantly with us, fruit not only of a particular sensibility but of a philosophical dilemma. Reluctant to speculate on abstract ideas, one viewpoint insists on the primacy of "painting" per se. Unwilling to settle for anything so hermetic as "technical questions," the other chafes at the deflation of humanism in the art of the last hundred years. What Manet seems to have done was expose the whole question not of any specific conventions but of aesthetic credibility. His work pivoted the spectator's attention away from the reception of various messages, visually embodied, to examine the way artistic meaning itself could be plausibly formulated. How much intrinsic significance one grants a painting, how much one is asked to contribute to it as an experience, are queries for the first time seriously invoked by images that once looked as harshly contrasted and stereotyped as playing cards.

In a sense, the conflict between a vacancy of human affect and a plenitude of pictorial charm is a false conflict, since the two neither preclude nor signal each other. In addition, nothing physically created by a man can be dissociated from the human, even if the 1860s were not prepared to make such a generalization. But on a more mundane level, the diminishing of, say, the illustrative quotient in a work (as well as other factors I shall discuss) could make evident how superficial had been one's stakes in it as a creation. The spectator was then called upon, either to shore up the aesthetic liaison anew (with whatever sensations were available), or to affirm loyalty to something "larger" than art, some complex of values which art had unaccountably betrayed. In either case, the physical data of the object became so much raw material for differing rhetorics of seeing—not just of responding. Dating from the crucial "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," and "Olympia," both 1863, this sudden introduction of instability into the experience of art produced a great uneasiness. Innocence collided with memory, the necessity to "forget a thousand things" clashed with the urge to remember them. Both reactions were overcompensating and inevitable.

The artistic disequilibrium provoked by Manet would not have been so decisive had the 19th century been less materialistic and psychologically oriented. His work was shocking precisely because it converted a previous interest in material into an entity more sensuously alive than the simply tangible while, at the same time, it removed itself from the *picturing* of psychological relations. It might be said of these attitudes not that they were taboo in their particular milieu but that they would be resisted in proportion as they seemed self-contained—or rather, self-con-



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cerned. According to a conscience that is still with us today, such self-concern is amoral. Even Baudelaire, the most perceptive critic of his age, could quote with approval Stendhal's "painting is nothing but a construction in ethics." By having apparently thrust the moral burden of primitive acceptance or rejection upon the spectator, while erasing all moral distinctions in the portrayal of life (itself a perfectly ethical position), Manet committed an unpardonable act.

But there is a deeper sense in which he was, and still is, a radical artist. Psychological dissociation was not exactly a new element in the history of ambitious figure painting. There were precedents for it of such caliber as Giorgione and Watteau. But these artists rendered a sense of human isolation within an envelope of longing. Shot through their work is a nostalgia in which some golden, but above all spiritually integrated, previous age is contrasted with the dross and fragmentation of the present. The figures in this art act as emblems of recall, shaded by a crepuscular light that gives poetic distance to, and hence acknowledges, a feeling of loss.

Manet, however, conveys something of this same sentiment as an inflection of the intractable, ungraspable sunlit present. Again, it was Baudelaire, this time prophetic, who postulated a theory with which to understand what had happened (although he was speaking of another artist, Constantin Guys):

> The past is interesting not only for the beauty which artists, whose present it was, have extracted from it, but also as past, for its historic value. The same applies to the present. The pleasure which we gain from the representation of the present derives from the beauty with which it may be possessed as well as its essential quality as present. . . . Modernity is the transitory, the fugitive, the contingent, one half of art of which the other half is the eternal and the immutable. . . . By suppressing it you forcibly tumble into the emptiness of an abstract and undefinable beauty.

Thus Manet's sin, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was to accept the definable and the immediate, even in his own social circumstances, as beautiful. Yet it had no aura of the memorable except that which his sensate touch could lend to it. In affirming the force of the individual moment itself, he embraced "modernity," but was constrained to exclude "history": certainly the major historical act in 19th-century art. Yet just as surely, this present, this "nowness," was an abstraction; it demanded to be fabricated, or rather, synthesized from the most fleeting impressions. That is what gives his work—whether in the bustle of a *brasserie* or in the face of Victorine Meurend—its look of being simultaneously observed and invented. The critical confusion over Manet's "realism" originates in the inability to bridge the paradox of this quest for the "immutably" fugitive.

Moreover, the local environment was a "no-environment" or limbo, unless it was conceived of as genre, that is, a typological situation. Such was not Manet's inclination (although he did produce innumerable pictures classifiable within genre modes). By stepping into familiar territory he entered, oddly enough, into the unknown. Rather than the still-life character of his images, upon which so many observers have remarked, I sense in them a curious unromantic because unacknowledged homelessness. One sees it in the "Concert in the Tuileries Garden," 1860, "Luncheon in the Studio," 1868, and "A Bar at the Folies Bergère," 1881 (all unrepresented in the present show), as well as, in more diffused form, almost everywhere else in his work. A Manet person reminds you that he likes solitude even when he is alone, as Jules Renard would say. But this enigmatic delicacy was quite outweighed by the fundamental strangeness that presented itself to a society which saw its dislocated reflection blinked miraculously into paint. The spectacle was neither heroic nor documentary. Very few people knew how to look at it.

Manet, then, cultivated a rather problematical immediacy. For, just as his view of reality was optically fluffed, instigating new codes of recognition, the pictures he painted required awareness of a new fiction, the autonomy of the work of art. It was evident that he had substituted fresh equivalents for formulas in his rendition of surfaces and lights—and that this, for the first time, constituted the "idea" behind an artist's vision. Detached from any given body of pictorial information, these equivalents—slashes of tone that became sleeves or masts—took on their own life. They rooted the spectator into an examination of his own present, that is, into a consciousness of his own experience as shaped by the work of art. Their sentient opacity overwhelmed, or

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put to flight, the vestiges of a narrative transparency. Even the "reminiscent" elements of such pictures assisted in this transformation. With casual daring, an artist uses older motifs—in this case, from Hals, say, or Goya—not as inspiration or rebuttal, that is, not rhetorically, but merely as anatomical material to be rearranged under a pictorial flesh. In addition, the habit many of his personages have of seeming to gaze inward at their own memories appears largely as an effort to redefine their identity in the present. Everything in Manet's art is caught up with concentration on isolating that which is happening *now*.

In the typical texts on modern art, this phenomenon is usually misunderstood to have inaugurated the reductionist aesthetic, the recurring effort to parse forms down to an essential minimum. While it is true that Manet made all kinds of sacrifices of what he considered superfluous—what serious artist doesn't?—his work actually grew more complex and pictorially rich (from flat masses to broken color) as his career developed. He was obeying no imperative, no outside prescriptive or cyclical view of art history. A more recent perspective, growing out of our immediate situation of impersonal forms and "primary" structures, might view him as the prototype of the "cool" artist, handling his elements at a deliberate remove from emotional involvement. Only a few years ago, a French writer, Georges Bataille, wrote: " 'The Execution of Maximilian' reminds us of a tooth deadened by novocaine; we get the impression of an all-engulfing numbness, as if a skillful practitioner had radically cured painting of a centuries-old ailment: chronic eloquence." Although it is true that we tend to meditate on, rather than partake of the emotions implied in a Manet painting, we are made to sense their presence in a new way. Various states of feeling are indirectly presented to us, rather than given. And just because there is no attempt to solicit or manipulate, they become much more authentically the artist's own. With Manet, detachment leads only to the personal.

If one comes back to the original problem, aesthetic credibility in Manet takes on almost urgent overtones. After him criticism was put defensively on its guard about the evocativeness, not merely the mechanics, of paint *qua* paint. More important still, the spectator was left with no screen, no conventional lens with which to view an artistic transcript of ideas into sensations. Instead, he was disconcertingly and invigoratingly confronted with his own responsibility to grasp an artistic metaphor which pretended to be nothing but itself.

Next week, I shall discuss the Manet exhibition proper.

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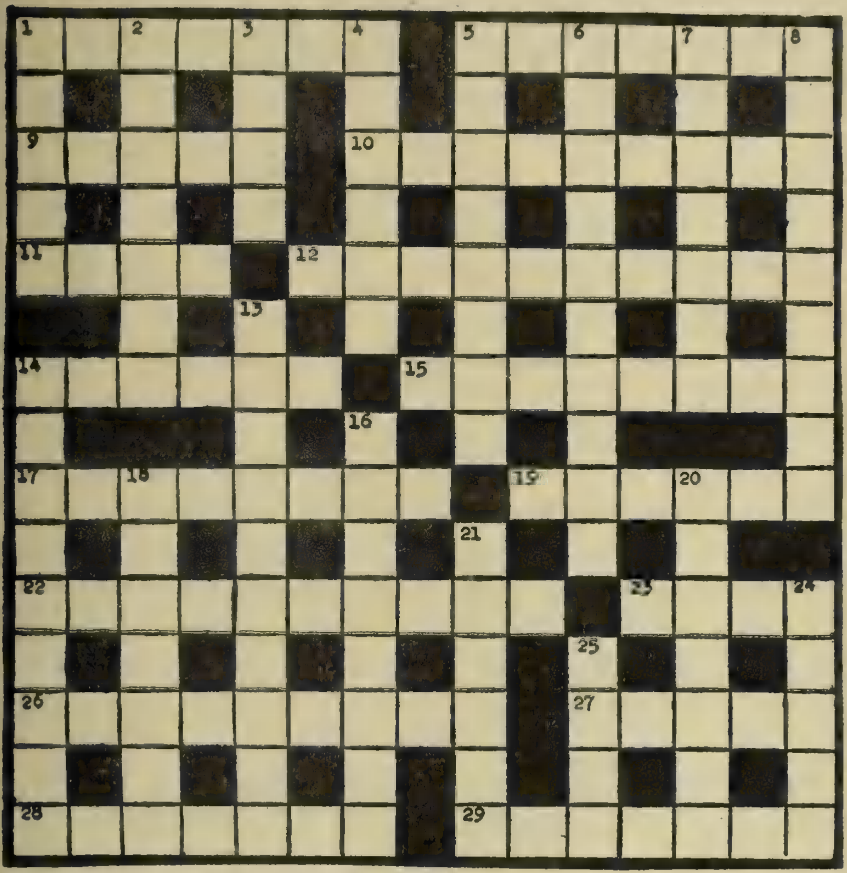
Crossword Puzzle No. 1177

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The vessel of good cheer, in part, after conflicts? (7)
5 The one floating in "Guys and Dolls," or is such a head all stuffed up? (3, 4)
9 and 8 down Polite drivers on the line, but they know the public works. (5, 9)
10 See 17 across
11 One was certainly attached to the land. (4)
12 A boy may be, but not Albert. (It might even apply to a rarity.) (6, 4)
14 The sort of care belonging to me is smooth. (6)
15 See 25 down
17 and 10 Bill gets paid now but it could be time for a little casual thought. (3, 3, 2, 9)
19 Soft turf around, as one understands. (6)
22 Gulls. (10)
23 See 2 down
26 Is the meaning of Latin "vene" related to the "land of the rising sun"? (9)
27 Some shocks are, when equipped with listening devices. (5)
28 Broken lines at the point of a bastion. (7)
29 He is likely to pay according to the going rate. (7)

DOWN:

1 In the light of our forebears, were they turned up at that time? (5)
2 and 23 across Engaged to back up what some clerics did, in part. (7, 4)
3 Bill mentioned a better one without aspiration. (4)
4 Look! Henry's wife is about the room! (6)
5 Some of us hope spring will soon, being attractive! (8)
6 Take a wrong route, and go with a pleasant disposition. (4, 6)
7 Inclined to be heavy, as Poe said. (7)
8 See 9 across
13 Probably not the characteristic of good waiters. (10)
14 Mice, perhaps, in range of New York. (9)
16 One should know if it's a plant! (8)
18 Its meaning might sound summary! (7)
20 Asparagus is, but shouldn't be. (7)
21 Tells the truth about the various floors? (6)
24 Bill might have what Schumann made wild. (5)
25 and 15 across Two spots describing the location of the general? (4, 3, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1176

ACROSS: 1 Valetudinarians; 9 Undergo; 10 Restful; 11 Hailed; 12 Sedative; 14 Night train 17 Inge; 19 Cornucopia; 22 Loveless; 23 Mimosa; 25 Assuage; 26 Thereto; 27 Sophisticatedly. DOWN: 1 Vaughan Williams; 2 Ladling; 3 Torments; 4 and 15 Door stop; 5 Norwegians; 6 Rascal; 7 Afflict; 8 Self-explanatory; 13 Orion's belt; 16 Accident; 18 Gives up; 20 Proceed; 21 Alkali; 24 Otic.

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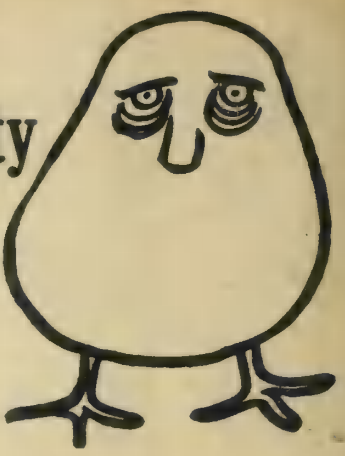

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LETTERS

Reston as censor

Paris, France

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial on Herbert Matthews ["The Penance of Matthews," Oct. 31] brings to mind a revelation on a singular Congressmen-newsman relationship.

At a Congressional hearing in the aftermath of the Cuban missile crisis, James Reston coolly told a House subcommittee investigating news management that he had known of U-2 spy flights for years before Gary Powers was caught, but the news was not printed because it might have damaged U.S. security.

Sitting in a front row, collecting research for a master's thesis, I had an unobstructed view of a Congressman on the subcommittee start bolt upright in his chair, his face expressing incredulity and surprise, look around at serious, silent colleagues, and then assume similar expression at Reston's continuing testimony.

More shocking to me than the fact of an unpublished story was James Reston's complete righteousness in telling of it, and the obeisance given him by Congressmen, motivated not to question this *New York Times* "Duke." *Harold Barnstein*

white Australia

East Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: I want to contest Hugh Weston's statement ["Letter from Australia," *The Nation*, Nov. 14] that all polls and surveys indicate that "white Australia is favored by the overwhelming majority." The following are Gallup poll percentages:

Year	Keep Asians Out	Let Them in	No Opinion
1954	61	31	[illegible]
1956	51	42	7
1957	55	36	9
1958	45	44	11
1959	34	55	11
1960	33	59	8
1961	39	51	10

(The 1961 poll mentioned Africans as well; for "Asians," 57 per cent favored change.)

It should be noted that 1957 and 1961 were recession years, when there were fears of unemployment. I do not have figures for later than 1961; but advocates of immigration reform have been able to use the fact that the percentage favoring a change steadily increased until in 1964 (the last poll I saw before leaving Australia), more than 75 per cent favored a change. . . .

It might be mentioned that when the Labor Party modified its hitherto very conservative attitude last year, it was praised by almost every major newspaper.

Allan Oaten

left thumb sketch

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Frank Donner's review of my "very important" book, *The Communist Controversy in Washington* [*The Nation*, Oct. 24], reminded me of the artist before his easel, arm outstretched and eye squinting, thumb rising from a clenched fist as though measuring the proportions of the studio figure in the background. And on the canvas, we can see that what he is actually painting is a portrait of his left thumb. . . . What I object to is the reviewer's pretense that his left thumb is my text.

His conclusion is that my book is an "elaborate apology for the Congressional witch hunt, the prime tool

(*Continued on page 612*)

EDITORIALS

The Moral Question

Time was when one of the uniformed or civilian heads of the military establishment, if he chose to honor an educational institution with a personal appearance, could be assured of a courteous reception. A general's stars, or the equivalent rank in mufti, strike awe into the hearts of most civilians. There has been no radical change in this respect among most members of the faculties and student bodies at practically all universities. A minority of the teachers and students, however, are so vehemently opposed to the Vietnamese War that they no longer abide by the rules of decorum. This may well mark a permanent change in the academic atmosphere, for even a minority may have a decisive effect on manners in a segment of society.

The change is not necessarily a substitution of violence, physical or symbolic, for discussion. A year or so ago red paint was thrown at Gen. Maxwell Taylor at a California junior college, but this incident was exceptional. More typical was the demonstration against Secretary McNamara at Harvard, and against Gen. Earle G. Wheeler at Brown. Such "noise" as occurs at confrontations of this type is between students opposed to the speaker and those who support him. The former no longer feel the obligation to be polite to the university's guest. One of their purposes is to embarrass him, if possible. Another is to get publicity for their cause.

Discourtesy gets the headlines; but the reporters and headline writers lose sight of the substance. The demonstrating students are concerned with the immorality of the war; the official who comes to present the Administration's case is concerned with effective prosecution of the war. This requires not only troops and weapons but a measure of approval among the people. The Administration spokesman comes with that objective; his opponents try to balk him and to bring their side of the controversy to public attention.

At Brown they tried to read a statement to General Wheeler. "We are here," the manifesto began, "as representatives of the protests that will follow you and other government officials anywhere in the world you choose to go." At Harvard they asked Secretary McNamara how many civilian casualties U.S. troops had caused in Vietnam. McNamara said he didn't know. An anguished howl went up: "Don't you care?" Maybe he does, but his concern has a low priority and, as a practical matter, does not affect his decisions. What he deeply cares about is (1) winning the war, (2) minimizing U.S. casualties, (3) minimizing casualties among the South Vietnamese military.

Tempers rise in discussion when one side feels it is not getting a fair hearing, and that is obviously the situation of students and others opposed to the Vietnamese War. Automatically, the media are on the side of the war-making establishment. They may give space and time to the opposition when Senator Fulbright, for instance, conducts an investigation but, day in, day out, the publicity pictures a just war and persuades the public to support it. Tempers rise also when one side feels that the other is misstating or distorting the facts. McNamara did that when he suggested that we should tax ourselves more in order to support both Great Society programs *and* the war. Assuming that we have the means to support both, as a practical politician he must know that we will do nothing of the sort. Given the pickup of Republican seats in the House, does he really believe that the upcoming Congress will appropriate more money for welfare? The striking irrelevance of McNamara's remarks on this topic would try the most angelic temper—and young adults are not angels.

This is only one facet of the unreality of much of American politics. When the central issue in an election campaign goes undebated and undiscussed, when most candidates avoid taking a stand on it and appeal to the voters on local issues and political stereotypes, the minority with discerning minds and generous emotions will take out their frustrations on any Administration official who comes within reach. The shouting and shoving that occasionally result may be unfortunate, even embarrassing, to administrators and officials, but it is to be preferred to the silence of the unconcerned.

Reuther's Chance

Not a few AFL-CIO leaders, men not normally given to overstatement, regard the election as a "catastrophe" for organized labor. The movement lost some forty friendly House members, and most of the governors it backed. The anti-labor radical Right has gained strength.

In the face of these untoward developments, George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, keeps a stiff upper lip. He is gratified by the way in which the Committee on Political Education got out the vote: all we have to find out, he says, is why the vote went the wrong way. Mr. Meany is not likely to ask whether the miscarriage had anything to do with his own leadership and policies.

On November 14, the AFL-CIO executive council, which eats out of Meany's hand, reindorsed its past foreign policy decisions. Asked at a news conference whether this meant that no mistakes whatsoever had been made, Mr. Meany snapped "Yep." After a review of nineteen major areas on which the council had taken policy stands: "No, we can't find any mistakes," Mr. Meany said, displaying an immobility to be matched, perhaps, only by Dean Rusk when he submits to the inquiries of the press.

Walter P. Reuther, president of the 1.5-million-member United Automobile Workers, absented himself from the council meeting at which Mr. Meany received such a gratifying vote of confidence. Mr. Reuther's differences with Mr. Meany and with Meany's ideological mentor, Jay Lovestone, are well known. Last June, Reuther characterized an executive council statement on Vietnam as "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy of a free labor movement." The council cried that "disruption by even a well-meaning minority can only pollute and poison the bloodstream of our democracy."

What, then, must Meany think of the resolution adopted at the November 17 meeting of an organization representing 250 union leaders in New York and New Jersey, roundly criticizing the AFL-CIO executive council for its support of Administration policy in Vietnam and calling for an immediate de-escalation of the war? The position of this

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THE NATION

Volume 203
No. 19

group is that of the Trade Union Division of SANE, a position which is necessarily anathema to the Meany-Lovestone concept of foreign policy.

It cannot be said that Reuther himself emerged from the election unscathed. Had he attended the council meeting, Meany would no doubt have thrown up to him the loss of five Michigan House seats and the defeat of Senatorial candidate G. Mennen Williams. These setbacks probably had nothing to do with Reuther's stand on Vietnam, to which only the most rapacious hawks could take exception. The results, however, are symptomatic of an underlying weakness in Reuther's current position, not only on foreign policy but on domestic issues as well. The issues now emerging are not amenable to mildly liberal slogans and prescriptions.

It may be that Reuther finds himself today in some such position as that of Sidney Hillman in the thirties. He may be compelled not only to adopt increasingly explicit positions on crucial issues but to take these issues directly to the rank and file of American labor. If so, he must be prepared to trade immediate losses for future gains. But Hillman was likewise prepared, and so was John L. Lewis.

The Real Danger

The world is understandably nervous about Germany, and Germany is nervous about itself. Thirty years is not long enough to exorcise the memory of a great nation surrendering itself to a homicidal demagogue and a party that, true to the implications of its policies, plunged the world into the bloodiest war in history. The success of the National Democratic Party in the elections in Hesse and Bavaria raises the question whether this malignancy may not recur.

Some of the outward signs give reason for concern: drumbeating, sensational posters, demonstrations, the same old breastbeating about the "Fatherland," the same strident appeals to atavistic emotions. But amid these signs and portents the real danger has been overlaid by speculation as to whether the NPD is made up of "new" Nazis or old ones, and whether they will form the nucleus of another catastrophic explosion of fanaticism.

The real danger has been discerned clearly by Theo Sommer in *Die Zeit*. He notes that the pillars of the state will not crumble unless they are brittle inside. If the pillars are sound, the emergence of such a faction as the NPD is not crucial. As *Die Zeit* puts it:

> Where distinct leadership is lacking, where one affair after another produces ill feeling, where the state is not able any more to manifest itself, there faith in the state will wane, there the people are forced to search for alternatives. . . . If there is any reason to be alarmed today, it is less because of the gain in NPD votes than because of the weakness of the classical center. The decisive question is not: how strong is the NPD? The question is: are the parties of the Bundestag strong enough to cope with this new structure on the fringe of the party system?

In the light of this analysis, how will Bonn react? Will it attempt to suppress NPD activities? Will it try to abrogate proportional representation? Such measures would amount to treating the symptoms, while leaving the underlying pathology untouched. The Nazis are not here again; what may remind us of the Weimar Republic is the decay of the Center, not the strength of the extremes or, as is now the case, the one extreme that is left after the purge of the Communists and the "bourgeoisization" of the Socialists.

The need, then, is to concentrate attention on the Center, on its ineptitude, its confusion, its immobility, and not to overplay the significance of the vote in Hesse and Bavaria.

Paradise Reagan-ed

To understand the election of Ronald Reagan as governor of California, it is important to grasp the idea of that state as "paradise." The Eden image has led millions to move there; from the Okie migrations of the thirties to the present the state has swarmed with newcomers.

California has given us the first auto-dominated city, Los Angeles; and even within the "old and settled" city of San Francisco people move around as though in a frenzy. All this movement to California and within it suggests that Californians are strongly motivated to escape—from the cold blasts of the Midwest or the problems of the South, or lack of opportunity, or whatever.

Thus, when an election came up during a time of rapid social change and increasing problems, the people of California fled reality. Instead, they indulged in a ritual cleansing, and brought in a totally inexperienced man who campaigned *on the basis* of being a political innocent. Brown, who campaigned on his experience, was fated to emphasize the very thing that people held against him: he reminded them that they were human, that they were part of society and had responsibilities. But now all is simple and wonderful in a land where "thinking makes it so." There is no need for government and, led by an innocent, the Californians can look forward to eternities of joy, while the rest of America, in the land of Nod (East of Eden) must continue to struggle and sweat.

What Nature Abhors

Marshall McLuhan, the media guru from Toronto, is presently touring the States, speaking before college audiences and businessmen's luncheons, and the press is following him with an avidity that recalls the royal visitation some years ago of Queen Marie of Rumania. Reporters have ever been partial to public figures who deliver remarks designed to make readers sputter over their morning coffee; Queen Marie had a native talent for such utterances and Dr. McLuhan has made a profession of it.

His great insight into the nature of our age is that reality resides solely in the media of communication—the media constitute the message. Thus recently he has been complaining because people persist in assuming that what he says is intended to mean something. It is the fact of his speaking that is significant, and the purpose of his words is not to convey ideas but to encourage people to think—rather as an electric current encourages a frog to jump.

McLuhan is a smiling sort of man who clearly enjoys being thought outrageous. It is not an unusual type—every large dinner party is apt to include one such, and you're lucky not to sit next to him. What is remarkable in McLuhan's case is that he can command national coverage for such a statement as that color TV will be more involving than black and white because the cone of the eye receives color, while black and white comes in only at the edges. However, it is on a par with the fact that $100,000 can be raised to put on in the biggest armory in New York a week of electronic happenings in which tremendous technological resources are employed to produce effects so insignificant that the viewer is not certain whether or not they have occurred, or with the fact that the pathetic Dr. Timothy Leary can fill a large theatre to preach the religion of LSD. We survived the era of the Big Lie only to enter the age of the Big Hoax. Dr. McLuhan's current tour is sponsored by the Container Corporation of America, a company interested in selling the box, not the contents.

A Touch of Realism

The image of the Teamsters' union as a roughneck, antisocial outfit is cherished by people who have no use for unions in general. Not a few of these would-be union busters live and vote in Southern California. For the most part their ideas are fixed, but some may have their minds changed by the Teamsters' Transportation Opportunity Program (TOP), a multimillion-dollar project now awaiting government approval as part of the War on Poverty program. The objective is to teach reading, writing and arithmetic to 1,500 persons in California in the next fifteen months, then to teach truck driving to 500, mechanical maintenance of trucks to another 500, and passenger car driving to the remainder. And then to get jobs for them.

TOP was turned down initially by the California Department of Vocational Education, on the ground that the Teamsters' union is not an educational institution. Of course it isn't, but its deficiencies in this respect may be remedied by a tie-in with the Institute of Industrial Relations at the University of California's Los Angeles branch. UCLA will supervise the program, with Teamsters' Joint Council 42 providing administrative services.

Several novel—and promising—features have been embodied in the TOP setup. The students will be school dropouts recruited from Watts and similar incubators of despair and disorder. The teachers will be experienced truck drivers. There will not be too wide a gap between trainees and teachers in dress, language and background. The trainees will be strongly motivated, since those who qualify will be in line for jobs. Young students will get the regular youth training allowance of $20 a week; adults can get up to $85 a week while in training.

The success of the project is not assured, despite its formidable support. The California Trucking Association, which has its own school for drivers, is not enthusiastic about the proposed alliance of the federal government, the Teamsters and UCLA. But the CTA course, like a number of others in the area, is not aimed at the poverty community: it costs the student $495.

The Teamsters seem to have thought out their role in the project. Even if a student does nothing but complete driver training, he will be qualified to take jobs which require ability to operate a car. After finishing the TOP course, students will be encouraged to accept non-driving jobs as a means of getting a foothold in the industry, if no drivers' jobs are open. Later the student may be able to work his way up to a well-paying long-distance driving job. The sponsors of the program wish to avoid resentment on the part of drivers who are working and have seniority.

The whole project is experimental, but it embodies a down-to-earth approach, and the combination of a great university and a powerful union gives it a good chance.

PREVENTING THE PEACE

Report from an Intermediary

PHILIPPE DEVILLERS

Mr. Devillers, at present a visiting professor in the Southeast Asia Program at Cornell University, is the director of the Southeast Asia Studies, Center for Study of International Relations, University of Paris. He is also editor of France-Asie. *His publications include* Vietnam and France, Histoire du Vietnam de 1940 à 1952, *and with Jean Lacouture* La Fin d'une Guerre, *which to date is the most detailed study of the Geneva Conference and Agreements of 1954. Mr. Devillers was a correspondent in Vietnam and Cambodia for* Le Monde *from 1945 through 1946, and from 1947 to 1957 he free-lanced for various publications in Southeast Asia.*

For more than a year now, North Vietnam has been facing a new blitz. Hundreds of planes daily pound roads, bridges, villages, factories, administrative buildings, etc. And behind the smoke of the exploding bombs and rockets, a voice keeps repeating: "I want peace. Come on, peacefully; don't be afraid. I just want to bring you to the conference table. Let us reason together."

Facing the new blitz, North Vietnam resembles London twenty-six years ago. The British people also heard the sweet words of peace and the explosions of bombs simultaneously, and they resisted both. Yet nobody in Europe has ever dared to cast responsibility for the four years of mass destruction and mass killings on Winston Churchill because he refused to "negotiate" in July, 1940, with Hitler. In what sense, then, is North Vietnam today alone responsible for the continuation of the fighting?

It is responsible, says the Johnson Administration, for two reasons: Hanoi is engaged in aggression against South Vietnam, and Hanoi refuses to come to the conference table. The grounds on which these assertions are made, and the means by which they are given a seeming credibility, are the topics of this article.

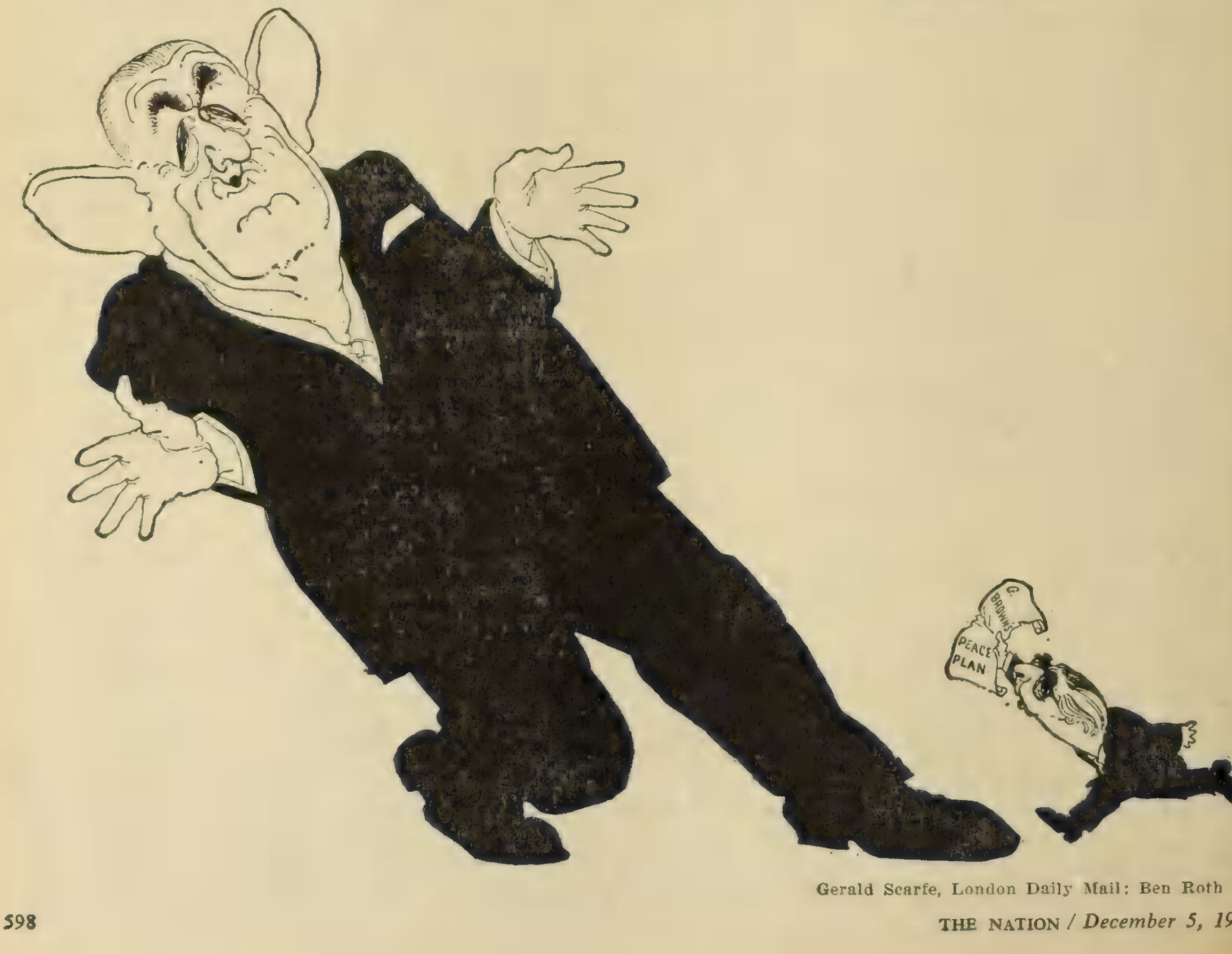
For many years Washington has presented the background of the war in Vietnam in a way to suit its own interests. This Orwellian rewriting of history, which twists or obliterates every significant event between 1954 and 1960, is now accepted by millions of well-meaning but uninformed people in many parts of the world. The official American version is so powerfully financed and widely spread through mass media that millions of people all over the world are now unable to know the truth.

To begin with, we can understand nothing about Vietnamese politics if we ignore the fact that Vietnam is the only country in Southeast Asia where there has been, for forty years, a very close association between nationalism and communism. As a Frenchman, I must confess that this is the unhappy but natural result of the policy of a right-wing-dominated colonial administration which, from 1921 on, called any opponent of colonial rule a "Communist." People who challenged colonial policy increasingly became allied, sometimes reluctantly, sometimes willingly, with the Communists. From the start, the Communist Party was a staunch opponent of colonial rule and consequently became widely admired. A high-ranking official of the French Colonial Office once told a friend of mine that almost any nationalist leader in Vietnam had his price—but, said he, "we could never buy Ho Chi Minh." Every Vietnamese knows this.

The association between communism and nationalism, the identification of a national cause and a social struggle, is so strong in Vietnam that it can be broken only by offering in its stead a strong nationalist, noncorrupt, non-oligarchic government. That is precisely what many of those concerned had hoped to achieve in the South after the Geneva Agreements.

What has been going on in South Vietnam since 1954? The story did not begin in 1959 when the Hanoi government allegedly decided to subvert and take over the South. The story actually begins just before the signing of the Geneva Agreements, when the French and the Americans decided that Diem would be the best leader of that part of Vietnam that could still be denied to the Communists. He was chosen not because he was an able or intelligent politician but because he was known to be a staunch anti-Communist who enjoyed a certain prestige, a reputation for incorruptibility, and because he had been recommended by the CIA.

Almost from the beginning, the South grew up as a dictatorship. Diem first purged the army and started the war against the sects; then he hunted the Southern democrats and leftists. He arrested many thousands of them, in violation of the Geneva Agreements which provided that nobody could be indicted or charged for the stand he had taken during the French war. With CIA help, he created a network of informers and police organizations throughout the country. With American acquiescence, he bluntly refused to talk with Hanoi about any resumption of normal



Gerald Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth relations between North and South, and in 1956 he refused to hold the elections outlined in the Geneva accords.

I do not believe that the failure to hold the election was the determining factor in the resumption of the Vietnamese struggle. The main cause was Diem's partisan stand, his reliance on Catholic and Northern refugees, his imposition of a despotic oligarchic rule on the broad-minded and liberal Southern population. Very early, the regime started a denunciation campaign and outlawed all left wingers, democrats and middle of the roaders. By 1956, the network of police informers had become so efficient that the remnants of the sects, of the Viet Minh, of all former members of the French Union forces felt obliged to go underground and to respond to government violence with violence. Army "mopping-up" operations were met with increasing resistance all through the countryside.

In 1956-57, some members of those anti-Diem resistance movements, most of them right wing, went to Paris to ask for help. Even members of the Saigon officers corps were looking for help against Diem. These anti-Communist leaders were already concerned by the flow of former Viet Minh members who were joining their groups to escape Diem's witch hunting. Even then, they were afraid that Communists would soon outnumber anti-Communists in the resistance groups. But they were unable to get help.

The situation became more serious. Despite intensive searches, interrogation under torture, burning of houses and intensified mopping-up operations, the villagers did not yield. However, the police became increasingly exasperated and jailed or killed more and more people. In 1957-58, villages began to create "self-defense units" to resist police and army intrusions by force. The first "South Vietnam Liberation Front" came into being. Saigon replied by sending regiments with artillery and aircraft against the rebels. Guerrilla warfare was the result.

Thus, from 1958 onward, the army in South Vietnam became aware that Diem was playing into Communist hands by reducing the people to such a state of despair and exasperation that the Communists would eventually find it easy to take over the rebellion. The military felt they would have to seize power before this could happen. However, the network of Diem informers was efficient: the plots were foiled and the army purged.

American propaganda claims that the murder of village chiefs, the "Vietcong wave of terrorism," was the beginning of the story. But American propagandists do not point out that 80 to 90 per cent of the so-called "chiefs" killed or kidnaped in the villages in 1958-59 were informers of the secret police; nor that the people in these villages were closely watched and spied upon, often denounced, arbitrarily blackmailed, arrested and even tortured. The villagers had no more choice than did the resistance groups in German-occupied Europe: unless they killed the informers, they themselves would be arrested, tortured or killed.

Thus the revolt in South Vietnam is the direct product of the oppression of a peaceful rural populace by a police state. The Southerners had no choice other than to fight or be enslaved by the "bourgeois," mainly Catholic, "refugees" from the North who had the upper hand in the Diem regime. To survive, and to get rid of this hated oligarchy, they asked for Hanoi's support. Hanoi refused on the ground that its intervention would bring the United States into the struggle and Khrushchev's policy of coexistence would be impaired. It recommended that the Southerners try to get reforms from the Diem regime.

But urged on by the peasants, Viet Minh veterans decided in 1959 to go into action. In March, 1960, they published a letter saying that the people of the South could no longer wait, that they had to rise in self-defense; they called for drastic reforms and for setting up a new democratic coalition government in Saigon. This letter was distributed and published in Paris in April, 1960. It is therefore a mistake—or a lie—to state that Hanoi decided in September, 1960, to create a liberation front. The crucial issue at the Lao Dong Party Congress of September, 1960, in Hanoi was: "Should we support the comrades in the South who are now engaged in a dangerous struggle, or should we let them down or advise them to compromise?" The Chinese said that the Southern insurgents were fighting an anti-imperialist struggle and must be supported. The Russians recommended caution and stressed the risks of increased difficulties with the Americans, which might impair the spirit of Camp David and lead to a major conflict. Hanoi decided to let the comrades in the South decide for themselves what they thought best, and merely to help them make some adjustments in their "general political line." Representatives of various Southern resistance organizations decided in December, 1960, to create the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

The story of "aggression from the North" was *fabricated* early in 1960 by Diem, who circulated fake reports of "Northern" infiltration in the Highlands in order to conceal his inability to deal with the rural insurrection, and to enlist American armed support. Although foreign military intervention violated both the Geneva Agreements and the Manila SEATO treaty, the "idea" was accepted by Washington, and military assistance granted.

It is true that after 1962 Hanoi, in response to the American "special war," supported the struggle of the Southern insurgents. No one, however, can call that aggression. There are not two *states* in Vietnam, but two parts of *one* country. The Geneva Agreements are very emphatic and precise on this point. The "provisional military demarcation line" between French Union forces and the People's Army can in no way be considered a political boundary. In a letter of May 6, 1954, to Bao Dai, Mr. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, said that because France was committed to defend the unity and independence of Vietnam, it would never accept a partition of that country.

Europeans are better able to understand this kind of situation. For anyone who remembers the 1940-44 period, the North Vietnamese who fight in the South with Chinese or Russian weapons are no more "aggressors" than were the Free French who parachuted into occupied France with British or American weapons. So the Diemist story of "Northern aggression" cannot be a justification for any kind of attack against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, or for military action and escalation that were intended to conceal political and intellectual incapacity.

My second point concerns Hanoi's "refusal" to negotiate. Because of the new turns just taken by the American escalation machine, I feel I must disclose certain facts which have not hitherto been made public. Last year I was one of the many people who attempted to make possible a contact between Washington and Hanoi. In May, 1965, shortly after Mr. Johnson's Baltimore speech and Pham Van Dong's four conditions for negotiations, I went to Washington to find out for myself what the American Administration's position really was, and whether it was seriously prepared to negotiate. I was in Washington from May 15 to May 21—during the greater part of the bombing pause—and I had a most interesting series of interviews with White House, State Department and Pentagon officials, influential Senators and columnists. I was told by a responsible source that Ho Chi Minh knew perfectly well (it was reported that a message had been channeled to him) that he could stop the bombing at any moment: he had only to give a signal, a hint of his "willingness to talk." It appeared to me, however, that the Administration, ignoring (or unaware of) Vietnamese psychology, was pressing Hanoi so hard for an answer to Johnson's peace offer that it could scarcely reply without appearing to be yielding to a threat. The need for a neutral intermediary, to allow Ho Chi Minh to answer in an oblique way, seemed imperative.

Meanwhile, on the final day of the bombing pause, the representative of the North Vietnamese Government conveyed to the French Foreign Office a confirmation that Dong's Four Points were to be considered as a *basis* for talks and that Hanoi was not asking for a withdrawal of American troops prior to any negotiation. Because of the difference in time between Paris and Washington this message was transmitted three hours later: the bombing was thus resumed, and the chance to negotiate destroyed. At the time, there were roughly 30,000 American troops in Vietnam.

However, a few weeks later it still seemed worth while to attempt to get some answer from North Vietnam. So I wrote a personal letter to Ho Chi Minh. I asked him whether he was prepared to respect the independence of South Vietnam as long as the South Vietnamese wished to maintain it, whether he would prefer to negotiate directly with Washington or with Saigon, or through a reconvened Geneva conference, and finally, what his attitude was toward President Johnson's offer to negotiate. It took some weeks to get a reply, but it finally arrived on August 13, and Hanoi radio made it public. Ho Chi Minh wrote that the Democratic Republic of Vietnam would respect South Vietnam's independence as long as the Southerners wished (reunification would be effected by consent), that he would consider a Geneva-type conference if the Americans unconditionally and immediately ceased the bombing of the North, abstained from offensive operations in the South, and gave some "tangible proofs" that they had accepted the Four Point proposal. He asked for withdrawal of American troops, without being specific about any delay.

This answer was published in *Le Monde* (August 14, 1965), but although it was primarily directed to them, the Americans hardly took notice of it. There were only a few lines in such papers as *The New York Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune*. The conclusion drawn in this press and on the C.B.S. network by Mr. Rusk himself (August 23), was that the answer proved that Ho Chi Minh did not want peace. I thought differently; it seemed to me that this was a hard-line, but still open answer, not a blunt refusal, and that it could lead to negotiations. Therefore, from Boston, I wrote the White House to explain how I viewed the matter. I was invited to talk it over with the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

On the 26th of August, near La Guardia Airport, I had a two-hour talk with Mr. William Bundy to whom I tried to explain my point of view, as a simple private Atlantic citizen. He refused to accept the notion that Hanoi was willing to negotiate and said that in any case Hanoi's third point ruled out the possibility, since the U.S. was determined not to negotiate with the National Liberation Front as a Southern organization. Bundy told me that in his opinion there was no chance of political settlement in the South for at least two or three years, during which time, he said, we shall have rebuilt the social structure of the countryside, the peasants will be so disgusted with the Vietcong that they will denounce them, and Saigon will then be able to wipe them out completely, or to bring them under strict control. After which, Bundy said, it may be possible to have free elections and then, perhaps, negotiations with the Left. I emphasized then to the Assistant Secretary (as I had the previous day to *The New York Times*) the necessity for "de-escalation." I said that the bombing of a dam in Tonkin, reported in that morning's papers, was not the kind of answer Ho Chi Minh's interview called for. On the contrary, in response to what *has to be* interpreted as a signal—even if it was not conclusive—Americans would have to show they had heard and understood it, and give a corresponding answer. That would be an easy way to "de-escalate." I asked then if, as I had been told in the White House in May, Washington could now consider a pause in the bombings. Bundy eluded the question. A few weeks later, a smiling young American diplomat told me in Paris: "We have been slow to move in, as in World War II. But now we have in Vietnam an absolute mastery of the air. When the Vietcong will be unable to move more than two men together in the rice fields without being shot from a helicopter, the war will fade out. . . ." Such attitudes could only make me suspicious of Washington's real intentions, and the suspicion was confirmed for me sometime later, when I heard the complete story of the breakdown of earlier attempts at negotiations.

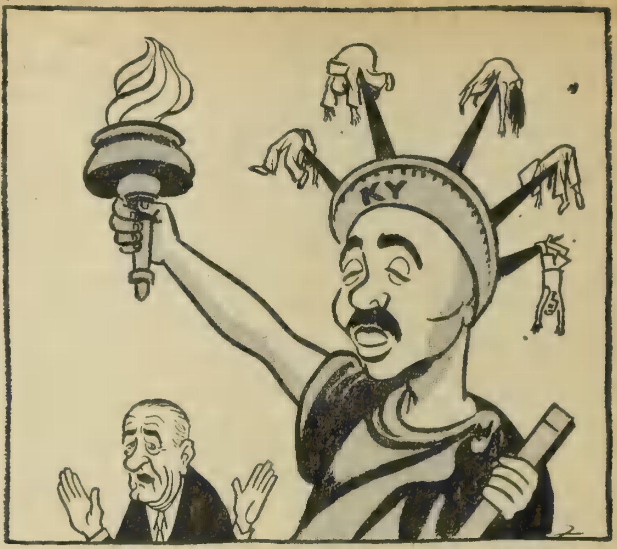
During a visit to Vietnam in February, 1964, I had tried to assess peace possibilities. At that time it had seemed possible to get some kind of political compromise in Saigon—which had been impossible under Diem—and with this, a chance of peace. But it was precisely because this chance of peace did exist, and had to be eliminated, that General Khanh made his coup with American backing. Soon thereafter the situation became so dangerous that on July 1, 1964, de Gaulle and Sihanouk suggested a new Geneva conference. U Thant strongly supported the proposal and made it more precise. The Russians, the Chinese, the Poles, the Indians—and Hanoi—accepted the idea. On July 23, de Gaulle made a second call to reconvene the Geneva conference. The following day President Johnson stated that such a conference would only "ratify terror" and aggression, a thing he could not accept. On July 25, the British Government supported this position and General Khanh "categorically rejected any proposal aiming to reconvene a new Geneva conference." On July 27, Khanh announced the reinforcement of the body of American advisers and of U.S. Special Forces. On July 28, George Ball said in Washington: "We do not visualize taking extreme decisions, but if there are provocative actions, we should probably respond."

A few days later came the Tonkin Bay incident which completely destroyed any possibility of international talks. I have had, from some Vietnamese officers who have since emigrated to France, some hints pointing to the conclusion that this incident was deliberately provoked in order to offset the pressure for peace. They said that a small special force was sent from the South and a secret landing made on the North Vietnamese coast, as well as on small islands, far north of the 17th Parallel, with the support of U.S. ships. What were South Vietnamese and American task forces doing in this area at that time? However the incident occurred, it was taken seriously in Washington: a Congressional resolution gave President Johnson a free hand "to deal by force with such aggression." It was good politics to meet Goldwater's warmongering, but it seems to me (and I suggested as much in public meetings and on television) that Congress ought to inquire into the Tonkin Bay incident and that full light should be cast onto what can be called the "masterminding of escalation."

After August, 1964, the North Vietnamese realized that they would soon be attacked. A contact they had in Paris states that they were then prepared to negotiate a settlement with the United States and to meet some envoy, in Rangoon for instance, for discussions. This message was channeled to the UN Secretariat and passed on to the U.S. Government. General Ne Win undertook to arrange the meeting; it was quite official and Ne Win's speech announcing the meeting appeared in the Burmese press. But the Americans took the line that the offer was not genuine, and in any case, they said, nothing could be done before the Presidential elections.

U Thant then offered to mediate in a private capacity, and Adlai Stevenson so informed the President. He had to wait two months for an answer, which appeared to be flatly negative. Stevenson was shattered. Washington rejected these last mentioned approaches on the ground that they would break morale in South Vietnam, already thoroughly shaken by Buddhist demonstrations and other anti-government moves. The time was again considered inopportune and the U.S. Government refused to negotiate from a position of weakness.

Still another approach was made through France in February, 1965. M. Couve de Murville went to Washington to inform the government there that both France and the USSR felt that the time was propitious for a conference and were ready to work for it; that Hanoi (where Mr. Kosygin had visited recently) would accept talks, and that even the Chinese had indicated they would not object. The American response was to bomb the North (March 2, 1965). To the French, it was as though an ambassador had been shot as he was returning from the meeting place, and by a man of his own party. Since then, as a neutral diplomat put it, the North Vietnamese can no more trust the Johnson Administration than the British and French could trust Hitler after the capture of Prague.



Tribune (London)

"We are not in Vietnam to dictate what sort of government they should have."—President Johnson

All this is only part of a longer story, but from it one should understand why no one involved in what has passed between the two sides in the last two years can credit the Johnson Administration's contention that it is seeking negotiations. The American side has not made a single *serious* approach. It has always knocked at the wrong door although repeatedly told what course to take, whom to approach, how and where. Johnson, Rusk, McNamara and the others just hope that some day Moscow will succeed in outflanking Peking and order Hanoi to withdraw its troops from South Vietnam; but they give no indication as to the regime that will then be established in the South.

A cease-fire could probably have been negotiated a long time ago; but a cease-fire can be negotiated only if the two parties concerned are told what will happen next. For the South Vietnamese people, what should happen next is that the resistance groups and movements—the sects, the democrats, the Communists and their allies, as well as their competitors—should be allowed to take part in the political reconstruction process. We know that the Americans and the Cao Ky government are not ready (and have never been ready) to give a voice to anyone who is not anti-Communist. The American political conditions, put forward on November 17, 1965, and confirmed to me by William Bundy on December 14, have not been softened. As long as Washington, at the request of South Vietnamese cliques, closes the door in this manner to movements struggling for social justice, democratic government and genuine national independence, there will be no end to the fighting.

We may, however, imagine what could happen. A civilian, representative government in Saigon could pledge that after a cease-fire all Southern organizations, whatever their creed or ideology, will be admitted into the discussion to form a provisional government. Such a "provisional government" could be made up of Buddhists, Catholics, trade unions, the army, the Front—the entire political spectrum could participate, on the basis of a limited program to be carried out by common action. This government could at least act as the representative of South Vietnam; it would be in a position to state that it would be neutral in international relations, that it would aim at normal, even good or cordial, relations with Hanoi; it could accept economic aid from any country in the world, provided it did not include political interference or strings, and it could commit itself to a general election.

I therefore think that the only way to end this war is to enter a gradual process of de-escalation, to proceed by stages: First an indefinite and unconditional halt in the bombing of the North, and in the South a "fading" of offensive operations on both sides. Second, a civilian, provisional but broadly representative government in Saigon. Third, a cease-fire, discreetly negotiated with the NLF, including serious, mutual political and military guarantees, followed by an international agreement guaranteeing the neutrality of South Vietnam. At this point, the withdrawal of the U.S. forces, at the request of the Saigon government, would take place in stages: first to some enclaves, then for home. In a free South Vietnam, left at last alone, there would be then a Presidential election, possibly controlled by an ICC.

These are only tentative suggestions, but they show that there are still obviously viable alternatives to military escalation. The trouble is that, for the time being, there is not much to negotiate between Washington and Hanoi. It is obvious, from the exploratory talks I had in the United States last year, that the only thing the Americans want from Hanoi is the withdrawal of their troops from the South and a cessation of aid to the NLF. And Hanoi's leaders understandably have made clear that they will not cease to help their brothers in the South as long as the Americans support the puppet regime in Saigon.

However, the negotiations that could lead to peace are not those between Washington and Hanoi but among the various groups in South Vietnam which could combine to form a truly representative government. The easiest, the cheapest way to peace is to act decisively in Saigon. Moscow and Peking will never jointly ask Hanoi to yield, and Hanoi will never ask the NLF to surrender or to yield. But if a way is opened in the South for discussions with the Front and if those culminate in a settlement acceptable to the Front, then events could move quickly. What the Front will find acceptable, Hanoi will also accept, and what Hanoi will accept, willy-nilly, Moscow and Peking will have to accept. So the door to peace lies in Saigon. All Washington has to do is furnish the key.

Saigon: Drowning in Dollars

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith, a frequent Nation *contributor, was recently in Saigon on assignment from an American television network.*

"This is Tan Son Nhut," says a soft French voice on the intercom; "please fasten your seat belts." The Air France 707 was dipping its wet and glistening wings beneath a sky thick and dark with thunder. The flooded patchwork of emerald green rice paddies, canals and stands of coconut trees slid by below. The nose of the big jet dipped abruptly, and just as swiftly we are rolling to a stop on the rain-slicked runway. The war is here all right. Tanks line the perimeter; blast shelters house droop-nosed Phantom jets, and on the flight line stand the burnt-out hulks of several aircraft hit in a surprise Vietcong mortar attack.

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The windows of the bar on the 9th floor of the Caravelle Hotel are crisscrossed with masking tape for protection against bomb blast. Outside the night sky is ghostly bright with flares, apparently a nightly occurrence. "It's O.K.," says a veteran correspondent, "the Caravelle is the safest spot in town. Let me give you the score. Number one—the joint is owned by the Catholic Church, so we've got God on our side. Number two (dropping his voice to a confidential whisper)—I hear that the management pays double taxes to the National Liberation Front."

"Really?" I asked, "then what about last year's terrorist bombing?"

A wry smile creased his face. "That was *not* the VC. As a matter of fact, they were quite upset about the entire affair, and I'm not sure that they didn't help to track down the culprit. In the end it turned out to be a disgruntled employee." So that disposed of the question about safety.

At about 8:15 the next morning, we were driving through Saigon's outer ring of festering slums. We were searching for an election rally, but Mister Chan, the driver, had lost his way. Now we were trapped in a welter of muddy alleyways and hostile faces. Bob Jennings, the cameraman, clutched tight his shiny new $45 Abercrombie & Fitch throwing knife. Lou Cioffi, the A.B.C. correspondent, kept his eyes on the crowded street. Harry Wheldon, the sound engineer, was busy racking off pictures with his Nikon. Meanwhile, Mister Chan talked quietly in Vietnamese to his 9-year-old Chevrolet as it slithered over the muddy road.

By the river's edge we finally ran into our election rally. Ringed by stony-faced police, a group of about thirty people, chiefly children and old men, were listening to a dapper man in a sharkskin suit—apparently one of the candidates—who was reading rapidly from a typewritten speech. Behind him, five other candidates fidgeted at a cloth-covered table; every so often one of them looked at his wrist watch (under the election rules, all the candidates had to appear together and each could speak for only ten minutes at a time). Lovely stuff. But first there was a small boy of about 11 who insisted on standing by the microphone and asking for candy, and soon Jennings was surrounded by clutching hands and the spectators lost all interest in the candidates and were watching the cameraman with rapt attention. It is a familiar phenomenon and, from our point of view, frustrating.

The mere presence of a television crew changes the scene in a hundred different ways. To my somewhat practiced eye, a half-dozen new elements entered the picture frame; a banner appeared, a candidate spoke more boldly, the police became alert, the crowd shifted its attention toward the camera, and so on. Later the candidate in sharkskin came over and asked if we would like some of his election material.

"Tell the American people I'm campaigning under the sign of the conical hat."

Since he spoke English, I asked him if he would mind telling us a little more about the election. He was willing to oblige, only he would prefer to stand with his back to the Saigon River.

"How many are in your party?"

"We have four candidates."

"What is your program?"

"A good program, an end to inflation and a democratic assembly just as soon as the Communists are driven out."

"What is your work when you are not campaigning?"

"I'm a public health doctor."

"Employed by the government?"

"Yes, of course."

"Has the government given you time off to campaign?"

"Yes, and it has also paid for all our posters and our campaign literature and it provides police protection so that we can campaign."

"You are not afraid of the Vietcong?"

The candidate laughs. "Why should I be afraid?"

A brave answer. One should never admit cowardice; one should be stoic like this doctor, standing with his back to the river.

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A street map of Saigon literally reminds one of an elongated spider's web. The core of the city is totally dominated by the Americans occupying the biggest buildings. Between the heavily guarded PX (formerly a fashionable hotel) and the sandbagged American Embassy, the once elegant heart of Saigon is now a coruscating enclave of street urchins, prostitutes, GIs and honky-tonks. By contrast, the outer strands of Saigon are taken up almost wholly by dreary ribbons of tin-roofed shantytowns. Out there is a kind of political no man's land, occupied alike by Catholics, Buddhists and followers of the National Liberation Front. So insulated is the town's core from this perimeter that when the Buddhist-led street riots took place earlier this year most Americans in Saigon first learned about them in their morning newspapers. Two fundamental things, it seems, are terribly wrong here. The first is that the Americans have brought with them all the imperial trappings—fantastic corruption, unlimited wealth, and an age-old system of appointing court favorites. This has made many Vietnamese (not all of them VC sympathizers) suspicious about the purpose of this massive U.S. intrusion. The other thing wrong is that, for all their apparent power, the Americans live and work in a tight little enclave, isolated and insulated from the rest of the city. To an outsider the insecurity of Saigon itself is perhaps the most astonishing discovery.

In South Vietnam as a whole, some 5 million people, out of a total population of 14 million, live in a dozen government-controlled cities. But the bulk of the population lives in the countryside, a third of which is Vietcong day and night and the remainder no more than "secure by day." What the U.S. forces hold in fact is a series of garrison towns or forts. The war itself has a mood and character absolutely different from World War II; it feels like a replay of the Indian Wars. The problem for the American garrison is to "find and fix" the elusive enemy. Contact with the Vietcong then would appear to be accidental. It is not. The American tactic is to mount a search and destroy operation in known VC territory. The Vietcong tactic is to attack and destroy an American unit when the price of victory seems cheap. To make contact the American commanders will send a company deep into VC territory by means of helicopters; these units are "bait" for Vietcong. The initiative then is almost always on the side of the Vietcong. If the enemy chooses to fight, the "bait" company is frequently wiped out, either by the enemy or by the air strikes and artillery which are immediately called in to soften up for the main assault.

Along the crowded road that runs close by the now closed Vien Hoa Dao, Saigon's main Buddhist pagoda, old slogans have been whitewashed and new election posters are papered everywhere. We went there to interview the owner of a printing plant and publisher of one of Saigon's new dailies. He was happy to explain the coming election for his American friends. The main task now was to re-educate the South Vietnamese peasant in the ways of self-determination and democracy. As the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) and the U.S. forces free more and more areas, pacification teams will move in, and free elections will be held in which the U.S. forces will not interfere. The present constitution-writing assembly will provide the basic document—a Bill of Rights, so to speak—for this future democratically elected assembly. All parties will be repre-

sented, Buddhist, Catholic, Hoa Hao, Cao Dai, perhaps even a few Communists. The people can elect any kind of government they want.

"Supposing it turns out that most of them choose the National Liberation Front?" The interview abruptly ended.

* * *

Nowadays South Vietnam lives, if you care to call it living, almost entirely off the Americans. Below the 17th Parallel the fragile Asian economy has all but collapsed under the prodigious dollar deluge. An Air Vietnam hostess told a British journalist recently: "Of course I want the Americans to stay—I don't want the Vietcong to take away my freedom. But I can't help hating the Americans for the way they are corrupting my country." No one can possibly underestimate the importance of corruption in South Vietnamese affairs. And in spite of questions raised during Congressional hearings, it seems unlikely that the situation will change.

The essential fact about South Vietnam is that the military directorate owns and runs it like a giant private trading organization. South Vietnam is divided into forty-five separate provinces, each commanded by a military officer. Each province is further subdivided into dozens of districts that are also under military rule. Communities (with the single exception of Saigon) all have army officers as mayors. In theory, all lines of authority reach back to the Defense Ministry in Saigon. In fact, the corps commanders are the virtual war lords of their regions. It is they who distribute the U.S. economic aid in their regions; they dominate the transportation system; their representatives have their hands on practically all business enterprises.

By the most conservative estimate, ARVN is one of the largest consumers of military aid in the world. Since 1960, more than $2 billion has been spent on training and equipment. One remarkable thing is that there has not been an audit of military aid since 1960. But while the military directorate has little to complain about, the ordinary ARVN conscript has plenty. According to a private briefing given by a U.S. general to newsmen in Saigon last August, more than 113,000 members of the Vietnamese armed forces deserted in 1965. An additional 67,000 deserted in the first six months of 1966. And in spite of stiff penalties, the desertion rate continues to climb.

The Ky military junta has been walled off from the U.S. military and civil command by a fiction that makes the directorate a government in its own right. Not since Major Watson of the United States Marines recognized Colonel Trujillo ("he thinks like a Marine!") as the legitimate head of state, has the United States painted itself into such a corner. The affection of South Vietnamese generals for their special interests as distinguished from the national interest thus makes a scandal out of every American sacrifice in this bitter war.

When Premier Ky's agents arrested Ta Vinh, a Chinese importer, and summarily executed him for "profiteering" it was a cruel publicity stunt. And that's all that it was. Immediately afterward, the Chinese community called a boycott on importing and sent prices soaring in a dizzy spiral. Last summer, Ky relented and eased restrictions. Now AID is financing the Chinese importers and profiteering is easier than ever. According to Sen. Robert P. Griffin, who visited Saigon earlier this year, only two officials, out of a total of 3,000 AID employees in South Vietnam, supervise the multimillion-dollar commodity improvement program. Griffin angrily accuses AID of laxity, and has quoted French allegations that $200 million in AID money has been deposited abroad by South Vietnamese businessmen.

The first thing I encountered in South Vietnam was a taxi driver who offered to exchange my dollars at a black-market rate of 160 piasters to the dollar (the official rate is 118). The second was a modest hotel room that cost $24 a day. The two phenomena are closely related. Prices in South Vietnam are fantastic, and (in spite of devaluation) are going up at the astounding rate of 1 per cent a day. It is difficult to calculate what the piaster means to a South Vietnamese worker, but even so the costs of most commodities are stupefying. A kilo of pork last year cost 60 piasters, today it is 260 piasters. Lettuce has jumped from 15 to 70. Rice—the basic food—from 5 piasters a liter to 18. A bar of soap costs 50 piasters; a suit of clothes 10,000 piasters; a phonograph record 1,000; a Honda scooter 50,000; a Taunus automobile more than 1 million piasters. A stevedore earns 200 piasters a day ($1.90).

Prices constitute the meanest form of rationing. In the ARVN where a soldier has to buy his own food, salaries range from 3,000 piasters a month ($25) for privates to 19,-

000 piasters ($160) a month for generals. Civil servants are, if anything, even worse off. The highest grade (Class A) earns only 9,500 piasters a month ($82). The Vietnamese educated class, with its Confucian ideas of good government, is understandably bitter and humiliated. A doctor summed it up from his point of view: "What can we say to you Americans—*merci bien*—for turning our women into a nation of bar girls?" Bar girls, a euphemism for prostitutes, earn more than government ministers.

From the economic point of view the overwhelming problem of South Vietnam is the dollar deluge. And the Ky directorate has printed money to pay for the war. Vietnam's money supply has soared from 27 billion piasters in 1965 to some 57 billion now. According to official figures, the American GI spends $30 to $40 a month in Vietnam, or roughly four times the annual per capita income of the Vietnamese civilian. In a desperate effort to soak up some of the dollar deluge every conceivable kind of luxury item is being squeezed through the already overcrowded ports. It is broadly true to say that in South Vietnam the American GI has available to him the best of everything. Yet one may ask how ordinary people are supposed to live. The answer could be that they don't.

■ ■ ■

"I'm telling you it's the Godforsaken truth," said Harry, that morning in Saigon, as we ate breakfast in his room at the Caravelle. "We are quite cold-bloodedly razing every VC village in South Vietnam. Operation Wipe Out. They've got about 12,000 hamlets to go and the only hold right now is the terrific napalm shortage."

"Stop it, will you," I said. "This is a war isn't it? People get killed in a war don't they? But that's a good deal different from what you are saying."

"Come with me to Long An in the morning—it's fifteen minutes by chopper—and I'll show you the scorched bodies we left behind on Friday."

"I'm not interested. What's the point?"

"I want you to see what's really going on. Bring the cameras. This isn't a bloody war, it's genocide. The trouble with people like you is that you hate facts. I want you to smell the goddamned facts."

"Look, I don't believe Rusk when he calls the VC murderers, and I don't believe you when you want to prove to me that the U.S. Army is nothing more than Murder, Inc."

"But what I'm telling you is the truth. They've got even bigger plans, including the fire bombing of all of Zone D."

"When was the last time you wrote this story for your paper?"

"You must be kidding! I can't file this kind of story. For one thing, they'd never run it. For another, I'd be called home—back to the financial pages." And as the sounds of Saigon waking up came through the thermo plate windows, Harry snapped on his Zenith world-band radio, and presently we were listening to Armed Forces Radio: "Next I'm going to spin a hot one for y'all—Frankie boy's *Strangers in the Night.*"

"He must have made a million with that record," said Harry, his voice mournful. "How do you make a million in this game?"

■ ■ ■

This morning a Vietnamese woman was shot down as she sold food just across the street from the Suzy Wong tailors. We were about a block from the Caravelle Hotel when we heard the sharp ping of the bullet. From a heavily sandbagged building nearby MPs came running with their burp guns at the ready. We reached the intersection known locally as "Hell's Corner" (where earlier this year the MPs had mistakenly opened fire on passers-by, killing and wounding a score or more Vietnamese). Suddenly we saw three Negro GIs facing a wall, arms high, being frisked by two MPs. A crowd of some fifty Vietnamese had gathered around the dead woman. A GI pushed through the crowd and placed her conical straw hat over her face; a dark stain of blood was beginning to form under her shoulders. Meanwhile a red-faced MP lieutenant was shouting: "Get the Americans outa here! Get the Americans outa here!"

Within minutes there were three television crews on the scene filming the action and a dozen or so reporters were asking one another what happened. A photographer who claimed he was from *Paris Match* asked an MP to remove the straw hat so he could get a better picture. The MP stopped chewing his gum for a moment, then growled, "get moving buster."

From the *Saigon Daily Post*:

> *The Army said that Pfc. Wallace A. Frazier, 21, of Philadelphia, Pa., was taken into custody after he allegedly shot and killed Dang Thi Mong, an innocent bystander, during an argument with a Vietnamese cab driver on a downtown street corner. The shot was fired with Frazier's personal weapon, a 25-caliber pistol which was not registered. The woman had been talking with friends across the street from where the argument took place. The woman is survived by her husband, and seven children. A spokesman said the commanding officer of Frazier's unit met with the husband today to discuss claims procedures.*

And what is the going rate in South Vietnam for a life destroyed? According to the U.S. Army it is exactly $30.

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Through the festering shantytowns and garbage-strewn streets of Saigon we worked our way in the wake of a slowly moving line of trucks and ancient taxis, through a billowing yellow cloud of dust and check points, until at last we were back again at Tan Son Nhut airfield. "This Way to the Land of the Big PX," says a sign by the roadside. In the soaking heat of the waiting room I flipped through a discarded copy of *Time*:

> Today South Vietnam throbs with a pride and power, above all an esprit, scarcely credible against the summer's somber vista.

At the next table tough-looking Green Berets are arguing with the waiter over the price of a round of "33" beer. An Air Force sergeant is apologizing to a French lady for spilling his drink all over her. "Shorry about that, ma'am."

As the hours pass, the scene in the waiting room takes on the appearance of an enormous party. "Just like Fort Benning, isn't it?" says a very drunk GI. And in the midst of this gay scene I must admit that that is the best one-line description of South Vietnam I have come across. Just like Fort Benning.

VIEW FROM HUNTERS POINT

NO WAY DOWNTOWN

DONOVAN BESS

Mr. Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Two weeks before 16-year-old Matthew Johnson, a black-skinned boy, was shot in the back by a white-skinned policeman in the Hunters Point section of San Francisco, I spent nearly eighty hours in the area. I talked with scores of officials and residents. My impression then was that this Negro slum was a skin cancer on the organism of the city, but that the persons (mostly white) in power in San Francisco, and the federal government, had decided to act as though the poverty and the emotional and cultural isolation of these people were really no more than a bad case of sunburn.

You can cure skin cancer, usually, if you catch it in time and have the will and equipment to apply modern technology. You can't cure it by rubbing it regularly with Sea and Ski. For a week after the rioting of Tuesday, September 27, most of the citizens of the Bay Area were acutely aware that a serious social illness had erupted in violent symptoms. Various campaigns were started to find jobs for Hunters Point Negroes, and there was a good deal of official talk about urgency. But a month after the rioting, the editor of *The Spokesman*, the newspaper published by the anti-poverty project in the area, said quietly: "The most outstanding thing about the atmosphere here now is that everything is the same as before. This is the problem."

The editor, Robert Simms, is getting a law degree at night school. He is one of the most thoughtful Negro leaders in the area; and when he is discouraged, it is time for the people who control San Francisco's wealth and political power to consider something more fundamental than "job programs." The Negroes of Hunters Point have heard that phrase too often. They believe that no "program" will mean what it says until the city's white people decide they really want racial equality.

Last spring, Simms said in a *Spokesman* editorial that the white man, in his conversations—and especially if reinforced by martinis—often puts himself firmly on the record as wanting integration, and "might even go for the idea of a Negro's marrying his sister if he is drunk enough." But he charged that such tolerant talk is rarely translated into social action.

Ten days after the rioting, Simms put out a special edition. He asked in an editorial why the news media had not reported that young men of Hunters Point had risked their lives in successful attempts to calm other youths infuriated by the gunfire of massed policemen. Too often, Simms charged, the whites "would like to believe that the rising incidence of rioting and bloodshed is in no way related to their imperialistic and supremacy attitudes."

The newspaper blamed Mayor John F. Shelley for failing to respond to an S O S sent to him by Negro youth leaders several hours before the rioting began. The youth leaders had requested that the Mayor come to the scene—a trip conspicuously avoided by white leaders over the years. "The group waited for Shelley for several hours, but to no avail," said *The Spokesman*. "There was nothing anybody could do or say to stop what resulted in one of the worst tragedies in San Francisco's history."

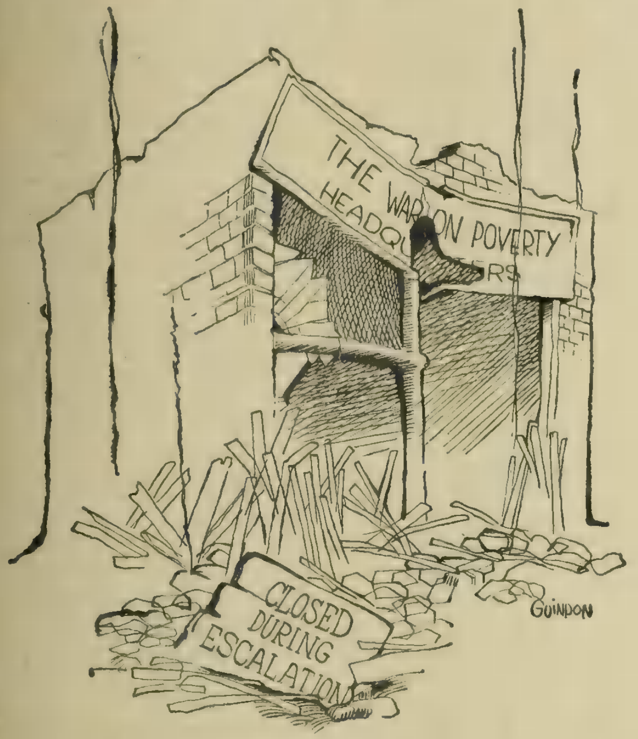
Social work officials have over the years made known to City Hall that the young men of Hunters Point have a specially deep hatred of white policemen. One young Negro from the area, Adam Rogers, told an interviewer last July: "The way to stop police brutality is to get the young cops out of this area. . . . One time I had to defend myself against eight young cops—rookies—because they beat me with flashlights while I had handcuffs on my wrists, and they beat me at the police station, too, and when I had to be taken to the hospital, they told the doctor to leave the room, and then they beat me unconscious." Another young man of the area, Elisha King, told the interviewer that policemen were more brutal to youths from Hunters Point "because . . . they want to test you to see if you're as bad as you've been branded." King claimed that "if you've got money you can get out of it," by pay-off. These statements typify the attitudes of young men who live on the hill that comprises most of Hunters Point. If a delegation of officials from City Hall had shown up, in civilian clothes, before the police had to be called, would the tension have been absorbed?

Hunters Point lies about 3 miles south of San Francisco's financial and shopping centers. It lies about a mile to the north of Candlestick Park, the stadium for the Giants' National League baseball team; when there's a home game you can hear the shrieking of the fans. Hunters Point is noticed by most San Franciscans only when they're going to or from a ball game, or if they happen to look east while driving along the freeway that runs down the prosperous Peninsula to San Jose. What you see, from that distance, is a shining pattern of buildings that you imagine must be splendid hillside apartment houses, put there to take advantage of a view of San Francisco Bay that equals that from the rich men's apartments on Telegraph Hill, or from the mansions across the bay in Piedmont, above the city of Oakland.

When you visit Hunters Point, you scarcely appreciate its view. Most of the apartment houses on the hill were built twenty-five years ago for the temporary housing of wartime naval shipyard workers. When the war ended, the hill became San Francisco's major social dump: a place of refuge from redevelopment projects in the central city, and from the prejudice of white landlords. Most of the paint has worn off the flimsy outer walls of these two-story buildings. Garbage cans stand astride front doors. Steady winds from the Pacific Ocean blow variegated trash across the bare terrain. There is not 1 square yard of that customary American garden amenity, the residential lawn. There aren't even doorbells. Broken glass glitters on the steep curves of the streets.

The average age of the hill's 6,300 residents is 13; the number of children under 5 is 985 per 1,000 women. This is the most biologically fertile area in San Francisco—it is even more fertile than Chinatown. But there is only one small playground on the hill, and almost no organized, after-school recreation. The sidewalks are much played upon. There used to be a small supermarket; vandalism forced it to close. Only the liquor store remains open. The apartments at night are chock-full of young ones. It's hard to hear the TV for the shouting and giggling. If you're in high school, it's hard to study. The noise from the over-crowded apartment next door comes right through to you.

Hunters Point is a 90 per cent Negro town. The other residents are chiefly Samoans, American Indians, a few whites. It stands on one of the famous seven hills of San Francisco, but it is hardly a part of that city, and has almost no part in the life of white America.



The isolation is aided by the fact that no through road passes near. A columnist in *The Spokesman* recently spoke of "the people in 'Frisco," using a term no San Franciscan cares to utter. (But in Los Angeles, San Francisco is commonly and rudely referred to by the nickname it hates.) The hill people just don't get downtown much. For one thing, it costs 30c a round trip on the bus; and why go to a strange town when you can't buy yourself some fun? Twenty-two per cent of the Hunters Point households have incomes of $2,000 a year or less.

Another reason the hill people tend to stay on the hill is that they don't like to be mistreated socially or psychologically; that's what they risk when they go downtown. Most of them come from the South. The young men, in particular, frequently respond to outer stimuli with the spontaneity characteristic of primitive peoples. If they don't like what you're saying—if they think you're lying, if they think you're smug or pious—they hit out with direct words. The white people, with their many decades of conventional upbringing, feel insecure in the face of such candor. The young men of the hill are apt to wear garish hair-dos, and usually they do not indulge in grinning, the standard device of ingratiation with young middle-class Americans. Early last July, an anti-poverty program worker took ten young men from the hill sightseeing in the Fisherman's Wharf section of the city. The group visited a wax museum and then, while the ten black-faced tourists were walking along the Embarcadero, an automobile full of young white men pulled alongside and shouted abusive, racist obscenities. One Negro youth muttered to his friends: "I've had about all I can stand from them *sick people*." Their guide, fortunately, was a female; she was able to talk the young men out of violence.

Eloise Wilson, a young matron of the hill, said: "Older people here are kind of afraid of what's outside, but younger people are beginning to mix more since the anti-poverty program began. The young ones are reading more —they pick up a newspaper once in a while and find out what's going on outside." "We don't want to stay in here forever," said Sylvester Brown, a 27-year-old father of five who, formerly a prize fighter in St. Louis, has had much experience of black-white mixing. "We want to know what's going on with *those people*," he said waving his hand toward the west, where white people live in comfortable homes, with soundproofing, flower gardens and doorbells; in districts equipped with shopping centers, tennis courts, bowling alleys, movie theatres, swimming pools and other amenities unknown on the hill.

For more than ten years, there has been a big supply in downtown San Francisco of "concern" about Hunters Point. The "concern" is like that which troubles parents when a rebellious teen-ager persists in behavior that violates the parental mores. It was out of such a baffled state of mind that the city's social-work establishments decided to apply skin oil to the very sore hill that university research people knew, from on-the-spot studies, was afflicted with something worse than sunburn. Nine public and private agencies conceived the idea of opening a Youth Opportunity Center in Hunters Point. The jobless young men and women would be trained, as necessary; educated, when the schools had failed to educate them. Employers would be trained to accept them, and openings would be found downtown. They got some Ford Foundation money and opened a stylish center atop the hill on August 1, 1963. During the next twenty-nine months they spent $2 million on this effort. The project was overseen by the Mayor's Committee on Youth, which is run jointly by City Hall and the United Crusade. In practice, the professional social-work executives who administer private philanthropy made policy for the center. They offered some elegant thinking to the project. One conclusion, based on employment facts, was that these young Negroes' only hope was to find work in the downtown offices of this city, the commercial and financial center of the West Coast.

The center staff found that about 80 per cent of the job seekers were unready for employment. The young men and women were given $1.3 million worth of training. They were coached on how to answer the telephone in the genteel white way; how to touch-type and mimeograph; how to run an adding machine; how to smile when you don't feel like it. Then the young people went back to the frail-walled apartments full of little brothers and sisters and tried to study, tried amid the screaming and tension to rehearse their instructions on how to make it in the middle class.

The young men, especially, were hard to place in the office settings. Of 1,173 who registered with the center up to January 1, only 589 were even referred to employment. Nearly a fourth of them never made it past the interview stage. Among other things, they suspected that their white professional friends were about to castrate them. Eunice Elton, who directs San Francisco's employment offices for the State Employment Service, commented that these young Negro men "see the masculine role as one that is working with things rather than ideas." Even if their masculinity had not been at issue, even if they had learned how to be "nice," the employers would not have welcomed them without reservations: nearly a third of the young men had police records (sometimes merely because a white policeman in quest of suspects was a bit too forward and brought on a "resist-arrest" charge).

"In proportion to the need, the staff and resources simply were not adequate," said Miss Elton. The man who directed the center last summer, Wilfred Ho, declared: "Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing up here, why I'm breaking my head against this." George Napper, who directed the anti-poverty program on the hill in its first eleven months, said the center "applied a cosmetic make-up to a situation that required surgery." George Earl, president of the Hunters Point Interblock Council (an unofficial town council developed by the anti-poverty staff), asked: "Why didn't they push for a better school system? These kids are forced to finish high school with only a junior high school education." He was stating a complaint heard from all sides on the hill: that teachers promote problem Negro children to get rid of the problems.

The Ford Foundation's achievement, in its major financing of the center, included establishing a base for dozens of officials and social workers and social scientists in pursuit of problems. "We are like a zoo which all these professionals come to visit," Earl said. "They go back to their middle-class settings and tell their friends, 'I know the Negro.' " One hill housewife said, contemptuously: "I have put a dozen young people through graduate school." Napper (himself a social scientist from the University of California) said: "The university people have studied the hell out of us. They even come down from the state of Washington to study us. They come by the hundreds. They don't work with us—they write books about us." Napper, unlike most students of the hill, lived there for three years.

This weariness with visitations from professionals who were paid to help and understand, found a brilliant expression last May in a *Spokesman* editorial:

> In these challenging times of social reform within a society bent on automation and specialization, a new kind of expert has bloomed; he is the Negro specialist.
>
> In most cases the Negro specialist is a white man with liberal ideas, who has spent time in Negro communities; and in some cases he is a Negro college graduate in the social sciences with white middle class attitudes. Whatever the case, the specialist gets an exorbitant fee for supposedly helping the Negro to help himself. . . .
>
> The white man can become a Negro specialist by associating with Negroes, or by living in a Negro community for a short period. He is considered a specialist once he learns how to "jerk," eats some chitterlings, or has a few Negroes as his "best friends"; or he writes a thesis on the Negro and participates in some community organization in Negro communities. With these contacts and experiences he is recognized by his white brothers as knowing more about the Negro than the Negro knows himself. . . .
>
> Negro communities are like time bombs, and every minute of unrest is another tick toward the zero hour. The job of the Negro specialist is to remove the pin from this time bomb. . . . It is obvious to Negroes that when a white man arrives in their community asking questions, snooping around at various meetings, and wearing a forged smile, that he has been sent to gather information, and if not obvious, it certainly raises this suspicion. . . .
>
> All Negro communities are not the same. The circumstances in each community will dictate the means necessary in organization and rehabilitation. And the persons most knowledgeable of the circumstances are the residents who have worked with these circumstances and lived with them.

The Office of Economic Opportunity, which is the latest benefactor to arrive on the scene, comes closer to meeting the formula outlined by *The Spokesman*. No white man whatsoever is being imposed on the hill residents in their own drive to organize themselves. The federal anti-poverty program there, in fact, does not even make use of black-skinned "Negro specialists," except in minor roles as technicians. (For example, Gene Orro, a psychologist who lives in a genial suburb in the redwood country, San Anselmo, and commutes to Hunters Point in his MG roadster, is tolerated on the anti-poverty staff for his professional know-how. He holds no position that would give him dominance in policy making.)

Hunters Point won its control over the federal anti-poverty funds along with three other San Francisco poor districts early last year. The movement to give the residents control was tenaciously opposed by Mayor Shelley, who was elected with strong support from organized labor and the city's minority-group organizations. (San Francisco has been for decades "a labor town." It still is: and in 1966 that means it also stands for racial discrimination by certain craft unions. It took the rioting of September 27-28 to compel the Mayor into an unequivocal public condemnation of such trade union practices.) Shelley lost this battle, and the Economic Opportunity council established four local boards which had almost total powers to design, control and operate the four anti-poverty programs.

Hunters Point abuts the somewhat less impoverished Bayview district lying on flat terrain just to the west. An anti-poverty program for both districts is conducted by one OEO board, which spent $494,000 in federal funds during the first eleven months of its operation (up to October 1). The salaries range from $170 a month for youth aides (at half-time) to $1,000 a month for the director, John Dukes. The staff now consists of seventy-eight men and women, all but one of them Negro (the white man is an Episcopal lay priest who lives on the hill).

Before the OEO program got under way in November, 1965, the Hunters Point-Bayview area had so little status it could get no official help for its tiny community center, and was totally dependent on donations and volunteer time from the women leaders who kept it going for several years in a bungalow. "The United Bay Crusade constantly refused the funds," said the center's director, Harold B. Brooks. "They said we had not shown an ability to handle money—a ridiculous statement, because we had had no experience in handling funds." The OEO board and its first director, George Napper, decided the foremost need was to organize people. "Community aides" were given priority assignments to knock on doors, to arouse the residents from an almost pathological apathy. The aides and new-won volunteers formed thirteen block clubs, and three district OEO offices were opened on the hill as combination community centers and liaison offices with the OEO city-wide network—and the various agencies and powerful persons downtown. Concrete results were immediate: sometimes jobs, sometimes solutions to old problems —like getting the Housing Authority to clean out the rats and cockroaches from the twenty-five-year-old-buildings.

Thus a significant new political force emerged in San Francisco, underwritten by federal money. Mayor Shelley was not unaware of this challenge to his power when, last May, he called for firm City Hall controls over the San Francisco anti-poverty program. His stand provoked a page-1 story in *The Spokesman* which attacked the Mayor's "anxiety over the program's creating a political organization," and asked "just what in the first place is wrong with the poor having a political voice?"

The voiceless hill has found a voice. Community meetings are held almost every night. Delegations are regularly calling on City Hall officials and monitoring commission meetings. This is a strong and permanent voice that probably will grow louder in the coming months and years in downtown San Francisco and in Sacramento. This voice, and other new voices like it, probably will be heard in Washington.

TV OVERSEAS

THE U. S. HARD SELL

HERBERT I. SCHILLER

Mr. Schiller is a research professor in the Bureau of Economic and Business Research, the University of Illinois.

The character and structure of American broadcasting are well-explored features of the domestic landscape. Less well known is the readiness with which a large and growing part of the world community has succumbed to the United States style, and how these developments have been engineered is a story of relatively current vintage.

In the pre-television era, the United States stood alone among advanced industrialized nations in having its radio broadcasting unabashedly commercial. Nowhere else did advertisers pay the bill and direct the destinies of the medium so completely. State broadcasting authorities were the rule in Europe, and the American arrangement was the exception.

With the advent of television, but not because of it, many national broadcasting structures adopted one or another variant of the American pattern. Wilson P. Dizard, author of *Television: A World View*, has written about this shift:

> Television has developed primarily as a commercial medium. This was to be expected in the United States and a few other countries, notably in Latin America, where broadcasting was traditionally a private venture. Elsewhere, however, broadcasting was a state monopoly without commercial connections. Theoretically, television should have followed in the established pattern; significantly it did not. . . . At present, television systems in over fifty countries are controlled, in whole or in part, by private interests under state supervision. Commercial advertising is carried by all but a handful of the world's ninety-five television systems.

For the new countries the emerging pattern is the same. Dizard notes "the virtual domination of local television in developing nations by commercial interest." UNESCO reports the same finding. Even strong, industrialized nations have been forced to modify their long-time, stabilized broadcasting services and accept commercial operations. Britain yielded in 1954; France is now teetering on the edge.

What has powered this almost universal push toward commercialization? Its advocates reply that commercial broadcasting is the most satisfactory method of meeting the financial and programmatic needs of the new media. Dizard, for instance, asserts: "The change [to commercialization] confirmed the effectiveness of American-style broadcasting both as a revenue producer and as a highly acceptable form of entertainment and persuasion."

The revenue-producing capabilities of commercial broadcasting cannot be disputed; the acceptability of the entertainment it offers is a matter that I shall go into in a moment. But neither reason faintly suggests the real force in operation. *Nothing less than the viability of the American industrial economy itself is involved in the movement toward international commercialization of broadcasting.*

The continuing and pressing requirements of United States manufacturers to reach annually higher output levels in order to sustain and increase profit margins activate the process that is relentlessly enveloping electronic (and other) communications in a sheath of commercialization. What happens is a continuing interaction. The direct intrusion of American influence catalyzes developments in the affected nations. Also, those countries with similar industrial structures and organization themselves feel corresponding, if at first weaker, impulses in the same direction.

Evidence of the international explosive thrust in private enterprise's market requirements can be found in the trade press. *Television Magazine*, for instance, describes the interconnections between the advertising, manufacturing and broadcasting industries (italics added):

> About 1959 a gentle curve representing the expansion of American advertising agencies overseas started an abrupt

> climb which hasn't yet levelled off. . . . The growth of television abroad had something to do with this upsurge, since the head-start American agencies had in dealing with the medium commercially has given them a highly exportable knowhow. But television wasn't the prime mover. *That role belongs to the client: The American consumer goods industry.*

The magazine explained this process with a simple illustration:

> Take a giant corporation like Procter and Gamble with sales over $2 billion a year. Its position on the open market is based partly on the corporation's growth rate. But to add, say, 10% in sales each year becomes increasingly difficult when already over the two billion mark. *Where do you find that additional $200 million? The answer, for more and more American corporations, is overseas.*

American companies have been crossing the oceans regularly, either through direct acquisition or new plant expansion or leasing arrangements or combinations thereof. United States private direct investments in manufacturing abroad have spurted in the twenty years beginning in 1943 from $2,276 million to $16,861 million. In Western Europe alone, manufacturing investments increased from $879 million to $6,547 million in the period. To assist in marketing the output of these expanding foreign facilities, U.S. advertising agencies have been accompanying the industrial plants overseas. McCann-Erickson has seventy offices employing 4,619 persons in thirty-seven countries. J. Walter Thompson, "the granddaddy of international operations," employs 1,110 people in its key London office alone. There are twenty-one American-associated ad agencies in England, twenty in West Germany, twelve in France. In Latin America, Brazil has fifteen American ad agencies and there are more U.S. agencies in Canada than in any other foreign nation. Even the developing world has begun to be penetrated. "Three enterprising U.S. agencies have tackled the huge market of India . . . [and] Africa, too, may be part of a future wave of agency expansion overseas," according to *Television.*

Once the privately directed manufacturing enterprises have begun their goods production, all energies are concentrated on securing the public's ever-widening acceptance of the outpouring commodity streams. The insistence of powerful American sellers, temporarily allied with their local counterparts, on obtaining advertising outlets abroad is overwhelming state broadcasting authorities, one after another. The successful campaign to introduce commercial television in England was largely a matter of industry admen manipulating complex political wires. Gerald Beadle, the former director of B.B.C. television, explained with some understatement what happened in Britain:

> . . . there was an unusually strong demand from large sections of British industry in the early nineteen fifties for more opportunities for advertising their goods. Wartime restrictions, especially on paper, had only recently been lifted, and a real boom in consumer goods was developing, but industry felt that there were insufficient opportunities for telling the public about the large range of new goods which were becoming available. Television was obviously an excellent medium for this, and industry was not averse to harnessing the television horse to the industrial chariot.

What is emerging on the international scene bears a striking resemblance to the American routine of uncoordinated expansion of production, promotion of the output through the communications media, higher sales, further plant expansion, and then the cycle's repetition. American society's dissatisfied individual who seeks release in consumption is appearing throughout the expanding orbit of the international free market. According to Erich Fromm, "Twentieth century industrialism has created this new psychological type, *homo consumens,* primarily for economic reasons, i.e., the need for mass consumption which is stimulated and manipulated by advertising. But the character type, once created, also influences the economy and makes the principles of ever-increasing satisfaction appear rational and realistic. Contemporary man, thus, has an unlimited hunger for more and more consumption."

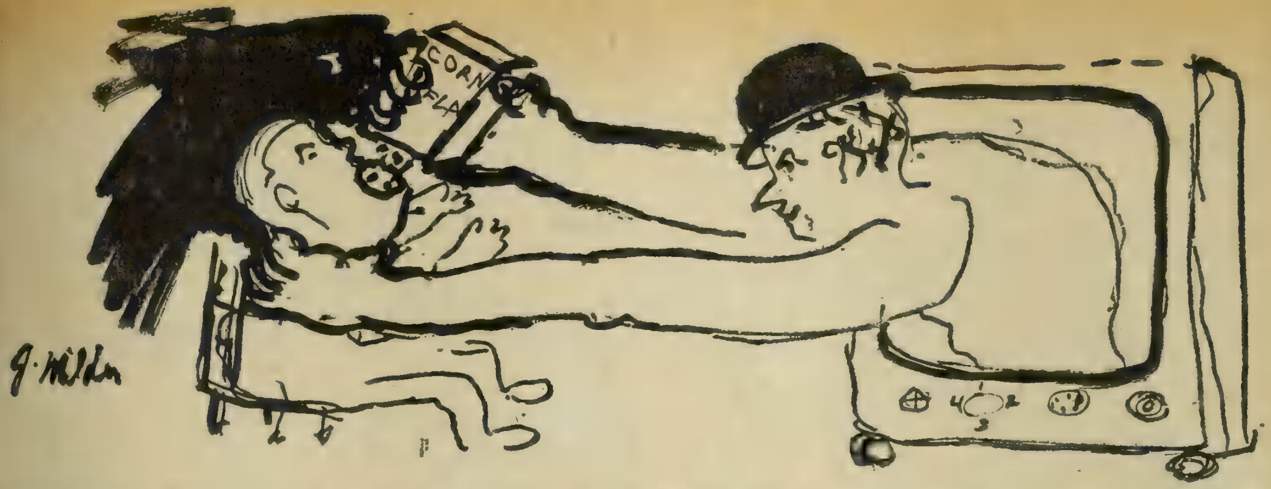
The man in the market economy has become a message receiver beyond all imagination. Bombarded in the United States by an estimated 1,500 advertising messages a day, these "contemporary men" are multiplying rapidly in the North Atlantic community, and are beginning to be discovered as well in Africa, Latin America and Asia. In 1964, private enterprise spent $21 billion for advertising in fourteen industrial countries, two-thirds of the amount being spent in the United States. Financing much of this staggering budget for global commercial message-making are the multi-national corporations whose plants and service installations are spread over several countries. (See table.)

Wherever these "big spenders" penetrate, broadcasting is subverted to salesmanship. It is not only a matter of the ubiquitous, jarring commercial. The entire content that illuminates the home screen is fitted to the marketeer's order. "TV is not an art form or a culture channel; it is an advertising medium," writes Daniel Karp in *The New York Times Magazine.* Therefore, " . . . it seems a bit churlish and un-American of people who watch television to complain that their shows are so lousy. They are not *supposed* to be any good. They are supposed to make money . . . [and] in fact, 'quality' may be not merely irrelevant but a distraction."

As of now, the situation of radio-television in the United States is the extreme case. In Western Europe, the tradition that state broadcasting authorities exercise some social responsibility has not yet been demolished. But the striving of the consumer goods producers to gain the attention of large audiences is unrelenting, and as Fromm

Table I — Advertising Expenditures of U.S. Companies, 1964

	million
1. Procter and Gamble	$147.8
2. General Motors	137.5
3. Ford Motors	80.6
4. General Foods	74.8
5. Bristol-Myers	74.7
6. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco	68.8
7. Colgate-Palmolive	66.7
8. American Home Products	65.4
9. Chrysler	64.3
10. Lever Brothers (British-owned)	61.4



observes, once the contact is made, the audience itself searches out further stimuli.

If commercials are still controlled and compressed into special slices of the viewing time in some national systems abroad, the shows themselves often follow the dictates, directly or indirectly, of their sponsors. Certainly, that is the case with the popular and widely shown American productions where the advertising agency may have sat in at each stage of a script's development.

A.B.C., N.B.C. and C.B.S. send their packaged programing to all continents, charging what the freight will bear. In low-income areas in Africa and Asia, old U.S. films and shows are dumped at low prices to secure a foothold in emerging markets, regardless of the relevance or appropriateness of the "entertainment."

In Western Europe, the most stable noncommercial broadcasting structures of sovereign states are unable to resist the forces that are arrayed against them. Here from *Television* is one description of how "commercials" break through national boundaries, especially in the geographically compact North Atlantic region:

> Of course, the continued expansion of commercial television, despite powerful opposition, is playing a major role in making unity of diversity. Although many important countries, particularly in Europe, still forbid TV advertising, there is a certain "spillover" effect that tends to spread commercials even to those countries that originally were adamant. Only this year did the 11-year-old government-controlled Swiss TV service permit commercials on its three regional networks. The move was in large part prompted by the concern of Swiss manufacturers who knew their customers were viewing Italian and German TV across the border. The same process is expected to unfold in the Netherlands, a large part of which is also open to German programming and advertising messages. If Netherlands TV goes commercial, then Belgium is expected to follow shortly thereafter. Then France and Scandinavia will be the last big holdouts. . . . If French television goes commercial, an executive at J. Walter Thompson remarks, then there truly will be a common market for the TV advertiser.

If "legitimate" infiltration and demolition of noncommercial state systems of broadcasting is inapplicable for one reason or another, less sophisticated techniques are available. The pirate radio stations located off the coast of England, and some even in the Thames estuary, completely disregard international frequency allocation agreements. They broadcast Pop music interlaced with commercials to European and English audiences who are apparently hungering for the entertainment and not at all displeased with the accompanying consumer messages. Though the pirates are small-scale broadcasters at the moment, large-scale interests stand behind them. Until the government actively intervened, both the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising and the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers lent indirect support to the pirates. A director of the ISBA has stated: "We recognize they fulfill a need. We would be happier, though, if they were on-shore and permanent."

Reacting to an impending governmental regulatory bill, one of the pirates, Radio London, commented: "We expect to get sufficient advertising from overseas to enable us to continue. We have four million overseas listeners, *and much of our revenue is from international companies who would not be affected by British legislation.*" (Italics added.)

Having secured control of communications across a good part of the earth's surface, commerce has now turned its attention to conquering space. At the White House Conference on International Cooperation last winter, the National Citizens Commission's Committee on Space (whose chairman incidentally was Dr. Joseph Charyk, the president of Comsat), listed as the *first* application of communications satellites their future impact on "trade and commerce." The committee's report stated: "It is possible to foresee use of closed circuit television by major companies doing a worldwide business to link together their offices and affiliates in order to kick off a new sales campaign or to demonstrate a new product or to analyze a new marketing situation in the far corners of the world."

Similar sentiment exists in other influential places. The London *Economist* views communications satellites as the chosen business medium of the future. Deploring the British Government's reluctance to participate more actively in ELDO (European Launcher Development Organization), the Europeans' sole hope of matching American communications technological advances, the magazine commented: "But is there only an American or a Russian or a Chinese way of life to be propagated around the world? Will Britain (and Europe) even be able to sell its goods around the world if it cuts itself out of the *advertising medium of the 1970s*?" (Italics added.)

An even better indication of how communications satellites are to be used can be seen in the attitudes of two recent conferences concerned with the space systems. In December, 1965, UNESCO assembled representatives from nineteen member states and other interested international organizations to consider the possible use of space satellites for informational and cultural purposes. A few months later, at the 18th World Congress of the Advertising Association in Mexico City, Worldvision, a network including sixty-two television stations in twenty-five countries, organized by the American Broadcasting Company's international subsidiary, A.B.C. International, ran a three-day workshop demonstrating how "international advertisers could use TV right now." In the words of Donald W. Coyle, president of A.B.C. International, "Global television is not something that we are going to have to wait for a far-off future to implement. It is upon us now."

The contrast in the two approaches is depressing: UNESCO's vision is of international control of communications satellites for cultural use *in the future.* Worldvision's program for the commercial use of space *has already begun.*

It is a mistake to view these developments as evidence of an international cabal seeking the global commercialization of communications. The forces are openly at work and the success of "consumerism" rests on a varied mix of human and institutional pressures which are at present very powerful. "Both a consumer oriented economy and commercial television seem to have things going for them at this moment of history in a good part of the globe," is the way *Television* puts it.

Western Europe has relied on the existence of national traditions of propriety unobserved in the United States and even on some limitation on American programing to hold back the flood of commercialization. Canada and Great Britain have both tried, not too successfully, to keep the proportion of American to domestic shows within certain limits. But attempts to exclude United States programing and to limit the number and length of national commercials are unlikely to be effective in any one country, no matter how influential that society may be in its own region. The subject matter that is denied local transmission is broadcast from neighboring states, with transmitters sometimes deliberately established for this purpose. Then, too, the business system in Western Europe, Canada, Japan and Australia supports the general principle of commercialization and throws its weight behind an advance of salesmanship.

As for the universe of the global poor, the have-not nations stand practically defenseless before a rampaging Western commercialism. Impoverished as they are, many developing states are able to afford the new communications systems only by accepting commercial packages which "tie" their broadcasting systems to foreign programing and foreign financial sponsorship. In this way their paths of economic development are set, regardless of the intentions and designs of their planners, by the pull of market-directed consumerism. Expectations of new roads to national development which *might* foster motivations and behavior different from contemporary Western styles are being dashed in their infancy.

The gloomy and bitter words of Japanese economist, Shigeto Tsuru, seem to apply everywhere in the wake of Western market enterprise's electronic communications offensive: "In this world of high-powered communications we may even have to speak of a new kind of 'self-alienation' for citizens living under capitalism. If there were a society on this earth somewhere which would make full use of the highly developed techniques of communication of today for the sole purpose of its inhabitants' autonomous cultural needs, it would be an experience of a lifetime for us to visit there—for us who daily, even hourly, cannot escape from the onslaught, either subtle or crude, of modern commercialism in a capitalist society."

LETTERS *(continued from page 594)*

of McCarthyism." Who could guess from this nonsense that it contains an extended attack on the Smith committee for leading a witch hunt against the National Labor Relations Board in 1939 and 1940 in behalf of businessmen, Republicans and Southern Democrats? Or that it provides a detailed account of McCarthy's chicanery in the Tydings committee inquiry in 1950? Or that there are two long chapters on China before the Second World War in order to lay a basis for accurately criticizing the McCarran committee investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations? Or that 20 pages give a close reading to the final report of that committee that shows it to be insubstantial and tendentious? Or that it condemns McCarthy's witch hunt through the Voice of America and the overseas libraries? Except for a recital of some of these matters in a laundry list of contents at the beginning of the review, there is no mention of them thereafter. . . .

I am charged with having written a text without using the letter "e," which may be as bad as the pretense that the left thumb is a portrait of the sitter, and that I have substituted something distasteful for the "traditional emphasis on political institutions and their normative roles." At least 43 pages of the book deal specifically with political institutions and their normative roles, with special emphasis on the separation of powers of the federal government and the system of checks and balances. The treatment is analytical, and it shows how the use of prescriptive publicity by Congressional investigating committees was in fact an encroachment upon the roles assigned by law and custom to the Executive and the Judiciary. There is a presumptuous offer in paragraph 11 of the review to "translate from this academese" but readers of the book will understand it easily in the original. *Earl Latham*

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Dr. Latham's innuendo about my left thumb and clenched fist—an artful variation on a theme which so badly mars his book—prompts only the assertion that I *never* clench my fist when my thumb sits for its portrait. . . . Although my evaluation was the product of careful study of the book as a whole (against a background of almost twenty years of professional experience with the subject) . . . I have reread the portions of the book to which Dr. Latham's letter calls attention, as well as my 120 pages of notes. I find no reason to alter my views or to qualify my conclusion that the book, taken as a whole, is an apology for the Congressional anti-subversive exposure system. My review did not claim that Dr. Latham approved *all* of the anti-subversive probes or agreed with their factual conclusions. That is not the issue—and even here, Dr. Latham's text is somewhat more ambiguous than his letter indicates. Dr. Latham shifts the ground of our differences when he poses the issue in this way. What I did say is that his book develops an approving rationale for anti-subversive exposure as a Congressional institution. I still say so. *Frank J. Donner*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Improvisation Bit

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick recently completed a survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, *based on a Ford Foundation grant.*

The ordinary resident professional theatre is an import agency: its primary purpose is to disseminate in Hartford, Memphis or Seattle the international theatrical culture of New York, London and Paris. This is useful work; if Shakespeare, Shaw and Chekhov still have meaning in 1966, which I ardently believe, then bringing them to a national audience is important. The fact remains, however, that when we ask what original creative contributions the resident professional theatre has made to national or international theatrical culture, we are answered by an embarrassed silence.

There are, however, a few centers of genuine theatrical creativity out there in the country. They are resident and they are professional and they are theatres, but they are not resident professional theatres in the customary sense: they sell no subscription tickets, they conduct no fund drives, the Ford Foundation does nothing for them, they are not about to move into million-dollar buildings in civic arts centers downtown. Yet they have exported not only talented performers but whole productions, not only whole productions but a new—or at least a renewed—way of making theatre, to the metropolises. They are the improvisational theatres, modern American exponents of the Aristophanic art of the satiric cabaret.

The Committee, which opened in San Francisco in 1963, has played an engagement on Broadway, and covered the 1964 nominating conventions for National Educational Television. The Premise (now deceased), which began in St. Louis, sent companies to Washington, New York and London. (The London company got into trouble with the Lord Chamberlain, since improvised material can obviously not be censored beforehand.) But the great fountainhead of the improvisational movement was the short-lived Compass Players company in Chicago. From it came Mike Nichols, Elaine May and Shelley Berman; from its direct successor, the Second City—still flourishing in Chicago—came Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin and several other remarkable performers now working in New York and elsewhere. Second City companies have appeared on Broadway, in a large New York cabaret (for three years), in London (twice), on television, and on tour all over the American map, while other Second City companies held the fort in Chicago.

Paradoxically, perhaps, in view of their wide success, what distinguishes the Second City and The Committee on their home grounds is that their work seems aimed at a very particular audience, one that shares the assumptions and predilections of the performer-creators. This kind of theatre is of, by and for well-educated, urban young people, irreverent as a matter of course toward all authority, with no objections to what are still sometimes called obscenity and blasphemy (probably the only word that can still really shock them is "nigger")—people, finally, for whom leftist political assumptions are part of the air they breathe.

"But Job worshiped God," says a Second City performer, "with a fervor bordering upon stupidity." "There is a rumor," says a Committee member, "that J. Edgar Hoover is immortal." Both Second City and The Committee have had sketches in which the blackout line was a four-letter word. Both have had race-relations sketches in which white liberals are raked over the coals. The Second City sketch shows a couple of professed liberals driving through a Negro neighborhood in Chicago, and getting scared. "Black as a forest out there," says one. "You hear drums?" (Laughter: an audience laughing at itself.) At The Committee, a white girl and a Negro man shake hands. "It's just like on the Snick button," she says. Not a very funny joke to someone who has never seen a Snick button, and incomprehensible to anyone unaware that "Snick" is what the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is called by its friends. Both groups, again, have sketches sympathetic to young men who don't want to be drafted. "Don't let 'em take your mind," says one draftee to another in the Second City sketch; it is something a lot of intelligent draftees, proud of their free-mindedness, must have thought as the army tried to mold them into gung-ho soldiers.

The regular resident theatres are highly eclectic, and that is a good thing in its way. But the result is a certain loss of personality. It is refreshing to discover theatres that (like the Berliner Ensemble, so they tell me) stand for one particular kind of theatre, one particular way of looking at life that they share with their audiences. At their best, the resident theatres deal, sometimes profoundly, with the important concerns of Western man; but too often their work seems to have little relevance to the lives of their audiences. The improvisational theatres are seldom profound, but they deal particularly with the here and now, with what it is like to be a well-educated, middle-class young person in Chicago or San Francisco at the time of the Great Society.

The Committee has a sketch about two housewives smoking marijuana (while doing their laundry, if I remember correctly). It is not a very funny sketch, but who else has even tried to reflect on-stage the possibility of pot smoking as a part of respectable everyday life—a possibility that is just around the corner, especially in the San Francisco area. When Committee members ask the audience to suggest themes for improvisations, they get replies like "God is alive in Argentina," "Nietzsche is dead," "Pervert," "Vietnam," "The morning after LSD." Spectators and performers are on the same wave length.

Most of the evening at Second City or The Committee is taken up by revue sketches, quite conventional in form. But instead of making a point in order to make you laugh (like the ordinary revue sketch), they tend to make you laugh in order to make a point. They are often rambling and overlong; sometimes they just do not come off; but on the whole they are distinguished for their intelligence and cogency (and for the quietness with which they are performed: no frenzied mugging, no fright wigs, no funny hats). The improvisational cabaret theatres have been largely responsible for an increased national interest in intelligent satire.

But where does the improvisation come in? Do the actors make it all up as they go along? No. The material is invented by the performers, but most of what the audience sees at most performances has been conceived and developed in rehearsal, under the leadership of a director. It was improvised once, and perhaps it changes from show to show, but by the time you see it, it has usually been well rehearsed.

Some of it, indeed, may be made up on the spot. Before the intermission, the actors often solicit suggestions from the audience for topics on which to improvise. The thought is that the actors will come back from the intermission with ideas for a handful of fire-new routines never tried before. It is a stunt, in a sense: the audience watches the improvising actors to see if they will make fools of themselves, as an audience in a circus watches a trapeze artist to see if he will fall. Can they *really* work up a sketch about Vietnam, perverts, or the death of God in ten minutes? In many cases, of course, they don't have to. Tonight's audience is very unlikely to be the first ever to be interested in Vietnam, perverts and the death of God.

Thus for the most part what the improvisational theatres set before their audiences are revue sketches, not profoundly different in form from what has been turned out in the past by sit-down writers. And, as an art form, the revue sketch has its limitations. But the leaders of the improvisational theatre movement believe that improvisation can do far more than produce revue sketches; they believe that it can have profound and far-reaching effects on the theatre as a whole, and on life beyond the theatre. Both the Second City and The Committee happened to be doing fairly conventional work on the occasions of my recent visits, and I am sure they do a considerable amount of conventional work even when I am not around, but the directors of both groups have done, and are continuing to do, a good deal of promising experimentation. The movement began with high ideals and, with some drooping of the flag here and there, has maintained them.

The guru, more or less, of the movement is a stocky Chicagoan named Paul Sills. (Sills's mother, Viola Spolin, wrote the standard text on the subject, which is used in schools and colleges all over the country.) Sills has founded four theatres, all of them in Chicago. The first of the four grew out of his work at the University of Chicago, and devoted itself to what are now the standard resident-theatre authors: Brecht, Shakespeare, Chekhov, Shaw. After twenty-five productions in two years, this early venture closed down and was succeeded by the famous Compass, the first professional improvisational theatre in this country.

David Shepherd, Sills's partner in the Compass, wanted a working-class theatre, "a theatre for Gary, Indiana," but Sills dismisses this as "sentimental." According to Sills, the Compass provided theatre that was "improvised from within the very middle of the community,"* but the community was Hyde Park, the University of Chicago neighborhood. Compass was "in the neighborhood, of the neighborhood, of the moment": a new two-hour show every week. But urban renewal pushed it out of Hyde Park, and it moved to quarters on the North Side. Here it lost its community roots: "more people from different sections were coming to see it, but fewer of them from each. It had no real base and so consequently it held because of its brilliance."* It grew, that is, more proficient and less close to its sources: a familiar evolution in American life. It folded in 1956; three years later, Sills, Bernard Sahlins and Howard Alk started Second City, "and it made it like crazy."

Second City remains essentially a purveyor of topical revue, and this does not satisfy Paul Sills. "Topical revue material," he says, "is nonsense."* And "Second City is a failure. . . . All these things are failures in terms of real organic theatre." But he feels that conventional resident theatres are worse failures: "No amount of pumping big civic repertory theatres into a town is going to make any difference in the cultural level of a town. . . . So-called intellectual theatre will not and cannot work."

"The theatre," he says, "is out to confirm the fact that there is meaning in the world." But meaning to him is "not cognitive. It's not known in the head. It's known all through you. It's Jewish knowing. It's body knowing." The basis of his theatrical method, the primary means he uses to attain meaning, is play, is playing together, as children do in games. "Playing is a communion. . . . Play is freedom. Play is also mutual. You can't play alone." When preparing a show he gives his actors games, and tries to get them to play instead of merely to "perform." "I fought my ass off to get them to see each other and play with each other on-stage."

Sills believes in a theatre that is connected to the larger community, and yet is a community itself. The Compass and the Second City broke through, he thinks, "because at a certain time they [the performers] were more interested in each other than they were in success. This is what it is to have a company . . . it's a brotherhood, a union, a guild." But professional actors are not noted for self-abnegation; they tend to resist playing together. And if they are talented, as many have been at Second City, the brotherhood tends to get broken up by offers from David Merrick or Hollywood. Sills maintains, moreover, that "culture is something that is created by the people themselves, not something they get fed in through the ear." This is essentially an indictment of the conventional theatre, but it may stand as an indictment of Second City too.

And so, while continuing to do a show a year for Second City, Sills founded the Forty-Third Ward Game Theatre to make experiments in playing together with a group of amateurs from the neighborhood. This fall, Second City and the Game Theatre were united in a new school and repertory theatre. According to *Variety*, the new body, a nonprofit organization, will be kept separate from the cabaret, which will continue to be a commercial venture. The Center has a $34,000 grant from the Community Arts Foundation for "research on the application of theatre games in education and in the theatre." (There will also be a children's theatre and experimental film-making activities.) The games, Sills says, will be used "as a training method which points toward the personal decision each actor must make if he is to become an artist."

Alan Myerson, the director of The Committee in San Francisco, is a disciple, within limits, of Viola Spolin and Paul Sills. He was not always an improviser; at one time he was going to UCLA with intent to become a lawyer, but then he began making new friends. Influenced by his roommate, "a junkie who opened my eyes to a lot of stuff," he quit UCLA and went to New York to be a writer. After various trials, he went to work for Second City, and at different times directed both the Chicago and the New York company. He quit Second City to go to the West Coast to meet his in-laws, and decided that San Francisco would be a good place for an improvisational cabaret theatre. The Committee opened in April, 1963, and has been going ever since.

Paul Sills is interested in improvisation as an end in itself; for him, the medium seems to be the message. For Myerson and The Committee, on the other hand, the message seems to be the message. The Committee is much more urgently interested in political satire than Second City is. "Our philosophic position politically," says Myerson,

> is that the society we live in stinks. And we are constantly frustrated by the jarring fact that commenting on the unhappiness that exists is not terribly relevant to any change. We have often performed for benefits of a political nature for groups like SNCC, CORE, the Vietnam Day Committee, and have often participated in their activities following our performances.

Last year the entire company joined a sit-in at the Federal Building in San Francisco that was intended to induce President Johnson to send troops to Selma, Ala. More recently, The Committee

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*From "The Celebratory Occasion," an interview with Paul Sills by Charles L. Mee, Jr., in the *Tulane Drama Review*, Winter, 1964. All unfootnoted quotations from Mr. Sills are from my own interview with him, or from his letter to me.

busied itself collecting war toys to drop on the Pentagon. Myerson wants to develop a group that will be part of a larger community; political activity, for The Committee, seems to be the central means to that end.

Myerson puts down conventional theatre for lack of "penetration to the audience. . . . The audience is never permitted to make a choice." "The theatre," he says, "ought to be a gigantic discothèque at which everybody does some dancing at one time or another." He is interested in involving the audience, in making them *do* something, and within The Committee's cabaret-show framework he has been conducting experiments toward that end.

Some nights an actor would come out and begin to discuss Vietnam with the audience. He would ask the hawks in the house to holler, then the doves, until the building rocked. Some nights the actors would sit down at the tables with the audience and talk with them about things both audience and actors found disturbing. Then, using material that came out of these discussions, they would improvise a "fear-guilt-and-impotence collage." Sometimes an actor would break character at a sensitive point and leave the stage saying, "I can't handle this; I can't take this," and the audience was left to wonder whether it was watching acting or an irruption of real life.

Now Myerson and his group are planning to transcend the cabaret-show format altogether. Last spring Myerson recruited an entirely new group to carry on the revue at Committee headquarters, allowing the old company (which had been at it, with a few changes of personnel, for three years) to turn its attention to a new project. Since June the members of the old company have been living on unemployment checks and writing plays. "We have regular irregular company meetings," Myerson reports, "in which anybody who wants to, reads whatever he thinks the rest of the group could be helpful with." The group provides applause, criticism and sometimes "the actual improvisation of scenes from the scenario or from what the playwright-actor presents to us. The writer then takes any or all of this material and uses it . . . as he sees fit." When the company finds a building for the new theatre it is planning, it will have an original repertory all prepared.

The improvisational movement has so far produced no single work of any consequence, but it has had, and will continue to have, a significant influence on the theatre at large. "Our theatrical philosophy," Myerson says, "probably depends upon the whole concept of involvement: on the stage between the actors, off the stage in the audience, and direct confrontation between actors and audience." A number of signs—the resurgence of "happenings," for instance, and the tremendous success of *Marat/Sade*—indicate that we are ready and eager for a redefinition of the relationship between actors and audience. Alan Myerson and Paul Sills should be able to help.

Bobbs-Merrill

viet nam in the mud

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Bobbs-Merrill

No David in Sight

DAVID: The Biography of a King. *By Juan Bosch. Translated by John Marks. Hawthorn Books. 224 pp. 4.95.*

KAL WAGENHEIM
Mr. Wagenheim is editor of the monthly San Juan Review. *He has lived in Puerto Rico and covered Caribbean affairs for the past six years.*

A biography about the King of Judah by the ex-President of a Catholic, Spanish-speaking republic in the Caribbean has a touch of the exotic for the North American sensibility. It will certainly cause a strange alliance of readers: students of the Bible and those of Caribbean politics.

For Bosch's biography of David (published in Spanish in 1963 and written before he became President) reveals probably as much about him as it does about the Israeli king whom he admires so effusively. It has the same type of appeal, to a lesser magnitude to be sure, as would a word portrait of Washington by de Gaulle.

But unlike some politicians who write, and some writers who politicize, Juan Bosch has full-time credentials in both fields. Living half his life in exile from the Trujillo-dominated Dominican Republic, Bosch helped found the *Partido Revolucionario Dominicano,* and though he was defeated for re-election to the Presidency which he lost via military coup, he remains a key figure in Dominican politics. His literary accomplishments include a study of Judas, biographies of Simón Bolívar and José Martí and numerous other fiction and nonfiction works, some of which are standard texts in Latin American schools. He is an engaging storyteller, and in using the Bible's rich source of drama he has a great story to tell.

"Our Lord chose to be called the Son of David," Bosch writes, explaining why he, a Christian, was moved to write the book. But more compelling, one suspects, was his curiosity as a writer and political scientist as to what makes a great leader. For at the time of the book's preparation, Bosch was making ready to enter his country's politics. And though it is not explicit in the text, one senses that Bosch was searching for applicable wisdom in the life story of a man who transformed Israel from a scattered pastoral community, prey to foreign domination and internal squabbling, into a powerful, prosperous nation.

"There is no actual biography of the Israelite leader," Bosch writes, "or, if such a work exists, it is practically unknown." He partially explains why when he notes that "the Bible is the only historical source available . . . there is so much that is obscure and contradictory that no doubt authors who may have sought to discover the real David gave up in despair."

But despite the scarcity of reliable data, Bosch makes the attempt, and the result is a fascinating novelette-length work which contains a clearly labeled blend of chronologically arranged Biblical quotations and Bosch's speculations on the lacunas. Despite occasional repetition (the book seems to have been first published in serial form for each chapter begins with a "bridge" synopsizing the previous one), and despite Bosch's occasional moralizing, he has managed to convert David into a contemporary figure, chronicling all the intrigues and subtle maneuvers he employed to achieve and maintain power, vividly describing his moments of glory and failure.

In citing the obstacles to discovering "the real David," who is beclouded by 3,000 years of history, Bosch makes an arresting observation:

> It is usual for an extraordinary career to contain great flaws. . . . What surprises one in studying the life of David ben Jesse . . . is not the passionate nature of his errors, nor their magnitude, but the fact that ideas of right and wrong were sufficiently advanced at the time for the chroniclers of his story to gloss over certain of his actions which might harm the king's reputation.

What, then, was the man really like? The man who called himself "David ben Jesse, who started life as a shepherd and became a captain at arms and son-in-law of King Saul, later turned fugitive and bandit chief, and afterwards was an ally and vassal of the Philistines, then in turn King of Judah and of Israel, captor of Jerusalem and a conqueror of nations. . . ."

Bosch asks as many questions as he attempts to resolve, but his admittedly sketchy portrait is an appealingly human one: "a composite figure of exceptional worth . . . a genuinely great man who while capable of having one of his followers put to death in order to take his wife, could also overcome an opposing army, weep over the dead body of his son, and write a lyric poem of infinite tenderness. . . . He is a king yet remains humble, he governs his people without oppressing them; he is a sensualist who organizes a state, a warrior who does not love violence."

Along the way, Bosch seeks to puncture several myths, among them the duel between the boy David and the Philistine giant, Goliath of Gath, which he feels is "made up of assorted parts of other incidents . . . welded together by the arts of a vivid oriental imagination."

In commenting upon a seemingly disastrous reversal when the young David is banished by his jealous father-in-law, King Saul, Bosch—the political scientist—observes: "Seldom can a man's life be assessed in sections, and still more rarely the career of a public figure. The concepts of success and failure are relative; even at the summit of his power a politician may have already failed, just as in the midst of adversity he may be paving the way towards ultimate triumph."

And, again as a political scientist, Bosch admires the prophet Samuel, who was asked by the elders of Israel to choose a king and unite the tribes under a single leader. "Samuel," he says, "perhaps . . . wanted the throne for himself, but he appears to have been one of those rare statesmen who recognize their own limitations. . . . Without him (Samuel) David could not have existed. . . ."

Earlier this year, during the Dominican Presidential election campaign, Bosch evoked thunderous bravos from his countrymen when, in referring to the U.S. intervention in his country, he said: "We have been invaded by a Goliath, and like David—who used a sling to conquer the giant—we must use our intelligence to rid ourselves of our Goliath."

It seems clear that Bosch relates his troubled homeland to pre-David Israel, and when he describes Israel's oppressors ("the Philistines . . . a race with a social system superior to Israel's, and a strong military tradition") one need not stretch the allegory too far to make it contemporary. And, in his appreciation of Samuel's recognition of his own shortcomings, one perhaps has a clue to why Bosch withdrew without strongly contesting the questionable results of the June, 1966, elections ("this country is not ready for democracy," he said, in acknowledging his defeat).

Thus, Bosch, who once aspired to be the David of his country, has in midstream seemingly attempted to change his role to that of Samuel, the maker of kings. But Bosch's tragedy—indeed the tragedy of his country—is that there is no David in sight.

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THE YOKE AND THE STAR. *By Tana de Gámez. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 309 pp. $5.95.*

IDENTITY CARD. *By F. M. Esfandiary. Grove Press. 236 pp. $4.95.*

THE TIME OF THE HERO. *By Mario Vargas Llosa. Grove Press. 409 pp. $5.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York and is currently working on a novel and on a study of politics and literature in contemporary America.

That these three novels lend themselves to analysis as political works is not to suggest that they cannot be read in any other way. Each of them seems to have been created as a "novel in which political ideas play a dominant role or in which the political milieu is the dominant setting." This definition of political fiction is taken from what is still the best book on the subject, Irving Howe's *Politics and the Novel.* And now that we seem to be approaching a point at which the relationship between politics and literature promises to become more overt, it is important to ask exactly how a novel can speak with a political voice while still maintaining the more usual tensions that its artistic success demands. For despite the efforts of Mr. Howe and others, a confusion still exists between the political and the didactic novel, especially among

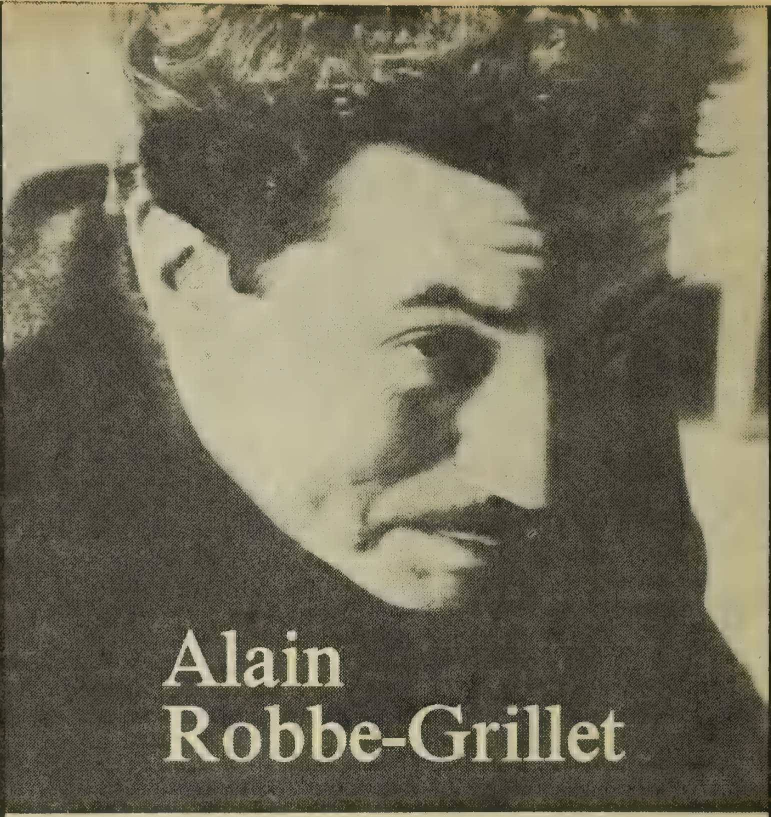
American critics who tend to suspect politics in a novel as an ideological intrusion on the province of art.

Perhaps we are particularly fortunate in having these three books to examine, since none of them is the work of an American writer (Miss de Gámez is evidently a naturalized American, but she is the least psychologically American of the three). What links them is that they are all products of that segment of world society which we Americans like to refer to with the euphemism "underdeveloped countries," and that they each evince in the reviewer—solely on the political level—a dual sense of guilt and hopelessness. This is not to say that Miss de Gámez's pre-Castro Cuba, the Iran of Mr. Esfandiary, or Mario Vargas Llosa's sullenly corrupted Peru are the pure products of America alone. But one of the virtues of the political novel is that it uses the private sensibility as a means of exploring a public world. And whether we want the role or not, Americans are increasingly being seen as the destroyers of other men's dreams. In the first two of the novels, we are asked to recognize ourselves; in the third, we are models for a hypocrisy that is almost total.

But a political novel, like any other, must first stand as a work of artistic consciousness. It cannot afford to trade reality for slogans. Unfortunately, Tana de Gámez's novel about Cuba under Batista contains all the faults that were so abundantly exhibited in so much American fiction of the 1930s—its drama frequently disintegrates into melodrama; its division of the world into good and evil has all the moral complexity of a Randolph Scott Western; it is incurably sentimental. In short, it is an exemplum of what a political novel should not be.

The story begins with the attack on Fort Moncado in Santiago in 1953. It ends with the invasion of Oriente Province in which Castro (here known as "the Doctor") and eleven others survive to reach the mountains and to launch the guerrilla war which was to conclude with the overthrow of the Batista regime. What happens between these two events is so divorced from any recognizable novelistic reality that the author must answer the charge of having unintentionally parodied what she set out to celebrate. For I find it difficult to believe that young people anywhere, even those in Mao's China, talk about the revolution while they passionately advance upon one another.

I do not mean to question the idealism, the ferocious hunger for freedom and independence, that went into the making of the revolution in Cuba. Nor do I mean that Miss de Gámez is not on the Lord's side. But she has the responsibility of taking a long look at what happens in heaven



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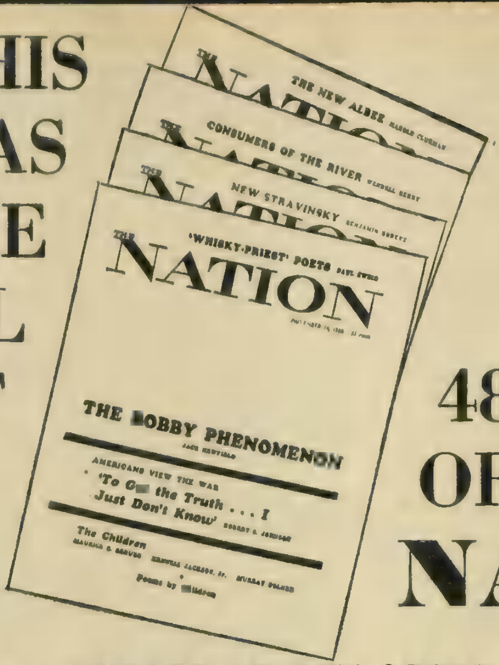

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while the Lord works His work. One of the lessons that the aftermath of the Cuban Revolution should have taught her is that our problem is not the lack of political alternatives but rather that the alternatives all seem to wind up heading in a single direction. It may be that to capture the inhumanity and corruption of Batista's Cuba is enough to legitimately ask of any novelist. But Miss de Gámez has chosen to ignore not the truth (which is certainly debatable) but the nature of Orwell's vision (which is not). Death, as Heraclitus wrote long ago, is everywhere, in the voices of *all* men.

F. M. Esfandiary, the author of *Identity Card,* is an Iranian who writes in English. A more accomplished novelist, he recognizes certain complexities that Miss de Gámez does not. But the problem with *Identity Card* is that it has been written too late, in a world that possesses Vietnam as a metaphor for the actual terror in its midst. In an attempt to replace his lost identity card, Daryoush Aryana, the Westernized Iranian intellectual who is the protagonist of the novel, is subjected to a Kafkaesque bureaucracy which seems remarkably commonplace—almost, one is tempted to write, "Edenically innocent."

The book opens with a sentence that must have been written as an intentional echo of the opening of Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground*: "I am a confused man. I am a restless man. I don't know what I want." One wonders whether Mr. Esfandiary has not betrayed himself with this beginning. In some ways, to echo Dostoevsky is to falsify the particular nature of contemporary alienation (a statement that seems to me truer for the very adulation we feel impelled to thrust on Dostoevsky). The Teheran through which Daryoush Aryana moves in his quest for escape from the sterile decadence of modern Iran is far more comic than it is threatening. Esfandiary prefaces his novel with a note telling us that his original manuscript was confiscated by security police and that a second copy was then typed and smuggled out of the country by two Americans. "For those who don't know the Middle East," he adds, "it may be well to mention that this is not a work of satire." Esfandiary's Iran is undoubtedly as swollen, as boring, as sterile and Kafkaesque as he portrays it. But as a novelist, it is his responsibility to emancipate that horror and boredom. In underdeveloped and developed countries both, all that the writer possesses is a politics of indirection. Where the human exists, he must celebrate it; where it is absent, he must create it. Esfandiary seems content to record it, even down to its sexual peculiarities, and then to recoil in moralistic anguish.

What is ultimately of greatest value in Esfandiary's story is its depiction of American interests in that part of the world. Once again we seem to be the staunch supporters of a government completely lacking in vision and in popularity. Perhaps the true "Great Leader of Leaders" is our man in Washington, in which case it is far more than bureaucracy that should be troubling Mr. Esfandiary. Kafka is dead—while the birds fly like prophetic minions of doom in our own smog-drenched sky.

Mario Vargas Llosa's *The Time of the Hero* is the least overtly political of the books under discussion. It is also the best. The translation from the Spanish by Lysander Kemp reads better than the English either of Mr. Esfandiary, which is sometimes artificially clipped, or of Miss de Gámez, whose English seems to be a mental translation from phrases which originally occurred in Spanish. But it is not merely Vargas Llosa's good fortune in a fine translation that makes this as good a novel as it is. From the very first page of *The Time of the Hero,* we are aware of the true novelist's touch.

Vargas Llosa tells a story which concerns itself with the lives of a group of adolescent boys in a military school in Lima (the real Leoncio Prado burned a thousand copies of Vargas Llosa's book in what must have been the most impressive display of Peruvian military valor seen in quite some time). Its tensions, however, are not merely localized but are truly contemporary. The book brings to mind Calder Willingham's *End as a Man,* but it is even better. Vargas Llosa skillfully depicts the corruption within the academy, never permitting us to forget that it is an inevitable reflection of the hypocrisy without.

The world of the Leoncio Prado, with its adolescent sexuality, its brutality, its hatred of authority and its suckling to power, is a world in which one learns to survive only by turning oneself into as corrupt a force as the authorities. The only other ways—those of the leader of the students, known as the Jaguar, and of Lieutenant Gamboa, the honest officer—lead to societal disapproval. The Leoncio Prado is a microcosm of the world, and the training of both aristocracy and proletariat within its walls will be readily adapted to the corruption outside. The society, both military and civilian, is interested in maintaining its status. The only politics in evidence is the politics of accretion, more deadly, it seems, than the vast and cumbersome buck-passing bureaucracy that Daryoush Aryana must face.

Vargas Llosa has a great deal to learn, including resistance to his desire to be-

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come a technical innovator in the novel. But what he possesses in abundance is the novelist's willingness to live with complexity and to magnify every minor crack in the world's surface so that we can see what it hides. For the contemporary novelist must become increasingly aware of the possibilities of reconciling both private and public surfaces. As our political life becomes more threatening, the novel offers itself as one of the ways—perhaps the best way—by which we can express exactly where we have failed in the quest for the livable future.

A Tour of the Pops

THE ANTI-DEATH LEAGUE. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. 307 pp. $5.95.*

TREMOR OF INTENT. *By Anthony Burgess. W. W. Norton & Company. 240 pp. $4.95.*

THE HEIRS OF CAIN. *By Abraham Rothberg. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 318 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT HATCH

After pop art — now giving place to psychedelics and the electronically engineered happening — comes the pop novel. But the nursing ground of the former was America; of the latter it is England. That figures: pop art was laminated out of comic strips and advertising graphics, forms in which the jet-age Yankee clearly excels; the pop novel is an evolvement from the spy thriller, a pastime for which we are indebted to the British. In a sense, the pop novel is a back formation. The thriller diverged from the main course of the novel, distilling from the parent form two elements—pursuit and suspense—and elaborating these until they produced a kind of formal game. Now certain English writers have thought to give the spy tale a twist, whether of symbolism or social relevance, whereby it may perhaps regain the name of novel. In simplest terms, they do this by encouraging their heroes to become introspective: to the classic question, "where is the enemy?" is now added the modern inquiry, "who am I?" It is a question that John Buchan, romancer and servant of the Crown, could not have imagined a gentleman would raise.

Nor could he have countenanced certain aspects of the new hero's behavior. The traditional thriller was as patriotic as a recruiting poster and, with its sibling, the mystery, observed a chastity rivaled in English fiction only by *The Wind in the Willows*. The undercover men of the prodigally returning novels are sodden with disillusion and they are lechers, one and all. But the authors have devised here a sly trick. The scenes they prepare between their satyric agents and the ladies (frequently) of the opposition are not to be understood as mere pornographic embellishment, the other face of violence. They are ceremonies dedicated to the life force, antidotes to the lethal business on which the protagonists are professionally employed. "Make love, not war" is the slogan implicit in all these works, and they are adept at demonstrating what they mean. This liberal bias both distinguishes the pop novel from the class snobbery of the thriller and bridges over to the somewhat vaguer social pose of pop art.

But I seem not to be getting to the three books which have occasioned these generalizations. The reluctance may be for the reason that I find it difficult to recall very much about them except the outlines of their plots, and plot recitation is a deplorable form of reviewing.

The Anti-Death League by Kingsley Amis, as might be expected from the literary reputation of its author, is the most sardonic of the lot. His principal cast is a group of university-bred army officers seconded to a secret project which pretends to be perfecting a hideous new weapon under the cover of experimenting with a slightly less hideous weapon—the whole charade to be leaked ingeniously to the Chinese as a counter-stimulus to Oriental expansionism. The officers do not for the most part know that they are paper monsters, and the league of the title is subversively fomented by one of them, an alcoholic homosexual with overtones of gallantry. There is on the staff a padre who has been an atheist since adolescence, a security officer who is not quite old-school tie, and an Asian who finds the English enigmatic. In the neighborhood a mad psychiatrist runs a mental home, and a Lady Hazell, having discovered that the only thing she likes about sex is the sex, keeps open house for the officers. A more conventional romance is provided by the nicest of the officers and a divorcée recently paroled from the sanitarium who develops breast cancer early in their affair. Mr. Amis, it can be seen, has arranged matters to his advantage, and the tone of mockery is well sustained.

Anthony Burgess has subtitled *Tremor of Intent* "An Eschatological Spy Novel," and I have checked to make sure that I grasped the term: it is a theological concept referring to death and judgment, heaven and hell—the science, that is, of the final things. Mr. Burgess, in addition to being a most prolific novelist, is a student of music, a linguist, an explicator of James Joyce, and his book is exceedingly erudite in a playful way. His hero is off on a final mission, in more senses than he realizes; he survives it and escapes nemesis by taking final vows. His sexual partners en route are a teen-age American reader of marriage manuals and an Indian practitioner of scented refinements as delicious as they are unspecified (though I believe the author gives the clues necessary to locate appropriate passages in the secret books). Burgess has a way of equating lust with gluttony which I appreciate but find a little unsettling; he is so insistent upon the parallel as to make it seem less his observation than his problem. Otherwise, his narrative is alive with violent incidents and sudden encounters designed to expose and admonish the killer in us all.

Abraham Rothberg, unlike Amis and Burgess, is not turning from other pursuits to reinstall the spy thriller in the main library. He has been a writer of thrillers from the start, but, as his jacket blurb puts it, now establishes himself "as a serious writer to be reckoned with." The puff also refers to his "probing the heart of darkness," which I suspect would embarrass Mr. Rothberg, but Conrad aping is often what he is about. His gunman, an Israeli agent, is set upon two German nuclear technicians employed by Nasser but vacationing in Switzerland. The senior ex-Nazi is traveling with an Egyptian bodyguard-boy friend (there is one homosexual in each of these up-to-date books) and a daughter subject to spasms of sexuality. *The Heirs of Cain* operates on two timetables: the cat-and-mouse game in Berne, and the chronicle of the agent's life journey from Poland, through the Nazi extermination net and the pioneering of Israel, to his present role as a killer with Old Testament misgivings. Much of this latter story comes out in remembered interviews with his psychoanalyst, a man patiently determined to convince his patient that on the one hand he need not avenge single-handed all the crimes committed against his people, and on the other that he need not consider himself accursed of God. It is a very wordy process; indeed, all three books are notably loquacious, and that is one final respect in which they show their pop deviation from the spy tale. One feels that all the taciturn agents of international intrigue from E. Phillips Oppenheim to Eric Ambler have simultaneously decided to let down their hair.

If these three books had indeed managed to make it back into the mainstream, there would be certain advantages. For one thing, their return would have restored to fiction the aura of disreputability which made novel reading so peculiarly attractive in the Victorian age. But the fact is that they don't make it back—not by a mile. The novel is a bewilderingly permissive craft, and no one can write its formula. But the one thing it must do is create a world and put people (or at least a person) into it. These books do not create worlds; they provide tours. And they are not peopled; they are merely animated. For all the cinematic detail of their habit and behavior, the characters slide past like figures on the other side of a sound studio window. One reads on to learn, not who they are but what becomes of them, and all their confiding introspection is merely data fed into the ploy they operate. It is odd: these writers are adept at summoning up the geography of their stories; they have been to the places and made pertinent notes. But the effect, nevertheless, is of painted scenery because the characters are paste.

The workmanship, except perhaps for all that solemn chatter, is of high quality. These pop novels pass the time without blatantly wasting it, and one can think of a host of real novels that are not nearly so well made. But few novels that see print are so deformed that they do not somehow confirm or challenge the reader's understanding of human experience. If they don't do that they fail as novels, but the pop novels succeed very well without doing it. They are not built on life, but on a highly stylized formula, and though they flout the conventions of that formula, they never break free. The whole pop movement operates on the beguiling theory that art is play. It is a childlike notion, but it lacks innocence.

ART / Max Kozloff

MANET IN PHILADELPHIA II.

When first glimpsed, the hand list for the Manet show in Philadelphia disappointed me by the absence of so many of what are considered crucial works. How could such a retrospective adequately present the friend of Mallarmé, when it lacked canvases like the "Portrait of Emile Zola" or "The Balcony," many of the plein-air paintings of the late seventies, or the great pictures that first infuriated the salons? Imbalanced and recherché, or so it seemed, the exhibition had little chance to document the full extent of his career and the amplitude of his vision. I had expected to have to piece together the visual fabric of Manet from various odd lots and extras in his production.

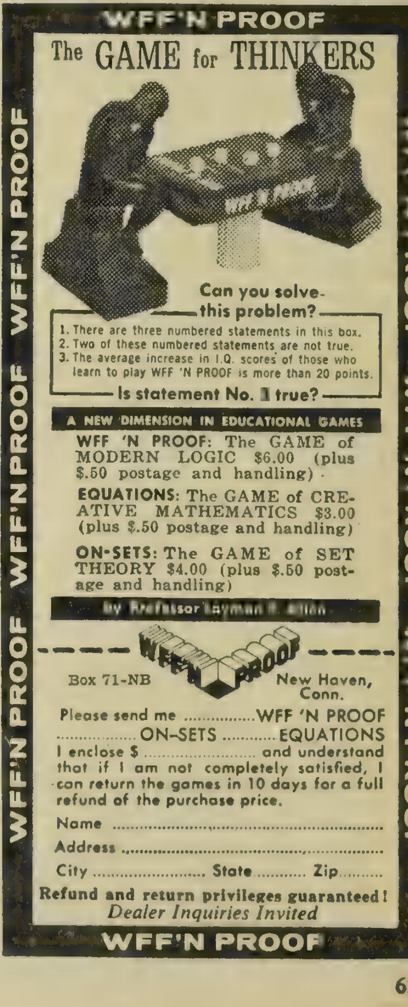
But such a calculation was hardly prepared for the spectacle of brilliance in even the most out-of-the-way slaps of paint. For in effect, there is explicit in each of Manet's pictures that gustatory elegance and disinterested fervor which altered the make-up of energies in modern art. What most illuminates his accomplishment is a certain nervous touch that he could hardly exclude, least of all from works which weren't "ambitious." More than in his greatest contemporaries, Manet's art is an affair of mercurial sensibility whose distinction is that it gives the impression of re-creating itself anew with every picture. This alone is the abiding interest in gathering those of his works that could be brought together for this show.

What tells immediately in such an assemblage is the extent to which Manet is revealed as dependent on a primary drive: his instinctual and unplanned reflexes tightening and relaxing in contact with a shifting environment. The qualities of puzzling improvisation, the minute intimacy of textures, dabs and lines, the spontaneously dashed-in forms, the innumerable formal devices of dissolution, penetration, transience and incompletion: all these sparkle as if perceived by the spectator very close in time to the moment when they originated on the surface. Each image is delivered without the felt or observable intrusion of any process of construction. (Although it is impossible to say that these figurations are chaotic.) In the barely begun "Claude Monet in his Floating Studio" (which can represent only a couple of hours of work), the figures are being whittled capriciously into place by means that waver without priority between linear and tonal. But the very indecisiveness of this process-record seems completely natural and blunt.

By contrast, the early stages of a Courbet or Corot would appear highly rationalized and unaccented. Their pictures await their final scumbles or focusing contrasts in order simply to speak, or rather, to be given voice. With these artists, painting is an act of elaboration and orchestration whose goal of freshness—of a kind of colored quiddity in Courbet, and of atmospheric nuance in Corot—rests on the intensity with which each step in the process is carried out to a foreordained notion of finish.

With Manet, freshness is something that could perhaps be lost, but is more often an organic excitement out of which play various local modulations. It is not that "less" sensory information is finally given in Manet than in his mentors but that it is a declension of this excitement rather than the capstone of a strategy. One has the intuition (which must have been disconcerting to his contemporaries) that there is nothing "behind" Manet's energy, and that, having abandoned the usual apparatus concerned with modeling and placement, he had no choice but to expend all his resources nakedly on the surface (c.f., "The Departure of the Folkestone Boat"). But this was an effusion that he came to study for the properties and characteristics which would imbue the painting with a sense of intactness. Now consciously enhanced, this sense materialized in a redefinition of naturalistic finish, extreme not only because he associated it with the figure before applying it to landscape but because it deliberately required itself to stop short of the commensurable in contour and volume.

Yet Manet could never be mistaken for a mere bravura artist, as that would imply qualities as foreign to his tempera-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WFF'N PROOF

ment [illegible] self-satisfaction. That he was a supreme tactician of wet-on-wet painting, however, holds the key to his entire form. The necessities of this execution, to which by 1869 he had already pledged himself, were brought on by a quickening sense of the potentialities of oil in capturing the movements of bodies in light, much as time-lapse photography was to trace the same phenomenon on a chemically treated negative. Initially incomprehensible patches of merged tones would thereby quiver in a blur that simulated masses perceived in differentiated spaces. But this could also lead to a muddiness of paint quite opposite to the clarity and lightness of palette to which Manet was also committed. His solution was to load each stroke in such a way that it exhibited the blending powers of the medium in touch with other strokes, but also detached itself from them through its heavy substance and directional push. An image is compounded of an infinite number of these succulent "pushes," sometimes observed in the fleshy definition of planes, but often, as well, in the dissimulation of edges. Manet's method, therefore, encouraged the coalescence of matter at the same time that it compensated for it, or fought against it, in the service of entirely different ends. These are the physical dynamics (of attraction and repulsion) which gave a merely nervous touch its strange electricity.

But other factors contribute to it as well, among the chief of which are Manet's decorative instinct and color sensitivity. The first emerged in agreement with the French *tachist* tradition of dark spotting, and pictorial relief through high contrast, as exemplified in Decamps and Daumier. This device had materialized in an exaggerated chiaroscuro which had eventually been pushed so far that it had attacked its own origins and begun to flatten out as extended patterns on the picture plane. Manet had the vision to take it one step further and see it as an independent play of pictorial forces in evenly lit and shallowed circumstances. Even a Manet face is a miniaturization of this larger *Gestalt*, such that Malraux could go so far as to speak of Clemenceau's eyes as musical notes in search of a staff.

The diminution of shadows and the hesitation of the half tones also permitted a concentration on color that was unique. Recognizing that a profusion of hues might deaden one another (except as they may spangle a black in "Lola de Valence"), Manet tended to employ color as he had worked with value. There resulted a heightened sense of the quality of isolated, saturated chroma, set off in a neutralized surrounding, as in the celebrated lemon in the portrait of Duret, or the blue-green sea in "The Battle of the Kearsarge and the Alabama." Moreover, one has always the firmest sense of a color chord in interaction with black and white before 1869, and then in fusion with blue and gray thereafter. By some sleight of hand, the value changes are always quicker than the chromatic transitions, most of which are not transitions at all, but unadulterated responses to the beauty of unmixed pigment. Color is the somewhat acid and glittering locale in Manet's painting where one regains one's bearing. It represents various stoppages in the picture's internal clockwork. And that is why he differs so much from the Impressionists who, in this respect, shred color as a constituent of light, which diffuses it, rather than conserves it from the encroachments of tonality. The major item of tension in Manet, even when he is relaxed and most impressionist in mood, is this intensity of color. It is the single durable, or "immutable" element in a world of fluctuating luminosity. An artist like Renoir decomposes solids into color-constituted reflections; Manet, deliberately restricting his choices from the spectrum, sees color itself as a new form of solid. Both approaches led to an abstraction whose common principles did not yield themselves to synthesis until they were subjected to the imagination of Matisse.

LAMENT FOR A GIFTED MAN

Whatever it was that gave
you radiant stillness like
a fluttering air, is gone.
You were the recipient once,
were the figure that seemed to walk
like someone wrapped in light
across an agitated bay or lake.
You could not accept
the apparition was
for our sake, not yours,
could not give yourself
to it enough to become
the radiance you were possessed of.
Now emptied of what
is so much bigger than you are,
you stumble on,
err, err,
a rower without oars,
and are off course
no matter where you are.

ARTHUR GREGOR

Such is the continuum of "technical questions" in which Manet's subjects fend for themselves in a contsantly alternating series of pleasant shocks. He paints bullfighters and friends, horse races and sea fights, still lifes and executions, concerts and picnics, all as integers of a non-hierarchical panorama of sensations. In this respect, they mean more to consciousness as it differentiates visual stimuli, than to a psyche that may want to organize them in various human relationships or contexts. The "performance" value or character role of a Manet personage is slighted in favor of affirming his presence in its own right. The place in which this individual is found does not characterize him, nor he, it (though they may obviously go together). Rather, the pictorial handling imposes its own absolute character upon reality—no matter how transient the effect. If he is not as daring as the Impressionists in chromatics, Manet was far more radical than they from a psychological point of view. For the personae of the Impressionists were still situated normatively and descriptively in their milieu. That is why the enigma in one of Manet's tableaux arises out of the conflict between the condition of everything being lived out perfectly visibly and unconcealed on the surface, and the anxiety that this only opens, rather than concludes, the aesthetic inquiry. With nothing to hide, the picture still eludes definition. Because he is still very obviously involved in the texture of the social world, the very candor of his icons comes to represent a missing element, that contrived absence by which the modern tradition protects itself against the pathetic fallacy that would otherwise render art a mere adjunct of experience.

The Philadelphia exhibition is a cornucopia of opportunities for scholars, as well as a treasure house of painterly pleasures. It is filled out with the most revealing display of Manet's remarkable drawings and interesting graphics. And it is accompanied by an ambitious catalogue by Anne Coffin Hanson. If the installation was a little glum, I was nevertheless happy to see such unexpected items as "The Escape of Rochefort" and "The Ragpicker," from Switzerland, and "In the Conservatory," from Berlin. As for the pictures from Philadelphia and Chicago, the two museums participating in this enterprise, they never looked better.

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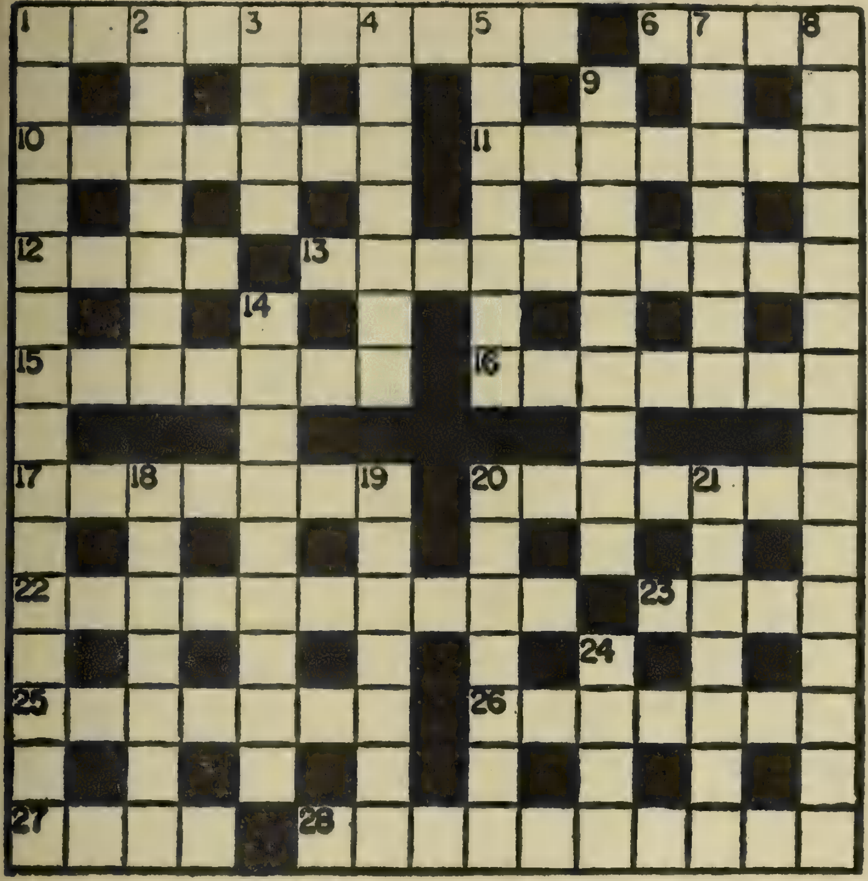
Crossword Puzzle No. 1178

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Bill, when in France, commonly? You might not be so pestered when this is around. (5, 5)
6 In part, the leg of an animal? (4)
10 What one loses in standing up to boxers, for example, but they're probably quite docile. (7)
11 Possible movements on track and slope, but wholly revolutionary. (7)
12 Certainly not 8, at first. (4)
13 Would Stevenson's go well with a rather somber bow? (5, 5)
15 What almost failing students do in report, or what they did if unjustly judged? (7)
16 She had reason not to trust her elders.
17 How to pack a suit in wrinkled state?
20 The old state of blood and iron? (7)
22 What a question! Aren't you stupid for not knowing the answer! (10)
23 In conclusion, one should be a girl. (4)
25 Little square weapons? (7)
26 Mules of the base sort. (7)
27 Understands archeological operations, perhaps. (4)
28 and 14 down Those with etherial aspirations should, but not in the best of health. (3, 4, 3, 4, 5)

DOWN:

1 Sounds like such as Cap'n Flint, by another name, shouldn't be all wet! (Spread so often nowadays.) (15)
2 Praise, when 26, might do it to us.
3 Not the first or second best entertainment! (4)
4 Showing the cobbler's second effort in color stands by itself. (7)
5 Acts like a trapper? (7)
7 Stepped on it, as well, but didn't make 3. (4-3)
8 What New York had to clean up in the fall of '65? (4, 4, 3, 4)
9 Metal, but most is up a compound of it. (9)
18 Having to have exercising, by the sound of it, of the muscles? (7)
19 Poet who is the first of translators in melodious style. (7)
20 Volumes of Shakespeare should be, in a kidding way. (7)
21 Banish? (A good one may be appreciated.) (4, 3)
24 This king should be a board member, by design. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1177

ACROSS: 1 Warships; 5 Big game; 9 and 8 Civil engineers; 11 Serf; 12 Common noun; 14 Creamy; 17 and 10 The day of reckoning; 19 Grasps; 22 Kittiwakes; 26 Levantine; 27 Eared; 28 Salient; 29 Speeder. DOWN: 1 Wicks; 2 and 23 Reverse gear; 3 Hole; 4 Parlor; 5 Becoming; 6 Good nature; 7 Adipose; 13 Impatience; 14 Catskills; 16 Botanist; 18 Estival; 20 Speared; 21 Levels; 24 Rider; 25 and 15 Here and there.

Apology to Mr. Lewis: In the solution to Puzzle No. 1175, the answer to 20 across should have been "palatal" not "palatial." The editors regret the typographical error.

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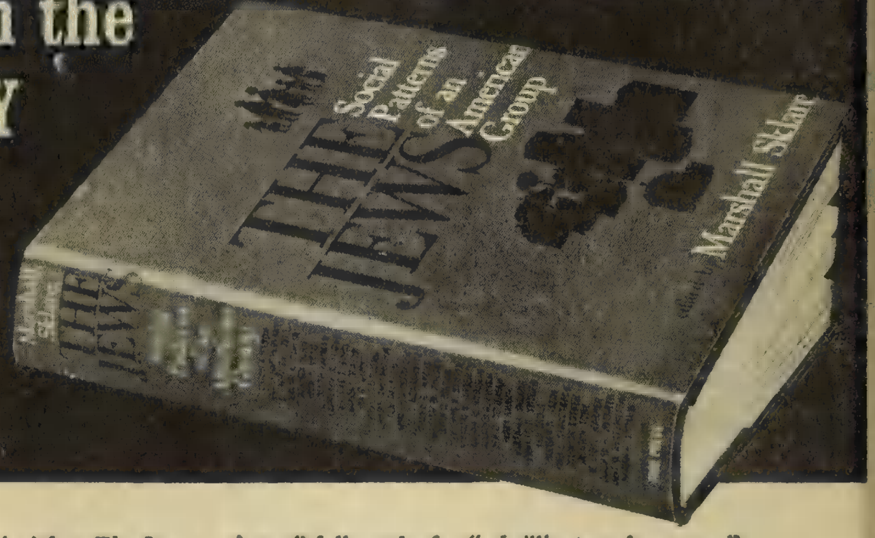

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CURT LEVIANT

LETTERS

what Truman thought

New York City

Dear Sirs: I don't know where Daniel Cohen ["The Russians Faked It," *The Nation,* Oct. 31] got his knowledge of what President Truman believed in the privacy of his heart; but he certainly is mistaken on facts which anyone can check by looking into the newspaper file. It simply is not true that "the Russians announced they had tested the bomb; U.S. Government scientists confirmed the Soviet test and Truman himself announced it." It is easy to ascertain that American scientists first discovered proof of the Soviet test, and thereupon Truman announced it, rather than letting the Russians spring a surprise announcement on the world at their own convenience. Moreover, if American scientists had intelligence of the Russian test, the reason was that they had been looking for it, and they could not have done that—at considerable expense to the U.S. taxpayer—unless they had first convinced the President and the director of the CIA that such search was necessary, or in other words, unless the President judged the Russians capable of developing atomic weapons. It is one thing to accuse popular magazines of ignoring the evidence, but to drag the President into this is quite unfair.

Henry M. Pachter

New York City

Dear Sirs: President Truman's doubts about the Russian ability to produce the bomb were not exactly held in the "privacy of his heart." They have often been cited by scientists as a classic example of how misunderstood science is by people in positions of power. Of course U.S. scientists knew the Russians were ready to test the bomb, but it simply does not follow as Dr. Pachter seems to think that the President therefore "judged the Russians capable of developing atomic weapons." It is not the first time that a President ignored good advice, nor will it be the last.

Daniel Cohen

good question

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Somehow everyone has overlooked a very important local vote that took place in Dearborn, Mich., during the last election. I refer to a question on the ballot in that city asking the voter if he favored an "immediate withdrawal" of American troops from Vietnam.

The results were 14,133 in favor of "immediate withdrawal" to 20,631 against. *The New York Times,* in the one sentence it gave to this vote, said the citizens showed they were "overwhelmingly . . . against a pullout of troops."

Perhaps "overwhelmingly" is the right word, but . . . over 40 per cent of those voting on the question favored what might be called the most "extreme" dove position: immediate withdrawal. One wonders what the result might have been had the question been phrased in terms of de-escalation.

Stephen Gillers

bedfellows

Joplin, Mo.

Dear Sirs: With reference to your "A Look Ahead" editorial [*The Nation,* Nov. 28]: What is going to happen, Romney and Nixon will be running against Johnson and Kennedy. This is so because Romney needs Nixon and Johnson needs Kennedy. There is no need to think about Humphrey.

W. A. Seiler

EDITORIALS

Running Hard To Stand Still

American diplomacy was at peak activity in support of the *status quo* these past weeks on the East River. It scored a triumph in again barring Peking from the United Nations, and this time it bolted the door securely. And on the day after Thanksgiving the American vote was decisive in casting a blame on Israel for its large-scale raid on the Hebron sector of Jordan, thus perhaps saving the pro-Western regime of King Hussein from Arab extremists.

It must have pained Ambassador Goldberg to announce the decision to support a Security Council resolution censuring Israel, without reference to extenuating circumstances. He has been most careful to demonstrate a lack of bias in the Arab-Israeli conflict. However, like other Washington officials, and, indeed, the majority of the Council's members, he was well aware of the double standard applied in the Council to Israeli and Arab complaints. In the same month, the Soviet veto had again blocked a mild condemnation of Syria for acts of terrorism and sabotage in Israel, openly promoted by the Syrian Government. This state of affairs in the Security Council is partly responsible for repeated acts of retaliation by Israel.

But the chain of violence must stop somewhere if a new eruption is to be avoided in the Middle East. The heavy damage inflicted by Israeli armed forces on Jordanian villages was particularly unfortunate in view of the relative aloofness of the Jordan Government from the renewed Arab belligerency against Israel. Mr. Goldberg tried to insert a more balanced account of Arab-Israeli relations into the resolution submitted to the Security Council, but Jordan was adamant. The regime of King Hussein was under attack from the Palestinian Arabs of Ahmed Shukhairi, who, by the strange but not uncommon alliance of extreme nationalism with communism, could lead Jordan away from the shrinking pro-Western camp in the Middle East into the ranks of the militant Left, recently swelled by Syria. The United States decided not to take this risk.

On the Chinese representation issue, those officials in Washington who oppose any change had nothing to fear from the present session of the General Assembly. Clearly, Peking had not gained votes since last year. Its "cultural revolution," its estrangement from Moscow and most Communist parties in the world, and its intransigent attitude toward any negotiated peace in Vietnam had taken care of that. But Washington again made sure. It was helped first of all by the leaders of the Chinese People's Republic who arrogantly reiterated their scorn for the world organization. It was helped also by the unwillingness of many new countries, especially African, to play Don Quixote for a cause in which they are not really interested, against the wishes of powerful and wealthy America. It was helped finally by the ineptitude of an Italian proposal for a study committee. The authors of this dismally unsuccessful suggestion claimed that their purpose was to move the question of Chinese representation off dead center, but they made certain at the same time—with Ambassador Goldberg giving it the kiss of death—that the committee could not communicate with Peking and would report back next year without any new recommendations.

Encouraged by some elements in the State Department, Canada had intended to confront the Assembly with a so-called "two-China" proposal. However, Washington withdrew support after it became apparent that such a procedure was unnecessary to keep Peking out and Formosa in, and that it would be better to hold this idea in reserve as a demonstration of U.S. flexibility at the appropriate time.

The "two-China" concept is academic for the moment, since both Peking and Taipeh oppose it categorically. Its public acceptance by the United States would, however, introduce an important juridical change, whereby Washington would officially renounce the myth that the Nationalist government of Formosa is entitled to represent mainland China. Washington is obviously not yet ready to take such a step, and it may not come about unless and until the conclusion of the Vietnamese conflict brings with it a giant Asiatic negotiation. Meanwhile, the renewed boycott of China has confirmed the incapacity of the UN to deal with Asian problems and further diluted its effectiveness as a force for peace.

Secretary-General U Thant has repeatedly deplored this state of affairs. He has tried to compensate for it by offering a de-escalation plan for Vietnam and convincingly linked his intended resignation to the refusal of the United States to abide by point one: unilateral cessation of the bombings of the North. The fact that U Thant is now willing to stay without any foreseeable change in Washington on this score is another victory for the United States.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

Pay Now

President Johnson has been throwing up smoke screens designed to shield the public from shock at the true fiscal situation, while portraying himself as a paragon of economy and, at the same time, the protector of the needy and downtrodden. The reporters came away from his press conference of November 29 in a state approaching utter confusion. In his opening statement Mr. Johnson announced that federal programs budgeted at $5.3 billion were being canceled or deferred, with $3 billion of the total involving "savings" in the current fiscal year. Mr. Johnson virtuously refuses to spend money authorized by Congress in excess of Presidential recommendations; these overages, of course, are almost always pure politics and publicity, intended to display the legislator's zeal in some area deemed to be close to the hearts of the home folks. While Mr. Johnson provided a run-down of the figures by agencies, no details were available, either from him or from the Budget Bureau in Washington, to which some of the newsmen appealed for clarification. They were assured by the President that the reductions would not shortchange "the young, or the needy, the ill or the old." That shortchanging, some of the reporters suspected, will come in the next fiscal year.

One certainty stood out amid the soothing assurances. The estimate of $112.8 billion total spending which was made last January became irrelevant not long after its issuance. Current estimates range from $125 billion up—due, of course to a rise in "defense" expenditures, the de-

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THE NATION *Volume 203 No. 20*

fense being that of the people of South Vietnam against the Vietcong and their supporters from the north. Since it costs roughly $100,000 to kill one of those miscreants, the budget must be expansible.

If the President is reluctant to give the American people the bad news, the American people are equally reluctant to receive it. The latest Gallup poll shows that 73 per cent oppose a tax increase to help pay for the war in Vietnam, with 8 per cent expressing no opinion. This raises a fascinating problem of fiscal and moral responsibility in a democracy. While few citizens are joyful about this war, only a minority openly oppose it. It is fair to assume, therefore, that a majority of the 81 per cent who are not in favor of a tax increase are in favor of the war, or at least go along with assurances that if we don't fight in Southeast Asia now we shall find ourselves fighting in Los Angeles and San Francisco by and by. But then shouldn't there be a tax increase to defray the cost of operations so vital to the survival of the free world? What kind of citizen is he who finds the war virtuous, or at any rate necessary, but would like someone else to foot the bill? What kind of father is it who prefers to pass the burden on to his children? Or, if this is a roundabout way of protesting against the war, it is surely as cowardly and ineffectual a one as can well be imagined.

The Nation regards the war as a disgrace to our ideals. But as long as it is being fought, let the Administration be candid about the monetary cost and let us pay for it with increased taxes. There is quite enough indecency in the war, without adding to it with financial legerdemain.

Rancherias and Ranchettes

Back in the 1940s, newspaper columnists were forever reminding us that Harry S. Truman was a former haberdasher, but history does not record that the man from Missouri sold any gents' apparel from his Pennsylvania Avenue address. It is odd, then, that so few references are made currently to Lyndon Johnson's activities as a real estate operator—particularly in view of the fact that he has not allowed the distractions of high office to interfere with his land-development projects. Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* has recently been digging into deed transfers in and around Johnson City, Tex.

In 1961, Mr. Johnson and A.W. Moursund, his longtime business friend and now trustee for his interests, bought from Texas Christian University 4,500 acres of land fronting on Lake Lyndon B. Johnson (formerly Granite Shoals Lake). They paid $200,000 for the parcel but put up no cash, giving instead a 5 per cent note due June 8, 1971. In 1965, Mr. Moursund organized the Comanche Cattle Corp., which does not seem to be primarily in the business of raising beef. Instead, it bought from Messrs. Johnson and Moursund 61 acres of the lake-front property for $250,000 and another 184 acres for $78,661 (both sums payable on June 8, 1971). Thus the fortunate new owners of the university property will be $128,661 ahead of the game on the day when their note comes due, and will still own all but 245 acres of the 4,500-acre tract. The two parcels they sold are known respectively as Comanche Rancherias and Comanche Ranchettes. They are high-class subdivisions; Arthur J. Goldberg has bought a ranchette, presumably as a holiday retreat from the UN, and so has Arthur Krim, national chairman of the President's Clubs. Buyers of lots are reminded that President Johnson goes boating on the lake and are assured that their investments will appreciate by at least 20 per cent as soon as the Texas State Highway Commission completes its bridge across the lake.

Like every President, Mr. Johnson is forever telling us that America is the Land of Opportunity; it may be, though, that no President before him has so graphically demonstrated what he means.

HUAC Eyes the Campus

Although civic organizations tend to tire with age, the American Civil Liberties Union has rather been gaining vigor in recent years. It is particularly to be commended for its forthright statement urging college and university presidents to resist subpoenas by the House Committee on Un-American Activities for membership lists of campus organizations critical of U.S. policy in Vietnam. For HUAC, success in this area spells a new lease on life. For the institutions of learning, it foreshadows a degrading subservience which calls into question their whole reason for being.

The ACLU statement arose from the circumstance that subpoenas were issued during the summer at two universities, Michigan and California. Although faculty and student opposition developed at both institutions, the administrations complied. Michigan's president, Harlan H. Hatcher, voiced the conventional administrative view that "the university must abide by the law. . . . Like HUAC or not, it is a duly constituted arm of Congress." But the powers of a duly constituted Congressional committee are not limitless. Mr. Hatcher was not abiding by the law, he was acquiescing in a demand which he, or his legal advisers, thought *might* be legal. Conformity was expedient—at least in the short run—so they conformed.

The ACLU letter advocates resistance, and some of the 1,000 college and university presidents who received it will resist. The following actions are recommended:

¶ "Resist, in every possible legal manner, subpoenas seeking membership lists."

¶ ". . . organize student-faculty committees to set specific standards of confidentiality. . . ."

¶ "Issue a public statement expressing concern over threats to academic freedom."

¶ "Safeguard . . . the tradition of free inquiry and debate and resist all attempts to curb dissent."

Speedy action is imperative, because the longer the Vietnamese War continues, the greater will be the pressures for conformity. Nor is the issue confined to the colleges. The ACLU points out the parallel between the current drive and the efforts of state authorities in the South to obtain membership lists of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The Supreme Court struck down these probes on the ground of interference with freedom of association. The same reasoning would seem to apply in the case of campus organizations, but timing and concerted action are important. Every institution that yields makes it more difficult for other institutions to resist. Once piecemeal concessions are made, the basis of resistance is weakened.

Nor should the fact that some campus organizations are inclined to laugh at HUAC's efforts at intimidation ease the minds of college administrators. At Texas, an SDS group elected an intelligence agent "honorary chairman" because he came to all meetings and was so attentive that he never missed a word. But the basic situation is far from funny.

What the college administrations must realize is that it is the colleges that are under attack; individuals are only the means toward that end. When performers and writers were singled out by the black-list compilers in radio and TV, individual identity could hardly have been less important. The objective was not to deprive this or that person of a job but to intimidate the networks. The whole McCarthy era operated with this technique, and its possibilities have not been exhausted.

The issues to which the ACLU has directed attention cannot be painlessly evaded. Some administrations have been casting an eye at membership lists and tossing them into the wastebasket, or asking for only minimal information, with the idea of satisfying HUAC without injuring anyone on the campus. "It's hard to subpoena a wastebasket," is the motto. American freedoms were not established in wastebaskets, nor will they be maintained there. If the latest HUAC assault is to be repelled, it will be by those who take freedom of speech and association seriously, and are willing to fight for it.

A Chair for Hoover

The Bobby Baker hearings, by emphasizing the eavesdropping talents of J. Edgar Hoover, have tended to tarnish further his brazen image. Persons who idolize the FBI chief will be grateful, therefore, for information released by Group Research, Inc., of Washington concerning a foundation bearing Hoover's name. Set up to "promote good citizenship and combat communism," the foundation was initially financed by 1,000 shares of Schenley Industries, the gift of Schenley's president, Lewis S. Rosenstiel.

The foundation's incorporation papers reveal plans to expand the J. Edgar Hoover Library on Communism at Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, "with the ultimate hope of converting it into the J. Edgar Hoover Center on Strategy and Tactics of Communism."

One of the directors and officers is Louis B. Nichols of New York, a vice president of Schenley Industries and an FBI man from 1934 to 1957, whose oldest son is named John Edgar. A couple of other former FBI men will assist in the foundation's affairs, as will C.D. "Deke" De Loach, assistant FBI director and apparently a strong contender to inherit Hoover's crown.

The three-cornered cooperation of top FBI officials, Freedoms Foundation, and the Schenley interests to set up a still larger tax-exempt conduit for propaganda is chilling—especially when the planners announce that a second major ambition is to create a "J. Edgar Hoover professorial chair at a leading university."

But the chill does not last long. What "leading university" would want to add Wiretapping 302 and Bugging 401 to its curriculum? What leading university could afford the rib-nudgings and winks that would come with a chair endowed in the name of a law officer who has *admitted* ordering acts that violate the constitutional rights of a suspect? Still, even if he never has his name on a professorial chair, J. Edgar Hoover *is* teaching the nation a lesson.

Yo Ho Ho!

That most state governments like to be raped by private enterprise is shown by the endless list of tax dodges, depletion allowances and zoning exemptions they sanction. But no state enjoys the ravishment of its natural and unnatural resources more than the great state of Florida, whose government in recent years has been marked by what Miami Mayor Robert King High once described as "pigsty morality." For the benefit of a clique of large farmers, the state has built a water-entrapment system that in one section alternatingly drowns and starves its wild animals by the thousands. For the benefit of the barge industry and a few big contractors, Florida is building a cross-state canal (with federal money) that will destroy one of the finest remaining wild rivers in the nation, the Oklawaha.

A depressing item in Florida's give-away program is the disposition of its sunken treasure. Residents of New York City may drop by the Parke-Bernet Galleries between December 20 and January 15, and see a sample exhibition of this great rape: gold chains, silver medallions, rare coins, which went down in 1715 when a fleet of ten Spanish ships laden with jewelry and bullion from the New World and fine chinaware and statuary from the Orient sank in a hurricane off the east coast of Florida.

Within the past three years a private salvage company, working in collusion with a few state officials, has been stripping these wrecks (see "Florida's 'Lucky' Treasure Hunt," *The Nation*, March 1, 1965) with more regard for profit than for preserving irreplaceable historical material.

The privateers had no salvaging lease from the state, although the wrecks are in state waters, when they began despoiling the vessels. However, then Governor Farris Bryant (now President Johnson's director of the Office of Emergency Planning) made them honest by issuing a *retroactive* lease. Thus, instead of requiring the company to surrender what it had obtained without a license, the state *gave* it a cool million in treasure and invited it to take more, for the wrecks have scarcely been tapped as yet.

Pleas from newspapers and university officials that the state take over the salvaging operation were ignored. The private salvors are supposed to give Florida one-fourth of all that they recover, but state officials require no strict accounting. Nor does the state supervise the salvaging closely, although there have been reports that the crews (who are hardly motivated by the instincts of archeologists) kick the artifacts out of the way to get at the gold.

Many of these priceless objects that should be in museums in Florida and elsewhere will be auctioned by Parke-Bernet on February 4. Many of them will thereafter disappear from public view. Some of the old coins will undoubtedly find a role similar to that given a batch purchased earlier by the Sheaffer fountain pen company: they will be melted down to coat pens and other doodads.

POLITICS OF EQUIVOCATION

THE TWO FACES OF THE GOP

MILTON VIORST

Mr. Viorst is the author of Hostile Allies: FDR and De Gaulle *(Macmillan). He is now completing a book on the Republican Party to be published next year.*

The election last month amply demonstrated that the Republican Party is not dead: still, it scarcely proved that the party is bursting with health. The crucial question for the American two-party system is not whether the Republicans, in opposition, can win back some offices they once held; the crucial question is whether they have once again become major contenders for power on the national level. Despite GOP elation from Sacramento to Albany, it is by no means clear that the answer is yes.

The Republicans would have us believe that they won an important mandate on November 8. It looks, however, as if they had won nothing more than a significant rearguard action. One cannot emphasize too strongly that their victory left them on the short end of a 64-to-36 division in the Senate and a 248-to-187 split in the House. They now hold more Congressional seats than at any time since 1958, but they do not control Congress and, in fact, hold fewer seats than they did through most of the Eisenhower years. It is probable that the conservative coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats has been restored to full vigor, but that is an obstructionist not a legislative majority. One can, at best, call the election a tactical victory for the Republicans, achieved by counterattack. It was not a mandate for the Republicans to govern.

For a clue to what the election did mean, one must examine rather carefully individual races in swing districts. They mean more than the raw statistics. The patterns which emerge do not necessarily lead one to conclude that the elections were a repudiation of the Johnson legislative program. Note these examples:

In New Hampshire—where Democratic Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre soundly trounced his Goldwaterite opponent—a former Republican Congressman, Louis C. Wyman, defeated the incumbent Democrat, Oliver J. Huot, in a House contest. Wyman had himself been a Goldwaterite but shifted significantly to a moderate position on economic questions for the 1966 campaign. "I favor an increase in social security payments," Wyman said, "to keep up with the added cost of living resulting from the Johnson Administration's inability to manage the economy of our country without inflation." Thus Wyman could be a critic without attacking the objectives of the Great Society.

In Virginia, William L. Scott, a Republican, defeated George C. Rawlings, Jr., a liberal Democrat, but only after Rawlings had won the primary election from Rep. Howard W. Smith, symbol of reactionary Southern politics. Conservative Republicans took two House seats in Virginia, yet the Virginia electorate, in the primary, had unseated not only Smith but the extremely conservative Sen. A. Willis Robertson. As a result, Virginia's delegation to Washington next year, despite the two Republicans, may actually be a trifle more liberal than before.

In Iowa, where GOP roots go deep, the Democrats lost four of the House seats they took in 1964. It was a severe defeat, but in each case, the loss was to a Republican who had promised not to tamper with the economic reforms of the previous two years. None of the Republican victors seemed to have anything in common with Rep. H. R. Gross, one of the last of the irrepressible reactionaries, and the only Iowa Republican who survived the Johnson tornado of 1964.

The pattern seems reasonably clear. All over the North, Republicans who were elected had either always been moderates or had conducted campaigns that stressed moderation. Even Ronald Reagan, whose Birchite leanings seemed so obvious a year ago, had himself made over into a moderate to catch a sufficiently broad sector of the California electorate. Sen. John Tower, Goldwater's former spear carrier in Texas, moved perceptibly toward the middle in the past year. Whatever the citizens were saying, the Republicans seemed to recognize that they were not commanding a rollback on the legislation of the Kennedy-Johnson years.

This is not to suggest that the forthcoming Congress would enact, say, Medicare, had it not already been enacted. But the electorate would undoubtedly be outraged if the new Congress now sought to take Medicare away. The newly elected Republicans are unlikely to be innovators, but they are even less apt to seek repeal of the economic and social reforms achieved by the past two administrations.

"I got the impression that the people wanted a new team of managers and that's what they elected," said a keen political observer after a tour around the country. Managers can be relied upon not to upset the *status quo*.

What the electorate really seemed to be saying was that it had grown weary of the pace. In 1952, it was similarly weary and it elected Eisenhower. By 1958, it had become bored and voted once again for political dynamism. Now it seems ready for another rest.

The signs of discontent were plentiful. If the war in Vietnam was not allowed to become a major issue, it has nonetheless generated deep feelings of malaise. If civil rights bills have been enacted by consensus, the rioting and crime that appear to be their concomitant have confused and frightened many voters. If prosperity has never been greater, inflation is profoundly disturbing. If business profits are at record peaks, the farmers feel themselves cheated of their share of the easy money (which, perhaps, explains why the Democrats generally held their own in industrial areas, but lost in the countryside). The mistake that most prognosticators made this year, in foreseeing a much smaller Democratic loss, was the failure to appreciate the depth of the electorate's discontent.

The President is not a popular man. It is impossible to assess the effect of Lyndon Johnson's personality on the voting, but it seems quite clear that the low credibility, the crudity, the complacency, the irritability, the vanity of the President combined to take their toll. John F. Kennedy was far more popular than his program; Lyndon Johnson is infinitely less so. Quite apart from what the Democratic Party represented, the President himself was an electoral liability.

It is also important to note that the Johnson Administration, whatever its achievements in the past two years, had by Election Day run dry of attractive proposals for change. Those disturbed by social inequities felt almost no assurance that a renewal of the Democratic mandate would bring new and vital reforms. Johnson has been so smug about the triumphs of the 89th Congress that he generated no sense of urgency about electing his supporters to the 90th. Liberal Democrats promised little in the next Congress, except some added agitation over Vietnam—which was scarcely what the President wanted. Johnson himself seemed to be giving the cue to relax the process of change. The electorate responded with instructions to modify the pace, though not the direction, of political activity.

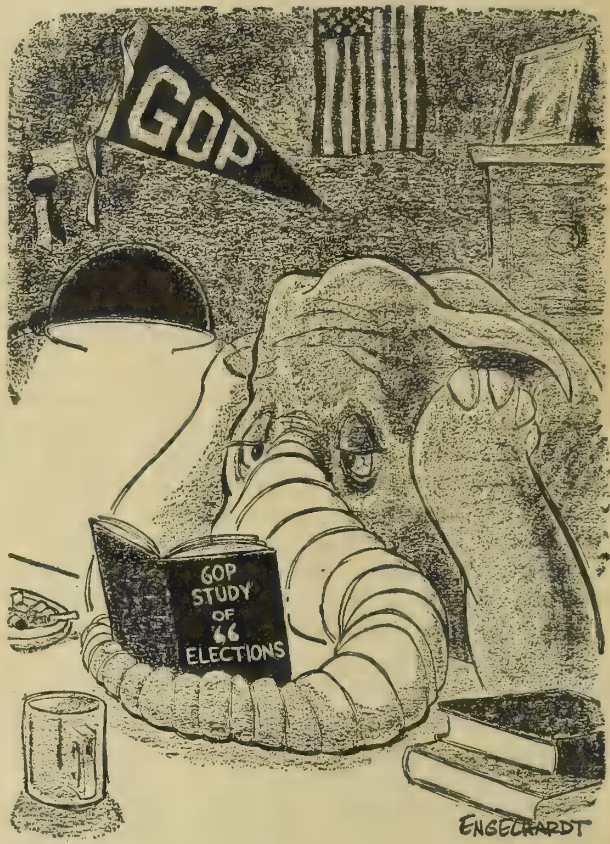
None of this, however, suggests that the Republicans have, since 1964, made themselves ready to resume a genuine two-party struggle for control of the government. Going before the electorate as the party of protest was a perfectly legitimate posture for the Republicans in 1966, but that is not what the voters will expect from a party that will claim the prerogative of conducting the affairs of the nation in 1968.

Since 1964, the Republicans have been working hard to recover from the self-indulgence of running Barry Goldwater for the Presidency. But their manner of going about it has not been to hammer out a new political doctrine sufficiently attractive to compete with the pretensions of the Great Society. On the contrary, Ray Bliss has spent his tenure as Republican National Chairman assiduously avoiding embarrassing doctrinal disputes. He has worked to perfect the party's organization and financing and the results indicate that he has done a remarkable job. He used the services of professional public relations practitioners with impressive skill. But by ignoring the doctrinal differences, or by pretending that they do not cut very deep, he has gone far to create a nonpolitical political party. Whatever his success with this strategy in 1966, it is doubtful that it can shape a party to which a national electorate will give its confidence.

This year, the Republican Party was able to adapt its presentation to the multitude of local conditions that it faced. It could be whatever it chose to be in 435 Congressional districts and thirty-five Senate races, to say nothing of thirty-five gubernatorial contests. It could be segregationist in Georgia and anti-segregationist in Maryland; conservative in California and liberal in New York; hawkish in New Hampshire and dovish in Oregon; defiant of backlash in Massachusetts and receptive to backlash in Illinois; demagogic in Florida and anti-demagogue in Arkansas. The Democrats were identified with Lyndon Johnson and, like it or not, had to fly him on their banners. The Republicans could tailor their slogans to individual circumstances. Under the rules of American politics, this was all quite above reproach, but a party cannot play the game of equivocation indefinitely.

In 1968, the Republicans will have to decide which of the many faces they wore in 1966 will represent the party in the Presidential election. Then the trouble will start. If it's the Goldwater-Reagan face, the Northeast will be lost. If it's the Rockefeller-Romney face, the South will secede. If it's the Nixon-Nixon face, the voters who don't trust Johnson will find no one else more trustworthy. In 1968, the Republicans will have to establish an identity, promote a principle, at least create an image. They will need not only an anti-Democratic but a pro-Republican vote from within the ranks of the uncommitted. They have not shown that they know how to get that vote.

Of course, even Presidential elections have been won on protest votes. It might be argued that Roosevelt beat Hoover that way in 1932. But it is difficult to foresee, even in the Vietnamese War, a crisis comparable to the Great Depression. And Roosevelt was known for a positive approach to government which was thoroughly foreign to the mentality of Hoover. Hoover may have been crushed by votes protesting the depression, but the electorate also knew that from Roosevelt it would get a sharply contrasting political philosophy.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Cram Course for the Two-Party System

The Republican difficulty is that the party has still not resolved the problems that appeared so vividly after Hoover's defeat. The electorate has declared, most recently in 1964, that it wants no more of the great engineer's brand of laissez-faire government. On the other hand, the voters have indicated that they take little stock in the pale versions of Democratic programs offered up by Dewey, Willkie, Nixon and the so-called Republican moderates of our own day. Eisenhower, war hero and father figure, was a special case, but his minority Congresses were persuasive evidence that the voters did not have faith in the party he headed. The election of 1966 gave no cause to believe that the public had seriously modified its views.

Back in 1958, the Democrats won a smashing Congressional victory, offering programs which the Republican President had consistently resisted. The electorate showed that it favored the Democratic offerings.

In 1966, what did the Republicans promise, beyond superior management of the Democratic programs enacted since 1958? With good reason, they criticized the management of the economy, the anti-poverty program and the Vietnamese War. But they did not offer a single fresh idea during the entire campaign. Big or small, ideas were absent. And one could not escape the even more troublesome impression that Republicans who recognized problems were making no real search for solutions. The party not only failed to come up with good ideas; it did not even come up with bad ones. Tactically, it conducted a campaign designed to elicit the maximum of anti-Democratic votes; that was the extent of it.

There is good reason to believe, as many have observed, that the conventional liberalism of our day has exhausted its social potential. The Democratic Party, having redeemed the pledges of a quarter-century, is understandably wedded to New Dealism. Under Johnson, it seems to turn its face away from the fresh approaches needed to resolve new problems; nor does it show much will to clean up the vast residue of the old ones. There is plenty of room in Washington for brains, Democratic or Republican.

What of the desperation implicit in the world population explosion, and the parallel crisis in food, both of which are within this country's capacity to affect? Is not the federal system proving to be a strait jacket on the development of urban America, now 75 per cent or more of the population? Is no one frightened that nuclear proliferation becomes more menacing each day, while the government remains embedded in pious clichés? Can the nation continue to stumble along in its international relations, with no clear conception of its obligations to the rest of the world, to say nothing of its own self-interest? Does not the computer threaten the *status quo* in the 20th century more than did the Black Death in the 14th?

Such is the range of vital public questions, but only a few isolated thinkers discuss them. The Democratic Party, having perhaps ruled overlong, is too complacent about the future to entertain disturbing prospects. In theory, it is the function of the party of opposition, hungry for office, to cry out fearlessly that crisis looms. It is depressing that the GOP, seeking desperately for ways to compete for power, remains haughtily indifferent to the best way of all.

Bold ideas—which are not necessarily the same as liberal ideas—will make the Republican Party a genuine contender for national favor. But bold ideas are a world away from the obscurantism of the Goldwaters and the tepid, managerial liberalism of the Romneys. To be sure, a surge of reaction within the electorate, a nasty backlash, a deep feeling of distaste for an incumbent President—any of these might produce an occasional victory in an election, even a Presidential election. But a victory so achieved would be no more than a chastisement of the ruling party and a mandate to mark time. As explicitly as it can, the Ray Bliss-Richard Nixon party has indicated that it is satisfied with the old ideas and resists a search for new ones. The Republican Party today sees victory as a function of the bumbling of its opposition. However successful in any given November, in the long haul that means sterility and continued decay for the party. To the country, hungry for the stimulation of two-party vigor, it could well bring tragedy.

BIG CITY SLOWDOWN

THE BATTLE OF BUREAUCRACY

BLANCHE D. BLANK

Mrs. Blank was executive director of the Mayor's Task Force on City Personnel in New York. She is associate professor of political science at Hunter College.

Politics is *won*; administration is simply *done*. The former is a game that attracts the average citizen as an occasional participant and as a reasonably regular spectator. The latter seems drudgery worth only distant, infrequent and cynical nods. It is hard then to direct public attention to what I have come to believe is the real adversary in the battle for better urban services and creative, healthful urban living. But the truth of the matter is that today's cities move more upon the backs of their bureaucrats than upon the shoulders of their politicians. And the bureaucrats are found wanting fully as often as the politicians.

Unfortunately, even the professional watchdog associations relaxed their interest in bureaucracy once the public service establishments of our largest cities transcended the "spoils system" about a generation ago. With the adoption of the so-called "merit system" (in which employees are largely immune to political whim), the critics no longer saw a chronic danger. They were wrong. The elected officials, to be sure, should provide the spark for imaginative urban policies; but they must have a bureaucratic base that is prepared to ignite. That base is still sodden in most cities. Reorganization (along the lines already initiated by Mayor Lindsay in New York City) takes care of the shape of the bureaucracy—the number of units and their relative position. It is now necessary to introduce positive practices to insure a supply of first-rate personnel and sufficient incentive to keep them primed.

I recently visited one of Mayor Lindsay's most vigorous new commissioners, who after three months in office was almost overcome by the situation in which he found himself caught. "Do you realize I've got a quarter of a million dollars worth of personnel not doing any productive work for this city? I can't put them *on* a job or *off* the payroll. They're either under criminal indictment or just totally incompetent." In another department (one of the city's largest and most essential) the men in the bureau of transportation average no more than three and a half to four hours of actual work per week while drawing salaries of more than $100. Moreover, the typical malingerer in this operation has no sense of guilt. He sees the situation as "normal operating procedure" and is quick to point out the complicity of middle management.

The good will, ideas and moral stamina of the much publicized city leadership must somehow be allowed to percolate throughout the entire bureaucracy. At present the system is clogged by poor public relations, budgetary restraints, statutory anachronisms, procedural rigidities and an inappropriate outlook.

In New York City, close to a quarter million civil servants are charged with carrying out the mayor's programs. They currently operate out of ninety agencies and do virtually every known type of work from fence mending to physics. Two-thirds of this group are employed through the City Department of Personnel; not more than 12 per cent are direct political appointees. There are, however, some 16,000 noncompetitive posts (mostly manual jobs, but also about 2,000 at high levels) for which only general qualifications are required, instead of the usual competitive examination score.

The overwhelming majority of these civil servants are able and honorable people. Indeed, the city often gets better than it deserves. But there are other cases in which the recruitment, development and retention of excellence lag. Some of the failure arises from an "image" of city employment that falls far short of actual conditions. Time and again I found people (including some who were professionally concerned with government service) seriously misinformed about the city's bureaucracy. One high-ranking federal personnel officer, for example, thought incorrectly that stenographers in federal agencies were better paid than those working for the city. Similarly, a banker was surprised to learn that in many areas the city pay scale was competitive with wages in his bank.

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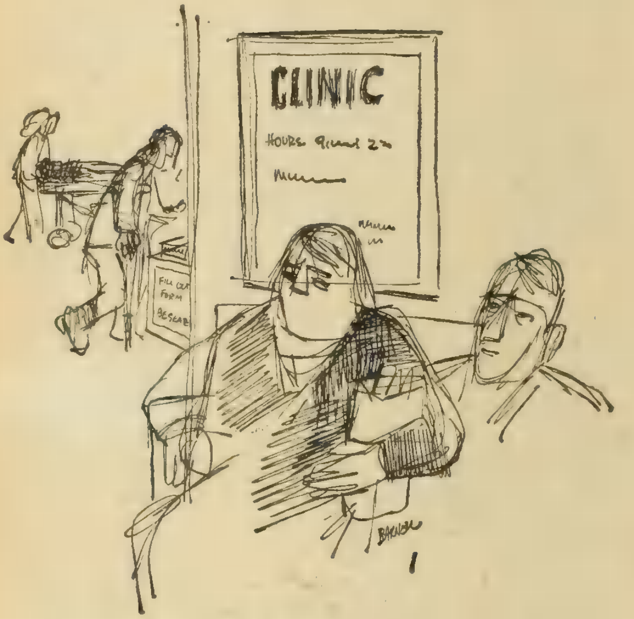
Of course, there are also valid reasons why City Hall does not attract Columbia the way Washington does Harvard. New York City's civil service (like that of most other large cities) needs considerable revision. The most frequent complaint inside the service comes from men at or near the top who feel that they have been asked to do big jobs without being given sufficient power. A new, eager, inexperienced, politically appointed commissioner is likely to see his department as a vast immovable herd of automatons in whom imagination and a high sense of urgency have long been deadened. When he has mellowed he may come to find that all is not as black as he first thought, and that he alone does not have a monopoly on intelligence and virtue. But even if he attains this wisdom (instead of drowning in either bitterness or despair), he will accumulate a set of legitimate gripes, all stemming from his desire to run his own show in his own style and to approach the goals of his assignment.

When you talk to such a man, you discover that the leading devils in his purgatory are the Budget Office and "the system" (the latter being a set of labyrinth procedures reluctantly administered by the City Department of Personnel). To imprint his style, a commissioner needs considerable freedom to use both the carrot and the stick. But in New York City, his carrot (merit increases, promotions, training, compensatory time off) is all but nibbled away by budget restrictions, and his stick (reprimand, demotion, dismissal) is all but broken by legal but ossified personnel practices. On top of this, his reservoir of new blood is considerably thinned by impossible exam procedures and unrealistic eligibility qualifications.

When he blasts out against budgetary restrictions, to take the major adversary first, a commissioner is not likely to be conscious of the fact that in large measure he is complaining about the mayor, to whom he owes his job in the first place. Nonetheless, many of the restraints that chafe him are traceable to policies and personalities that come directly under the mayor's control. Sooner or later, most department heads come to sense (however subliminally) that they must operate by "pull." Indeed, a New York City commissioner needs more "blat" than a Soviet commissar. His pull index, moreover, is a composite measure of his political strength, his professional reputation, his personal connections with the mayor, and his persistence. It is apparent to even a casual observer that some commissioners are more equal than others.

An average commissioner cannot do what he wants with his budget primarily because it is a line-by-line affair that must be agonized over with the Budget Office, and this despite the fact that the new charter in New York appears to have liberalized departmental control over budgets. The city now has a "performance" budget in which presumably a department head need justify only overall amounts and within which he can reasonably juggle his own personnel needs. But the charter also permits the mayor to withdraw this privilege, and that is exactly what former Mayor Wagner did, and what Mayor Lindsay continues to do. There is extant an executive order which allows only specifically named departments to enjoy the new flexibility. Few departments have to date received the accolade (and one which did, was made to feel that it had better not abuse its privilege).



All commissioners, moreover, are prisoners of the "accrual system," again a policy patently condoned by the mayor. Under this procedure no department gets its *published* budgetary allotment. Instead, it receives that portion left after the Budget Office has subtracted the expenses likely to evaporate during the year by reason of deaths, retirements or other departures. Any personnel replacements must then be newly justified to Budget and will almost invariably be made at the beginning salary level in the department. This naturally greatly reduces a commissioner's personnel leverage, and means that departments are more likely to "fatten up" their personnel requests than search for savings. From the commissioner's viewpoint, in short, the Budget director has his grasp on too many departmental personnel operations: from what positions should be filled and when, to job classifications, merit increases and salary rates for certain posts.

In fairness, however, most Budget men have developed their jaundiced outlook from the depressing discovery that all too few *political* personalities are ready to buck the unions, or the internal bureaucratic pressure group, or even to restrain their own instincts for patronage. Furthermore, the Budget director necessarily takes an overall view of the city system. It is he, more than any other official short of the mayor, who must visualize the total implications of any individual move in the civil service establishment. To him, a raise or classification change in a particular department is two things: it is a *permanent* escalation of city costs; and it is a potential trigger to a host of hierarchically related raises and reclassifications.

Moreover, if you ask a budget officer why a department must concoct a phony budget in order to make up for "accruals," he will tell you that the city simply must have uncommitted funds for emergencies. (There is no year without unusual snowfalls, unexpected demonstrations, a blackout, etc.) If you then ask, logically, why the city cannot have a contingency fund written specifically for this purpose, you will be told that such a fund is unthinkable because the unions would see it as an open invitation to come in with wage demands that would reduce the fund to zero in the first week of every fiscal year.

Finally, you may wish to suggest to a Budget man that after all the commissioners are also the mayor's men: why shouldn't *they* be trusted with personnel decisions? You will then be assured that the mayor does not invariably trust or respect his appointees. Some commissioners may be necessary political payoffs, others unfortunate mistakes. In any event, the mayor can hardly be expected to keep a close eye on as many as eighty "top dogs." By working through Budget, he can keep every one of his commissioners constantly dancing to the tune he himself calls.

Complaints against the Personnel Department are less frequent. The average commissioner tends to look on Personnel with more pity than pique—if indeed, he does not overlook them entirely. A few agency heads, however, do feel checked by this staff arm.

One commissioner contended that a Personnel Department classification officer had withheld a critical reclassification of a title in which his agency had had more than 300 vacancies in three years. He had fought a long, hard, time-consuming and ultimately unsuccessful battle for *his* version of what was needed in the job specification. Another commissioner charged that the Personnel Department's failure to honor his request for a short delay in the scheduling of an administrative promotional exam resulted in the exclusion of a group of well-trained, younger recruits who needed the extra weeks demanded in order to comply with the experience qualifications. By Personnel's refusal to postpone this test, an "in-group" of older employees (about whom the commissioner was less than sanguine) had this field for promotion to themselves.

In most instances, however, the Personnel Department tries to be an ally to the agency chiefs and is so accepted by them. They generally see eye to eye and are equally distressed by the overelaborate grievance procedures, the laxity of performance evaluations, the prolix exam system and the budgetary rigidities. The effectiveness of the city Department of Personnel as an aide to the commissioners is, however, heavily curtailed by financial, psychological and legal considerations.

Unlike Budget, the Department of Personnel is not at all close to the mayor. It has never had the administrative status, parallel to Budget, as staff arm to the chief executive, and its position vis-à-vis Budget is exacerbated by the fact that it too must depend on that office for its own lines, classifications and other benefits. The department includes an unusual cadre of highly intelligent, well-trained and hard-working men, but they have been the "second team" too long. They are so used to being hemmed in by legalistic restrictions through which they must thread clever and devious routes, that they rarely consider fighting a pitched battle.

In addition to being administrative stepchildren, they are also the official custodians of the Civil Service Law and of the merit mentality. These once fashionable goals are today generally obsolete. The mission is not to keep rascals out but to bring excellence in. It is not enough to be fair; one must also be fruitful. But procedural "fairness," as well as a number of other outmoded objectives, are immortalized in everything from the state constitution through state laws, city ordinances, Civil Service Commission regulations (both state and city), the myriad court decisions interpreting all of the foregoing, and the very habits of the Personnel Department itself.

It is the state constitution, for example, that marries the personnel operation to a well-meant but currently inappropriate competitive examination procedure for promotions as well as entrance. Other sections of state law set up arbitrary qualifications. Welfare workers are now required to be college graduates (though not necessarily with anything in their academic records resembling professional social-work training). Yet much of the work they do is investigatory—some of it routine paperwork—and much better suited to junior college people or even bright high school graduates. But aside from other difficulties that here might stand in the way of reform, the standards are perpetuated by a law which requires a department receiving state aid (about half the welfare budget) to use college graduates. Similarly rigid state requirements concerning registered nurses have received unfavorable publicity.

A recent State Supreme Court decision, to take another facet of the legal problem, questioned the lawfulness of a long-used Personnel Department interpretation that its own rules did not require State Civil Service Commission confirmation. Now, even this limited latitude is in doubt, along with a whole series of past actions taken under that reasonable amplification. Years of pussyfooting among such legal booby traps have made the department understandably cautious. "I'll tell you why we can't do that" is the hallmark of its style.

Much of the difficulty that besets the Department of Personnel in its attempt to cope usefully with the civil service establishment stems from preoccupation with an often spurious type of "fairness." This is presumed to flow from all sorts of devices: entrance examinations, promotional exams, veterans' preference rules, labyrinthine grievance procedures, overweening concern for nondiscrimination policies, and from detailed regulations concerning reprimands, demotions and dismissals. These safeguards are frequently inadequate even to their own narrow limits.

The Personnel Department is asked, for example, to administer about 300 different examinations to close to 200,000 people in an average year. Many of these are entrance exams, and *too* many are promotional ones. (There are typically six steps from one rung to the next in a promotional ladder and it takes many years to move through them. In one department, the yield from this system was a median age of 55 among the eighty-five persons earning $10,000 per year or more.)

A typical self-defeating "fairness" requirement in the exam procedure is that every civil service test be published immediately after it is used, so that all may see the questions and the acceptable answers and be able to protest any item believed to be unjust. What is the actual outcome of this expensive procedure? A certain number of relatively minor mistakes are caught, while the more serious problem of running out of decently perceptive questions is insured by the publicity. "Cram schools" inevitably build portfolios of potential questions that must at some point be repeated. Indeed, a year or so ago, almost half of those taking a fireman's exam left after only one hour of what was scheduled to be a three-hour test; they had studied precisely this exam in a cram course. I have just been told, however, that this requirement is about to be lifted.

The following case history is typical of the civil service exam procedure. In January, 1964, just before graduating from college, an entirely suitable Hunter senior "filed" for a "planning" exam. The test was held on April 11 (after her application had been scrutinized for "eligibility") at the Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn. A few hundred people from all over the city took the test. After three months she was finally notified of "passing." Later in July she was asked to appear for an oral interview. In August there was a medical exam, and the following November she was required to report (replete with diploma, marriage license and other newly acquired credentials) at a "character exam." From that point on she received no further communication from the city except what she herself initiated. She telephoned in September to find out her status. She was then informed that her "list" had expired the previous July. When she tried to discover whether *any* appointments had been made from that exam, she could originally get no firm information. Only after a number of subsequent phone calls (many of which were rudely answered) was she able to ferret out that "a few" people

had been appointed to three of the five departments in which vacancies were originally announced. She also discovered at this late date that 153 persons had passed the written test.

A story like this should elicit questions. Why is it necessary to cast such a broad net for so tiny a catch? Having once cast it (perhaps on the ground that nothing is too costly for excellence), why bother with oral interviews, physicals and other such expensive folderol except for the few top people who are *likely* to be ultimately appointed to the handful of vacancies? One might also want to know why (since the exam was an objective one geared for machine marking) it took three months to notify applicants of their fate.

But the really basic questions are: Why should we think that we are likely to get the best of anything when eight months is the average time between filing and appointment for all civil service exams? And why should we cling naively to the hope that objective exams of the sort so often used really elicit the capacities we ultimately need in the service? Would not college grades, the Graduate Record Exam, or some other equally cheap and painless device serve as well? Exams for promotion, it should be noted, offer most of the same disadvantages, plus the fact that they are frequently either confined to an "in group" or designed to favor them.

If getting good people in has its frustrations, getting poor ones out is even worse. Dismissals in the New York City civil service run to less than 1.5 per cent a year. The required proceedings are highly formal, almost like a trial—and generally suggestive that it is the supervisor rather than the employee who is being tried. Appeals from a departmental decision can be taken to the city Civil Service Commission or to the courts. (Just recently, a state judicial decision threw doubts on the proposition that these are necessarily alternative procedures; so it may now be that *both* avenues of appeal are open to disgruntled employees.) Although both the commission and the courts are more than likely to uphold departmental disciplinary decisions, a sufficient number of reversals are on record to worry most supervisors. In fact, a very high-ranking personnel officer ventured that if the commission or the courts adopted ordinary business management standards, 50 per cent of the grievance procedures now decided in favor of employees would be reversed. Considering, therefore, the risk of the unsettling effects on various segments of personnel, the tremendous consumption of agency time, the heavy cost and the ordinary human reluctance to do unpleasant things, it is remarkable that *any* dismissals are achieved under present conditions. A former powerful and important executive assistant to Mayor Wagner rated dismissal difficulties as the key morale obstacle in the civil service. Good people are irritated by the retention (and occasionally even the promotion; in a number of instances employees were actually promoted while dismissal procedures were under way) of mediocrity, or worse.

Even the probationary period that follows all original appointments to the competitive civil service provides a dismissal flexibility that is more apparent than real. Civil service rules require that an incumbent must serve the *entire* probationary period (either three or six months, depending on the post), before he is vulnerable to summary dismissal. Prior to that time he must be given the full-dress hearing described above, even if his conduct during the period is blatantly irresponsible. Moreover, there is actually only one brief day during which it is legal to dismiss him. Eight hours later, if he is not released, he becomes a "regular." Most probationers become full-fledged civil servants almost automatically.

Merit increases, moreover (which a commissioner might think to use as a "carrot"), have in most instances degenerated into automatic increments because of the difficulties attached to stigmatizing an employee with a "below-standard" rating and the almost equal reluctance of supervisors to designate anyone as "superior." The resulting barrage of "standard" scores makes a farce of the whole merit idea.

Still another type of "fairness" that plagues the city's civil service and is necessarily administered by the Personnel Department is the requirement that the city's own employment practices vigorously reflect the state's generally laudatory attempts to prevent discrimination. The most recent addition to the anti-discrimination coverage is the criterion of "age." On quick reading this may seem as beneficial as the race and religion clauses; nevertheless, it is the bane of many city supervisors. In one department, for instance, an exam that was designed to reap a group of vigorous career-minded youngsters, produced instead a crop of 60-year-old widows. Not only was career development impossible with such a group but one supervisor complained that he could not even get his clerical tasks done properly since many of his files required the use of a 6-foot ladder. Another department chief told me that it had been years since he had seen a "healthy youngster of forty." Even the exams designed for bright young college graduates are apt to turn up 50-year-old college-bred retirees from other careers. While there is every reason to provide meaningful work for older (and disabled) citizens, it is doubtful that the city service alone can carry the burden.

What can be done about this civil service situation? Certainly, the forthcoming State Constitutional Convention should give thought to changes in that document. The legislature must also be enjoined to repeal archaic and excessively rigid laws and to revise the role of both city and state Civil Service Commissions so that they become exclusively *adjudicatory* bodies. But the latest of a long series of reports on this subject—the "Report of the Task Force on City Personnel" submitted to Mayor Lindsay this past May by its chairman, Col. Harold Riegelman—makes it clear that the Mayor must take some direct actions himself. He must give more than lip service to the Charter provisions for performance budgeting. He must issue the directives necessary to assure his commissioners the powers commensurate with their responsibilities. Although this support of the working chiefs would entail inevitable political, possible financial and occasional moral risks, such dangers might be somewhat reduced if the Mayor would simultaneously indicate his readiness to accept resignations where necessary.

The Mayor can also stimulate the use of *merit* in merit increases, of college graduates, of training programs, and of virtually all the recommendations already on hand or yet to come, simply by his enthusiastic endorsement. The public relations aspect of the city service would be particularly susceptible to improvement through his initiative.

Moreover, it is primarily the Mayor who can come to grips with the eighty or so unions that now do business with the city. A clear-cut acceptance of city-wide collective bargaining (instead of the piecemeal bargaining, interlarded with an obsolete "wage and salary" plan, that is currently in effect) might clear the air. At the same time, the city must insist on some workable arrangements concerning strikes. The right of management to manage must also be preserved in the face of continued union pressures to make everything a bargaining item.

The individual commissioners too have a constructive role to play. While they certainly have the right to ask for the removal of a number of roadblocks, they must also be prepared to use their own initiative and enthusiasm. There are times when it appears that a victory has been won but change is nonetheless thwarted by the commissioners' failure to follow up. For example, after the introduction of the "administrative aide" line (a hard-won battle for the lateral entry of college graduates) commissioners seemed reluctant to buck the possible resentment of their older employees, and equally unwilling to invest the necessary seed money for training these recruits. Indeed, in almost three years of operation, this program can boast only six incumbents. The failure to devote resources to training goes beyond this particular situation; it is a general operational affliction. The present acting personnel director tells of an agency head who complained about the inadequate stenographic help he was getting through the Personnel Department's recruitment and examination procedures. He made invidious comparisons with the secretarial help he found in a nearby banking house. But the truth of the matter, upon investigation by the Personnel Department, was that whereas the bank devoted many weeks to a careful orientation and training program for stenographers, the city agency simply dumped recruits into a stenographic pool without so much as a ten-minute briefing session.

Yet there is a breed of manager who not only survives the current difficult environment, but makes the most of it. At least one ex-commissioner *did* avail himself of college recruits and lived with them long enough to see certain fruits from his efforts. Another such man in the Department of Hospitals handles the Budget Office this way: "I tell the budget director I'll meet his accruals and then he can keep his hands off me. He'll get his quota and after that I'll run my own show."

As for the Personnel Department, it must decentralize operations, recruit high-quality personnel officers to carry on the work within each department, overhaul examination procedures; introduce systematic auditing for departmental personnel activities, increase its basic research in the areas of examinations and rating systems; and, most important, it must make training a primary duty for the central office as well as the operating agencies. Without proper training and indoctrination, new recruits are lost and older ones deteriorate.

In short, the city has a lot to do if it is going to compete successfully in the strenuous game of getting and keeping superior personnel. But even "the man in the street" can help by simply rejecting all the old clichés about bureaucracy and by giving the civil service a little of his attention and concern.

NO FUN IN BAVARIA

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities.

Munich

The Bavarian post-election shindig was held, as befits tradition, in the offices of the *Muenchener Merkur*, a daily friendly to Franz Josef Strauss. Strauss had won, and won handsomely; but the gathering was not exactly a social success. The drinks were there, the crowds were there, and the faces of the Christian Socialist politicians were duly fashioned into the lines of successful statesmanship. As the returns rolled in from the old strongholds, fake peasant vitality swapped first names and slapped broad *Loden*-covered backs; but the good old Bavarian fun was slow in coming.

There was the irritating glare of the TV lights, as one local or regional leader after another was interviewed on the old-fashioned, leather-buttoned settee in the corner. There was the disappointment in the faces of the young, sharp Social Democratic politicians, a strong group of intellectuals and trade union professionals, who saw their first-time seats vanish as the totals mounted. The party held its own, but had counted on "comrade trend" to continue the steady growth that had prevailed up until now. There was the glum face of the academic pundit on the screen of Channel 2, mumbling his way through inconsistent computer results from Mittelfranken; and there were, above all, the foreign observers. This obviously was not the old, self-centered house party of previous elections. The great wide world was watching, and the Bavarian, for all his vaunted cosmopolitanism, does not like that.

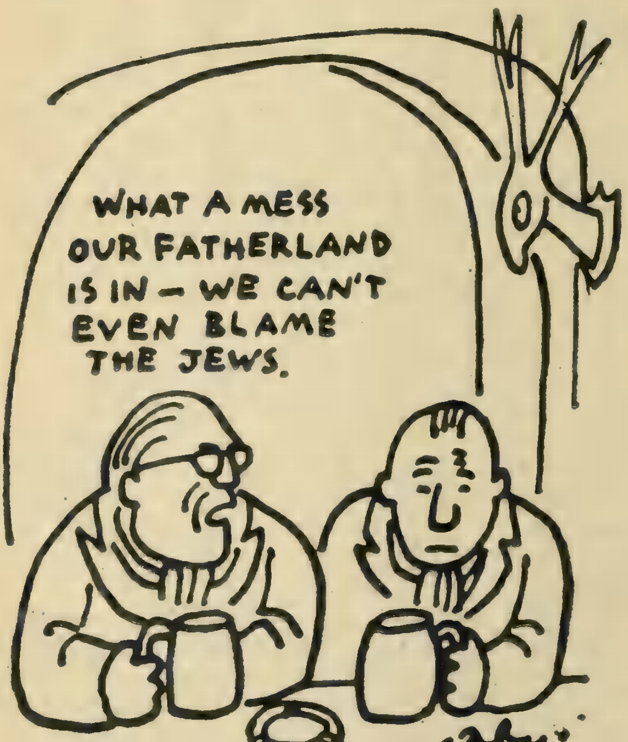
Canada and Sweden and France and Italy were there and, of course, the United States. Cameras were clicking away, and information was exchanged. "You got Vogel? That the heavy-set fellow? No, the other one over there, with the glasses." Whether Bavaria liked it or not, a new battle had started—and one that bore disquieting resemblance to defeats long forgotten: the defeats of the middle twenties.

It was clear what the foreign watchers were watching: a new bird tagged NPD, National Democratic Party of Germany. And the bird performed on cue. Compared to Hesse, it is true, the Bavarian electorate did fairly well in a democratic way: Hesse, a model Social Democratic state, voted 8 per cent for the new right wing; in Bavaria it was

7.4 per cent. Two factors observed in Hesse were also active in Bavaria: precincts with more than 70 per cent Catholic voters and precincts with more than 40 per cent blue collar were relatively immune to the new virus, and this worked against the National Democrats in Bavaria, which is predominantly Catholic and whose larger cities have become industrial centers of growing importance. But the intricacies of Bavaria's election laws helped to oust the old liberals from the state house and to introduce the right wingers.

Bavarian law stipulates that a party gather at least 10 per cent of the vote in one of Bavaria's seven provinces in order to get proportional representation in the Maximilianeum, the state capitol above the Isar River. And there was one single province which, both to the liberals and to the NPD, could mean success or failure—the province of Mittelfranken (Central Franconia), around Nuremberg. Most of the province was originally a Prussian domain; it is heavily Protestant (the most conservative Protestantism in Germany); it is anti-Munich, and it is socially unstable, with strong groups arising between a struggling small peasantry and the small-town tradesman whose social prestige is receding. The whole NPD question boiled down to this: Would a few thousand voters of a medium-sized Bavarian province stick to their old-fashioned liberalism, or would they follow the Hessian trend? We have the answer, and it provides a big headache for German politics in years to come.

It must be seen against the background of the present Bonn malaise. For the first time since 1948, real decisions are necessary there, and nobody—as yet—seems able to make them. That is the crisis, nothing else, but it scares the politically coddled German middle-class and lower-middle-class voter. Unlike the citizens of established democracies, he is wont to express his dissatisfaction not against the "ruling party" but against the "establishment" as a whole. The opposition SPD is part of the establishment; hence the trend to the right. While the Social Democrats did not lose, they did not gain either: they kept their votes both in Hesse and in Bavaria, but they did not get any new ones (except in certain Catholic areas). As Herr Fassbender of Hesse's NPD boasted: "*We* stopped the Socialist advance."


WHAT A MESS OUR FATHERLAND IS IN — WE CAN'T EVEN BLAME THE JEWS.
Abu

Abu, London: Ben Roth

This is not Strauss's headache—yet. The Bavarian boss has timed his actions well. With unsurpassed cynicism, he has engineered both Erhard's downfall and Kiesinger's investiture as the new CDU candidate for the chancellery—a victory which is probably short-lived, but was good enough for the Bavarian elections. Strauss could pose for the Bavarian voter as a good fighter against the North German rulers of the CDU, those "Prussians," and as the potential king maker of the Republic. The returns proved him right, as a tactician. He is hankering for an all-out fight with the North German wing of both Christian Unions, still Germany's ruling party.

The CDU presents a woeful picture of dissent, and the CSU victory in Bavaria has added to its misery. The balance of forces within this glued-together construction is completely upset: the "Gaullists" (Strauss and a few others, mostly from the south) have gained momentum against the "Atlantiker" (mostly Schroeder and his friends), with neither group knowing exactly whether either the United States or France is willing to pay the bills presented to them in the name of such friendship. The anti-American bias of the Gaullists is nurtured by the waning prospects of nuclear participation of Germany within NATO, but it is clear that the General does not think of sharing his own *force de frappe* with Germany. The Gaullists admire France's emphasis on European solutions, but it is obvious that such solutions would always include the acknowledgment of the German *status quo* and the Oder-Neisse line, a fact that the German Gaullists hide well from the electorate.

All other questions—the unbalanced budget, the economic slowdown, the growing insolvency of urban development—could be handled easily if the central foreign policy questions were solved realistically. It is only a seeming paradox that Strauss's victory has increased possibilities of a complete party switch, an SPD-FDP coalition which would send the Christian Unions to the opposition benches. Even if the Unions could manage a new working majority in Bonn (at the time of writing, nothing is decided), the bickering would continue and would keep hamstringing the necessary decisions.

Emergence of the NPD, the right-wing radicals, has to be seen against this background. It is all very well to say that 7 per cent isn't much; that a strong *poujadiste* element is present but will soon run its course; that representation in state parliaments will actually hamper this radicalism, as the new men will have to show their hand. If the central political forces of the German establishment, as it functions today, remain hopelessly divided on central issues, and use the tools of parliamentary democracy only as tools, without a spark of reverence for its basic ethics, the resentment against the "system" will continue to grow —and will continue to reinforce the neo-Nazis. It is a time for lovers of democracy to stand together.

Strauss does not think so. He was pleading, during the election party, for a "policy with a stronger national profile"; in other words, he wants to steal the NPD's nationalistic thunder. His wrecking talent and his tactical cleverness are immense; it is a pity that he lacks any understanding of the need for a basic political ethic. This, at present, is much more menacing than the NPD's 7 per cent. Strauss is a political boss of the old machine variety: tricky, vital, power hungry, goaded by a massive persecution complex. Such people are easily digested in a functioning democracy; in Germany, where he is the only one of his genus, he is dynamite.

I left the election party before he came, around midnight. The young men of his entourage, bespectacled or not, in business suits and American postures, were raving about the new southern "power axis," Munich-Stuttgart (Kiesinger's domicile), which would replace the old northern one, between Kiel and Düsseldorf. They seemed unaware of the existence of any political world other than their own, with its internal and external dogfights. The night air outside felt good.

YARMOLINSKY & THE CANNIBAL

RICHARD STERN

Mr. Stern's most recent novel is Stitch *(Harper & Row). He has just finished a play,* Dossier: Twenty-four Blackouts for the Middle Electric Age.

Chicago

On Armistice Day, the former Special Assistant of the Defense Department, Adam Yarmolinsky of Harvard, spoke in the handsome, bowl-shaped, mock courtroom of the University of Chicago Law School about the relationship of arms and foreign policy. For those of us whose knowledge of Professor Yarmolinsky was limited to the notion that he represented the most temperate—and perhaps therefore ejected—element of Defense Department policy, the hour and a half had its surprises.

Mr. Yarmolinsky was introduced by a fellow defense strategist, the charming and urbane Professor Wohlstetter, who described his first sight of Yarmolinsky in Secretary McNamara's office at the beginning of the Kennedy administration. McNamara was instructing a group of white-faced, wide-eyed generals about the new sorts of questions for which he needed answers. In the back of the room, Yarmolinsky snored away, an obbligato of self-confidence amidst the brass collapse.

Yarmolinsky, a small, bristling man with a cock of gray-specked black hair, said he promised to keep himself awake for the duration of his talk, though he could not promise to do the same for the audience. Then he read a careful, thoughtful paper which went more or less as follows: U.S. options are limited by U.S. power; that is, the United States cannot flare into reprisals as easily as nonnuclear powers. The country's international aims, needs and responsibilities enjoy the backing of a superbly varied armament which is available to persuade, tempt, or occasionally to force the acceptance of policy goals. Only some goals, of course, as no arsenal is unlimited. Since the Second World War, there have been (according to McNamara) 164 outbreaks of violence, less than half of which were related to communism; American armament could not cope with a large fraction of these, even if policy should have dictated it. What then were some possible rules for selected intervention? Yarmolinsky suggested a few: When in doubt about the nature of an outbreak (say, civil war or external aggression) don't intervene; when possible, apply force rather than violence. (The distinction—that of Professor Schelling—has to do with forcibly preventing outbreaks rather than augmenting them.) The third section of the talk contrasted the performance of the State Department with that of its instrument, the Defense Department. The State Department has been content to develop attitudes rather than policies. It identifies nations as hostile or friendly, indicates others that should be contained. It's as if a doctor were satisfied to say that he was hostile to pleurisy and thought measles should be contained.

The speech had begun with the country as a pugilist enjoined by his strength and skill from punching roughnecks in the street and ended with the country as a doctor failing to cure the world's ills. The transition was not, I think, the intended core of Yarmolinsky's speech, but it sank in the hearts of those of us who may not be attuned to the subtler ranges of arms policy discussion.

The question period revealed a still greater distance between the laity and the technicians of armament. Yarmolinsky's face, dark, rapid, ready for engagement, is full of spark and humor. He delights in skirmish, is quick to rebut the naive, sometimes with hints of unquestionable but classified knowledge from the horse's mouth. (In the mock courtroom he joked about hearsay evidence.) He is also quick to spot the lance headed for the theoretical chinks in his armor and to counter it by quick admission. When pressed about the difference, say, between intervening "to prevent a blood bath" in the Dominican Republic and not intervening to prevent a much bloodier one in Indonesia, he shrugged his theoretical shoulders. One can't do everything; there are no formulas, although the State Department had just been rebuked for not working some out. In all, though, Yarmolinsky's wit, energy and confidence were those of the theoretical man turned decision maker; he carried the authority of a wounded veteran in a discussion of heroism.

A student asked him to comment on the present state of what Eisenhower had called the military-industrial complex. Yarmolinsky spent a couple of seconds straightening the question out (the student had said "military-business" complex) and then, his head darting, half-rooster, half-squirrel, he erupted into an odd, even angry response. Eisenhower, he said, had always wanted to do what his master, George Humphrey, had said to do, cut the budget, and he'd tried and tried to slice the biggest chunk of that budget, the military, and failed, because it would have been suicidal to succeed, so he made this farewell address in a fit of temper. As to growing military influence on policy, he could answer as Holmes did, commenting on the power to tax being the power to destroy: "Not while I'm on the court." Not, therefore, with the McNamaras and Yarmolinskys in power would the military-industrial complex call the shots.

But some of us in the mock courtroom felt a glacial shift. Had that fearsome complex to which the puzzled, stymied General-President pointed in his farewell gesture recruited and absorbed the Yarmolinskys, the brilliant planners, so many of whose intellectual discoveries had been made within the bounds of arms policy? Yarmolinsky's not unboastful assertions that policy has nothing to do with morality took him into the dark arena where the natural scientists brought forth their fissioned fruit almost twenty-four years and 1 mile from where we sat. Many of them had spent the intervening years regretting the amoral absorption in the cool frenzy of weaponry. One did not feel that there was as much prospect of such late thoughts from the urbane, learned Yarmolinsky and the fellow social scientists who joined him at the bottom of the bowl to offer congratulations. Out in the cold air along the Midway some of us shivered in the suspicion that the military-industrial complex had acquired a most brilliant war head, and that the cannibalistic monster had further effaced itself into the invisible climate of American life.

GEORGIA HAPPENING

THE ELECTION NOBODY WON

SYLVAN MEYER

Mr. Meyer is editor of The Daily Times, *Gainesville, Ga., and former chairman of the Georgia Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.*

The courts, the Republicans, the moderates, the city folk and the larger Negro vote have terribly complicated the democratic process in Georgia. You can't be sure any more how an election will come out. You can't even tell *if* it will come out. Georgians went to the polls three times during the political season just past and still haven't elected a governor. Depending on the courts and the General Assembly, which convenes in early January, they may have to cast their ballots twice more.

It used to be that a governor was elected by a plurality in the Democratic primary, with no run-off and no general election to confuse people. Indeed, under the old county unit system, he could be elected by a minority of the popular vote. Now, the voters have chosen not a governor but a legal enigma and no one today can say what the outcome will be.

Since campaigning began in midsummer for the Democratic primary, "conservative," "liberal," "moderate," "Republican" and "Democrat" have been labels sadly confused. There were Democrats for Howard "Bo" Callaway, a Republican; Republicans for Ellis Arnall, a Democrat. Ultraconservatives abandoned a Goldwater Republican, Callaway, to support a better-certified segregationist, Lester Maddox. Some liberal Democrats declared for a far-Right Republican, and spurned a write-in movement for a progressive Democrat, Arnall, in order to save the state from a reactionary Democrat, Maddox.

All this searching of conscience and splitting of hairs has come to climax in a dilemma. Georgia law requires that the governor be elected by a majority, and 57,800 write-in votes for Arnall, plus possible thousands more uncounted, prevented either Lester Maddox or "Bo" Callaway from winning. Although many Georgians look upon the federal courts as the robed army of a new Reconstruction, a majority is probably pleased as well as amused by a situation that may have relieved them of a choice they never wanted and never expected. The knowledge that popular Gov. Carl Sanders will remain in Atlanta until January 10, and probably for at least several weeks after that, has produced a mood of retrospection among the less emotional students of indigenous history.

The current confusion originated in the fact that Sanders could not stand for re-election. Historically a two-faction if not a two-party state, Georgia fears immediate succession in office, and state law provides that a governor aspiring to a second term must wait four years between tries.

Ernest Vandiver, governor from 1958 until 1962, had spun out the 1963-66 interregnum representing the association of railroads and was considered the leading contender in the 1966 campaign. But he suffered a second heart attack last spring and withdrew, leaving his partisans fumbling for a new champion. For a time, it seemed that Sen. Herman Talmadge would step into the role, but after some days of uncharacteristic indecision, he decided to remain in Washington.

With Vandiver out and Talmadge out, the way was open for a general stampede into the Democratic primary. First on the scene was Ellis Arnall, now 59 but still remembered as the boy-wonder governor of the mid-forties who had defeated Gene Talmadge, established an independent board of regents for the university system, and given the vote to 18 year olds. A prosperous attorney, Arnall enjoyed the immediate allegiance of the middle-aged generation and the "liberals." His chief handicap was twenty years of allegations by his political opponents that after serving as governor, he had lectured across the nation on Georgia's pitiful economic and social conditions. Arnall had indeed done so but in an effort to correct those conditions, not to ridicule them. As it turned out, he compounded this handicap before the September 14 primary and redoubled it again before the September 28 run-off.

Also tempted by the wide-open lottery of the primary was Lester Maddox, former owner of a fried chicken emporium and now a furniture retailer, a committed segregationist given to flashing wild charges, and a regular advertiser in the Atlanta papers where he had interspersed copy extolling drumsticks and French fries with ultra-rightist and anti-Negro polemics. Maddox's political record included unsuccessful campaigns for mayor of Atlanta and for lieutenant governor.

Press, radio and TV commentators repeatedly identified Maddox as the man "who sold his restaurant rather than serve Negroes," thus inflaming the minds of his followers with an image of heroism, white-supremacy style. In truth, Maddox leased his restaurant when the courts found him in violation of the Civil Rights Act and later sold the building for expansion of the Georgia Tech campus, receiving a sum variously estimated from $190,000 to $250,000. Maddox toured the state in a station wagon, claiming to be a poor boy who had battled his way upward only to be denied the fruits of his success by devilish federal powers; he promised a "bigger, better and safer" Georgia. He had no visible district or local campaign headquarters, and reporters searching for balance in news stories complained that they could never find anyone who would admit being for him.

Next came James Gray, Albany newspaper publisher and TV station owner, former State Democratic Chairman, a transplanted Yankee who had also made himself over into a fiery champion of States' rights, meaning (in the code of the region) that he despised civil rights, the Great Society and the boll weevil. Mr. Gray may be dimly remembered as the man who delivered at the Los Angeles Democratic Convention in 1960 the minority report of the platform committee which attacked the majority's civil rights position.

Hoke O'Kelley, a moderately wealthy landowner in his 70s and a perennial candidate, entered the contest for laughs, enjoyed some, and faithfully showed up for TV seminars and fish fries. His personality pleased audiences, but he made no political impression. Garland Byrd, a former lieutenant governor, entered for reasons known only to himself.

And from out of nowhere came a fortyish (but younger-looking) south Georgia gentleman farmer, James Carter, a state Senator with a constructive record in education and none at all in anything else (which was to his advantage, since the others in the race had accumulated extensive demerits with one crowd or another). Senator Carter was discovered, entered and supported by an aware group of citizens generally thought to be close to the Sanders administration; they felt that he was the only Democrat who, having won the primary, could beat the Republican in the general election.

Ever present in the Democratic schemes was the figure of Representative Callaway, Georgia's only GOP Congressman. State law requires nomination by a state-wide primary or, if a party received less than 5 per cent of the vote for governor in the previous election, nomination by petitions signed by 15 per cent of the registered voters. The Republicans accumulated more than 150,000 signatures for Callaway, and it cost the state $7,000 just to certify and count them.

As the Democrats hacked one another to bits in the primary, Callaway taunted them from the side lines. It can be seen in retrospect that Arnall, the favorite, declined steadily in public support. He came through to the public as arrogant and overcertain of victory. He explained little, promised much, and repeated constantly that he would win. After the campaign his closest advisers complained that he would not listen to them.

Carter, building on a campaign that started with ads reading "Jimmy WHO?," gained slowly. No one paid much attention to Maddox except the voters. Barely two weeks before the primary vote, Stokely Carmichael's black-power-oriented SNCC was identified, whether involved or not, in brief but messy Negro riots in Atlanta. The timing seemed deliberately opposed to Arnall's chances and intensified the desire of the Maddox-minded to "show 'em."

On September 14, Arnall led with 29 per cent of a total vote of 787,952, and Maddox beat Carter by 21,000 for 23.5 per cent. The two moderates together had compiled slightly more votes, 50.3 per cent, than the conservatives. However, moderate unity disintegrated as Carterites accused Arnallites of preventing their man from reaching the run-off, and Arnallites accused Carterites of preventing their man from winning without a run-off. Both sides could see that Carter, whose Lochinvar ride began about two weeks late, would have won easily with just a little more time. Needless to say, this had made Carter a genuine factor in future state politics.

Heading for the September 18 run-off primary, Arnall sat it out in supreme self-confidence, campaigning almost entirely by telephone. Maddox continued his frenetic tours of the state, shaking hands, saying little. Choosing sides should have been easy: Arnall, successful professional, counselor for some of the country's largest corporations, liberal, in tune with the general thrust of national affairs; Maddox, a seller of ax handles and super-patriotic pamphlets, prattler against federal centralism.

But Arnall had issued lacerating attacks on Vandiver before the former Governor's heart attack, and these had alienated much of the political power structure. Arnall was known for snatching microphones away from opponents in TV debates, for laughing condescendingly, and for interrupting. He also posted an unfortunate series of billboards, patterned after a famous World War I recruiting poster, in which Arnall's extended finger followed the observer accusingly. One strong Arnall supporter was heard to growl: "If he points that damn finger in my face again, I'll vote Republican."

Unaccustomed to two-party politics, Georgia operates open primaries and has no party registration. Arnall supporters and the Atlanta newspapers accused Republicans of voting in the Democratic run-off for Maddox on the assumption that the bespectacled segregationist would provide an easier target for Callaway. Comparisons of voting totals after the general election indicate that thousands of Republicans did cast ballots for Maddox and without question helped him beat Arnall by a run-off vote of 443,055 (54.3 per cent) to 373,004 (45.7 per cent). But the Republican crossover was only one factor. Arnall had defeated himself.

The Maddox campaign grew more dignified, slicker. His ever-larger newspaper ads proclaimed his shortage of campaign funds, and his signs reading "this is Maddox Country" appeared everywhere. Oddly enough, the statement gained credence, and that perhaps suggests something about Americans' childlike acceptance of slogans.

Arnall remained quiet. Governor Sanders appeared briefly at the Democratic convention in Macon at which Maddox was nominated *pro forma,* scolded those present for deserting to Goldwater in 1964, and departed before Maddox's canonization. Maddox himself departed after giving his acceptance speech to a partly delighted, partly incredulous assortment of 5,000 party faithfuls, and left the lieutenant governor nominee, who had faced no general election opposition and was assured of his post, with a crowd reduced to less than 300. One observer said: "A heavy air of religiosity lay over the convention. A reporter counted the times Maddox was referred to as a 'God-fearing man of God.' More than a dozen."

Some Georgia Democrats, accustomed to a degree of outlandishness in their candidates for various state offices, began to wonder if Maddox possessed qualities they'd not noticed before. Rural counties, sounded out by newspapers before the primary, reported 60 to 70 per cent estimates in favor of Callaway. But with a segregationist and an anti-LBJ Democrat asking for continued loyalty to the party, Callaway had been outflanked. Maddox's primary votes stayed with him.

The Republican Party, though certainly thinner at the grass roots than the Democratic Party, obtains certain advantages in that it operates as a political, campaigning organization in behalf of candidates, while the Democrats, accustomed to primaries that in the past decided conclusively who would take office, operate what is essentially a primary-holding apparatus not even vaguely oriented toward conducting a campaign in support of a ticket. Democratic committeemen conduct primaries and work at the polls for $1 an hour; they leave campaigning to the candidates.

Howard "Bo" Callaway is affable, presentable. A graduate of West Point, he is one of the heirs to a La Grange, Ga., textile mills fortune and runs the Ida Cason Callaway Gardens at Pine Mountain, a resort founded as a nonprofit family project that has contributed appreciably to Georgia's tourist industry. He defeated a conservative Democrat for Congress in 1964 and voted against the Administration on everything from minimum wage increases to demonstration cities.

Back in 1962, Callaway had supported strongly segregationist Marvin Griffin against Carl Sanders in the Democratic primary. In 1964, Callaway became a Republican. In that year, Maddox was also part of Barry Goldwater's 54 per cent victory in Georgia. So much for political labels and party loyalties. In short, both Callaway and Maddox came into the campaign for the November 8 election as ideal candidates for the conservative, small town and rural vote.

But now a third factor entered the general election campaign—a strong movement for a write-in. The sponsors settled on Arnall as their candidate because he had received 370,000 votes and was well known, and because the leaders of the campaign, mostly liberal Atlantans and Negroes active in politics (some officeholders), believed Arnall to be sufficiently disengaged from the mainstream of the party to acquiesce in the unorthodoxy of a write-in. It was generally agreed that Carter, who had boomed out of obscurity to substantial stature, would have been a more popular choice, but it was feared he would disavow the movement. As a matter of fact, he shortly thereafter said he would support the ticket, holding true to an oath signed by all Democratic candidates when they enter the primary: "I pledge that I will support and vote for the state Democratic nominees in the General Election of November 8."

On the issue of this oath, Atlanta's respected Rep. Charles Weltner, winner of his primary fight for a third term, suddenly abdicated, declaring he could not keep his pledge to vote for Maddox: "I cannot compromise with hate." Weltner's withdrawal from the general election ticket brilliantly illuminated Georgia's moral dilemma, underlined the closeness of Maddox's and Callaway's basic philosophies and boosted the Write-In Georgia movement. Nevertheless, Weltner's supporters at home did not unanimously share the national adulation that followed the Congressman's sacrificial act. They felt deprived of representation when it counted most, and thwarted in their strenuous efforts in the primary on his behalf.

From that point until November 8, agonizing indecision reigned in responsible moderate circles. Some leaders toyed with the write-in, hoping a trial-balloon rally would ignite a fire at the grass roots. When no blaze flared, they split, some deciding to stick with the party and others, unable to contemplate voting for Maddox under any circumstances, beginning to discover redeeming features in Callaway. The *Atlanta Journal* endorsed Callaway. The *Atlanta Constitution* analyzed its anguish in a lengthy editorial and wound up unable to endorse either candidate or the write-in. Most smaller dailies, including mine (in an act of rationalization I will still defend), supported Callaway.

The intensity of feeling and interest in the Maddox-

Callaway battle could not be exaggerated. The forthcoming election provided the only conversational topic in the state, at every level of society. To the people who had played political and civic roles in the constructive Sanders administration and to those who wanted to continue the Sanders era of harmony, both Callaway and Maddox were pure anathema. To them, a vote for either bordered on treason, like deciding between Goebbels and Goering. The theme of Write-In Georgia was: "When you choose the lesser of two evils, you are still choosing an evil."

So bitterly were voters wrestling with the angles in a search for honorable decisions that surprisingly little bitterness arose among supporters of the various positions. The factions appeared to appreciate and sympathize, in the main, with one another's introspective struggle. Typifying the general feeling of disaster that confronted Georgians was Martin Luther King, Sr., father of the civil rights leader, who demanded at a write-in rally that Herman Talmadge be drafted as "the only man who can save the state from Lester Maddox."

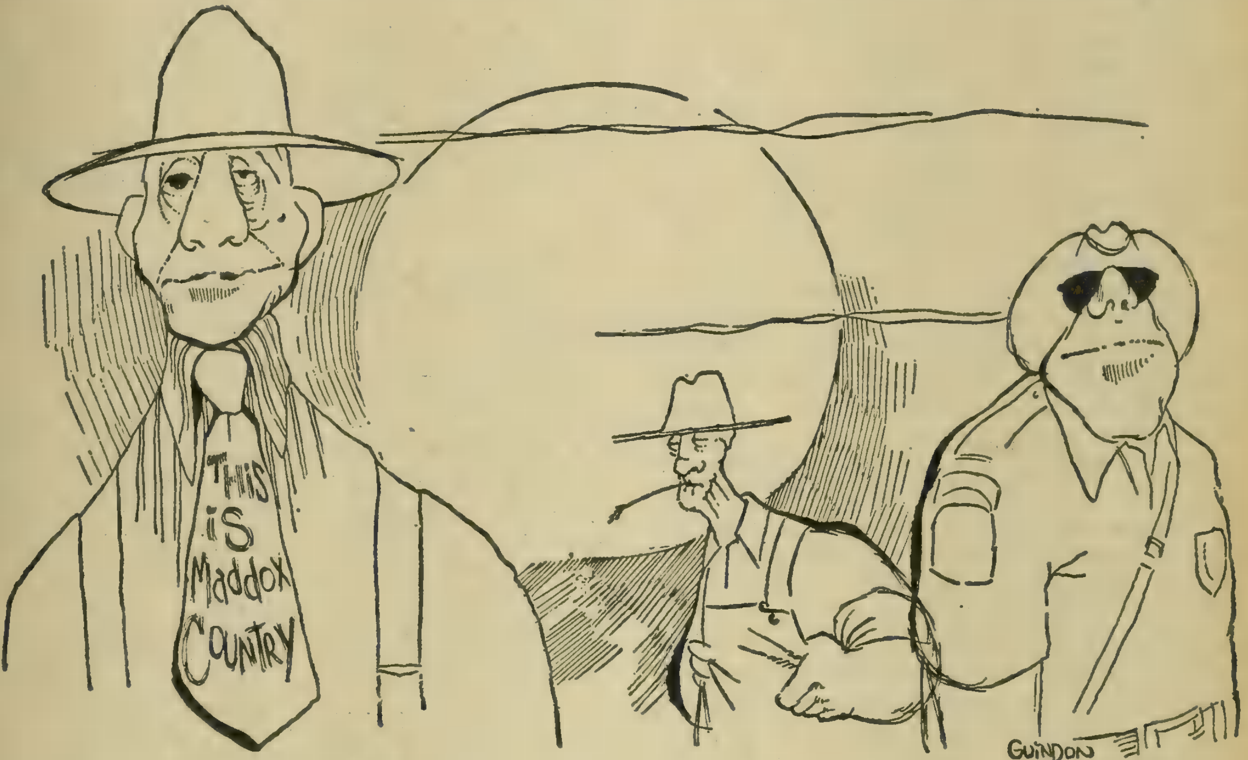
It appeared the write-ins could not win. But according to Georgia law, when no candidate receives a majority there will be a run-off, or according to the state constitution (there is a contradiction here to further bedevil the situation), the legislature will decide between the two top men.

Unless Arnall actually won, it was reasoned, the write-in would either deny votes to Callaway or result in Maddox's choice by the predominantly Democratic legislature. But the write-in enthusiasts worked anyway, standing on the high morality of their position, much to the irritation of those who sympathized with their ideals but felt it more moral to see to the defeat of Maddox.

Various theories ran this way. (1) Maddox would be so bad that the extremist syndrome would be over in just four years. (2) Callaway would have the aid of sound leadership, would be more presentable and was a more stable personality than Maddox. (3) A pox on both their houses; Georgia, unlike Alabama and Mississippi, must show the nation its better image. (4) If Callaway were elected, he would establish a conservative Republican regime that couldn't be dislodged in twenty years.

So a state relatively apathetic during the Democratic primary came down to the November 8 vote with tense excitement.

Voting was a mess. The votomatic machines misfired in Dekalb County, a heavily Republican portion of metropolitan Atlanta, and thousands of ballots were voided. The paper ballot itself, larger than a newspaper page, contained more than twenty constitutional amendments, about fifty names of candidates for various offices in the Democratic column, and only three names in the Republican column.



Counting was tedious and five days passed before it appeared that Callaway had edged Maddox with a score of 450,387 to 448,259. Arnall received 57,834 write-ins, or 6.1 per cent, and it was clear early in the tally that he had captured enough city and Negro votes to deny a decision. Nine of the largest ten counties in the state went for Callaway, but Maddox carried most of the 159 counties. Arnall carried one small county. There were hundreds of write-ins for other candidates from Batman to state Senator Carter. The American Civil Liberties Union, the Write-In Georgia forces and the press collected hundreds of instances of irregularities.

With the general election results still bouncing around, Write-In Georgia and the ACLU moved to the federal courts to prevent the General Assembly from deciding between Maddox and Callaway. The three-judge panel, forbidding the Assembly to follow the state constitutional provision, the one-man, one-vote rule, noted that the legislature might elect (as it probably would have done) the man who had the fewer popular votes, and left further action to the state.

Georgia Attorney General Arthur Bolton immediately appealed to the Supreme Court. He feels obliged to defend the state constitution, but his intimates say that Bolton, a top-notch lawyer and former legislative leader, is looking for a solution to the election standoff, not merely a vindication of the constitution.

There are two major swing groups in Georgia: one is the liberal-moderate group that, allied with the Negroes, has generally prevailed for almost a decade; the other is the racial ultraconservative group. How these would vote in another run-off is anyone's guess. They might even vote the same way for entirely different reasons.

Sanders, in all eyes ever more the competent and constructive Governor, promised to remain at his post until duly relieved by a legalized successor. He has started work on a budget to present to the General Assembly in January. Supporters of both Arnall and Carter smelled the chance for a new go-round altogether. Sanders' friends discussed the possibility that he might remain in office until the 1968 general election. Sanders did not speculate.

By this time it had occurred to the assorted parties that no one really knew how the November 8 election had come out. At least, officially. The state was, and is, dealing with figures compiled by the news media from county returns. The official results cannot be determined until the General Assembly on January 10 unseals and tallies the ballots (unless the courts order them counted earlier). A lawyer close to Governor Sanders guessed that all suits could be delayed as "premature," and action held up until the legislature convenes. Certainly it would be consistent of the court to leave initiative to the legislature rather than present a solution of its own.

Maddox wants the legislature to designate a governor. He carried the most counties and it is inconceivable to him, as it is to everyone else, that representatives of the counties would vote in the legislature contrary to their home mandate.

Callaway, appearing confident, urges that the people be allowed to elect their governor. His partisans want a run-off between him and Maddox, with write-ins barred. Write-In Georgia warns that any attempt to bar write-ins will face action in federal court; and Georgians, still traditionally Jacksonian in outlook, can't comfortably justify barring write-ins even "if they did mess everything up and waste all the elections so far."

Regardless of maneuvers back and forth in the courts between now and the convening of the legislature in January, the sharpest legal interpretations hold that one of two courses is possible:

(*1*) Either the Supreme Court will uphold the lower court and prevent the General Assembly from electing a governor, or it will reverse the lower court, in which event the legislature will elect a governor and Maddox holds the chips.

(*2*) If the General Assembly is not permitted to elect a governor, it will call a special election. This would open lists to anyone and give Carter a possibility to come in as everyone's compromise candidate.

The statutory date for a run-off general election has passed, and numerous decisions in the General Assembly and courts affirm that unless an election is held at the time and place required by law, it is a nullity. This may well mean that Maddox and Callaway no longer have official candidate status apart from that of any other hopeful. They're campaigning anyway.

Maddox is in tenuous control of the Democratic Party organization, and the prospect of his leadership of the state delegation to the 1968 Democratic National Convention presents another can of worms for Georgia to untangle. Where a Sanders-led delegation backed the national Administration in Atlantic City in 1964, a Maddox group could move even further right than did the intransigent delegation to Los Angeles in 1960. It could—indeed it would—support George Wallace for President if the Alabama Governor's husband decided to run as a loyal Democrat.

How did Georgia, not quite so pure in heart yet not quite so backward as either its boosters or detractors contend, wind up with the miserable choice between Maddox and Callaway? Happenstances of politics aside, it is possible that the effect is being felt from years of unrefuted yammering about alleged federal encroachment on States' rights, loss of liberty, yielding of "freedom" (to prevent other people from having some) and similar mindlessness. It must be faced that the moderate, constructive people in this country have done a poor job of getting their point of view across. They have allowed the pratings of the witless to go unanswered, never believing that such incredible arguments would gather support. Few have been heard defending the policies that over the past few years have increased prosperity, personal income, educational opportunities and individual rights. So the people, made nervous and unsure by negativism, have decided to change. What they think they are changing from has been ineptly defined by its champions; what they are changing to hasn't been defined at all.

When the write-in managed to prevent, at least temporarily, a victory by either Maddox or Callaway, its adherents claimed they had proved that all the drive toward progress wasn't reversed. One stalwart went further than that. It was, he said, "a redemptive act." But the convolutions of political philosophy and the meaning, if any, of Georgia's torment to the national scene are other stories.

Of all sources, the *Georgia Bulletin*, publication of the Catholic diocese of Atlanta, summed it up best in a first-grade primer rewrite:

See Lester run.
See Bo run.
See neither win.
See Daddy smile.
Spot goes bow-wow.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Nobel Laureate of Hebrew Literature

CURT LEVIANT

Mr. Leviant teaches Hebraic Studies at Rutgers University, and is a translator and critic of S.Y. Agnon's work. He is the editor and translator of Sholom Aleichem's Old Country Tales *(Putnam). One of his short stories is included in* Best American Short Stories: 1966 *(Houghton Mifflin Co.).*

Hebrew and Yiddish literature are unique in that both have flourished over the centuries without geopolitical roots. Whereas in the traditional pattern, nationhood sustains literature, with Hebrew the reverse is true: for the past 2,000 years Hebrew works—both sacred and secular—has sustained the concept of nationhood. Now that Israel exists once more, Hebrew and Israeli literature should presumably coalesce. Although Shmuel Yosef Agnon has lived in Jerusalem since 1924 (he was born in Galicia, Poland, in 1888), he paradoxically is not an Israeli writer in the sense that Faulkner or Sholokhov are American and Russian. Agnon is rather the representative Jewish artist of our time, a Hebrew writer in the universal community of Israel, whose work has little in common with the often cosmopolitan and consciously un-Jewish contemporary Israeli literature.

Most of Agnon's major works were, in fact, composed before the state of Israel was established, and despite the centrality to Agnon's fiction of the land of Israel, the return to Zion, and the spiritual destiny of the children of Israel, the idea of the post-1948 state has little bearing on his work. In this sense, then, Agnon may be said to be a literary expatriate in his own homeland.

For Agnon, writing in Hebrew means writing in *lashon ha-kodesh,* the sacred tongue, and being committed to the nearly 3,500-year-old linguistic and literary tradition of Hebrew letters. In his works, Agnon summons up the entire usable past: Bible, Mishna, Talmud, Midrash, medieval poets and exegetes, liturgy, Hasidic and pious literature, customs, history, folklore—all of which provide him with symbols and metaphors, allusions and associations that enrich his prose and make it transcend its literal meaning.

Perhaps only a few of his works have been translated into English because translating Agnon's Hebrew, with its multitude of associations, references and ironic glances, is an enormously difficult task. The problems are not only linguistic and musical—to convey the sense of classic prose without sounding archaic, and to preserve rhythm and occasional assonance, alliteration and word play—but cultural as well: to transmit the subtle essence of his allusions so crucial to the narrative atmosphere. His theme and stories, however, are by no means as recondite as his allusions. That he has already been translated into sixteen languages is adequate testimony to the power of his narrative. The Nobel Prize will surely increase his readership all over the world and focus attention upon Hebrew literature as well.

S.Y. Agnon in English

TWO TALES. *(Translated by Walter Lever.) 237 pp. $4.95.*

IN THE HEART OF THE SEAS. *(Translated by I. M. Lask.) 128 pp. $3.95.*

DAYS OF AWE. *320 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

ISRAELI STORIES. *Contains two major Agnon stories. (Translated by Walter Lever and Joel Blocker.) 256 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.95.*

THE BRIDAL CANOPY. *(Translated by I. M. Lask.) Coming March, 1967. (All published by Schocken Books.)*

Agnon is the literary archivist of Galician Jewry, the preserver of a now destroyed civilization. His works trace the Jewish community from a plateau of spiritual security through its decline in the post-World War I period in Europe, and its simultaneous rise in Palestine. His epic purview and the range of his diversity are displayed in his three major novels, *The Bridal Canopy, A Guest for the Night* and *Days Gone By,* which despite differences in form, tone and treatment, are all to a degree related.

The Bridal Canopy describes Reb Yudel and his driver Nuta wandering through early 19th-century Jewish Galicia trying to collect enough alms to dower Yudel's three daughters and, in the process, exchanging countless stories. Depicting these Jews whose world is coherent and complete, Agnon's tone is cheerful and witty, his form elastic: there is time to spin yarn after yarn. In a story-book atmosphere, realism and fantasy are filtered through Agnon's rich imagination; when Nuta's two horses engage in a Talmudic dispute our disbelief is temporarily suspended.

In *A Guest for the Night,* the narrator returns to the city of his youth in the early 1930s and finds it radically altered. Traditional Jewish life is moribund; the synagogue is empty, a shadow of its former glory. The community's spiritual malaise is symbolically reflected by the appearance of people maimed and physically deformed. In contrast to the exuberant fancy of *The Bridal Canopy* and its wholeness, *A Guest for the Night* is a dirge for the fragmented modern Jewish world. At the end of the novel, the narrator, in a pertinent symbolic gesture, takes the key of the synagogue and brings it to the land of Israel, where hope now exists for a dislocated Jewry.

After lamenting exile and waning faith, Agnon turns to Zion. In the panoramic *Days Gone By,* set in Jaffa and Jerusalem of the early 20th century, the novel's hero, Yitzhak Kumer, a fourth-generation descendant of Yudel of *The Bridal Canopy,* migrates to Palestine and realizes the dream Reb Yudel had prayed for. But despite Kumer's *aliya* to the land of Israel, his life is not as spiritually secure as was his great-grandfather's. Though Jews are resettled on the land, they are still not complete, for they lack the faith of Reb Yudel's generation. Agnon's often posed problem concerning the ideal Jewish existence, then, has not been solved: it shifts field, depending upon the reader's and the author's perspective.

A Guest for the Night looks back to the old world of faith and forward to the land of Israel. *The Bridal Canopy* appears to provide the answer; but viewed from the retrospective stance of *Days Gone By,* we sense the author's ironic detachment: a halo of legends surrounds former tranquillity. Agnon suggests that Judaism in exile is not complete without Zion, and that Jews in Zion are not complete without faith and Torah (meaning the gamut of traditional Jewish practice). Only the children of Israel thriving with Torah in the land of Israel can create the ideal perfection. But this may only exist in the world of legend and miracles, as it does in "The Tale of a Goat."

Agnon's version of this little Yiddish folk tale is illustrative of his richly textured narrative and symbolic ambience. A she-goat bought by a sick man disappears every few days, then returns with udders full of milk sweeter than honey. Curious to see where the goat goes, the man's son follows it to a cave and discovers a short cut to the land of Israel. The son arrives on the eve of the Sabbath, sends back the goat (with a note in her ear) and urges his parents to come quickly to the Holy Land. The father assumes that the son has died and that the goat is responsible. He kills the goat and then finds the message. But now it is too late for him to take the magic leap out of exile.

Brief as it is, this carefully wrought story, complete with line of action, problem and resolution, is aligned thematically with Agnon's major works. But Agnon enhances this folk tale and its deceptively simple framework with Biblical verses and conscious manipulation of symbols steeped in traditional Jewish lore. On the literal level the story can be read as a folk legend about a man, his son and an extraordinary goat. On another level—through symbolism, allusion, other-speaking—it portrays the spiritual illness of a Torah-less Diaspora, and the tragic aftermath of those who adhere to a literal, skeptical reality. The story's highest vision is the paradisiac salvation attainable via the surrealistic leap of faith, and the beneficence of Sabbath, Torah and the land of Israel.

Agnon consciously embraced classical Hebrew literature and made it a cornerstone of his art at a time when other Hebrew writers thought it fashionable to reject this tradition for a Western one. However, Agnon's allusions from the mainstream of Hebrew writings do not give a conglomerate effect to his prose. To offer a parallel, his writing would not sound like a mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Chaucerian, Elizabethan and modern English. Since Hebrew was a written language for nearly 2,000 years, rather than one spoken continuously in its native land, it did not undergo the radical changes in grammar, vocabulary, pronunciation and syntax of English—although a Hebrew reader can distinguish the various layers within any literary work. Since the Jews have made the study of their classics a religious duty, familiarity with the literature is expected. It is this fund of shared intellectual and emotional experience that Agnon draws upon and transmutes into art.

In applying a classical idiom to the problem of his theme, Agnon achieves an intriguing contrapuntal effect. The serene prose that limns modern man's spiritual vacillation offers an array of ironies and ambiguities. Despite changes in narrative length, form and theme, Agnon's style has remained constant over the years. He has forged the elements of rabbinic Hebrew (2nd-5th century)—his word choice and prose rhythms are basically those of the Mishna and Midrash—the Hebrew of the Hasidic texts (18th-19th century) and some modern Hebrew into a virtually inimitable linguistic instrument that is both poetic and precise.

One of the most notable phases of Agnon's art has been the symbolic story. These brooding, nightmarish tales take place in a surreal world devoid of laws of time and place, cause and effect, and sometimes even life and death. Here modern man is lost in a maze, frustrated in his pursuit of wholeness. Though many of Agnon's stories show the emptiness of man wrenched from his spiritual foundations, in these dream tales even the seeker of religious fulfillment is thwarted.

Agnon often equates piety with wholeness and disbelief with desolation. Yet the symbolic stories, "Edo and Enam" and "Betrothed" (included in the recently published *Two Tales*), offer an interesting variation. Both of these spellbinding narratives parallel and complement each other; they coruscate with the same devices and themes—the spectrum from eros to theos—that Agnon has explored for the past six decades.

"Edo and Enam" is a despondent tale of a pious hero (here, too, a deformity is symbolic: he is blind in one eye). The story is rich in allusions from Hebrew literature, references to liturgy and devout Jewish communities. But in "Betrothed" —the tale of apparent hope and antipode to "Edo and Enam"—the hero shows no sign of formal religion. Here, Agnon's language is more secular; he alludes infrequently to Jewish classics, more often to Homer, gods and Zeus. Significantly, the story concludes with a re-enactment of a Greek marathon. However, the hint of optimism in the story is provided by a Jewish metaphor. The lovers who have vowed eternal fidelity in "Betrothed" are called Shoshana and Yaakov (Susan and Jacob in the English translation). The fusion of their names, Shoshanat-Yaakov, is a poetic term for the ideal community of Israel. The lovers united in the land of Israel, then, represent the symbolic consummation of the old dream: the people of Israel in the land of Israel.

Shmuel Yosef Agnon, who has delighted two generations of Hebrew readers, is still working vigorously. "If God will grant me long life," he recently told the Swedish Chargé d'Affaires in Jerusalem, "they [the Nobel Committee] will yet see that they did not err in choosing me." At 78, he follows a schedule of writing six mornings a week. His Jerusalem home contains the manuscripts of many meticulously revised stories which have not yet been printed; numbers of brilliant tales and chapters from novels in progress have appeared over the years in Israeli newspapers and periodicals, but have not yet been published in book form.

Because Schocken Books has been providing Agnon with a combination of an annual stipend plus royalties, he has been able to consecrate a lifetime solely to writing and reading, a position which few Hebrew writers enjoy. But Agnon is by no means a public figure. He is neither lecturer, teacher nor critic. He scorns symposia, conferences, conventions, the entire social paraphernalia of the literary life exclusive of the creative act itself.

Besides the works discussed, Agnon has written several shorter novels and hundreds of tales about life in Central Europe, Poland and Palestine, and most recently with the holocaust theme. His total works, honored by Israel's highest literary awards and prizes, comprise eleven volumes, eight of fiction, three of nonfiction. One of the latter is a by now classic anthology, *Days of Awe,* a collection of high holiday legends, customs and stories, drawn from 300 ancient and modern religious texts. This volume is studied prior to and during the Rosh Hashana-Yom Kippur period

DON CARLOS, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Alone! Who does not know the meaning of
alone? Granted, there is a world outside,
houses and streets are wet,
people run in and out of cars.
In the story sung on the air
each character is in the end alone.
A Spanish prince still loves the woman
who has become his father's bride.
A conquering Court attends the saving
of fallen Christians at the stake.
Although one hears a lofty gloria,
the prince in prison chains cries out,
betrayed, he thinks, by the one he loved
and by the friend in whom he believed.

Does it really help that being alone
is one condition shared by all?
The drama off-stage is no less complex.
Although one may assume that
disparate parts that do not always lock
in place are woven by a common thread,
the burden is not lessened for all that.
Not lessened by bewildered heads
and muffled cries, nor by the fact
that the sky's been agitated all day long,
that men in raincoats stumble across
slippery roofs, and that the very air
is dense with wriggling bacteria
which show up under a powerful glass.

ARTHUR GREGOR

and has been accorded semi-sacred status by some communities of Jews.

Agnon's frequently quoted statement that he does not read is obviously an ironic pose (as is his supposed naïveté) which journalists cannot penetrate. Agnon's reading is wide; his memory prodigious. He has mastered Hebrew as well as European literature; the former has influenced his language and imagery; the latter his aesthetic form, and he is as much at home with the sages and Hasidic rabbis of Jerusalem as with the freethinking intellectuals.

Agnon has become a classic in his own lifetime. In his nearly sixty years of writing he has realized that adherence to literary tradition which for Western writers has often been a quixotic ideal. By artistically fusing language and narrative, mythos and theme, Agnon has reconstructed a complete civilization and probed the uncharted areas of the 20th century's riven soul.

A New England Saint

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE. *By Austin Warren. University of Michigan Press. 231 pp. $6.*

NEW ENGLAND SAINTS. *By Austin Warren. University of Michigan Press. 200 pp. $3.75.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

It is not the unassuming character of these small companion volumes but their quality of scholarship that accounts, I think, for their having been insufficiently noticed. Certainly they merit the closest attention. Their author is an eminent critic whose substantial earlier work is current and formative in graduate literary study, and the books themselves treat matters of central importance to the understanding of American character and experience. Unlike most works of scholarship, however, they are direct; they confront and testify. For the deepest source of their scholarship is in the scholar who, as he says of Emerson the self-therapist, addresses the New England in himself and has assimilated and earned his tradition by writing about what he needs to sustain him.

Although they are historical in scope and biographical in nature, richly learned yet spare in exposition, these books are also autobiographical (they give us the author more than any of his books) and personal (intended to reach out, touch, confer). Such fruit of scholarship is the true harvest of a life notable for the virtues of love, care and wisdom. In these books one encounters the teacher so conspicuous in the annals of New England, one of "the literary inciters to the good life."

The good life with which Austin Warren is concerned is the abundant life of the spirit fulfilled in joy. Bravery of spirit is demanded to achieve it, and those who strive to do so are "saints": "My saints are, none of them, canonized; but they are, whether priests, and of whatever 'communion,' men I recognize, and celebrate, as those to whom reality was the spiritual life, whose spiritual integrity was their calling and vocation." This vocation, clearly, involves the urgent conscience—in fact, the books, *The New England Conscience*, published this year, and *New England Saints*, originally published in 1956 and currently available, are joined in the first paragraph of *New England Saints*, where we are told that the New England character "owed obedience first to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; then to Duty, 'stern daughter of the voice of God,' with conscience as relentless director." In *A Recognition of Austin Warren*, recently published by his students at the University of Michigan, he says: "To be born a lamb —do you call that a saint? We have dragons, lions, and tigers in ourselves."

New England Saints is a hagiography designed for instruction and edification. Some of the essays in it were first printed in the 1930s, but the book has the intrinsic unity of the author's constant interest and the formal unity of comment by various saints on one another. It includes studies of the early New England poets and parsons, and of such prominent figures (spiritually representative men) as Alcott, Emerson, Father Taylor, the elder Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, Irving Babbitt and John Brooks Wheelwright. It also covers the large spiritual movements of four centuries.

The essays have various excellences: that, for example, on the 17th-century poets is a fine summary appreciation of the poetry, and especially its Baroque aspects; that on Alcott is unusually fair and responsive; and those on Babbitt, under whom Warren sat, and on Wheelwright, whom he knew, are generous, because perceptive and exact tributes. Other essays—with *The New England Conscience* in hand, and on second reading—have the force of prefiguring later themes and of speaking profoundly for the author. The essay on the orthodox parsons (neo-Calvinists like Emmons and Hopkins, the "intellectual sons" of Edwards) celebrates a life of learning, ability and goodness, a laborious life not unlike the academic life that Austin Warren has lived. He says of Emmons: "Instead of seeking preferment to Andover or Boston, he educated and saved Franklin, Massachusetts" (this recalls his self-characterization as "an apostle to the midwest"), and when he explains the continuity of teacher and disciple and the way in which the parsonage served as seminary, one remembers his regard for students as "seminarians," young people to be ordained, if found worthy, in "the literary priesthood."

The essay on Emerson portrays a mind like his own, psychologically acute, unacademic, fearless; and the central point of the essay—that "Emerson learned to bear his frailties tolerantly"—looks ahead to one of the lessons of *The New England Conscience*. The essay on the elder Henry James expresses the author's need "to surrender myself to my fellows, and lose myself in the Lord"; that on Norton, an "apostle to the gentiles," his awareness of responsibility to the community and belief that the "higher" is always the more liberal education; and that on Father Taylor, the most genial and anecdotal, his wish to speak "the truth in love" and be "full of joy in the Lord."

The New England Conscience is a manual of conscience and a critique of an entire culture—an argument with the conscience that was one source of its strength, which the author has personally relied on yet knows must be tempered. Like

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New England Saints its lessons apply to contemporary life, both public and private. It has a tighter formal unity, for the essays, written for this purpose, are "case histories," in a double sense, of the pathological or sick conscience. The book charts the change from suffering for conscience, as in the instances of such men of action as Bradford, Winthrop and Garrison (a throwback in this respect), to suffering from conscience, as in the early instance of Wigglesworth, and in those cases described, not necessarily suffered, by such 19th-century authors as Hawthorne, Henry James and Mary Wilkins. Or one might better say that the book pursues the sick conscience, that fussy, overexacting, scrupulous, dutiful servant of Moral Law; and tries to educate it by making it responsive and responsible to consciousness.

Austin Warren is himself a spiritual director of the kind he praises in the essay on Fénelon (*New England Saints*). Among his prescriptions, inevitably general here, are the following directed to an ethics of possibility. Duty is overcome by assimilating it to the requirements of vocation, by willingly making it one's own —in F. H. Bradley's words, "my duties on the *inside* answer to due functions on the outside." The conscience is "unhealthy and unhistorical" when it separates itself from "ritual and communal regulations" and doesn't sufficiently respect the outer, for it needs the support of community, the continuity and moral heritage of human history. An imperative need, enjoined by Baron Friedrich von Hügel, is to "move out of yourself, let in God." And especially now, when the New England conscience has survived its earlier functions, its health requires "pleasure, graciousness, joy, love."

Generous with others, Austin Warren is not so generous with himself. He knows that scrupulosity is "partly disease, partly sin"—the sin of pride—and for himself he cannot be satisfied with the "good temporary therapeutic" of humanistic ethics. Of Bradley's ethics, which is his example, he says: "the transcendental, the romantic, the heroic, the religious aspects of ethics have disappeared." The difficulty, and grandeur, of his own moral striving is represented in his attitudes toward Jonathan Edwards, the most saintly and revered of his saints and the prime mover of both books. He admits that Edwards' notion of virtue is not ordinary but supernatural and demands a superhuman effort, yet Edwards' "disinterested benevolence" is what he most desires to achieve —a moral goal, that of all writers on Edwards, he best enables us to understand. He speaks, in the essay on Fénelon, of his own need "to become really humble" and to "love God for Himself alone"; and both books function for him as a discipline of love.

Like Fénelon, who was "spiritualized by adversity," Austin Warren has written books whose effect, with gentleness, is "to humble the intellectually proud and to make all learning nothing save as it ministers to spiritual growth." His religion is ecumenical; his faith, as he says of Hawthorne, is in " 'accepting the universe'—in humility, in loyalty to persons and principles, in love." Spirit and love, the fullness of being, radiate these books which livingly transmit a heritage and give that increase, always rare, "of real wealth, of culture, of character, of influence."

Burke's Other Life

TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE: Being a Series of Epistles, or Declamations. *By Kenneth Burke. University of California Press. 219 pp. $4.95.*

WILLIAM H. RUECKERT

A professor of English at the University of Rochester, Mr. Rueckert is the author of Kenneth Burke and the Drama of Human Relations *(University of Minnesota Press) and* Glenway Wescott *(Twayne).*

Kenneth Burke is one of our great native speculative thinkers. He is an authentic Yankee and belongs, as George Knox has obliquely suggested in his book on Burke, to the Emersonian tradition. Though Burke has mysteriously refused, for nearly ten years now, to release *A Symbolic of Motives*, a book that may well rank with Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* as one of the few original works of literary theory to be written in English since World War II, he has not been inactive or quiet. He has lectured and taught all over the country; he has been to the Center for Advanced Studies in the Behavioral Sciences; he has written a great variety of essays which have been published in journals representing many disciplines; he has had one new book published, *The Rhetoric of Religion* (1961), and another, *Language as Symbolic Action,* this season. Two or three of his other projects are now in the works.

Burke has also been getting back into print, and the occasion for this review is the republication, after thirty-five years, of his novel *Towards a Better Life.* One is grateful to the University of California Press for making it available again not only because of its intrinsic worth, which is considerable, but because it will make better known Burke's often forgotten, even unknown, other life.

In addition to this novel, Burke's other creative works include: *The White Oxen and Other Stories* (1924); *Book of Moments: Poems 1915-1954* (1955); "The Anaesthetic Revelation of Herone Liddell" (1957), a long story published in *The Kenyon Review*; "Prologue in Heaven" (1961), a play which serves as the epilogue to *The Rhetoric of Religion*; a second book of poems, which will probably be published in 1967; and numerous unpublished (often unwritten) songs. As is often the case with things written away from the center of a man's major achievement, these works are very important to Burke. They are serious, necessary endeavors—symbolic acts in Burke's sense of representative and therapeutic verbal action. Burke has said, for example, that he wrote many of his poems so that he could locate and analyze his own image clusters; and both the novel and the long story clearly derive from, record, and fictionally cope with traumatic events in Burke's life. They reveal Burke in a way that the critical, speculative books do not; and the later works, especially, remind one constantly of the fundamental, cranky humanity and earth-rootedness of Burke and his system.

Burke belongs to what is now a well-established American tradition: an experimental, often dissenting, counterthrusting tradition which, since Emerson, has given American literature one of its distinctive characteristics. Like Conrad Aiken's *Ushant,* for example—Burke's novel has a strange, mixed form. It is a lyric novel which consists, as the subtitle says somewhat contrarily, of epistles or declamations. But the epistles are all unsent letters and the declamations are self-addressed oratory. In one sense, then, the whole book runs counter to the subtitle and reverberates with a profound and deliberately achieved irony of effects. The style is rational, elegant and civilized—almost 18th century—a tour de force in the pure creation of effects, as if the book were merely a technical exercise in virtuoso performance. But Burke's manner is a kind of masquerade, a dance of artifice, which masks a grotesque inner life of great violence and brutality. This dialectic of doubleness is everywhere evident in the novel: in the title; in the divided self of the protagonist, John Neal; in the paired opposites of men (John Neal and Anthony) and women (Florence and Genevieve); in the two basic settings; and in

the irony of counter-effects mentioned above.

From the language of doubleness, then, must come the terminology for any full discussion of *Towards a Better Life*. Polarity, punning, dialectic, otherness, transitional, role playing, acting, drama, irony, ambivalence, ambiguity, paradox, division and rebirth—these are some of the terms one would have to use to apprehend and render the substance and specific life of this lyric novel. Such completeness is not possible in a review; all I can aim for is a brief hortatory rendering of what Burke might call the "gist" of the book.

The novel is about John Neal's progress toward a better life, about his movement away from one kind of self, which is negative and clearly defined, and toward another kind of self, which is positive and only vaguely hinted at. At the center of the novel, controlling the logic of its development, is a purgative and incipiently redemptive pattern of experience. What must be purged are those things in John Neal which make him unable to obey the imperative punningly contained in his name. Burke drives John Neal through a series of terrible reducing experiences, burns him down until all of Neal's other selves have been seared off, and some basic irreducible core remains. It is a painful process and brutal in its cumulative effect. The title seems to have only a cruel, mocking bearing upon the material being presented, until, in the last three chapters, John Neal kneels—spontaneously recognizes otherness—and is ready for the rebirth which will enable him to begin moving toward a better life.

As I read it, this is what the novel is about. However, the form of the last chapter—entitled "'Testamentum Meum' *Jottings*"—is such that another plausible interpretation is possible. Many of these jottings begin without capitals and are fragments of thoughts. They suggest by their form that, to quote two of them, John Neal is "lapsing into the unformed" and that he is considering "death by one's own hand." Though there is no specific overt suicide to resolve the plot, the last sentence of the novel ("Henceforth silence, that the torrent may be heard descending in all its fullness") suggests that John Neal is speaking of an ultimate silence. According to this other view, then, the logic of the inner form of the novel is not reversible and requires that John Neal go mad and/or commit suicide. (The ending is ambiguous enough to permit either or both readings.) John Neal is thus punished for his sins of pride, and both they and the character enacting them are completely eliminated by Burke. This, of course, leaves a great emptiness at the end; John Neal can then only be understood as a negative example of the title, and the novel as a whole must be understood, somewhat ironically, as pointing the way toward a better life by showing one how not to get there. I have always preferred (and the evidence supports it) the other more hopeful (and Burkean) reading in which the character is retained so that the title may be applied directly to the possibility of John Neal's renewal.

Burke wrote this novel at a time of deep personal trouble and at a point of change in his own development. This, too, is in the novel and gives it another kind of doubleness. Thoughtful readers in 1966 are too sophisticated—thanks in part to Burke—to take the novel solely upon its own terms or to heed too seriously Burke's pronouncement in the "Preface to Second Edition" that "in the last analysis, a work of art is justified only insofar as it can give pleasure." Burke's whole critical system, which liberated so many of us from the emptiness of aesthetic dilettantism, instructs us otherwise. No man is really willing or able to put himself into a systematic critical work in quite the same way as he will put himself into a fiction because the disguises of fiction make certain things possible which are otherwise unthinkable. What we have in *Towards a Better Life*, then, is an entrance into an early phase of Burke's other life, where one encounters an early and other self of great complexity: the actor who later formulated dramatism, the rhetorician who later became the rhetor, the stylist who later became rather less readable, the artist who became critic. It it a pleasure to have those presences with us again.

Games of the Poet

RIVERS AND MOUNTAINS. *By John Ashbery. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 62 pp. $3.50. Paper $2.45.*

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

John Ashbery's *Rivers and Mountains* brings to maturity the work of an important modern poet who hasn't yet been given anything like the attention he deserves. Ashbery is a difficult poet: though he always seems to be talking about something specific, we never know quite what it is, and though his quick, unexpected shifts from tone to tone, feeling to feeling, always seem to have their own necessity, this necessity is never explained in the customary ways. These new poems are less opaque than his earlier work, but they remain a fusion of the hermetic and the obvious; their syntax is disjoined; their rhythms, though at a new level of development, are slippery, underplayed, and even confusing; their language is indulgently lush, and yet oddly reflective and dispassionate. All this has gotten him classed with the *avant-garde*. But the fact is that Ashbery's delicately sophisticated manner bewilders almost everyone. Except for a group of young poets in New York, among whom he's currently much in vogue, his work is scarcely acknowledged.

Ashbery has written two other books: *Some Trees*, a collection written under the influence and patronage of Auden, and *The Tennis Court Oath*, which comes as something of a jolt after the suave polish of *Some Trees*. Less than half its poems are intelligible in any ordinary sense, and even these—which rather mock the influence of Auden—are packed with lines like "when he'd had he would not had he of" that jump off the page like a screech of static. About the other poems in *The Tennis Court Oath*, one can say only that

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some are more unintelligible than others. It seems the book was written partly under the influence of the theories of both collage and action painting—Ashbery is also an art critic. Thus, the book's longest but by no means best poem, "Europe," is interlarded with passages chosen at random from what appears to be a boy's adventure novel. (Has anyone ever noticed that the sentence structure of the late Franklin W. Dixon, creator of the Hardy Boys, is exactly that of most pornography, rippling as they both do from one adjectival thrill to the next?)

Thus, though his style is scarcely "spontaneous," Ashbery follows the action painters at least to the extent of claiming for the process of finding his own poetic voice a value quite distinct from the value of the results, "as art." Though "Europe" has moments of a scrappy, lost, but real beauty, it is unsatisfactory as a poem—it is in fact hardly a poem at all, but the poetic notebook of a man living in Europe, cut off from the nourishment of spoken English, and trying to keep the tonalities of the language fresh in his ear despite this impoverishment. As such, the poem shows a certain strength of purpose: that of a poet who will use only language that's still alive for him, and who is—like the disenfranchised deputies who vowed not to give up until they had a constitution—standing firm in the midst of confusion, scavenging the rubbish of language in search of a voice.

The progressively disintegrating poetic in *The Tennis Court Oath* inconclusively records this search. The completed works of art in *Rivers and Mountains* vindicate it. The book's first poem—which I think can be read as Ashbery taking stock of himself—announces with unexpected determination:

Much of your time has been occupied
by creative games
Until now, but we have all-inclusive
plans for you.

In their rather precious context, these lines are startling because they declare a determination to rise to a level of artistic seriousness that Ashbery otherwise keeps hidden behind a veil of playfulness and arcane self-indulgence. He is among a group of artists—it includes Raymond Roussel and Ronald Firbank—who never quite seem fully serious about their plainly serious art. Like them, hiding things is one of his themes; like them, he loves the convoluted, the cryptic and the frivolous. He builds his toy crystal palaces with enormous care, but at any moment they are likely to come tinkling down, poked in by an attack of his quiet petulance. One poem in *Rivers and Mountains* is only a vehicle for the name of every river the poet can think of. And yet this principle of play and concealed intentions—which in the earlier work often seems to be merely a game—has been given a certain profundity in *Rivers and Mountains.*

Each moment
Of utterance is the true one; likewise none are true,
Only is the bounding from air to air, a serpentine
Gesture which hides the truth behind a congruent
Message. . . .

This odd, delicately evasive sense of the poetic "moment" and its intensity—"that drenched every instant of that being"—lifts Ashbery's work into the realm of true seriousness. Ashbery's commitment to the "moment" is never abrupt; he is never intense in the obvious sense; he will never give you a bang. Instead he plays the force of a momentary intensity against the slow rhythms of meditation and extraordinarily nuanced turns of feeling. His effects are cumulative; it is sometimes amazing what forceful "moments" he is able to generate from the webby substance of the poems. The sudden "drench" of feeling that makes his work so strong is slowly prepared, and it is especially strong for being so underplayed, as it is in this typical ending:

I prefer you in the plural. I want "you,"
You must come to me, all golden and pale
Like the dew and the air.
And then I start getting this feeling of exaltation.

I don't know of any other contemporary poet who can draw out so elegantly and to such length what are, after all, only isolated eruptions of momentary lyric intensity. Among other things this enables him to write what few moderns can write: long poems that can be taken seriously. Easily the best poem in *The Tennis Court Oath,* "How Much Longer will I be Able to Inhabit the Divine Sepulcher . . ." already gives promise of this, even more than does the longer "Europe." It moves tentatively through numerous idioms: from what sounds like an early Romantic trying to imitate the Elizabethans, to the talk of little boys hiding under the porch, to an attempt at self-explanation, to alternately raw and veiled decadence, and ending with a sudden consolidation of them all:

Am I wonder,
Strategically, and in the light
Of the long sepulcher that hid death
and hides me?

Rivers and Mountains contains a long poem as extraordinary as "Europe" is questionable, even though it is something of a companion piece to "Europe." "The Skaters" seems to me the most successful long poem written by an American since Berryman and Lowell wrote theirs. But it is entirely different from the work of these older men. They both relied on narrative to keep things going; both used the rather narrow idiom of an ordinary monologue. Now, there are some elements of narrative in "The Skaters": the poet is considering taking a trip, and he goes on vacation; he talks about his "exile" in Europe and the life of Americans in Paris.

But what happens is entirely secondary to Ashbery's extended, discontinuous meditation on himself, his art, and on the problem of writing a long poem—that is, on the problem of sustaining an intuition through a long process of abrasion in "reality," of maintaining an emotion through the complicated activity of ordering it, exploring it, and bringing it to permanence. And in this poem, Ashbery is far more the virtuoso of language than the older men are; his touch is infinitely lighter. To be sure, he does not explore his idiom as systematically as they do, but what he lacks in system he gains in his astounding swiftness of modulation and his unfailing sensitivity to the odd, unexpected language and rhythms that best fit the constantly changing webs of feeling that the poem brings to order. And this same lightness allows him to bring an astonishingly large and totally disparate array of images into simultaneous focus. There is nothing else in English like it—Allen Ginsberg's comparison of Ashbery to Pope will hardly suit so romantic a sensibility. "The Skaters" and the rest of *Rivers and Mountains* put John Ashbery among the finest poets now writing.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

A sort of home-team spirit has developed among us in regard to the APA-Phoenix Theatre. The APA (The Association of Producing Artists) has maintained its permanent company under Ellis Rabb since 1960, the greater part of its career having wisely been spent outside New York. It was adopted here by the Phoenix Theatre which since 1953 has struggled to establish a popular price organization committed to the presentation of worth-while, chiefly standard, "classic" plays. The joint venture endeared itself to the public with its productions of *Man and Superman*, *War and Peace* and most emphatically with *You Can't Take It With You*.

Now the APA returns to the Lyceum Theatre with two items from its "old" repertory: *The School for Scandal* and Pirandello's *Right You Are*. The town—particularly the daily press—has acclaimed them. In part this may be construed as an oblique rebuff to the upstart and more pretentious Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center whose productions at the Vivian Beaumont have thus far failed to please. A more legitimate reason for the APA's advancement is that its essentially modest performances are pleasantly within the scope of its company's capacities, as well as within the audience's comprehension. (Shaw, for example, is by now more acceptable than Brecht; a schematized Tolstoy and an ever-agreeable Kaufman are easier to take than Büchner or Sartre.) So if New York is to have a repertory company—one that has worked faithfully while enduring neglect, one moreover that has risen from obscurity—the APA must be the public's and the press's choice. What else, after all, is there?

The School for Scandal is a perennial delight. Its theme—the pleasures, absurdities and bloodshed of gossip in polite society—is ever fresh. Its writing sparkles with canny good humor, its spirit is wise, its construction solid.

The APA production begins dully; it grows livelier as it proceeds, but there is a lack of real zest, of effervescence, throughout the first half. The settings are on the drab side, the costumes generally unbecoming. Very little of the acting is bad but the only bit of ingratiatingly sustained playing is done by Keene Curtis as Sir Oliver Surface. We hear all the text except when Dee Victor, in an effort to keep up the required rapidity of delivery, becomes indistinct. There are cute though slightly hokey pieces of stage business in Ellis Rabb's direction and acting.

At the outset, Rosemary Harris as Lady Teazle forces her characterization too much. (This may have been due to opening-night tension.) In the later scenes her natural charm and soothing sense of fun make amends for our initial discontent. Helen Hayes gives us Mrs. Candour, the bitch of the bevy, rather more like a provincial American housewife than a lady of 18th-century London high society—a society which was literally "select" because it constituted a very confined circle immersed in a sea of filth.

Despite my reservations I was pleased to see Sheridan's play once more. It shines on Broadway today like a good deed in a wicked world.

The audience's taste for the APA's program is best illustrated by *Right You Are*. Written in 1917, the play was first produced with Edward G. Robinson in New York by the Theatre Guild some time in the twenties. It was thought to be esoteric, and for that reason was presented at first at special matinees only.

The audience today consumes it like candy. The production is thoroughly lucid: each point is neatly made, each movement, gesture, characterization in Stephen Porter's direction well defined. The setting by James Tilton is pleasantly trim and the acting altogether without ambiguity. This is Pirandello without pain.

Right You Are (or literally translated from the Italian *It Is So, If You Think So*) is a comedy, but a Pirandello comedy. It plays an intellectual game with a story wrought from anguish. Its philosophic purport is that we cannot know one another, we cannot arrive at the truth in any matter involving the individual mind. We hardly know the truth even about ourselves. Every person sees us in a different light and we remain unknown to ourselves not only because we are in a state of constant change but because we assume different masks for social convenience.

This thought is no longer vitally impressive, but Pirandello was the first to dramatize it—most brilliantly in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. He was the first in the theatre to split the atom of the human personality so that in a sense *character*, a coherent whole with its own inner logic, dissolves.

Pirandello wrote play after play on this theme, most of them intriguingly ingenious, a few of them so strained that they verge on tedium. What holds one's interest most of the time is the melodramatic and necessarily unresolved mystery that Pirandello unfolds. From this dramatic pattern and its concomitant psychologic conundrum he wrings a kind of bitter mirth. The Pirandello "trick" might not engage us if it were not for the subjective suffering from which the pattern emerges. This combination of elements makes Pirandello the pioneer in modern drama of the "tragic farce," the precursor of theatre of the absurd.

No production which fails to retain this duality in Pirandello's work can be said fully to represent him. The APA eliminates the play's hysteria and thus reduces it to the grasp of a simple-minded audience. It is flattered by its easy absorption of a "metaphysical" play which has now become a sort of witty suspense show.

In this vein, the production is entirely satisfying. Helen Hayes follows the director's line loyally and expertly; Sydney Walker is more convincing here than in any of his previous roles. But neither stirs in us anything beyond a respectful assent. There are no surprises: Donald Moffat is crisp, Patricia Conolly is sharp, Anita Dangler in a bit part is funny. A sense of cordial give and take ("ensemble") prevails.

Cabaret at the Broadhurst is a show stunning in its ugliness. Based on John van Druten's *I Am A Camera*, itself the dramatization of one of Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, it is intended to provide a musical comedy impression of the atmosphere of that town shortly before Hitler's advent.

It was a decadent period and *Cabaret* purposes that we enjoy the spectacle of that decadence. This is not a misconceived plan, for no matter what we may think of it now, Berlin of the late twenties and early thirties was glamorous. What decayed was an active, complex, sophisticated, cultivated and feverish society. Decay has an aura and where its ingredients are as humanly rich as they were in Berlin the aura glows in hectic hues of an infernal allure. The period produced Erwin Piscator, Ernst Toller, Bertolt Brecht, Georg Grosz, Hanns Eisler,

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Kurt Weill, Ernst Lubitsch, Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich and a host of other artists, actors and entertainers whose various poisons gleamed in the night, smacking of heady and honied wickedness.

The authors of *Cabaret*—book by Joe Masteroff, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb—had a mine of material to steal from. (The creative artist is always a prime plagiarist.) But *Cabaret* does not afford even a parody of the period. Its tone approximates that of *Sweet Charity*, which has made something of a real style of Broadway jingle-jangle. In *Cabaret* very little is successful beyond the box office. Its decadence is the thinnest sort: that of our night clubs.

Sally Bowles and her lover (now an upright, normal American) become in *Cabaret* subsidiary in interest to the honest landlady (an incipient Nazi in van Druten's play) and a gentle Jewish storekeeper. The lyrics, except possibly for the first one, *Welcome* (in a medley of languages), are flat, the score gratifies the ear momentarily only when it quotes from old German tunes, the choreography is ineffective except in its occasional grotesquerie, abetted by Joe Grey as the M.C. "*Les* girls" have been chosen with an eye to their thighs rather than to any other portion of their person.

The fabled Lotte Lenya, our heiress of the period, would still be good if she had occasion to display her own tart contemptuousness, but as the benevolent landlady she must act "nice" and though she never loses her directness this quality alone is not sufficiently fascinating. Jack Gilford, always engaging because of his innocence, has a role without much humor, and humor is the greater part of his gift. Bert Convy sings acceptably. Jill Haworth plays Sally Bowles. In the original, Sally was a pathetic and shockingly spoiled waif in deliberate flight from the stuffiness of English respectability. Miss Haworth is brassy. But in shiny black décolleté her back is beautiful: credit where credit is due.

The triumph of the evening is Boris Aronson's scenery, greatly enhanced by Jean Rosenthal's lighting. He seems to have done the work that should have been done by the whole production staff: writers, director, choreographer, cast. His central setting, the cabaret, is a hot spot, burning in low flame within walls of intimate and insidiously suggestive red, surrounded by the sickly window lights of a depressed town. The boarding house and particularly the friendly Jew's fruit shop breathe a cozy air; they are a little tired looking, quaintly tender with a love of homely beauty which barely recognizes its modest appeal. Boris Aronson's work is never mere ornament; his designs are in themselves a text.

UPON SEEING A FRIEZE OF GREEK MARBLES

They ride their hard bodies through the stone,
Their eyes scooped out, and mouths heavy
With a shattered stillness. An ocean of bitter
Sunlight has been hungry for them. The brown
Marble whose life they are, has fought them
Like a need to kill these riders trapped
Inside it, with their cold survivals that
Trail over the earth.
Men ride into the stone
Who have outlived their gods; and this life
That flows through me like a hungry gift
Follows them in the dream, in search
Of that image that will gather it in,
As a woman takes the closed body of her man,
And makes it sing.

PAUL ZWEIG

Still the fact remains that *Cabaret* invites us to enjoy what it presumably aims to mock and denounce. This makes for a show which, to use the title of one of its numbers, is (in the Yiddish for the thoroughly unattractive) a *Meeskite*. All that remains to be said is that judging by the applause and the full houses at $12 for an orchestra seat, the audience is enraptured.

Here is a paradox: I couldn't for a moment "believe" in *Cabaret*, which deals with supposedly serious matters, but I "believed" the nonsense of Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water* at the Morosco. The latter is an anecdote about a caterer and his family from Newark on a visit to a small Communist country. It takes place in an American embassy considerably less "real" than a military musical. How then can I speak of "believing" in such light-headed stuff?

There are funny lines and situations which spring from the reality of odd-ball, carefree, boozy conviviality. Let us tell jokes, helter-skelter. If one of them flops—and a number of them do—we tell another to compensate for the brief lull. Thus: "Years of insanity," shouts the exasperated caterer at the play's frazzled juvenile, "have driven you crazy."

Lou Jacobi speaks such lines as if his life depended on them. For him they contain the most profound truth. He is convinced that their genial foolishness will make life worth living! Thus he wins us. Beside him stands his dryly tolerant but never conceding spouse, played with impassive, nasal tenacity by Kay Medford. The always inept and therefore thoroughly likable ambassador's son, disastrously devoted to diplomatic maneuvers, is engagingly played by Anthony Roberts. If you are prepared to spend a goofy evening at the theatre, *Don't Drink the Water* will serve. It made me laugh on the *right* side of my face.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

There are few spaces of urban character—as distinct from parks—in this country where one can sit in the sun unassailed by the stench and noise of automobiles. New York's Rockefeller Plaza comes to mind and it is often cited as a phenomenon, possible only in a city with millions of people.

But sitting on the Plaza of Lake Anne Village in tiny Reston, Va., can be equally satisfying. The visual setting is rich and varied. A curved wall of town houses and shops hugs a space focused on an amusing walk-in fountain. One end of the space opens to a calm body of water confined by steps, quays, boat landings, and the eye glides along more row houses to come to rest on a 15-story tower. The tower complements the widening of the lake, which itself sports a 50-foot water jet that recalls Geneva and other cherished memories. Lake Anne is one of seven villages planned for Reston, the New Town of developer R. E. Simon, that lies 18 miles west of Washington, and close to the monumentally dead Dulles Airport.

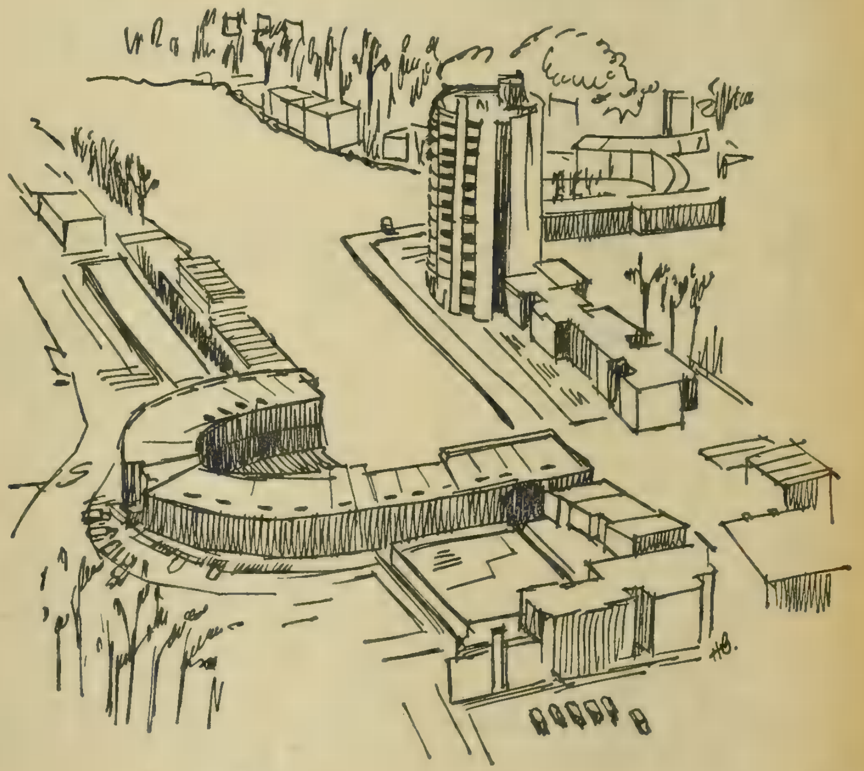
It is axiomatic that an urban space is successful if its shape and scale elements encourage the casual convergence of people and stimulate spontaneous interaction. Such a space provides a "theatre" in which people are both spectators of activities and are seen as actors by others. This reversible actor-audience relationship is one of the secrets of "urbanity" and fulfills a basic psychological need often ignored in discussion between the champions of the efficient city and the formalists. The dearth of such urban spaces is one of the shortcomings of the bedroom-suburbs, one reason for their dullness.

Last summer I was sitting on Lake Anne Plaza, enjoying my drink and taking stock of the visual elements that provide a complete pattern book for urban designers. The space was well used. Handsome young people passed, entered shops or pulled boats along the basin. Chairs under umbrellas were filled with tourists, including Washington bureaucrats entertaining minor foreign statesmen. It seemed incredible that all this activity could occur in the center of a village with an actual population of little more then 1,000 people. Seeing my notes, a jovial man came up and introduced himself as a builder who was putting up a "regular kind" of subdivision not far from Reston. He wanted to know whether I intended to buy a home in the area. In return I asked him what he thought of Reston. He confided that he comes mainly to check on Simon's sales. The architecture made him uncomfortable. "Disneyland," he said, "Simon's folly." I countered that children would be happier in Disneyland than in Levittown. He remained unimpressed. "You can't build more then one such place around here. Simon has captured the entire screwball market," and there can be no demand for another such town since most people want the familiar split levels, ranches, colonials. People who want Europe can take a trip. I wondered whether it had ever occurred to him that people "want" the usual suburb because they have been shown little else. Thus the pioneer deed of Reston may be to expose visitors to a mode of living where buildings are closely clustered to leave generous expanses for recreation, instead of the monotonous spread of identical lots.

Apparently many people think of the New Towns as a newfangled and imported fad like miniskirts and Beatles. Yet the idea has a venerable lineage: New Town policies were practiced in imperial Rome and imperial China, in medieval Europe, as well as in the Americas, until the frontier was settled. In fact, interest in New Towns shows a cyclic pattern and we seem to be approaching the zenith once more, after a slow rise since Ebenezer Howard's "Garden City" proposals of 1902. Although the United States leads in the world phenomenon of suburbanization it lags in the development of wholly planned New Towns, being outdistanced not only by Great Britain, Sweden and France but also by the Eastern bloc countries. The USSR alone has built more than 800 New Towns, four of which have already grown to populations beyond half a million. Unlike their European counterparts the American New Towns are built by private enterprise. There are in the country at present fifty to seventy-five totally planned communities in some stage of design or construction, but few of them would qualify as New Towns as the term is currently understood. Ideally, New Towns are balanced communities that provide jobs for the job holders who will live in them, although some commuting in and out of town is acceptable. Among U.S. developers 6,000 acres seem to mark the limit between a large subdivision and a New Town, and this corresponds to a population of between 60,000 and 100,000 people. The optimal size of such communities is constantly re-evaluated, generally upward. In 1902 Howard considered 32,000 inhabitants the ceiling, but today this is thought far too small a group to support basic facilities like a college or hospital. No less then 100,000 people may be needed to sustain a culturally self-contained New Town, although some planners still favor smaller communities. Constantinos Doxiades, the most influential Greek urbanist since Hippodamus of Miletus, prefers 50,000 people and argues for a complex of only 1,000 acres, the center of which can be reached on foot from any point within ten minutes—as in most historic towns. By comparison, the largest American New Town, Irvine Ranch in California, will spread over 93,000 acres.

In the United States the most rewarding area for the study of New Towns is the Washington-Baltimore conurbation, where at least four can be found in advanced stages of planning or development. The area is one of the fastest growing in the nation, but credit must also be given to Washington's "Year 2000" plan, which proposed an orderly pattern for the growth of the capital along radial corridors separated by green "wedges" and actually pinpointed the desirable locations for New Towns. Among these, Reston enjoys the publicity advantages of a head start, but already its architects, Whittlesey, Conklin and Rossant, are working on plans for a second venture near Germantown. On the same "corridor" as Germantown, the Baltimore firm of Rogers, Taliaferro, Kostritski & Lamb is building Montgomery Village, named thus modestly because it will accommodate only some 35,000 people. The most interesting social experiments are being pursued in the creation of the New Town of Columbia, halfway between Washington and Baltimore, and planned by the Community Research, Inc., of William Rouse.

In my next article I shall use Columbia as a basis for examining some problems in the social planning of New Towns. The example of Reston lends itself better to a



SALT

"If the salt hath lost its savour
wherewith shall it be salted?"
—Matt. v. 15

The ocean is salt and the waters
of the womb. Sweat is salt, and tears. Pure
salt was poured in sacrificial slaughters

by high priests of Israel. Salt was the cure
for and against corruption of spirit and flesh,
salt sprinkled at baptism and burial to make sure

that Satan would be reticent. Scots kept their mash
from the taint of witches by seasoning the malt.
In Athens, Attic salt gave sage discourse its dash.

My love: Ours was not *"a covenant of salt,"*
therefore I rub salt in our common wound
to scourge us for our kindred sins and kindred fault.
You rowed me up Salt River; but I'm on dry ground.

ISABELLA GARDNER

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discussion of land planning and design approaches. With respect to the "Year 2000" plan, Reston is slightly off one of the corridors proposed for intense development and is located in a green-wedge area. Here R. E. Simon assembled 7,180 acres of beautiful wooded land for $1,900 an acre (considered rather high by other developers). Of this land, 1,600 acres have been set aside for parks and recreational use; the remaining area will accommodate 75,000 people at the relatively low density of fourteen per acre. The novel concept of Reston is to provide recreation within the town area. The home owner or apartment dweller will, so to speak, live in his own country club. This eliminates 20 per cent of vehicle trips, and the provision of employment within the town area will reduce essential movement still further. Each of Reston's seven villages will have a distinct character, developed from a hobby or a topographical feature. The first village has its lake; new centers are planned around a golf course, a riding stable, a natural amphitheatre, a hill and a valley. Such organization will give identity to each village but the juxtaposition of villages needs an additional unifying concept. Therefore, high-density housing will not be concentrated in one area, but will form "sinews," continuous linear patterns connecting the nodal villages. These sinews will provide an overall structure for the town, and offer visual guidance. One major discontinuity will remain, since the Dulles Airport access highway cuts Reston in half; it will be difficult to tie the segments together.

A variation of the "sinew" concept is proposed by the same architects for Germantown, where high-density housing will form a ring around central open spaces that contain a community campus and research complex for education and employment. According to Conklin, Reston will provide housing for all income levels, but thus far the population is fairly homogeneous, since houses are priced between $22,700 and $47,500. This deprives the town of some of the dynamism provided by the tension and contrast of a greater income spread. Simon now awaits FHA approval to lower mortgage rates and broaden his market. Meanwhile, tourist traffic contributes to the liveliness of the center and helps to support the shops and such extras as the art gallery.

Reston's land planning offers so many excellent ideas that one wishes the developer and town full success, and is reluctant to criticize any part of it. Yet I find some aspects of the design disappointing. The architecture has been praised as boldly adventurous; to my regret, I find it timid, quaint and eclectic. Lake Anne Center is certainly an enjoyable space, but from its scale and crowding of detail it appears miniaturized. My builder acquaintance was unfair when he called it "Disneyland," but even to me its scale recalls the Belgian Village of Robert Moses' World Fair. This toy quality is what makes it irresistible to children. The buildings around the center, by Whittlesey & Conklin, are the best in Reston. They are coherent both in design and in the use of material, a specially baked buff brick. A critic praised this group as having captured a "truly Georgian" spirit. That is perhaps an achievement, but nothing that is "truly" Georgian can also be "truly" contemporary. Lake Anne Center is a reformulation in modern guise of favorite patterns of the past, an eclecticism that is even more evident in the various housing clusters built by other architects. Chloethiel Smith's colorful town houses along the lake are pure "Portofino." Lou Sauer's cluster at the golf course is faintly Scandinavian. The more austere group by Charles Goodman is a sort of neo-Corbusian. And there is no aesthetic control over individually designed homes. No one should object to visual variety, but at Reston there is no affinity between the various clusters; it lacks the kinship that in historical towns ties together buildings of different vintage.

Far from being adventurous, the grouping of houses is timid. The cluster principle is old hat and there is here nothing to compare with the convincing novelty of the best recent foreign housing schemes—the Swiss terrace housing with cooperative units overlapping one another, the tightly packed patio houses of Halen, or the — admittedly expensive — experimental houses being built for the "Expo" in Montreal. On the defensive, Conklin said that "the range of freedom of planners and designers, although real, is more limited by the nature of society than is usually admitted." Does this mean that our society yearns for eclectic urban design? Does it mean that Reston offers the most adventurous housing that the American market will tolerate? I hope that the subdivision entrepreneurs can be proved wrong and that in subsequent New Towns the range of architectural freedom will extend to housing that projects the future to complement housing that conjures up the past.

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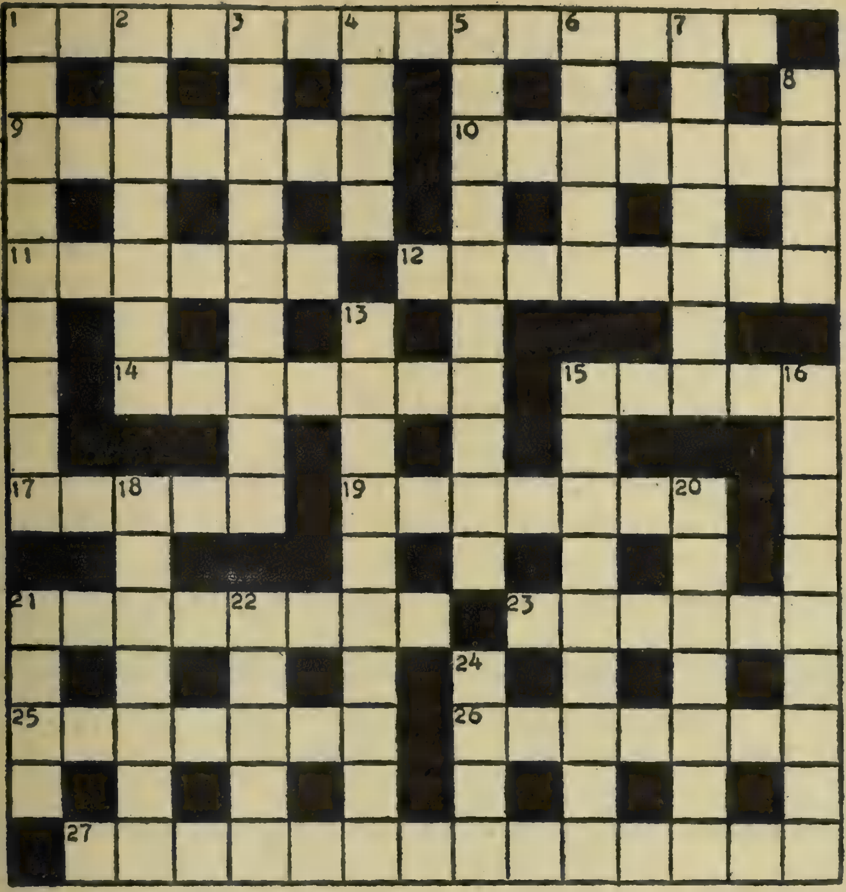

ACROSS:

1 Its members might be qualified in case the implication is to forbid contact. (3, 11)

9 and 24 It's unusual for them to be held up in traffic, but they might be difficult to get in to. (7, 4)

10 Operated in the gear shift according to plan. (7)

11 Relatively unblooded? (2-4)

12 Helps do a flower arrangement? (8)

14 Does it depend on Sandy's belt, at times? (7)

15 How Blake came down the valley? (Some notables are on board.) (5)

17 Brinks makes gradual progress. (5)

19 Isolated poetically from a linseed distillation. (7)

21 Worried weather-watchers might, but it could prove a spectacle. (8)

23 Not common in a first-class car, certainly! (6)

25 Well-browned sailor on a blast? (7)

27 Some women pick up their good habits from them. (5-9)

DOWN:

1 Scram before the change is due? (One might find it a blessing.) (9)

2 and 21 down Gangfights with refreshments? One might not have been expected to really stand out in them! (6, 5)

3 Grain superintendent, or his subordinate? (5, 4)

4 and 26 It's the little things that show both chances for success and ultimate goals! (4, 3, 4)

5 A bit insane — confused, at least — obviously not all there! (2, 8)

6 Likely to be an out-of-date brand. (5)

7 Dew, upon settling, it might be admitted. (5, 2)

8 Not phoney money to some oldtimers. (4)

13 Pulls up after getting the sign to go, as golfers might be headed? (10)

15 The animal with fuzz? You might know one as a shepherd. (6, 3)

16 Gives out and passes around Sir Patrick of ballad fame. (9)

18 Millet associated, or might one pick up a little wheat stock? (7)

20 Political leader just about tried to be elected, but got a jail term! (7)

22 Gets ready before the fire, and puts a lot of things on. (5)

24 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1178

ACROSS: 1 Paris green; 6 Calf; 10 Lapdogs; 11 Trotski; 12 Ugly; 13 Black Arrow; 15 Seethed; 16 Susanna; 17 Tunisia; 20 Prussia; 22 Rhetorical; 23 Enid; 25 Trifles; 26 Fulsome; 27 Digs; 28 and 14 Not long for this world. DOWN: 1 Polyunsaturated; 2 Repulse; 3 Show; 4 Resoled; 5 Entices; 7 Also-ran; 8 Fair wear and tear; 9 Potassium; 18 Needing; 19 Ariosto; 20 Playful; 21 Send off; 24 Plan.

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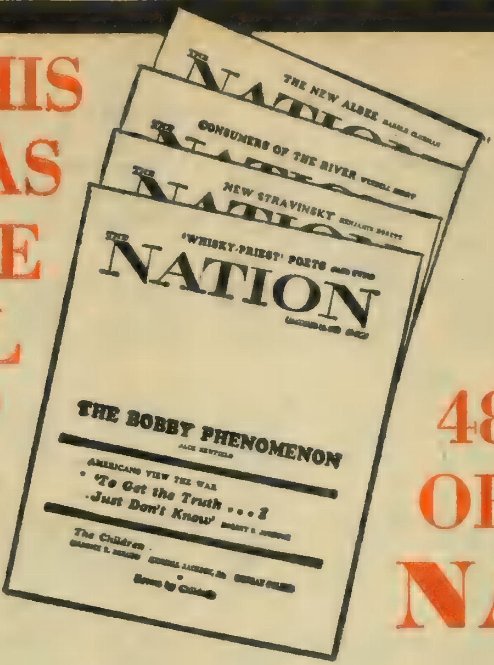

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LETTERS

what Bundy demanded

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: The pretense at scholarly objectivity is too often a cloak for unscholarly license. A case in point is Theodore Draper, a typical "anti-Communist" who was the leading apologist for the government's position on Cuba. Draper found himself on the side of the angels in the Dominican intervention, more I suspect because he felt there really was no Communist danger there than because he is against intervention per se. But in the process he tried to indicate that there were some "good guys" in the government (like McGeorge Bundy) who sought a "softer" solution. This would make the intervention a "mistake," rather than part of an inherently false policy.

In *The Nation* of May 2 I published an article which detailed an understanding between a Dominican Social Christian leader, Dr. Antonio Rosario, and Jose Figueres of Costa Rica, who acted as intermediary with the White House. The understanding provided that some Communists would be sent into voluntary exile, along with top rightist military leaders, and the United States would withdraw.

"But by the time McGeorge Bundy came to Santo Domingo to implement this understanding," I continued, "it had been twisted beyond recognition. Instead of voluntary exile for the Communists he demanded that they be incarcerated in concentration camps. And instead of removing the Trujillista officers simultaneously, he agreed only to sending out the two most hated of them, Wessin and Rivera Caminero."

Draper took sharp exception to this statement, particularly the remark on "concentration camps." Then, after rebuking me—he wrote letters to a number of people, including Rosario, to check the facts!

Here is how Draper summarized Rosario's reply in an attack on me in another publication: "On the main point at issue, Dr. Rosario admits that he cannot vouch for Mr. Bundy's alleged demand for concentration camps because he was not in Santo Domingo in this period and has no first-hand knowledge of what went on in the negotiations with Mr. Bundy."

I have a copy of Rosario's letter, and it says just the opposite of what Draper implies. After confirming as "completely correct," "also correct," etc., other points in my article, Rosario says that while he was not in the country at the time, he did hear "commentaries" confirming what "Mr. Lens, the writer, refers to in the fourth paragraph on page 521 of *The Nation* of May 2nd [the paragraph quoted above] . . . *I should tell you that many serious Dominicans feel Mr. Bundy did make the demand which Mr. Lens attributes to him.*" (Italics added.)

In Santo Domingo last September I talked with two or three other well-informed men, including a former member of the reactionary Reid Cabral government, who similarly confirmed that Bundy had made this demand.

Sidney Lens

bread and butter

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I was very much interested in Francis Pollock's comments on the troubles I ran into while producing the *South African Essay* television programs for National Educational Television ["Junkets to Apartheid: America's Press on Safari," *The Nation*, Nov. 7]. His list of American journalists who accepted invitations to visit South Africa as guests of that country's Information Service (SAIS) helps me to fill in some of the

(Continued on page 686)

EDITORIALS

The Spirit of '67

President Johnson has moistened his finger and thrust it aloft. The wind blows toward the right. When Mr. Johnson was the candidate for the Presidency, he avowed his undying admiration for Franklin D. Roosevelt; the wind then blew leftwards. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Johnson was insincere at that time—his subsequent domestic legislative program attests to his sincerity. But first and foremost he is a politician, and this is 1967 coming up. Neither the 1966 election returns nor the current polls indicate an irresistible swell of voter enthusiasm for Mr. Johnson and his entourage, and there is always the Vietnamese War which, barring a near miracle, will not make the sledding easier as the new year becomes old.

Yet, though the war will continue to be a political liability for the Democrats, it also affords chances for political maneuver which Mr. Johnson simply cannot overlook. In the New York *Daily News* (December 3) Jerry Greene, the paper's astute military analyst, remarks on one such opening: "No agency in government affords anything like the opportunity for financial hanky-panky that the Defense Department has to offer." The hanky-panky is not only financial but it can be used to take the heat off Secretary McNamara, who stands in relation to President Johnson somewhat as John Foster Dulles stood in relation to President Eisenhower. One of the outstanding facts of political life in Washington is the unpopularity of Mr. McNamara in the halls of Congress. In a way, the dislike of many Congressmen is to Mr. McNamara's credit: he explicates amiably enough, and tries hard to be modest, but he has made many a legislator look like a fool. But this is incidental. A lot of Republicans and Southern Democrats resent Mr. McNamara's spending practices, which are those of an honest hawk and efficiency engineer, eager to get on with the war and reluctant to spend for the sake of some Congressman's prestige or popularity in his home district. The new military budget will make concessions to these offended members. At the same time it can be justified to the voters on the ground that we are at war and must not let the boys down. The arms budget can be almost anything that Mr. Johnson decides to ask for, and the tax hike that is almost certainly in prospect can be justified in the same way. This is a triple play: deflect the Congressional lightnings from stout McNamara, make the escalating military budget look reasonable, and increase taxes while making protests seem unpatriotic.

So the trend to the right is inevitable. But what of the liberal Democrats, what of the Great Society, what of Sargent Shriver and economic opportunity, what of Bayard Rustin and A. Philip Randolph beseeching for a $185 billion "freedom budget" to "eliminate" poverty over the next ten years? They won't get $18.5 billion on account in 1967, that is certain. Nor will the mayors appealing for aid to the cities be invited to the LBJ Ranch to publicize their needs. It is economy-minded Republicans like Everett Dirksen and Gerald R. Ford (economy-minded when it comes to welfare) who now enjoy the Presidential hospitality. The liberal Democrats can bite their nails at home.

There is danger for the President in this move toward the right, and no doubt he senses it. Once before, in 1960, the liberal, urban segment of the party ditched him in favor of John F. Kennedy; and now Robert Kennedy sits in the Senate and makes headlines. But the danger is in the future, and the difficulties resulting from the recent elections are now. Whatever recriminations and troubles may follow, the President's course for 1967 is clearly set.

The Dearborn Referendum

By the tacit agreement of almost everyone running for office last November 8, Vietnam was the unspoken issue of the campaign. In just one city—Dearborn, Mich.—the electorate was given a chance to say explicitly how it felt about that distant slaughter, still not dignified by the name of war. A referendum placed on the ballot there asked the voter: "Are you in favor of an immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, so the Vietnamese people can settle their problems among themselves?"

Of those voting, 78 per cent answered the question, 14,133 saying "yes" and 20,621 saying "no." In other words, 40 per cent of the voters in Dearborn who expressed a view oppose the killing in Vietnam—so much so that they support a proposed course of extreme unilateral action.

To some extent, the referendum reflected a class vote. In predominantly working-class precincts the "yes" vote varied from 40 to 51 per cent; in wealthy precincts it went from 30 to 40 per cent. The highest "no" vote, 70 per cent, was cast in a precinct where apartment house dwellers are in a majority. The residents there are for the most part engineers, teachers, librarians; many of them are not married. Looking at the referendum returns from the various areas in his city, Mayor Orville L. Hubbard said: "Where the cars are the shiniest and the homes the nicest and the children fewest, it gets the most 'no' votes. The burden of the war falls on the homes with the most children."

How did the referendum get on the ballot in Dearborn, a middle-class city with a reputation for conservatism and preoccupation with the problems of the automobile industry? It was Mayor Hubbard's idea. Hubbard, who has held his office for twenty-five years, is an ex-Marine and a man given to patriotic utterances on public occasions. He is also not a man of unparalleled saintliness: he runs a hard-boiled political machine, and the Michigan Civil Rights Commission has accused him of promoting racism. But Vietnam is more than he can swallow. He has been quoted as saying: "If I were a young man I would rather spend three years in prison than fight in Vietnam." Mayor Hubbard, it can be seen, does not lack political courage.

The Vietnam referendum received heavy coverage in the press of the area, and on election night Walter Kronkite gave it national publicity. It was indeed a newsworthy event. Can anyone recall another occasion when almost half of an American community advocated that American troops remove themselves without delay or guarantee from the field of a battle? This sentiment will rise as the gold stars proliferate across the country. President Johnson has already made the United States the loneliest country in the world; the day is perhaps not distant when he will perceive that he has become the loneliest man in America.

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well [illegible] their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: **The Nation** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION Volume 203 No. 21

The Draft Run-Around

It is quite a spectacle to see Secretary of Labor Wirtz and Secretary of Defense McNamara reacting to the draft with the impatience and lack of deliberation of placard-carrying collegians. Intelligent men in responsible positions do not participate in protest marches when they are frustrated by inaction; they make public speeches of high imagination and low practical content.

In the past few weeks, Mr. McNamara has spoken out for a lottery as the solution of Selective Service inequities, and Mr. Wirtz has publicly proposed an extension of the "alternate-service" idea to cover all young people. The fact that they are still testing ideas rather than executing them or framing new legislation gives one the uneasy feeling that the attack on the problems of the draft still has no focus. Unhappily, even modest solutions have eluded the normal processes of government for some time now.

¶ In the spring of 1963, Congress passed an extension of the Draft Act with almost no deliberation or debate.

¶ In September, 1963, President Kennedy revised draft priorities to cut down some uncertainties, but it was quickly evident that this was tinkering with the apparatus rather than reforming it.

¶ In the fall of 1963, a highly constructive set of hearings by Senator Clark's subcommittee on employment and manpower showed that military manpower policies should be part of a national manpower policy; nothing seemed to come of the suggestion.

¶ In January, 1964, a Kennedy-appointed task force recommended that the draft apparatus be used to identify rejects early enough for rehabilitation. After almost three years of desultory Executive action, Secretary McNamara finally announced this fall that the armed forces would try to rehabilitate 80,000 first-round rejects per year.

¶ In the spring of 1964, criticism of draft policies by a group of Congressmen caused President Johnson to commission a top-level Pentagon study of the feasibility of an all-volunteer armed forces. The study took a whole year to complete and was not made available to Congress for yet another year.

¶ Early in 1966, the pressure of the fighting in Vietnam once more brought the draft itself under fire. Congressmen who wanted action were referred to their own House Armed Services Committee, which did nothing for four months until the public outcry finally forced the committee to review the status of the draft. The hearings provided a public forum for new ideas, old gripes, countermeasures and reforms, but at the end of June it was announced that no legislative action would be forthcoming.

¶ Meanwhile, Secretary McNamara was stirring hope for some sort of Executive action with his support in May, 1966, of the idea of universal national service. The hope was dampened when President Johnson appointed a new commission to study the plan and report by January 1, 1967. The formation of the Marshall Commission also served neatly to undercut the House hearings, which promptly folded. But then in December the House Armed Services Committee announced that its own advisory panel was studying the subject, presumably for the purpose of giving Congress a position on the draft independent of Presidential recommendation.

¶ Of all the dissatisfaction brought out at last June's hearings, Selective Service Director Hershey seemed most concerned by the suggestion that young men were escaping the draft by staying on in graduate school. He thereupon ordered draft physicals for those over age 26—in apparent conflict with the Pentagon's preference for draftees under 20.

¶ Now, while the Marshall Commission is studying and Congress is waiting to hear from its panel, Secretaries Wirtz and McNamara are still floating trial balloons.

And so goes the perennial draft run-around. Why should the reform of Selective Service be so hard to manage? Probably because the people think Congress is responsible, while Congress thinks it has provided enough leeway for Executive action. The President thinks the Director of Selective Service is in charge, while the latter supposes that all he has to do is to keep the machinery ticking. Nowhere in this chain of responsibility is there any clear provision for a vigorous, imaginative and continuing oversight of Selective Service and a persuasive articulation of its purposes and forms to an increasingly restive public.

It is time for President Johnson to order a reorganization of the administration of Selective Service so that it will be more sensitive to changing times and public opinion, and so that responsibility for changes and reforms will be much more clearly delineated. Until that happens the draft run-around is likely to continue.

The Lost Agency

Whatever happened to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission? It was set up under the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to administer Title VII, designed to ban discrimination in employment because of race, religion, sex or country of origin. The history of the commission so far offers little hope that these objectives will be achieved.

First, Congress permitted one year to elapse before Title VII could take effect. This was to give the Administration time to "gear up" for the job. The President did not appoint commissioners until May 10, 1965, less than two months before the provision was to take effect. On July 2, the commission opened its doors with only a partial staff and no clear definition of policy.

Last May 11, the commission chairman, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., resigned to try his luck in New York State politics. Stephen N. Shulman was not named to replace him until mid-September. Obviously the commission was still running in low gear.

Richard A. Graham, appointed for one year, left on July 2 when his term expired. Then Mrs. Aileen C. Hernandez of San Francisco resigned. Mrs. Hernandez had given every promise of energetic action. She holds a B.S. in political science from Howard University and an M.A. in government from Los Angeles State College. She has been a teacher, research assistant and publicist for the West Coast Region of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. As a commissioner, she was earning $26,000 a year, and her appointment was for five years. But she quit after serving only fifteen months.

Mrs. Hernandez departed because she was losing her self-respect. In a then confidential memorandum to her fellow commissioners in September, and in later communications, she asserted that the commission "has not been working as a coordinated team" and that it has not been as aggressive in certain areas as it might have been. The backlog now totals 81,500 cases, about one-third concerning sex bias. President Johnson never acknowledged Mrs. Hernandez's letter of resignation. The President's personnel adviser, John Macy, telephoned, saying that he wanted to discuss the matter further, and that was the last of it. The EEOC is now short two commissioners.

Job discrimination is of vital importance in the whole civil rights movement. Some unions and a considerable segment of management are reported to be eager to eliminate discrimination. Many managements, in the South especially, have real problems with their employees. They need guidance. They have not been getting it, although the commission is said to include some capable staff people, eager to get on with the job.

The basic trouble is in the Executive office. The commission has never as a group met with the President. That is only a ceremony, not a substitute for work, but it has symbolic importance and its neglect is also symbolic. Given adequate funds and capable, energetic people, the commission has great potential in the civil rights field. It deserves the support it has not been getting.

More Furor at Berkeley

Once again the University of California at Berkeley has been in an uproar, with perhaps as many as 5,000 of the 27,000 students staying away from classes (on December 1) and the local and campus police battling student (and nonstudent) demonstrators. The only one who is in a position to gain by the disorder is Governor-elect Ronald Reagan, who has a characteristically simple remedy.

"No one is compelled to attend the university," Reagan argues. "Those who do attend should accept and obey the prescribed rules or pack up and get out." Editorial opinion in general backs up this concept of an absolutist university administration. Chancellor Roger Heyns is commended for "firmness," as if a militant stand on the part of the administration were, in itself, any more a cure for a deep-seated malaise than militancy on the part of the disaffected members of the student body.

Amid all the clamor, the *Daily Californian* makes some sensible points. The administration should never have allowed the Navy to set up a recruiting table at the student union. This was a location where nonstudents are not allowed to set up informational tables, and an angry protest was sure to follow. The protest, however, could have taken a more sensible form. The objecting students should have set up an anti-military table nearby, and the next move would have been up to the administration. Instead, picketing of the Navy installation gave the administration an excuse for calling in the police.

Neither side proved itself capable of "acting in any situation where there is no immediate gratification of immediate confrontation." The *Daily Californian* applied this specifically to the campus radicals, but it is equally true of the administration which, one would expect, might show more moderation than its young opponents.

Underlying this particular fracas is the movement for more student participation in university government. At Michigan, students resolutely insist on a say in certain phases of administration. California and Michigan are the two liveliest campuses in the country today, and City College of New York is not far behind. Public attention should be focused not on the histrionics of these situations but on the serious issues behind all the sound and fury.

A Year of Peace

As in previous years, the War Resisters League now offers for sale a 1967 desk calendar which presents on pages facing the calendar pages a splendid collection of poetry dealing with peace and brotherhood. The cover drawing is by Ben Shahn, the preface is by Kenneth Patchen, the verse was compiled by Scott Bates. Copies at $1.50 each (five for $7) are sent postpaid in the United States from the League's office, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

SINGAPORE

ONE-PARTY DEMOCRACY

ALEX JOSEY

Mr. Josey has been a free-lance correspondent in the Far East for the past eighteen years. He is the author of Socialism in Asia *and* Trade Unions in Malaya.

Singapore

It seems that the Republic of Singapore, Asia's new state, is going to have a single-party Parliament (the People's Action Party), with no opposition, at least until the next general election, sometime before the end of 1968. All the Barisan Sosialis Members of Parliament, the total elected opposition, have resigned (except for two who have gone underground: curiously enough they were given leaves of absence by the Speaker), and in a recent by-election involving three constituencies, three People's Action Party candidates were returned unopposed. Both the Singapore Alliance (a right-wing party which barely exists), and the Singapore United Malays National Organization made excuses for offering no candidates (UMNO is not yet legally registered anyhow); the small Party Rakyat (extreme Left) and the independents, collectively and individually, remained sensibly silent. This means that in a House of fifty-one, the PAP now occupies forty-four seats, with five seats vacant. The government can order by-elections to fill them whenever it feels inclined; there is no time limit.

The only other country I know of in this part of the world whose Parliament consists entirely of popularly elected members from a single party is the Kingdom of Cambodia. To keep his ministers on their toes, Prince Sihanouk, the Cambodian head of state and leader of the Cambodian People's Socialist Party, insists upon having a shadow cabinet named and ready to take office should the existing cabinet falter. This is not possible, even if desirable, in the Republic of Singapore, where President Yusof is above politics, and Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew considers his real challenge to come from the secret Malayan Communist Party which has an underground movement in Singapore.

The Prime Minister would prefer to have a tough, constructive opposition in Parliament, but the Barisan Sosialis (which the government says is a Communist front) has announced its intention, instead, to take the struggle to the people in the streets—thereby, remarked Lee, committing political suicide and inviting jail if its members become lawbreakers. Dr. Goh Keng Swee, Minister for Defense and Internal Security, promptly warned he would "wallop" them if they used violence. Since then, starting on the eve of President Johnson's visit to Kuala Lampur, more than thirty Barisan leaders have been put into prison without trial.

Does a one-party Parliament mean that democracy in the Republic of Singapore is finished? Not so long as there are provisions for elections at which voters may reject the PAP by supporting other candidates. Not unnaturally, the PAP government says that no other candidates are available at the moment because they all know they would be defeated by the PAP. The government claims that by and large, the people of Singapore are satisfied with the state of things. Critics may argue that the public is forced into acquiescence by the highly efficient propaganda machine which the present government operates, including radio, television, an abundant weekly supply of Ministry of Culture free public film shows, and magazines in four languages; and by the PAP government's expensive public service arrangements which include handouts to the poor and aged, well-run community centers (television, cooking classes and other facilities), the People's Association (all kinds of sports), the Work Brigade, the Leadership Institute, and so on. Lee Kuan Yew's brief answer would be that if the PAP government were inefficient or oppressive, the people would very quickly seize all opportunities, including by-elections, to chuck it out of office.

And I would say also that they are not very much interested in parliamentary democracy. They want good government. They want an outlet for protest, and they have it. Both the party organization and the government invite complaints and criticism, and when these are brought forward they are always most carefully considered. The Prime Minister has issued a standing instruction to all civil servants that letters to the press must be answered by a responsible official of the department under attack. Thus, the Commissioner for Inland Revenue, N.V. Casey (an Australian), is a fairly regular participant in the correspondence exchange of the national newspapers: income tax is as unpopular in Singapore as it is anywhere else.

Some observers contend that the PAP's integrity and efficiency, supported by a monopoly of all propaganda media, has been largely responsible for the single-party Parliament, but that the party did not seek this situation, and does not particularly like it. There are other factors. For one, there is not much room on this small island of 2 million people for more than a single good non-Communist party. Lee Kuan Yew's brand of socialism is so embracing that progressive employers find it as acceptable as do the trade unionists. Nowhere in the state are there serious injustices, areas of intense discontent, which demand remedy and which other parties or pressure groups might exploit. That is partly why the Barisan quit Parliament: its members found to their chagrin that cunning Lee Kuan Yew always appeared to have covered every aspect of every problem in advance of complaint, leaving them scant material for criticism. Besides, they realized that their parliamentary speeches would inevitably be cut drastically to "fit safely" into the radio's parliamentary report. Knowing the Communists well, having worked with them when the PAP was a united front against colonialism, and being in addition a brilliant debater, Lee has been able to dominate the House so completely that the Barisan saw his eminence as another reason for getting out. In brief, they were no match for him. By any standards, they were a poor opposition. Dr. Lee Siew Chou, the Barisan leader, lost his seat in the 1963 elections. He was known in Parliament for his marathon and very dull speeches.

While the PAP is not acutely worried about a single-party Parliament, its leaders have thought it well to explain their views on the matter. They have issued a statement saying that now that the Barisan has abandoned its constitutional role of opposition, "it becomes the responsibility of the government to act as its own critic. But the ultimate test of any system of government is whether it continues to give the people a better life and a secure future. There are far more serious problems ahead for Singapore to tackle than the antics of Barisan Sosialis street mobs. The police will look after that. It is to problems affecting our economic and political survival that the government, Parliament and people should now devote their serious attention."

In a talk to the Democratic Socialist Club at the University of Singapore, S. Rajaratnam, the Foreign Minister and party theoretician, said Singapore's problem "is not whether the people are free to elect a government of their own choice, but whether they can be relied upon to elect an effective opposition." He added that interested Independents had pleaded with the PAP not to contest certain constituencies. Save democracy, they cried, by letting others win a by-election or two. The Foreign Minister confessed he had never heard of this test of democracy before. In practice, he said, it meant that democracy in Singapore was the right of all political parties to contest elections except the PAP because they would win them all if they did. But what about the wishes of the voters? This new concept of democracy ignored them. What is democratic about compelling the voters to elect an opposition candidate when they would prefer someone from PAP?

Mr. Rajaratnam suggested that Parliament lacked an opposition because political parties in Singapore have never studied their potential strength in that role. In the past, every political party concentrated upon being a governing party. But in a democracy, a political party has a dual role: to be a potential government and also an opposition. "Until you start thinking deeply about that aspect of the problem, I say we are not going to have an opposition ever." Mr. Rajaratnam considered that the Barisan Sosialis was a natural opposition to the PAP, but went wrong by being exclusively destructive, as well as by espousing indefensible causes. Nobody was interested. "Consequently the Barisan have reduced themselves to a street gang."

In principle and practice, the Foreign Minister considered an effective parliamentary opposition necessary; he doubted that one would emerge in the next general election, but thought it might in the election after that. He gave an assurance that the PAP was not going itself to create an opposition by leaving constituencies uncontested. "We will fight every election and concede victory to an opposition which has got the mettle, got the guts, got the intelligence, to outwit us. Then they deserve to inherit from the PAP."

Backbenchers, meanwhile, are being called upon to ask questions and to go through the motions of moving reduction in votes to permit debates. This does not produce an interesting Parliament, and any government which has to rely upon academic criticism instead of the fierce challenge which makes ministers wince and do their homework is bound to get complacent, if nothing worse—even though in this case the specter of the Malayan Communist Party may hover outside the House.

But real problems can be self-agitating, and they exist without an opposition. Lee Kuan Yew does not give the impression that he considers an opposition in Parliament a current necessity, as long as the Republic of Singapore continues to be a developing state in a troubled area which includes Vietnam and China. What is provided in Singapore is sound government, opportunity for public protest, and facilities for the peaceful removal, should the people demand, of the government of the day. The Prime Minister is well aware of the dangers of success. His attitude is that single-party Parliament has happened, and the PAP can cope with that situation.

DRIVE: Teamsters in Politics

TERRY ELIOT TORNEK

Mr. Tornek, a senior in the Woodrow Wilson School for Public and International Affairs, Princeton University, worked last summer with the DRIVE program.

The Teamsters' union, more often feared than frightened, is worried—and with good reason. It is not Bobby Kennedy or the National Association of Manufacturers that scares the largest trade union in the world, but an anti-labor Congress. The Teamsters' answer is DRIVE — Democrat Republican Independent Voter Education.

Historically, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters made a point of avoiding politics wherever possible in the years of the New Deal and up into the 1950s. Teamster presidents Tobin and Beck had excellent relations with their counterparts in the White House, but the union rank and file was never organized politically. However, after the passage of Taft-Hartley (1947) and Landrum-Griffin (1959), Teamster leadership realized that it would have to make the presence of its vast membership felt in the political balance or risk losing benefits painfully won over the years.

Convinced that Congress has a consistently anti-labor bias, the Teamsters decided to fight punitive legislation through effective lobbying and highly visible political activity at the grass-roots level. These two operations are interdependent, for the desires of a single organization are expressed through lobbying, which in turn has its greatest impact when supported by votes.

Landrum-Griffin forbids the use of union funds in federal elections, an imposing financial handicap for DRIVE. In the last two years the Teamsters seem to have found the answer—"Operation Checkoff." Since union meetings are not generally well attended (save at contract time) DRIVE goes directly to the people on the job. The selling approach is simple and direct. The solicitors review the benefits the men derive from their union and then explain that Congress can sweep these benefits away at any time. This past summer Congressional efforts to quash the airline strike provided a particularly vivid illustration of the threat posed by an anti-labor Congress.

The next step is to explain the function of DRIVE. The men are told that as DRIVE members they will receive a copy of the *DRIVE Reporter*, a magazine designed to tell them who their friends really are in Congress, explain the effect that pending legislation may have on their jobs and families, and keep them apprised of what DRIVE people in Washington are doing to safeguard their interests. It is emphasized that no one will try to order them how to vote, that DRIVE is partisan only to labor, that it is not wedded to the Democratic Party and that in fact one of every three candidates it endorses is a Republican.

Regarding disbursement of the funds being solicited, the men are told that half the money will remain with their local DRIVE chapter to support pro-labor candidates of their choosing, conduct educational seminars, and finance motorcades to Washington. The other half goes to National DRIVE to pay for the magazine and other educational material and to support field workers.

The program is presented as a cheap form of insurance—protection against loss of desirable union benefits through political means. The DRIVE agents make clear that the program is purely voluntary, but it sells well. More than 90 per cent of the men who are approached join up.

Once the members sign the authorization slip, $5 is automatically deducted from their wages annually (hence "checkoff") unless they revoke the authorization. This fee entitles the Teamster to a family membership—a fact of great importance, since it is the Teamsters' wives who really make the program go. DRIVE was kicked off in 1961 through a series of thirty-two luncheons given around the country by Mrs. James Hoffa, and today DRIVE

Ladies' Auxiliaries (DLAs) outnumber DRIVE chapters by 140 to 128. Why this emphasis on women? Sidney Zagri, Teamster legislative counsel, lobbyist and DRIVE executive director explains: "150 determined women can elect or defeat any Congressman." DRIVE relies on the women to staff local political programs because the men may not be enthusiastic about canvassing or manning telephones after driving a truck for eight hours, while their wives have both the time and the inclination to participate in this type of activity. They feel that they are helping to safeguard their husbands' livelihoods and protect the welfare of their families. Also, DRIVE activities are designed to have social as well as political appeal: bake sales, potluck suppers, dances, etc. And there are the motorcades.

DRIVE motorcades have brought 15,000 Teamster wives from forty-two states to Washington, D.C. The women arrive via bus or airplane (making it a jetcade), are handed a fat fact book on pending legislation which may affect them and their families, are primed with questions and turned loose on their Senators and Representatives. The effect can be devastating.

Consider the plight of the hapless Congressman, who has voted "wrong" 90 per cent of the time, when he is confronted by ten or fifteen irate Teamster wives. They are all from his district, all registered voters, all familiar with his voting record and pending legislation, and all unhappy about his past performance. Later, when Zagri comes to see him about a particular piece of legislation and informs the shaken lawmaker that there are several thousand more DRIVE members, all registered voters, in his district, he may re-evaluate his position. At the least, he will be more attentive to Zagri's presentation.

Vice President Humphrey has said the motorcades were the greatest lobbying job he had ever seen, and at the Teamsters' convention in Miami last summer films showed nine Senators congratulating the ladies on a job well done. Such testimonials indicate the importance of the motorcades as a lobbying device, but their impact on the female participants is even greater than on the Congressmen visited. When the Teamsters' wives return from Washington, they are filled with enthusiasm for DRIVE and are living advertisements for the program. They have been to the capital and actually talked to their Congressmen and Senators on equal terms. This gives them stature in the eyes of their home-bound girl friends, who want to know how they too can get to D.C.— thus recruiting new volunteers.

Yet the junkets are not an unqualified success. Motorcade participants may be enthusiastic about DRIVE when they first get home, but the enthusiasm wanes quickly. This happens to a large extent because a program designed to hold their interest has not been sufficiently developed, and it raises the broader issue of DRIVE's overall problems.

Despite Zagri's emphasis on coordinating grass-roots field activity and Washington lobbying, the fundamental difficulty confronting DRIVE is the split between national and local forces. With the notable exception of the motorcade program, where national and local interests mesh beautifully, there is too little coordination between Washington and the field. For example, the local people may endorse a challenger for a Senate seat when Zagri has established excellent relations with the incumbent, or they may ignore his request for a letter-writing campaign or a new educational program.

Part of the difficulty arises from the very newness of DRIVE. Though started in 1961, it has begun to pick up steam (through checkoff) only in the last year or two, and is still clearly in its formative stages. One reason for this limited development is lack of funds. The checkoff is well received, but it does not produce a huge bank roll, and the millions of dollars sitting in the Teamsters' treasury are of no value to DRIVE, thanks to Landrum-Griffin. The program must operate with a skeleton crew. Zagri yearns for an education director, a membership director, a motorcade coordinator—people to whom he could delegate responsibility while himself retaining overall control.

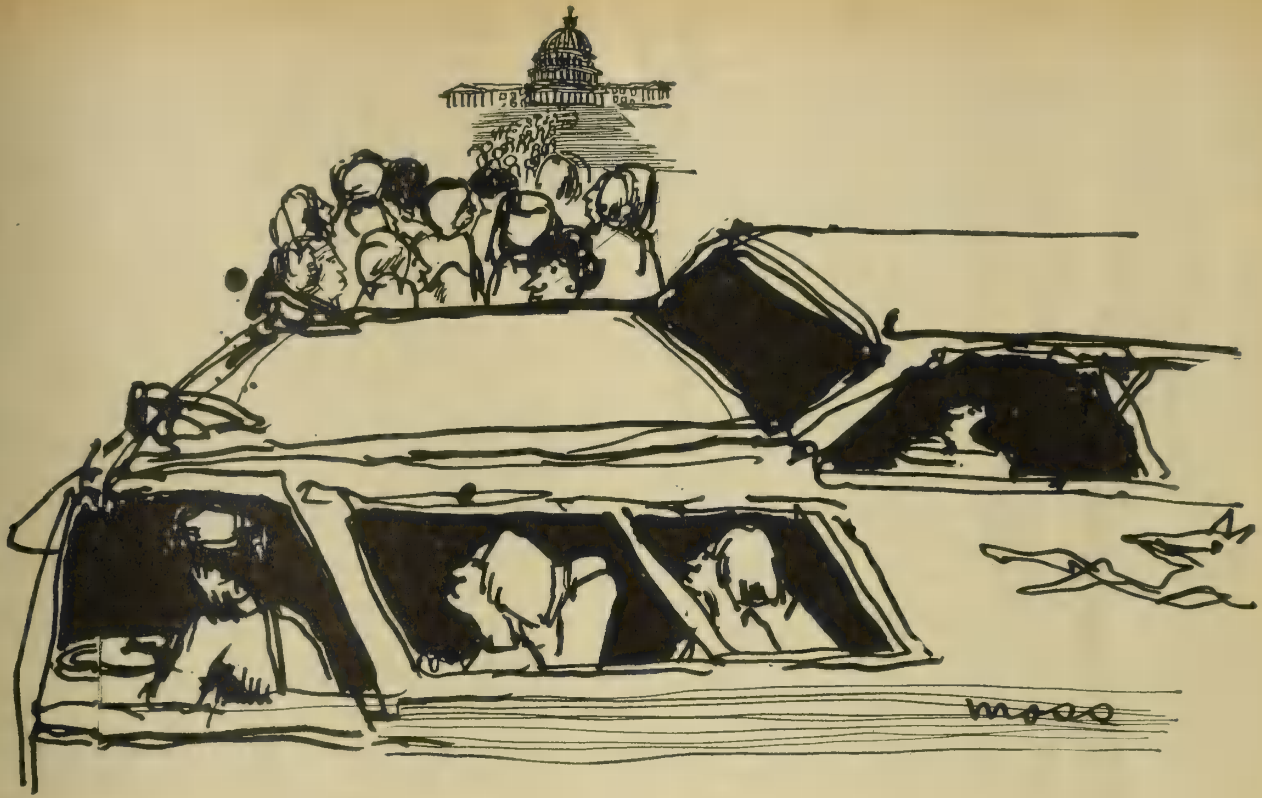
The result has been a crash program for new members and more money. But absolute numbers and the dollars they represent are not an accurate measure of DRIVE's success. There must also be thorough follow through in the form of steward and DLA seminars, more motorcades, voter-registration drives—programs that will hold the interest of new members. In the long run, the tactic of "five bucks and good-by" may alienate more people than the money is worth.

Underlying these financial restrictions, however, is a far more difficult problem. It is suspicion, and it operates on three levels.

Teamster leadership is composed primarily of tough men who have struggled to get to the top. They are proud of their achievement and wary lest someone usurp any of their power. These men may enjoy being courted by a local politician, but they think politics a dirty business and would like to have as little as possible to do with it. However, Hoffa has committed the Teamsters to an active political stance, with their consent. They realize that some sort of political program is essential to the continued good health of the union, and are willing to cooperate, often grudgingly, with DRIVE. At the same time, they do not like the idea of a non-rank-and-file type, like Zagri, building a strong organization "of his own" and "getting in good" with Hoffa. Some of them feel that DRIVE meddles too much in their private kingdoms and will not issue it an entrance visa at all. In other locals, DRIVE programs are in reality completely controlled by the leadership on the spot and Zagri's directives from Washington are ignored. Local autonomy, a basic tenet of Teamster philosophy, is a great obstacle to a cohesive, centrally directed, political program.

Suspicion operates in much the same way down at the business-agent level. Since agents are only a step above the rank and file and may face a real struggle for re-election every three years, they are far more sensitive to an outside challenge than are the relatively well-entrenched higher-ups. Many are suspicious of *anyone* talking to *their* boys about *anything*. Some will not permit even the formation of a DLA, lest a wife become so political-minded that she try to elect her husband business agent.

The attitude of the agent is of paramount importance, for without his cooperation the program has almost no chance of success. If he refuses to go around with the DRIVE director or crash-program team, or undercuts them by grimacing, yawning or dozing during the spiel, few



memberships will be sold at that particular truck dock or barn. The men look to their business agents for leadership and direction, for they are even more unfriendly to outsiders than he is. And it is at this third level, the rank and file, that suspicion is most debilitating.

The average Teamster is not well educated. He is also not often registered to vote. He hates politics and politicians even more than his officers do, and the thought of giving his money to a politician outrages him. Selling the rank and file is DRIVE's toughest job, yet where it has been permitted to try, and afforded even a minimal amount of cooperation, it has done remarkably well.

To achieve any real success, DRIVE must motivate a poorly educated, generally apathetic blue-collar worker to register, read enough material to discover who labor's friends are, and vote accordingly. This is no mean task. The *DRIVE Reporter* is thumbed through quickly. Men who do not attend union meetings are even less likely to show up at something as abstruse as a DRIVE meeting where a politician is to speak. And, since politicians are all crooks anyway, what's the difference who gets elected?

The truck driver must be made aware of a direct threat from the political quarter before he will appreciate DRIVE's purpose. The secretary-treasurer of an Ohio local tells of how 1,000 Teamsters in a car-hauling local ignored the program until a "pro-railroad" legislature put all but 250 of them out of work. Now they discuss politics *in depth* at their regular union meetings. According to this union official: "Some people have to be knocked down and stomped on before they wake up—but when they do, watch out!"

DRIVE is attempting to arouse the rank and file before they get stomped on, but in view of the obstacles it is remarkable that it has enjoyed any success at all. Still, there are hopeful signs:

¶ In Cleveland, DRIVE was the only organization a long-term Congressman had behind him in a primary race that he finally won by a razor-thin margin of 244 votes.

¶ In Cedar Rapids, DRIVE was responsible for the reelection of the only large county Republican state Senator to survive the 1964 Goldwater debacle.

¶ In Michigan, DRIVE elected a Teamster wife to the State Assembly.

Such scattered examples do not prove that DRIVE has successfully mobilized 1,780,000 Teamsters. They do show that its potential is great.

This is by no means the first time that labor has tried to assert itself politically. The AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE) is older, more widely known, and has enjoyed a significant measure of success. DRIVE is different from the larger organization in several important ways. It does not have to contend with inter-union frictions. Unlike COPE, it is truly bipartisan. Most important of all, DRIVE is actively attempting to reach down to the grass roots, whereas the COPE approach is characterized by some DRIVE personnel as a "paper program."

Nearly 2 million Teamster votes, when combined with the votes of wives, relatives and friends, is quite a formidable array of political firepower. If given the cooperation it needs from the Teamster hierarchy, and directed by men who understand the local union scene, DRIVE can succeed. Says the director of Minnesota DRIVE: "You come back in three years. Eighty per cent of the men will know what DRIVE is and the Congressmen that aren't afraid of us now will be." His timetable may be wrong, but his dream may very well come true.

FAO: The Imperative of Altruism

GUNNAR MYRDAL

Mr. Myrdal is professor of international economics at the University of Stockholm. His latest book is Challenge to Affluence *(Pantheon). The material in this article was originally presented as an address to the FAO Biannual Conference in 1965.*

When the charter establishing the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) was signed at Quebec in October, 1945, a few months after the end of World War II, the organization had a membership of forty-four countries. At that time, very few of the underdeveloped countries in Asia and Africa existed as independent political entities. Huge China—thousands of years old—was free from the fetters in which the great powers had held it for a century, and so was little Thailand; Latin America had the same political structure as today; India's political independence was anticipated; but all the other underdeveloped countries were colonial dependencies of one appellation or another. The present membership of more than 110 countries, the great majority of which are underdeveloped, reflects in this UN organization the decolonization that has avalanched across the globe.

But at Quebec, and at the other early conferences, Asia and Africa did not exist as problems of FAO; they were problems for the colonial powers and it was not considered proper for an intergovernmental organization to probe into them too deeply. It was thus possible for the nations to discuss agriculture without giving very much thought to the needs of the poor peoples of the world. They were the responsibility of the colonial powers, who for obvious reasons were not eager to account for them before a world body; nor were the non-colonial powers eager to share the burden. If any of the colonial powers had asked for assistance in its task of meeting the needs of its colonies, the help would have been considered as given to the metropolitan power and apportioned accordingly. Since this seldom, if ever, happened, FAO could be viewed in 1945 as an organization for gathering statistics about crops, trade and related matters, and for technical consultation.

I point to this tremendous difference between the world in 1945 and today because the full impact of what has happened is seldom realized. There is much to criticize in colonial rule; I know it better than the average man because I have been laboring for nine years on a study of South Asia, where almost a quarter of mankind is struggling to survive and develop. But colonial rule also implied colonial responsibility and both have disappeared together. The former colony is now on its own, and the burden it has to carry is often almost unbearable, if it must carry it alone. The disappearance of colonial responsibility has created a vacuum into which the intergovernmental organizations were bound to move. At the same time, the population explosion—which is mainly a post-colonial event not foreseen in 1945—makes all the economic problems of the poor countries much more difficult to solve.

Under the pressure of these world trends, all the technical intergovernmental organizations in the UN family have changed their character and became increasingly operational agencies for aiding underdeveloped countries. Though for good reasons they wish to maintain their multilateral structure—where every country, even the poorest, is a contributor and every country, even the richest, is a potential beneficiary, with trivial exceptions—the foods are made available by a small minority of rich, developed countries for the benefit of the underdeveloped countries. In this process the UN organizations have come to handle and transfer funds—made available in their budgets and in other ways—which are many times the size foreseen in their early years.

As an economist, I consider this great change in the role of the intergovernmental organizations a shift in the right direction. We should deceive ourselves, however, if we believed that the funds spent for development and the activities financed by these funds would make more than a dent in world poverty. Even if to the funds sluiced through the intergovernmental organizations we add the sums given by rich countries unilaterally, the total is grossly inadequate from a world economic point of view. At the same time, the actual sacrifices made in the rich countries to carry out this aid activity are really insignificant. One per cent of national income—that is, only a fraction of the yearly increase of national income in the rich countries (which are all really "developing" countries)—has been set as a goal. It is seldom reached, despite the fact that statistics on aid usually include not only grants and concessional loans but also all financing by governmental agencies and private sources, much of which is just good, profitable business.

None of the rich countries contributes to the development of underdeveloped countries to anywhere near the extent they are prepared to pay for important national purposes. A frequent comparison is with the costs for war preparation. For the world as a whole, these must now be considerably above $200 billion, if we include what the economists call the opportunity costs; that is, the loss of income by the men who are drafted, not to speak of the national sacrifice of having so large a part of the scientific and engineering personnel tied down in nonproductive activity.

Contrary to expectations a decade ago, not only grants and concessional loans but also the total flow of financial resources from developed to underdeveloped countries have leveled off in the past several years. As far as private long-term investment is concerned, this is partly a reaction to the slowing down of development in underdeveloped countries during the first five years of the sixties—which was declared in a unanimous UN resolution to be the Development Decade. It is also partly caused by boundary struggles and internal political instability in many underdeveloped countries.

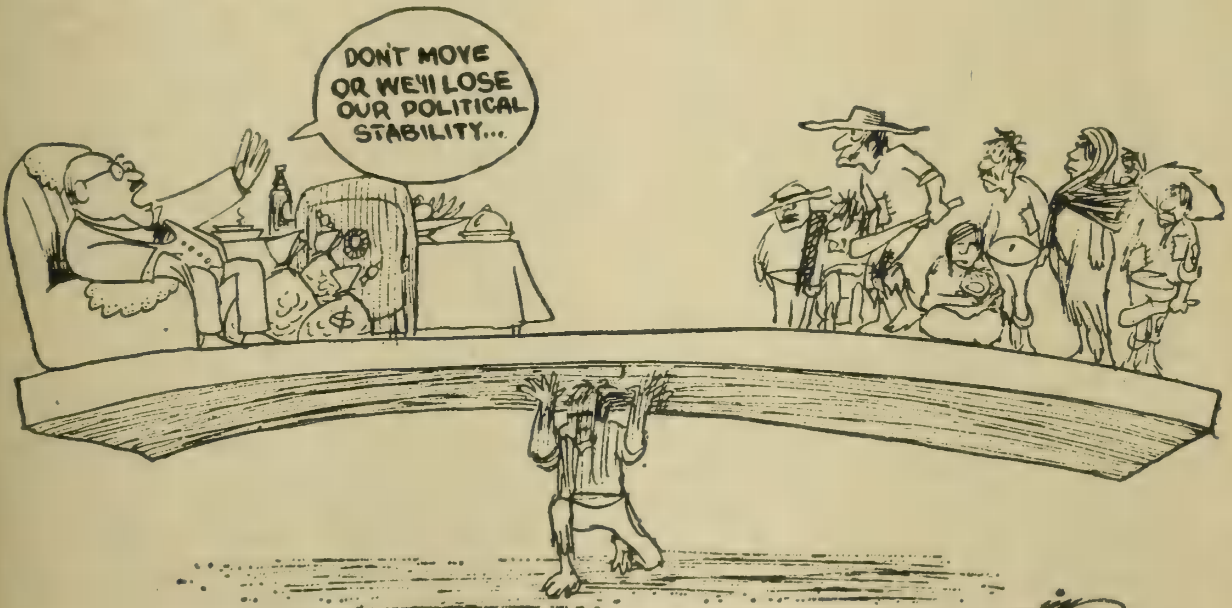
In addition, the governments of the rich countries are moved to a restrictive attitude toward all financial outflow by the exchange difficulties into which they have brought themselves by overexpansion and a lax fiscal policy. The preservation of internal and external balance in the economic development of rich countries does not, in my opinion, constitute an unsolvable technical problem. It is a field in which policies are dangerously lagging behind our available knowledge.

This situation has also made the rich countries unwilling to do anything substantial to help the poor countries improve their precarious international trade balance by permitting them to increase their exports. On the whole, such an increase of exports from underdeveloped countries would be in the interest of the rich countries, too, as the exports would mainly compete with sectors that should shrink in any rationally planned development. What the underdeveloped countries can demand is not only freer access to markets but a discrimination in their favor which would only tend to restore a measure of world balance. The important thing that happened in last year's world conference in Geneva on trade and development was that the great majority of underdeveloped countries succeeded in joining together to formulate their demands for a change in the world structure of international trade. If accomplished, it would help them much more than any aid program that is at present within sight. Initially, the positions taken by the rich countries have not been encouraging.

When I am traveling, meeting people and following the press in many different countries, I feel a growing popular apathy to a more generous policy toward the poor countries. In a sense, those of us who recognize the seriousness of present trends, and the paramount importance of much more international solidarity, have been too successful in spreading our knowledge and simplifying it to the extent that it has become coined into commonplaces. It is now heard as a sort of Sunday sermon, divorced from weekday practical life. Public men, teachers, preachers, leaders in all sorts of organizations, journalists, authors and, of course, politicians on solemn occasions all repeat it: The mass poverty in underdeveloped countries is almost beyond the grasp of our understanding; there is disease and illiteracy; the income gap between developed and underdeveloped countries is not only very wide but continually widening; in recent years development has tended to slow down instead of speed up; as many as two-thirds of the people in underdeveloped countries suffer from malnutrition; food production in recent years has not kept pace with the population increase in Latin America, Asia and Africa; regardless of whatever progress there is in the spread of birth control, the increase in world population between now and the end of this century will equal or exceed the current population and this increase will mainly occur in the underdeveloped nations. The recording of these facts is commonly accompanied by declarations that the ideal of social justice makes international action to overcome the plight of underdeveloped countries a binding duty.

In the rich countries there must by now be few persons with even an average interest in public affairs who have not had these facts and that moral judgment impressed upon them time and again. They incorporate them in their world outlook, but ordinarily they do not translate them into a willingness to take action, least of all action that would imply real sacrifice. Nowhere in the rich countries is aid to underdeveloped countries today dealt with as a major social and economic issue, or in terms other than, on the one hand, relatively small-scale charity and, on the other hand, national interest, either political or commercial. Politicians, in particular, have to watch the attitudes of the electorate, and they are conspicuously abandoning the Sunday religion when it comes down to practical political actions.

Most people live in a narrow world and are crudely egoistic for themselves and for those with whom they identify. Among the fairly well off, even the needs of the poor in their own lands are a strain on loyalty; they feel even more indifferent to the fate of the distant poor. They are aware, moreover, of the harsh and, as a rule, increasing economic inequality within most of the underdeveloped countries and feel that the spokesmen for the poor countries, who for the most part belong to the privileged strata, should attempt some equalization at home before appealing for


DON'T MOVE OR WE'll LOSE OUR POLITICAL STABILITY...
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Rius, Siempre (Mexico City)

more international solidarity. There is—particularly in the United States, which has had the most experience in the field of large-scale aid ever since the Marshall Plan—a growing conviction that foreign aid earns little gratitude and sympathy. Often, a sort of historical analogy is applied by recalling how the present rich nations had to struggle for development through sacrifice and hard work without any outside aid. Why should not the underdeveloped nations of today have to follow this same path? It would also do them good morally. This analogy is false, of course, since initial conditions are so vastly different, mostly to the great disadvantage of countries now underdeveloped. But when that is pointed out, people may turn to the other extreme as a reason for lack of concern: aid to underdeveloped countries is a hopeless task, however much one might be prepared to give. These are rationalizations, but their effects are real enough: for the time being, none of the rich nations is prepared to put aid to underdeveloped countries on a par with other, "really important" items on the national budget. There are individuals and groups who would be prepared to do it, but they do not influence any political party or government. Similarly in the field of international trade, even if it were clear to the economist and the perspicacious politician that concessions to the underdeveloped countries would be in a rich nation's long-term interest, vested interests oppose such concessions and they are powerful, particularly when they can appeal to nationalist feelings.

What then can be done to change these attitudes? As a seasoned professor, I cannot be expected to underrate the gradual and ultimate effectiveness of enlightenment. The Freedom from Hunger Campaign has already accomplished a certain amount, if only by getting such a great number of those who write and speak to repeat its main slogans. Aside from education, the rich countries have a number of problems which they should be able to overcome. They should do it in their own interests but it would also make possible a greater generosity in their policies toward underdeveloped countries. As I have already said, the advanced nations should be able to organize the international monetary system among themselves in such a way that there would not in future be need to discourage the flow of funds to underdeveloped countries for foreign exchange considerations. The financial problems of underdeveloped countries are of a totally different nature. These countries are bound to be short of foreign exchange. Wanting to develop while being so short of resources, they must in general control the use of the foreign exchange they can dispose of. It is neither logical nor practical to mix the two types of quite different problems together, as unfortunately has been done in many of the schemes worked out for monetary reform. This is often done for the good purpose of securing more financial funds for the poor countries and is often applauded by their own spokesmen. It is an illusion to believe, however, that more financial aid could be smuggled through by that type of confused scheme; the rich countries will not fall for it.

In the same way, the international trade problem is totally different in the poor and the rich countries, and there are reasons for what I have called a "double standard of morality" in regard to commercial policy—for once a double standard to the advantage of the weak. The rich countries should now take the consequence of their comparative strength—as Britain did more than a hundred years ago when it led the world in development—and open their boundaries to the flow of commodities as well as capital, among themselves and from the poor countries. They could do it, if they kept their economies in balance. During this approach toward free trade, they should abolish tariffs and other restrictions on imports from the poor without expecting reciprocity. The poor countries cannot possibly abstain from protecting their sprouting industries.

At the same time, there is much the underdeveloped countries could do themselves to break down the reluctance of the rich countries to come forward with more assistance. A few months ago George D. Woods, the president of the World Bank, in an address to the bank's governors where he noted that "the level of development assistance has been stationary for several years," said bluntly that "it is useless to attempt to sugar-coat the fact that in many of the underdeveloped countries, economic performance can be greatly improved." After having illustrated what he meant, he went on to stress that "it is the effectiveness of internal effort which to a large extent is going to determine the future of international development assistance."

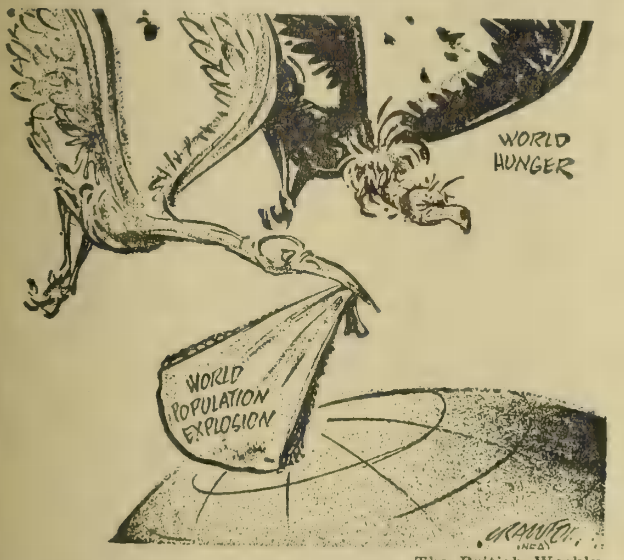
For my own part, and thinking particularly about the popular resistance in rich countries to substantial sacrifices for the assistance of underdeveloped countries, I would urge increasing social discipline and the rooting out of corruption, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, a better compliance with the ideals of social and economic equality to which all underdeveloped countries are solemnly committed. Such internal reforms would also greatly improve the chances to speed up development, particularly in agriculture.

The urgency is considerable. Statistics on trends presented in FAO's *Third World Food Survey* two years ago and the recently published *The State of Food and Agriculture 1965*, together with all we know about the tremendous economic and social inhibitions and obstacles to agricultural reform in the underdeveloped countries, lead to the conclusion that, whatever the prospects for a substantially increased agricultural production in the somewhat longer run, the immediate prospects are gloomy. We must face the fact that, as a prominent American agricultural economist, Prof. Earl L. Butz, expressed it: "The world is on a collision course." He continued:

> When the massive force of an exploding world population meets the much more stable trend line of world food production, something must give. Unless we give increased attention now to the softening of the impending collision, many parts of the world within a decade will be skirting a disaster of such a proportion as to threaten the peace and stability of the Western world.

The threatening world food crisis would already have broken out in several very big countries like India and Pakistan and in many smaller ones had it not been for large-scale food imports without exchange compensation, mainly under P.L. 480, from the surpluses in the U.S. If the lid of production restrictions were lifted, food production could rise very steeply in the United States; Canada, Australia and a few other countries are in a similar situation. But we should not expect these countries to carry the financial burden alone. It was easy to vote billions for P.L. 480 in Congress, when the United States was ridding its market of awkward food surpluses; it will be different when the surpluses have disappeared and agricultural policy becomes directed toward an increase of production instead of a limit on production. Other rich countries will have to share the financial burden, but they will do so only if this food aid is internationalized; they will not pay contributions into the United States Treasury for a United States activity. Therefore, it is fortunate that an international agency, The World Food Program, working under FAO auspices, is already in operation on an experimental scale, and that according to unanimous opinion it has been run economically and effectively.

But internationally organized food aid cannot possibly be a permanent solution; it is merely an emergency bridge. As Lester R. Brown, a staff economist in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, has recently pointed out, the increase in grain consumption by 1980, estimated on the basis of the expected population increase and a modest rise of 10 per cent in per capita consumption, would boost grain production requirements by almost as much as the current output of North America and Western Europe combined. A similarly forbidding calculation could be made of the shipping facilities needed for an extensive food aid program. The inescapable lesson of that glimpse into the future is that, even if for a short time the first shocks of the food crisis can be met by aid from the rich countries, the very great increase in agricultural production that is urgently needed to avert disaster must begin to take place in the vast underdeveloped regions themselves.



The British Weekly

How this is to be accomplished is the main business of the agricultural ministries in underdeveloped countries, and of the FAO. Even if reforms can have their full effects only in the somewhat longer run, it is urgent that they be undertaken without delay and that they be so planned that they will show maximum results as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact, I am much less concerned about how things will look at the turn of the century. In the long run, much will happen: we shall perhaps have entirely new techniques to produce the foods; the world situation will be different. Long-term forecasts are bound to be proved wrong. It is the years of this decade and the next about which I am worried. Our short-run forecasts are more reliable, and they point to danger of world calamity.

About the policy measures to be undertaken I shall restrict myself to a few brief observations. First, contrary to experience in developed countries, what increase of food production has been achieved in the underdeveloped countries has mainly come about from an extension of the cultivated area: the yields per acre have hardly risen at all. This is true even in India, which has a very high man/land ratio and very low yields. Virgin cultivable land is becoming scarce or else the costs of cultivating it are forbiddingly high. But since yields are generally very low, there is reason to hope that improvements in agricultural technology will raise them substantially.

Second, while much technology is available, much more still needs to be invented. There are two reasons for this. For one thing, most of the underdeveloped countries are in the tropical and subtropical zones and there has been very little specialized and localized practical research in those regions. Moreover—and this is too often overlooked even by agricultural experts—while from the beginning agricultural technology in the now-developed countries advanced in a context of decreasing farm labor, most underdeveloped countries will have to adjust their technology to an agricultural labor force that for a generation will rise in numbers about as fast as the present very rapid population increase. This point deserves a few words of explanation.

Fortunately, the road seems now to be opening for a much more determined policy of spreading birth control among the masses. But we would deceive ourselves if we counted on a rapid decrease in fertility. Also, the relatively greater numbers of children, which is a reflection of the rising fertility up to now, means that the population increase has a tremendous momentum. This does not say that a decrease in fertility would not always and immediately improve income and living levels per head, but it does imply that the birth curve will not be lowered as fast as if the age distribution were that of a stable population. Finally, the effects on the labor force are delayed for at least fifteen years and will be very inconsequential for a whole generation. The future workers are already born or will soon be born.

With this comes the fact that industrialization in most of the underdeveloped countries, even if it proceeded much faster than it has thus far, will not for decades absorb much additional labor. Under certain circumstances industrialization will even displace more labor from traditional industry and craft than it employs under the new conditions. This is no reason for not trying to industrialize as fast as possible: when once a higher level of industrialization is reached, industry will increasingly employ more labor. Meanwhile, however, a swelling flow of refugees from the countryside to the cities will not be productive.

All this comes down to the fact that agricultural technology must try to increase yields per acre by putting to more effective work a labor force which is already severely underemployed and which will rapidly increase for decades. This new, labor-intensive technology has yet to be developed.

My third observation is that a substantial and rapid increase in agriculture yields has rarely, if ever, occurred in traditional self-sufficiency farming, where illiteracy is prevalent and the relation between the farmer and his land is such that he has little possibility and little incentive to exert himself. Among the several institutional problems raised by this point, I would give high priority to the need for land reform in the broadest sense of the word. Its details would differ from country to country with different systems of ownership and tenancy and it must be accompanied by other induced changes in regard to education, marketing, availability of credits, etc. It will often be costly if it is to raise yield substantially, and we should begin to consider whether international credits, which would have to be on a rather large scale, could not be extended to underdeveloped countries that undertake land reforms and all the other measures necessary to render such reforms really productive. But that assumes that these countries, or rather the political leaders in these countries, will begin to take seriously the urgent need for reorganizing the relations between the toiler and the land he tills. It is tragic—and a contributory cause of no small importance to the grave situation we face today—that local vested interests have made a sham of land reform in so many countries. FAO has for many years labored courageously and competently for land reform, and in recent years it has produced a resolve in some countries to solve the problem; but other countries still try to forget about it and focus public attention only on the more technical problems.

We all of us stand in danger of becoming accustomed to living on happily and attending to the business of the day, while not giving much thought to the possibility or probability of the unthinkable ahead of us. We seem to take this pattern from the entirely rational way in which we as individuals live on from day to day, working and enjoying ourselves, though we know we are soon approaching the personal catastrophe of death. Otherwise life would be unbearable; nothing can be done about it, and our nations and mankind do not perish with us. But this attitude is dangerously irrational when we take it as members of a nation and of mankind. Social catastrophes are different from the certainty of death for the individual; they can and should be averted. And if we do not use foresight and take measures against them, we shall all perish and there will be no posterity.

LIFE INSURANCE

THE MONOLITHIC SECT

JAMES GOLLIN

Mr. Gollin sold life insurance for more than eight years and is still active in the insurance industry.

In our society, life insurance is as ubiquitous as death itself. Indeed, last year the 21 million insurance contracts sold outnumbered deaths by nearly 10 to 1. It's obvious from these figures that a basic American dream—that of outwitting death—is far from losing its grip on the American psyche. Another way to measure the power of this dream is simply to note that by the end of 1966 we were insuring our lives for more than *$1 trillion*: one and a quarter times our total national income.

Although 130 million Americans own life insurance, and though insurance men and their ways have long been part of the folklore, most of us know little about our insurance and nothing at all about the industry that supplies it. So palpable is this ignorance that when the publisher of a national newsweekly was asked to address a life insurance advertisers' convention last fall, the first thing he did was scribble a puzzled memo to his aides: "Why is there not more public communication about life insurance?"

Why not, indeed? After all, life insurance is an intriguing subject. In an obvious sense, an insurance policy is the sum of what our entire civilization has learned about the interrelations of life, death and money. Further, the American life insurance industry, which sends its representatives into almost every cranny of society, is itself a kind of natural wonder: the biggest, richest (controlling assets of more than $160 billion), and in some ways the strangest of all our private enterprises.

Most Americans hear only about "the miracle" of life insurance. They listen to what their agents say about this ingenious legal and social contract that magically "creates an estate" for the family whose breadwinner would otherwise die penniless. They are sobered and impressed to learn that in 1965, life insurance companies paid out nearly $5 billion in death benefits; and because the need for life insurance is self-evident, they are eager to believe what they're told.

But the process of selling life insurance taught me that most people really didn't want to know much more than that about what they were buying. And eight and a half years in this business has taught me something else: in an era when other industries have begun to learn that it pays to deal openly with the public, the life insurance industry still thinks it needs to conduct its business behind tightly closed doors.

In short, I came to understand that because Americans share some strange ideas and some curious uncertainties about life, death and money, our society has nurtured a vast institution that we like to believe can prolong life, abolish death, and even make us rich. All we have to do in return is pay money and not be too inquisitive. So today Americans buy $100 billion worth of new life insurance every year, pay $40 billion in annual premiums—and do so without any real awareness of the implications of their behavior.

The inner workings of my own industry had come to fascinate me, and this particular perspective on life insurance proved so irresistible that after two and a half years of research and thirteen months of writing, I published earlier this year a book about life insurance in America. (*Pay Now, Die Later*, Random House.) As the next pages will make clear, the life insurance industry's official reaction to this publication is a continuing final chapter to the book itself.

As soon as the publication contract had been signed, I called the senior public relations executives of the insurance company whose policies I had been selling for several years. After outlining my project to these men, I warned them bluntly that I intended a profile of the industry, "warts and all." To their personal credit, these executives (like officials in dozens of other major life insurance companies) offered their help. For their subsequent cooperation, I was, and I still am, extremely grateful. So too am I grateful for the aid given me by The Institute of Life Insurance. After a brief meeting, the officers of this leading trade association made available its excellent library and research facilities.

I cite these facts to make two points: my book was written with the knowledge of high life insurance officialdom; and it was written from inside. The only restriction was that I not present my findings as the reflection of any official viewpoint. (Voluntarily, I made it a rule to protect the anonymity of my informants.)

A single event was enough to change the atmosphere. In his column of January 26—seven months before the book was published—Walter Winchell said: "*Pay Now, Die Later* by James M. Gollins [*sic*] will make life-insurance people turn white." My journalistic honeymoon with the life insurance industry was over.

Five days later, two of the executives I had already spoken with dropped in unannounced on Random House, to see if my editor would mind giving them a look at my manuscript. When he refused, they left, after threatening to see to it that the book "was kept out of the hands of as many life insurance agents as possible."

Not quite a month later, the industry's trade press began to speak. In *The National Underwriter* (February 26), Henry W. DuBois, an agent for the Northwestern Mutual Life and president of the Dallas, Tex., Life Underwriters Association, noted Walter Winchell's mention of *Pay Now, Die Later* and went on:

> First of all, we can't legitimately bring any pressure to bear on the publisher, and I doubt that we would want to even if we could. . . .

Mr. DuBois couldn't have known—or could he?—that an effort to "bring pressure to bear" had already failed. He went on:

> We can look with pity on anyone so uninformed or so downright stupid as to write such a book. . . . There is no way that a man who believes in God can prove anything to the satisfaction of an atheist, or that a patriot can justify himself to a coward, so why be drawn into an argument?

In other words, ignore the book.

Next, the April issue of the *Life Association News* carried a letter written by John M. Hazlitt of South Bend, who was also worried about the possible effect of my book. Although he led off, "I have not seen the book and have no idea of its contents," Mr. Hazlitt characterized *Pay Now, Die Later* as "a smear . . . written and published to make money for someone." Hazlitt's message, delivered at some length, was that insurance men should punish the greedy author and publisher by not buying the book.

I followed these comments with keen interest: If you're an author, there's a special flavor to seeing the reviews before the manuscript has even left your hands. Furthermore, Messrs. DuBois and Hazlitt were giving me a valuable foretaste of what lay in store.

On September 16, *Pay Now, Die Later* was officially released; and what I had to say about the American life insurance industry became, naturally and properly, fair game for the press, the public and the industry. As I had hoped, several of the issues I raise in the book have attracted attention.

For instance, in my examination of the agency system by which life insurance is distributed, I made a statistical point. According to my evidence, the life insurance industry's 1,700 companies recruit approximately 110,000 men and women as salesmen every year. Of these, about 90,000—nearly 90 per cent—leave the business within ninety days of being hired. And by the end of each full year, another 5,000 to 10,000 have dropped out.

"True," I added in the book, "these aren't the figures that circulate within the industry. According to official sources, the 'turnover ratio' among salesmen is much lower. Some of these sources estimate the ninety-day turnover rate as 65 per cent, and *The New York Times* . . . cited surveys that give this rate as 50 per cent. . . . But whatever the exact percentages are, it's absurd to quibble about the statistics of disaster."

The point, of course, is that such commercial manslaughter costs everybody dearly: the failed agents, the companies, and the policy-buying public.

The first member of the industry to deal publicly with my statistics was Bernard Bergin, an insurance agent who manages a sales agency for the Madison Life Insurance Company of New York. He and I were guests together on Barry Gray's New York radio show of September 15. Mr. Bergin said that in his agency the turnover of salesmen was "only about 10 per cent." Then he observed that new life insurance agents were "90 per cent subsidized": that is, paid advances against future commissions. He added that it cost "I believe somewhere in the neighborhood of $10,000 to train a new man." His argument seemed to be that since life insurance companies spend a lot of money to attract new sales help, they don't want to encourage failure.

In response, I cited statistics gathered by the Life Insurance Agency Management Association (an industry fact-finding organization whose name will recur in the next several episodes). They were reported as follows in *The Wall Street Journal* of August 15:

> High turnover plagues life insurance companies. Of 22,700 new full-time agents hired in the U.S. and Canada last year, 15,000 had quit by year end, the Life Insurance Agency Management Association reports. One reason: inadequate training. New agents got an average of less than

three hours a week instruction during the first six months of employment.

Even though these turnover figures were much less critical than my own, Mr. Bergin rejected them. "I don't think the statistics are true. I don't believe it is so." Then he said, "I admit that there's a large attrition. There must be."

I agreed with Mr. Bergin. The industry's attrition is very large.

In the October 15 issue of *Sales Management Magazine*, an article discussing *Pay Now, Die Later* ("a bristling . . . sometimes-overstated indictment of the entire U.S. life insurance business") again cited the Life Insurance Agency Management Association. "Massive turnover in the life insurance sales force continues apace (60% of all salesmen quit or are dismissed in any given year, according to the Life Insurance Agency Management Association)."

In this same article, Raymond Dry of the LIAMA was given a chance to comment. The magazine quotes him as saying, "some managers do operate as Gollin suggests . . . [but] such practices are no help to the company." I had never said they were, and Mr. Dry neither affirmed nor denied his own organization's statistics. As for mine, by this time they had been lost in the shuffle.

Sales Management's editors sent a copy of this issue to Blake T. Newton, president of The Institute of Life Insurance (in whose library I had spent seven months doing research). In answer to the magazine's request for comment, Mr. Newton wrote: "If you had checked with us . . . you could have avoided the substantial error of reporting that 60 per cent of life insurance salesmen are dismissed or quit in any given year." Mr. Newton then gave some statistics of his own. He first stated that "departures from the sales force . . . *from all causes* involve only about one-fifth of our agent group." He went on: "The fact is that there are about 200,000 life insurance agents in this country. . . . In addition . . . the industry hires about 40,000 new inexperienced recruits each year."

Mr. Newton's letter also contained the statement that the editors of *Sales Management* had "accepted at face value the sometimes misinformed, sometimes deceptive arithmetic of one of our ex-agents who was unsatisfied with his career in our business and blew up to book size his bitterness about his failure as a salesman." In fact I was a success as a salesman, and although I no longer sell life insurance, I am still active in the industry.

The salesman-turnover question took on its strangest tinge during a radio debate I had with Milton Goldberg, assistant vice president and actuary of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. I quote from the transcript, with deletions only for brevity:

> GOLLIN: Could you tell us the Equitable's agent turnover last year?
>
> GOLDBERG: Well, you'll be surprised to learn this, Mr. Gollin. I didn't come prepared to give a lot of figures to the public and burden them. . . .
>
> GOLLIN: Why not?
>
> GOLDBERG: I'll tell you why not. We place no credence in these so-called turnover figures. We don't even like to use the word "turnover."
>
> GOLLIN: You don't like the Life Insurance Agency Management Association's . . . you don't believe in their statistics, is that correct?
>
> GOLDBERG: Right. I think that is the greatest institutional organization in agency management supported by the life insurance companies. I've been identified with them for many years, I served on a number of committees—committees which you say have not accomplished anything—
>
> GOLLIN: As a matter of fact, I do know about your [LIAMA] studies and, in further point of fact, let me repeat my question: although you've been very active in LIAMA affairs, Mr. Goldberg, you still don't place much credence in their turnover statistics, is that correct?
>
> GOLDBERG: I will tell you exactly what I've told them. With all respect to them—and I have every respect for them—the figures they put out, averages for the industry and so forth, can be very misleading.
>
> GOLLIN: Oh, I see.
>
> GOLDBERG: Yes . . . [Mr. Goldberg went on to say that once an agent becomes "experienced," he generally stays in the industry.]
>
> GOLLIN: The biggest problem the industry has in selecting and training and recruiting agents is in the selection, recruitment and training of new agents?
>
> GOLDBERG: You and I agree on that.
>
> GOLLIN: Right. Then let me ask you this: how many agents did your managers hire during 1965?
>
> GOLDBERG: Er, roughly—now I didn't bring figures with me—
>
> GOLLIN: No, I understand—
>
> GOLDBERG: —but I can produce anything you want—about 1,800.
>
> GOLLIN: How many of them survived a full year?
>
> GOLDBERG: All right, I'm going to answer that by saying we don't even keep track, from the standpoint of pertinence.
>
> GOLLIN: You don't know how many of your first-year agents are left?
>
> GOLDBERG: Oh, I can give you the figure but it doesn't mean anything to us—
>
> GOLLIN: You don't care.
>
> GOLDBERG: —We're interested in how many men we take on who stay with us one year, two years, three years and make a decent living.
>
> GOLLIN: So that you're not concerned about the dropouts.
>
> GOLDBERG: No—no, not *per se*.

Mr. Goldberg then explained that the Equitable's "Manpower Development" program would "reduce what you call these exorbitant turnover rates." Later, I asked Mr. Goldberg about my own statistics.

> GOLLIN: The figures as they stand now are correct, is that not right?
>
> GOLDBERG: I'm not going to justify those figures, but I will say this: those overall averages don't mean a thing to me.

Thus, my effort to have at least one industry spokesman be precise about the career expectancy of the neophyte insurance agent was unavailing. But I felt that the audience might have heard enough to make it wonder about some of the industry's behavior patterns. For instance: the life insurance companies maintain a research branch, LIAMA, expressly to gather and study the statistics of such problems as agent failure, but they then publicly repudiate the statistics as "misleading" and even meaningless. And again: the big problem in life insurance, "manpower development," is that of attracting and training brand new agents. But the companies that claim to be the most progressive about developing manpower don't really care at

all about the new recruits they attract, only about the few who survive to become "experienced."

And while it appears that the industry, its Institute, and its official research arm are somewhat at odds about their most critical problem, no one has yet come forward either to refute my statistics or to challenge my contention that "failure . . . overtakes the huge majority of those who enter the life insurance business."

Another set of issues I raise in *Pay Now, Die Later* centers on the financial operations of life insurance companies. In a chapter on the industry's investment making, I noted that "many close students of life-insurance-industry economics feel that most companies are far, far richer than they need to be." Citing a study by James E. Walter (*The Investment Process as Characterized by Certain Leading Life Insurance Companies*), I concluded that:

> (*1*) Company reserves are worth *at least* 10 to 15 per cent *more* than even the most stringent state laws require; (*2*) surplus funds (those kept on hand in addition to legal reserves) are in turn worth an additional 10 to 15 per cent of the reserves themselves (substantially in excess of requirements); and (*3*) investment income, year by year, is running *at least 30 per cent higher* than is necessary to maintain company financial coffers at their present overfull levels. . . . This same cushion, moreover, is built into . . . the premium rate structure to make sure that the future picture will remain unaltered. . . . Taking the industry's total assets as in excess of $150,000,000,000, our life insurance companies have evidently accumulated a treasure of $45,000,000,000 that will *never* be needed to pay claims and will *never* be returned to us or our beneficiaries.

Alden S. Wood, Director of Communications of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, headlined his review of my book in *The Boston Traveler* (September 21): "'Exposé' of Insurance Not Based on the Facts." Among other things, Mr. Wood reported a number of "irritating inaccuracies." He mentioned only one:

> On page 125, the author discusses a conclusion reached by . . . "a Harvard School [probably the newspaper's own ellipsis] professor, James E. Walter." The Business School told us that Walter was an associate professor and that he left Harvard four years ago. Why can't Gollin get such important facts correct?

In 1962, when the Harvard Business School published his book, James E. Walter was associate professor of finance at the Business School. My information about Professor Walter was taken from the dust jacket of the book, which I read in May, 1965. I have since learned that Professor Walter has joined the faculty of the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania. In his review, Mr. Wood does not mention my reason for citing Walter's book, although I am sure he would agree that the facts—and the complex ramifications, political, economic and social—of the life insurance industry's financial operations are also of some importance.

Mr. Wood also took strong exception to another point I raised. I wrote, in Chapter 1, "the industry openly argues that as long as it functions effectively, it owes the public no explanations." Calling this statement an "astonishing allegation," Mr. Wood countered by saying that "the life insurance business is subject to the closest legal regulation."

To begin with, there's an enormous difference between the "explanation" I feel this industry owes the public and the formal exhibits each insurance company must prepare for the technicians and lawyers who staff the insurance departments of the fifty states. Indeed, the so-called "Convention blank," the financial report form that companies submit yearly to state insurance authorities, has long baffled even expert financial analysts from outside the industry. To the general public, such documents might as well be written in Sanskrit.

But the real issue lies much deeper: How effective is present-day state regulation of life insurance? As Mr. Wood undoubtedly realizes, this question can have more than just one answer.

The answer of Mr. Wood himself and of his counterparts throughout the industry would be that because life insurance is subject to "the closest legal regulation," the public is completely safeguarded. My answer, which Mr. Wood never mentioned, can be summed up by two comments from my book. First: "life insurance companies are so powerful that they help write the laws under which they're regulated." Second: "the prime concern [of both the industry and of the state regulatory bodies] is that companies be unassailably solvent."

This jointly held piece of orthodoxy was succinctly expressed in a speech that Henry Root Stern, Jr., Superintendent of Insurance of New York, gave in September at the Continental Assurance Company's Chicago conference on "Trends in Life Insurance Regulation and Taxation." As reported in the trade paper *Best's Insurance News,* Mr. Stern "emphasized . . . that, insofar as New York State is concerned, 'no domestic life company has come to grief, with financial loss to policyholders. . . . [My Department] intends that this exemplary record shall continue.'"

No responsible person ever wants a life insurance company to come to grief. But in an industry whose assets exceed $160 billion, some authorities feel that matters other than solvency are the critical regulatory problems today. For example, Dean E. Sharp, assistant counsel of the United States Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, also delivered a speech at that conference in Chicago. It went unmentioned by *Best's Insurance News.*

Mr. Sharp expressed the subcommittee's alarm about certain industry practices. He mentioned, for instance, endowment insurance policies sold as "savings plans documented by passbooks . . . [in] well-planned sales promotion efforts having the complete sanction of the companies involved." He cited the case of the "millions of borrowers . . . overcharged some $700 million [for credit life and health insurance coverage] since 1959." Mr. Sharp then asked:

> How can [state] regulation be expected to meet present and future challenges when:
>
> ¶ So many states have inadequately staffed departments who fail to look behind formal statements and reports and to make adequate, intelligent and frequent examinations?
>
> ¶ So many state departments inadequately and ineffectively handle complaints by policyholders and those in the business?
>
> ¶ So many states so jealously guard their own prerogatives . . . that effective coordination between and among states is . . . impossible?
>
> ¶ So many obviously conflicting and divergent regulatory philosophies, laws, interpretations, and enforcement practices hopelessly hinder the present structure's effectiveness?

This, then, is still another answer to the question of how well the public is protected by the existing network of state life insurance regulations. Mr. Sharp's speech is entitled, "It's Too Late To Defend The Status Quo." And yet, as my book makes clear, I feel that the men who run life insurance will defend the *status quo*—at our expense—for a very long time to come.

Thus we come to a final point: communication. The inability of this immense industry to understand communication is in a way the special theme of this article, as indeed it is a major theme of my book. Milton Goldberg's agile elusiveness, Blake T. Newton's imputation of motives, Alden S. Wood's lack of focus are not only attempts to sidestep the real issues but symptoms of an underlying malady: a stubborn refusal to speak clearly—and listen carefully—to the industry's vast public audience.

Whether this refusal is due to arrogance or indifference I am not certain, but it seems to me that the "communications block" is an industry problem even more serious than that of the agency system. And yet this industry could change dramatically if its chieftains ever discovered that —like advertising and publishing—life insurance is *by definition* a business of communication. Indeed, the insurance policy itself is not a tangible item but a message.

Unfortunately, I see little sign that such sensitivity to the real nature of insurance is growing within the industry's executive ranks. In support, I could cite countless examples, from life insurance advertising to the hundreds of thousands of letters that the industry sends its luckless customers every day. But perhaps the most revealing example I have yet seen is the following review of my book. It is by Chester C. Nash, editor of *Insurance News,* and it appeared in the issue of October 15:

> *Pay Now, Die Later* . . . is a senseless tirade that should be of no interest to anyone within the business and a total, confusing bore to any casual lay reader.
>
> This review was delayed because the publisher twice refused to give a revue [*sic*] copy, but the book was secured and has been read—with great effort.
>
> The best summary is from the author's own words towards the end, "Nothing in this indictment of the industry is new." An understatement. . . .
>
> The book is particularly boring from a public standpoint because the first 202 pages are devoted to an analysis of the mechanics of the business—agent selection, training, management, company direction, investment operation, underwriting practice, etc.—all from the point of view of a totally disillusioned insurance man. Companies are pictured as robber barons, managers as crude opportunists, agents as dumb misfits, underwriting as a process of discrimination, investments as crude gambles made by sharpies.
>
> Fortunately for the business . . . the author so fills his pages with venom and hate and massive overstatement that the picture is unbelievable to even the lay reader. The only conclusion apparent is that Mr. Gollin, while he was an agent, must have suffered greatly. . . . It is only to be hoped that the book is not too autobiographical, especially when he comes to his list of "Eight ways agents can cheat you." But truly, he must have lived in a miserable dream world those years he was selling, judging by his total lack of understanding of the world he moved in.

Clearly, this is not a book review. Nor, for all his energetic effort, is Mr. Nash merely trying to discredit a book by the common stratagem of discrediting its author. Rather, he is performing an act of exorcism. For his select audience, he's uttering an incantation that is to make me and my dangerous ideas disappear. It's an interesting phenomenon to discover in the trade press of a vast American industry.

Like all the other verbal rituals of life insurance (those canned sales pitches about the magic of insurance, for example), this one tells the listener something that the charts and statistics can't possibly reveal. Mr. Nash is actually saying that the life insurance industry is not only a commercial monolith but also a sect. To the buyer of life insurance, it may not mean much that every policy sold perpetuates the sect's power and prestige. But to the citizen, it should be disquieting that this particular sect tolerates no discussion of its tribal practices and its lore; and permits no communication except the drumming of the true believers.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Salame Is Salami Is Salamis

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (The Unabridged Edition.) *Illustrated. Random House. 2,059 pp. $25.*

MARIO PEI

Mr. Pei is a linguist, teacher and author of numerous books on language.

It can never be sufficiently stressed that one does not and cannot review a dictionary, particularly one of this size and heft, with the same criteria and methods used in reviewing other books. With works like Oxford, Webster III and Random House, the proof of the pudding lies in the eating. It is only after months and years of use and consultation that one can pass final judgment. You find or do not find the words you are seeking. The definitions are or are not clear. The etymologies are or are not satisfactory. But all this takes time and use. All one can do at first glance is to cover broad, general areas, usually in the field of one's special interests and inclinations, and voice an opinion that is necessarily tentative and subject to revision.

Judged by these standards, the Random House offering is good, particularly for the price. It could have been better. It is an impressive work, with over 260,000 entries (as against about 450,000 for its higher-priced competitor, Webster III). It includes a great deal of material that is, strictly speaking, extraneous to a dictionary, though suitable for an encyclopedia or atlas. It omits, or rearranges in a less satisfactory way, such items as biographical data, literary works and given names, which older dictionaries (Webster II, for instance; or Webster Collegiate) used to present in separate sections, where they served a useful purpose because they could be studied together and compared.

Random House's type is clear and legible; it never strains your eyes. Its definitions are, on the whole, understandable. Its etymologies, though perhaps too brief to suit a language specialist, are generally correct. Its system of transcription to indicate pronunciation is far more accessible to the layman than is that of Webster III. Its linguistic philosophy will prove far more acceptable to all those who questioned Webster III's doctrine of usage. Random House does not hesitate to make what the descriptive linguists scornfully qualify as "value judgments"; it plainly tells you that a word is slang, substandard, vulgar, colloquial, avoided by the best writers and speakers. Random House displays far more "residual prudishness" than does Webster III; it omits far more four-letter words. It is almost as though the editors had been as much preoccupied with "good taste" as those of Webster III were with "usage."

Random House's list of consultants and consulting editors is impressive. They have done their work well. Not so well, however, as to make the offering "completely up-to-date," as claimed by the publicity, or to avoid such minor inaccuracies as the twice mentioned Spanish *bomba de fuega* (for *bomba de fuego*), in the Introduction and under *bomb*. It is easy to see how a work of more limited scope would omit *del credere*, which Webster III offers, or *poorthink*, which might be labeled a quasi-nonce-word. *Credibility gap* was not in use when Webster III appeared; it may not even have been in use when Random House was given its final touches. But there is hardly any excuse for the omission of *Cosa Nostra*, which has been with us since Valachi gave his testimony before a Congressional committee several years ago.

When I reviewed Webster III at the time of its appearance, I criticized the omission of *don* in the sense of "a don of the Mafia," and an Italian-American supernationalist criticized me in turn for bringing it up, because, according to him, the Mafia was just a figment of the imagination of American newspaper writers. I should have been happy to agree with him, but the Valachi testimony, and the Appalachin meeting shortly thereafter, unfortunately proved that I was right and he was wrong. Random House handles the issue with consummate diplomacy; one of its definitions for *don* is "a person of great importance," with which neither I nor my critic can take issue.

This diplomatic sense appears in other connections. *Spaghetti*, for instance, is given no plural form, but its Italian plural status is precisely described. *Ravioli* is stated to be in English either singular or plural, but again with a precise Italian derivation. Even *salami* is stated to come from an Italian singular *salame* whose plural is *salami*, more than one stick of the substance. By way of contrast, Webster III declares *spaghetti* and *salami* to be English singulars, with plural in *-s*, but shows inconsistency in stating *ravioli* to be an English plural, regardless of the fact that the same people who say *spaghettis* also say *raviolis*.

There is occasional compromise with usage. *Rout*, for example, is given the

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UNDER CYGNUS

Who says I shall not straighten till I bend,
And must be broken if I hope to mend?
Did Samson gain by being chained and blind?
Dark heaven hints at something of the kind,
Seeing that as we beat toward Hercules
Our flank is compassed by the galaxy's,
And we drawn off from our intended course
By a grand reel of stars whose banded force,
Catching us up, makes light of all our loss,
And dances us into the Northern Cross.

Well, if I must surrender and be gay
In the wrong pasture of the Milky Way,
If in the Cross I must resign my Sword
To hang among the trophies of the Lord,
Let my distinction not consist alone
In having let myself be overthrown.
It was my loves and labors, carried high,
Which drove the flight that heaven turns awry,
My dreams which told the stars what they should tell.
Let the Swan, dying, sing of that as well.

RICHARD WILBUR

single pronunciation (rout), but *route* is given (root, rout), with the traditional pronunciation first, the confusing one second. *Double-dome,* labeled "slang," is defined as "egghead"; the latter, in turn, is labeled "informal" and equated with *intellectual.* I miss my own creations *intellectuous* and *intellectuosity* (for fake and pompous varieties of intellect), which I believe would serve the purpose of a useful distinction; but give them time. In most disputed cases, however, Random House minces no words and makes few concessions to substandard and confusing usages. Its discussion of *disinterested* and *uninterested,* at loggerheads with Webster III's permissiveness, deserves framing. *Bimonthly* for *semi-monthly* bears the clear label "loosely," which is possibly not strong enough. The discussions of *ain't,* and of *like* (for *as*) will meet with as much favor from traditionalists as their counterparts in Webster III met with criticism.

It is natural for a younger girl to be more attractive than an older woman, all other things being equal. In like manner, a younger dictionary has a natural advantage over its older counterpart. Random House tells you about *escalating* a war, where all that Webster III could tell you was escalating prices to compensate for certain factors, or escalating goods by lifting them in a mechanical conveyor. Under *garbage,* you will look in vain in Webster III for the specialized meanings the term has in spacecraft and in computer science. Even Random House hasn't gotten around to the latter (bits of information disgorged by the computer, but not in line with the purpose for which it is being operated); but it does have the former.

Because I have a special interest in foreign words and expressions, and the criteria by which such words are finally deemed to have become naturalized and no longer printed in italics, I tried to figure out the system used by the compilers of Random House. (In this connection, Webster III simply ignores the problem and treats every word alike, no matter how outlandish, again attesting to the equalitarian tendencies of its compilers.) Sadly, I have to report failure. Random House duplicates Webster III in using no italics for such expressions as *ma foi, ba'al shem, queue fourché* (is the incorrect agreement, from the French standpoint, proof of English naturalization?), *quetzal, trompe l'oeil, rigatoni, seguidilla, force majeure, Rosh Hashanah,* and even *Rosh Hodesh.* But then we fall into a series of inconsistencies. Why *Luftwaffe* but Wehrmacht? Why Yom Kippur but *Yom Tov*? Why *carabinieri* but bersaglieri? Why *double entente* but double entendre? *Garçon* and *Kamerad* are in italics, but garbanzo and kamikaze are not. And *Sehnsucht* is overlooked by both dictionaries, despite "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," which most singers prefer to "None but the lonely heart," and which is listed in all available dictionaries of foreign terms and expressions. Webster III, by the way, omits *Luftwaffe,* though it has *Wehrmacht,* but I notice this only now, illustrating what I said in my opening paragraph.

The last 400 pages of the Random House are devoted to things that do not, strictly speaking, pertain to a dictionary. There are lists of colleges and universities, both here and abroad. There are rather comprehensive and well-done two-way vocabularies of French, Spanish, Italian and German. There are major dates in world history, and there is a colored world atlas that gives, among other things, all the national flags (quite a boon in these days when the number of independent nations, and their banners in the UN Plaza, seem to multiply without end). And this is followed by a gazetteer that enables you to spot cities on the maps of the atlas. This is all to the good, but I still miss the old biographical sketches (now scattered in the text) and, above all, the derivations of personal and geographical names that appeared in the older works.

When dictionary compilers go too deeply into specialized fields, they run the risk of boners. The inside cover of the Random House presents a table of Indo-European languages which is, in the main, accurate. One could take issue with the placing of Latin between Oscan and Umbrian, or of High German between Anglo-Frisian and Low German-Dutch, as well as with the apparent derivation of Pashto from Avestan. The spelling *Letish* is obviously a misprint. The boner consists in reversing the position of the Goidelic and Brythonic languages under the Celtic heading, so that Welsh and Breton appear under Goidelic; Irish, Scots Gaelic and Manx under Brythonic; while Cornish, miraculously, appears under the correct Brythonic heading, but in the wrong company. Since *Goidelic* and *Brythonic* are very correctly described in the dictionary itself, it seems a pity that the compilers did not take the precaution of submitting the table to their expert consultants before consigning it to the presses.

Constant reference to this dictionary will doubtless bring to light other failings as time rolls on. But it will also bring to light hidden merits, as was the case with the earlier Webster III. Everything considered, the Random dictionary is an excellent buy and will prove a good and faithful (though not perfect) servant both to the layman and the specialist.

Next week, Mr. Pei will review Modern American Usage *by Wilson Follett.*

Affluence After Anger

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He is the author of Culture and Society, The Long Revolution, *and two novels,* Border Country *and* Second Generation.

The conversion of reality into research material is now so rapid that I suppose I shouldn't really have been surprised when I was asked by a visiting scholar: "Whatever happened to that English cultural generation of the 1950s?" True, it was asked with a suggestion of melancholy and nostalgia, and this impression was deepened by the fact that I was being addressed as one of the relics or survivors. But it was also asked with a desire for an answer, and this has stayed in my mind.

The first and obvious answer, of course, is that most of them are still around. The names that come first to mind—John Osborne, Arnold Wesker, Kingsley Amis, John Braine, John Wain, Richard Hoggart—have in no way disappeared, and their work continues. And yet, I suppose that nobody any longer thinks of them as a generation; or, if they do, it is as a generation of the past. A comparable case is the generation of the thirties, which was described at the time in much the same way. Auden and Spender and Day Lewis are all alive and still writing, but what they have in common exists only in that past, a full generation ago. As writers develop, they separate out as individuals, and the sense of a movement is lost. It should not be surprising that the writers who were new in the fifties have gone through the same process.

Still, looked at another way, the problem is a real one, in cultural history. Many people now see the thirties in England through that surviving sense of a generation: the volunteers in the Spanish war, the Left intellectuals, the direct response in literature to fascism and the depression and the hunger marches. And it is generally believed that all this ended in the Second World War: a generation and its memorable structure of feeling were dispersed. Now people are beginning to see the fifties in much the same way: the new working-class writers, the attacks on the Establishment and the English class system, the questioning of affluence: there, in that period, were the issues and the writers, indissolubly linked. What has happened, if not to the writers, then to the issues? What cause of dispersion is the historical equivalent to World War II?

We shall not get an answer by simple parallels. We shall not get agreed answers at all, because the questions lead us into the important contemporary controversies. But I will give my own tentative answers, even though I am aware that for me this reality isn't yet research material with clear guidelines, but still lived and confused. I think that the fifties represented a general cultural shift in ways that the thirties did not. If you listen to some of the men from that older time, now comforting themselves with lecture tours, television programs and memoirs, everybody in England was then much like the movement: that is to say, everybody (except perhaps Neville Chamberlain) was politically on the Left, involved with the hunger marches and the fight against fascism. In fact—the records on this are quite clear—such people were a very small minority. By any test you care to make—the vote for the Labour Party, the membership of the Communist Party, the circulation figures of left-wing writers—the thirties were much less of the Left in England as a whole than any subsequent decade. Both the forties and fifties, to say nothing of the sixties, moved very much more that way. For the thirties, the sense of a left-wing literary movement has to be related, from the beginning, to the fact that literature was very markedly a minority interest. Within this essentially small world, the marked shift of emphasis in writing and opinion took on an importance which later historians, consulting only the more obvious written records, undoubtedly exaggerated. The perpetual and understandable tendency to judge the directions of a society by the color of what seems its *avant-garde* has in that sense been fully worked through.

The fifties, in important respects, were different. The public for literature had grown substantially. But two other factors made a much greater difference. First, there was a real educational expansion: not so much in the population as a whole, where for three-quarters of the children it amounted to little more than one extra year in schools simply renamed secondary schools; but it was critical for one important group, the grammar-school boys—the children of working and lower-middle-class families who could now get through to the universities more easily. Most of the new writers came from these social groups, by sharp contrast with the writers of the thirties who were mainly from upper-class boarding schools, and who were occasionally joined by working men writing short stories and reportage. In the fifties, almost all the new writers were conspicuously mobile, socially, and they were only the visible tip of the emergence of a whole new group who for the most part constituted their supporters and readers. But, second, English society was in the first years of a more general cultural expansion through new media: television and records and paperbacks, especially, were greatly widening the potential audience. These two factors acting together made a difference.

Thus it is clear, as soon as we name them, that they were ambiguous factors. Many people, at the time and since, explained the anger of the new writers as a temporary irritation caused by the difficulties of their mobility. Once they were successful, it was widely and cynically said, they would settle into the Establishment they had attacked. It hasn't happened quite like that, and the few cases I can think of where it has are not especially important. But it is undoubtedly true that as the dust settled it became evident that the targets these writers had in mind, the new experiences they were essentially representing, were in fact various. By the early sixties there was as much complaint against the stupidity of most ordinary people as against the meager and class-ridden educational system which might have caused it. For some, liberation meant radical social and cultural change; for others, it meant new sexual conventions and the imperatives of personal experiment. There was some overlapping, but the tendencies of the sixties—both in new creative work and in criticism—showed major divergences and new hostilities and conflicts within what had been taken, too hastily, as a single new group. The bases of this had been present from the beginning, but it was not only publicity and enthusiasm that overrode them; it was also, for a time, a genuine recognition of a new group, with important experiences and tones in common. As these have become absorbed, by the very fact that the writers were the outriders of a more general change, there is no longer anything very identifiable to use as a pointer to a movement. The men are still there, and writing, but in a society which in important ways has changed in their own directions and overtaken them.

The cultural expansion which was the means of this overtaking is still deeply ambiguous. In a way it is true to say that the beat groups and their young audiences were the successors to the new writers of the fifties. Certainly, by the time they had arrived, there was not much left of the old conservative England which had been known abroad: the careful underdressing, understatement, rigidity, of the old ruling class. Was this then the new Britain, with Wilson's Labour government as its formal recognition? A year or two ago, many would have said so. I doubt if anybody who is really thinking and watching would say it now.

The other way of describing the cultural expansion is all too clearly there. It doesn't sound as nice as a literary or cultural movement, but it is what is happening. The name is capitalism, in the stage at which investment in entertainment and fashionable culture becomes profitable. The new voices, the new sounds, the new social experiences and backgrounds, which had marked the new writing of the fifties and, in a simpler way, some of the new groups, were very rapidly exploited in a new and massive commercial enterprise. And suddenly the movement wasn't writers or groups any more; it was a new commercial lingo—a "commercial" sound, as people started saying of records—and behind it money was racing into position, to take these new audiences and attach them through advertising to a powerful reorganization of the whole society around selling and quick consumption. The *avant-garde*, suddenly, were the pirate stations, the fashion merchants, the Sunday supplements. And the Labour government, among its other changes of course, started to see the future in these empty ways. Some said it was the arrival of Americanism, and in films and television—for financial reasons—this is already literally so. You can perhaps date the change from the moment when the film of Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*—a book which had stood as a kind of source for the fifties—used a good young American actor to play the English miner's son. The commercial calculation had begun to exert its imperatives.

So what happened to the cultural generation of the fifties? We are mostly still here, mostly successful, and the things we were against are still implacably with us: a class society, a meager educational system, a mock affluence. The sense of a movement and a generation has been dispersed by the simple device of its being turned to profit, in its most superficial terms. Some of us, perhaps more than I think, are still fighting what is happening, still supplying a demand which the system can't satisfy, and knowing that we can't go back, even if any of us wanted to. A democratic culture and a commercial culture have touched, overlapped and become confused. But now suddenly, in these last months, the differences between them, and so the need to choose, have become very apparent. That is why the reality isn't yet quite research material, why we have to stand up again and be counted, through a new crisis. By the spring, perhaps, we shall know who we were, and how many, and what has really happened to a generation.

A Chicken in Every Wok

HELEN YGLESIAS

The Christmas edition of *The Wonderful World of Cookbooks,* a 63-page catalogue of a staggering number and variety of nothing but cookbooks, would seem to emphasize the fact that there are quite enough cookbooks on the market already. This hasn't interfered in any way with the publication of a new crop. Among the big books designed for gift giving, some of the biggest are cookbooks; of these, some are beautifully produced; some are fascinating to read; some are special in the service they render, and some combine a blend of these qualities.

The Art of Cuisine, Maurice Joyant's collection of Toulouse-Lautrec's recipes and design illustrations for menus, makes its appeal as an art book as well as a cookbook. I don't know that it's greatly successful on these levels, but it is on another: the recipes are splendid reading. Joyant, an art dealer and gallery owner, was a close friend of Lautrec, as well as his executor. Joyant apparently kept a record of the recipes invented by Lautrec, and others they both gathered from skilled cooks; he also collected the sketches Lautrec produced as decorative menus for his dinner parties.

The book makes much of a simple-minded analogy between the art of painting and the art of cooking, and misuses both by an inept superimposition of sketches and recipes. The full-page color illustrations have a tired familiarity, as if we had been viewing them on billboards for months. As a result, the most touching reproduction in the book is by Vuillard: the frontispiece portrait of Lautrec standing before a kitchen stove.

A further irritation is the foolish introduction by M. G. Dortu and Philip Huisman in which Lautrec is made to come on as the character played by José Ferrer. I lost patience when they describe Lautrec sharing with Joyant "a horror of excess," followed immediately by Lautrec's feeble constitution giving way to "excesses of work and pleasure." The introduction also plays on Lautrec's touchstone recipe ("he would say of people he scorned: 'They are not worthy of ring doves with olives' "), but the index fails to list such a recipe. Instead we have "young wild pigeon with olives."

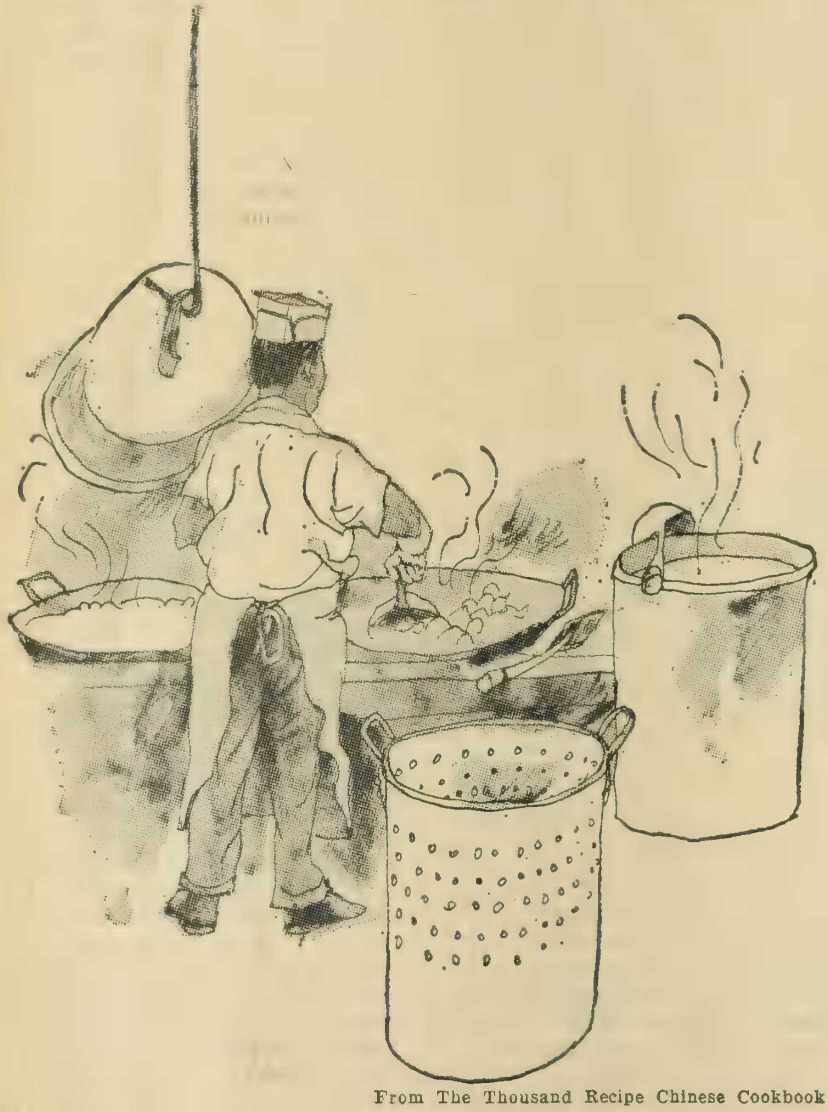
There are many workmanlike recipes in the book; but Lautrec is something of a de Sade of the kitchen and quite as fascinating, witty and sensual. Game particularly arouses his most outrageous appetites. Here he is on *Roast Snipe*:

> Having killed some September snipe, eat them quite fresh when you come back from the shoot. Pluck but do not empty them, push one or two peppercorns into the anus, surround them with a thin slice of bacon and put them on spit in front of a light wood fire. Under the birds to be roasted, lay slices of stale bread. . . . Ten minutes of a brisk fire should be enough to roast the snipe. The flesh should stay bloody . . . cut the snipe quickly into four portions, mash the entrails onto the bread, press the carcasses . . . moisten with a small glass of cognac . . . let the bread slices flare slightly, then arrange the snipe and the heads together with some grilled bacon slices.

And here his advice for tenderizing a chicken:

> . . . take them out of the hen-run; pursue them into open country, and when you have made them run, kill them with a gun loaded with very small shot. The meat of the chicken gripped with fright, will become tender.

The last revived an early childhood memory of a sacrificial ritual practiced by religious immigrant Jewish housewives, called *shlogen kapores.* Between Purim and Passover, two chickens destined for the soup pot (we were a large family), lived in the house for an hour or so before my mother seized them, tied their legs together, whirled them about her head with an appropriate prayer, clearing off the sins of the household, and slaughtered them. The procedure no doubt had a tenderizing effect as well, but neither this nor Lautrec's method is the sort of thing the average cook is apt to put her faith in. Nor will a dessert which combines in a pastry shell sugar, cinnamon, eggs, cream, butter and *beef marrow,* find favor even among ardent beef-marrow fanciers, among whom I count myself. But voyeur cooks (male) should be enchanted with this book.



From The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook

The Lautrec-Joyant approach is a vivid reminder that we are only one level of abundance beyond cannibalism. They make the vegetarian view comprehensible. Lelord Kordel's *Cook Right—Live Longer* is not vegetarian, but it is in the same spirit. It's a book for those whose gratifications are fed in the gesture that sweeps white sugar and white flour off the shelves to make way for blackstrap molasses, sea salt and dry seaweed. The chapter headings give the show away: "Refined Is A Dirty Word," "How To Avoid Nutricide In Your Kitchen," "Yogurt, The Almost Perfect Food." Mr. Kordel issues the usual warnings: don't peel vegetables with a knife, don't overcook, don't overseason. He suggests the usual products: safflower oil, wheat germ, sunflower seed, soybean. But the curse of wholesomeness is nicely taken off the book by a liberal use of garlic and herbs and by the variety of delicious foreign recipes, all simply explained and easy to make. There are no illustrations, but a number of useful lists to guide the novice through this special cuisine. The author even tells you how to grow fresh sprouts from beans, seeds and grains in your kitchen. The sample cake sent out to book editors by the publisher's publicity department was an excellent, light and moist fruit cake with a pervasive fig flavor which proved easy to make at home. Naturally, it's good for your health.

The Classic Cooking of Spain, a modest work of impeccable taste, is a little gem, right down to its price. The great Spanish dishes (*zarzuela, paella, gazpacho, flan, tortilla, cocida*) are here arranged in sections devoted to the regions in which the dishes originated. The photographs convey a sense of the sharp differences of Spain's separate areas, and Jeannette Aguilar has included excerpts from Spanish classic literature by Vives, Cervantes, Pío Baroja, José María Espinas, Lorca, Antonio Machado and others. This presentation makes a charming book effect, but is not perhaps the most efficient way to handle the recipes. Spanish omelettes (no relation to the cafeteria version) would be better described in one place, including all regional *tortilla* variations, instead of appearing as three distinct recipes in different sections of the book. This is also true of the variable local stews (*cocidas*). But the index sorts them out correctly under single headings. I think also that a book for North Americans might make a point of the essential difference between Spanish, and Mexican or Latin American cuisine, which is often jumbled together.

But this is carping about a gentle book that anyone should be delighted to own, if only for the wonderfully simple recipes of *Gambas al ajillo* (shrimps with garlic) and *Sopa de ajo* (garlic soup). The latter, made of water, garlic, bread and eggs, and eaten with a wooden spoon, deserves at least the international reputation of onion soup.

From Modern French Culinary Art

Henri-Paul Pellaprat's *Modern French Culinary Art* tells how to make onion soup more than one way, and in its 1171 pages of over 2,000 recipes and 400 photographs, a great deal more than that. It is all worth knowing, whatever French cuisine teacher is now on your shelf, because it seems to be the clearest and best organized work on this most exacting and elaborate method of cooking. If Pellaprat is not as entertaining as Larousse or as Alice B. Toklas, he offers other virtues. He is simpler than Larousse, Escoffier *or* Alice B. Toklas. Pellaprat, one of France's great chefs and teachers (he taught at Le Cordon Bleu), has been translated for use in American kitchens by Avanelle Day. As true as the blurb says, "novice or seasoned gourmet can reproduce the world's most superb dishes in his or her own kitchen," and what's more, by studying the photographs and reading the detailed directions on serving, he or she can knock the company out with the way the food looks as well as tastes. The larger-than-life color photographs are not my dish; I lost my appetite at the first glimpse of "Turkey Breast Mercure," a cone-shaped mold covered with sliced turkey, dressed with truffles and set in the hollow created by two kneeling horses whose heads and forelegs have been sculpted from 2 pounds of chilled butter. *Modern French Culinary Art* also tells how to make chocolate-covered candies and how to arrange them on a dish. Indeed, it seems to tell everything about *everything*: sauces, hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, soups, fish, meats, poultry, *pâtés*, salads and desserts; and includes a splendid illustration of how to peel and slice an orange with a knife and fork, continental head-waiter fashion, a method which somehow makes it taste like pineapple. It looks easy, but it's harder to do than a *quiche lorraine*.

THE ART OF CUISINE. By Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec and Maurice Joyant. Illustrated by Toulouse-Lautrec in color. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 168 pp. $15.

COOK RIGHT—LIVE LONGER. By Lelord Kordel. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 443 pp. $5.95.

THE CLASSIC COOKING OF SPAIN. By Jeannette Aguilar. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Illustrated. Black-and-white photographs. 160 pp. $4.95.

MODERN FRENCH CULINARY ART. By Henri-Paul Pellaprat. World Publishing Co. Illustrated. 422 photographs, 284 in full color. 18 drawings. 1171 pp. $22.50.

THE THOUSAND RECIPE CHINESE COOKBOOK. By Gloria Bley Miller. Black-and-white illustrations by Earl Thollander. Atheneum Publishers. 926 pp. $20.

The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook does for another great cuisine what Pellaprat does for the French. Gloria Bley Miller is an American who understands that she must start from the beginning. She defines the nature of the ingredients, the cooking and serving utensils and the methods of cooking. She manages to do this in an attractively simple manner, and Earl Thollander's suggestive sketches are charming in a way that is entirely missed by the gluttony of full-color illustrations.

Every highly cultivated cuisine has its excesses, and it goes without saying that the stranger the custom the more excessive it seems. Chinese *haute cuisine* contains some of the most shocking. (Far Eastern travelers' stories of being served delicacies such as the eye of the cow or being invited to extract nerve tissue from the brains of still living monkeys are legendary, but true.) But at a more normal level, which is where Mrs. Miller stays, both the preparing and eating of Chinese food convey a gratifying illusion that one has approached the question of feeding in a civilized fashion. That is, the best possible flavors have been extracted from the ingredients with a respectful concern for the nature of the ingredient as well as its effect in the whole design. What accounts for this harmonious balance of asceticism and physical well-being is unclear to me (the thought of Mao?). But some of it seems to be mysteriously bound up with the use of fresh products cooked so quickly that their naturalness is undisturbed, as well as with advance kitchen preparation so meticulous that what is served is perfectly sized for eating without the need to cut, tear or otherwise act like a beast at table. At any rate, an aura of virtue surrounds Chinese cuisine, not unlike that connected with vegetarianism or calorie counting—with the difference that all the sensual needs of eating are also met.

Mrs. Miller has provided the essential information for entering this new world. I tried a five-course dinner for nine people, with a handicap of no special equipment and only a few special ingredients (soy sauce, water chestnuts and bamboo shoots, available at any supermarket), and had a clear success. For those who want to go the whole way, *The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook*'s 900 pages and splendid index will tell you all about *woks,* thousand-year eggs, winter melon, stir-frying and all the exotic works. If you have any notion of spending $20 on a cookbook this Christmas, spend it here.

Big Books: 1966

The books listed below are a small selection from the many gift books published this season. They are chosen on the basis of special interest to Nation *readers.*

CHINA. By Emil Schulthess. Viking Press. 172 pp. 100 black-and-white illus. 60 color plates. $25.

A photo-journalist's record of China today, examining the remarkable contrasts of its geography and people, with additional text by Edgar Snow, Harry Hamm and Emil Egli and an introduction by Hans Keller. Egli addresses himself to changes in geography and climate; Snow analyzes the factors which led China to adopt communism; Hamm discusses current Chinese problems. An aid in evaluating the changes that have occurred in China during the last two decades.

THE THREE BANNERS OF CHINA. By Marc Riboud. The Macmillan Company. 216 pp. 100 black-and-white illus. 50 color plates. $12.50.

Text and photographs, the result of a four-month, 16,000-mile trip in China in 1965. The Three Banners of the title are The People's Communes, The Great Leap Forward and the new General Party Line. Riboud was accompanied by K. S. Karol, a journalist, whose relationship to the work is not indicated. Of special interest is an excerpt from the writings of Mao Tse-tung and the translation of a death penalty notice which appears in one of the photographs.

THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Vera and Hellmut Hell. With an introduction by Sir Thomas Kendrick. Clarkson N. Potter. 275 pp. 190 illus. 10 color plates. $17.50.

Photographs of the Romanesque and early Gothic buildings and art works along the road to, and including, St. James of Compostela in the beautifully preserved medieval city of Santiago, in the north of Spain. The text and introduction describe the legend of St. James, as well as the history of the pilgrimage.

THE GUELL PARK OF GAUDI: A MINIATURE UNIVERSE. By Carola Giedion-Welcker. Wittenborn & Co. 140 pp. 43 black-and-white illus. 35 color plates. $15.

Detailed color and black-and-white photographs of the Barcelona children's park designed by Antonio Gaudi, illustrating the strange, playful quality of this unique architect's bizarre, almost *art nouveau* effects. A four-language text (Spanish, German, English and French) places Gaudi as a Catalan sculptor in the Le Corbusier tradition. The English is faulty and inadvertently amusing.

LONDON, FLOWER OF CITIES ALL. By Richard Church. Illustrated by Imre Hofbauer. The John Day Co. 208 pp. $15.

A combined literary and pictorial assessment of the history, pageantry and visual beauty of London, illustrated in black-and-white drawings and four-color reproductions of paintings.

CAMBRIDGE. By Michael Grant. With an introduction by Noël Annan. Photographs by John Marmaras. William Morrow & Co. 192 pp. 90 black-and-white illus. 16 color plates. $15.

An account of Cambridge as a cultural and artistic center. The photographs show the city, the colleges and their treasures. A distinction is made between the merely quaint and picturesque and the good and first-rate.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF GERMANY. By André Maurois. Translated by Stephen Hardman. Viking Press. 296 pp. $22.50.

Forty full-page color plates and many more black-and-white illustrations dramatize the author's words, which attempt to see German history in the light of its art.

DAUMIER: MAN OF HIS TIME. By Oliver W. Larkin. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 245 pp. 100 black-and-white illus. 8 color plates. $9.95.

A full-length treatment of Daumier the man, the social and political satirist and the artist. The chronology of his oils, water colors and drawings are an indication of how he developed as a creative artist from youth to old age. The author is a Pulitzer Prize winner.

DAUMIER. By Robert Rey. Harry N. Abrams. 160 pp. 78 black-and-white illus. 48 color plates. $15.

Daumier in lithographs, drawings and paintings.

THE MAN FROM M.A.L.I.C.E. Caricatures by David Levine. With an introduction by Malcolm Muggeridge. E. P. Dutton & Co. 120 pp. $4.95.

A collection of more than 200 contributions to the *New York Review of Books, Esquire, Atlas* and *The Washington Post,* by a brilliant caricaturist of the political, social and literary scene.

THE GRAPHIC WORK OF PHILIP EVERGOOD. By Lucy R. Lippard. Crown Publishers. 160 pp. 176 black-and-white illus. $10.

The first extended study devoted to Evergood's graphic work. Predominantly social comment by an American artist who combines explicit realism with fantasy.

ECCE HOMO. By George Grosz. With an introduction by Henry Miller. Grove Press. 104 pp. 84 black-and-white illus. 16 color plates. $15.

A volume of reproductions by the German-born artist, originally published in 1923 and condemned at that time as "an insult to public morality." Corrosive portraits by an artist at war with the society he depicts. Grosz's work is well described by Henry Miller "as naked and ugly, as beautiful and eloquent, as truth itself."

TWO GREAT MASTERS OF UKIYO-E: FIFTY-THREE STAGES OF THE TOKAIDO. By Utakawa Hiroshige. THIRTY-SIX VIEWS OF MOUNT FUJI. By Katsushika Hokusai. Both edited by Ichitaro Kondo. English adaptation by Charles S. Terry. Boxed set. East-West Center Press. 212 pp. $24.50.

Full-color wood-block prints of Hiroshige's work which first made its appearance in 1834, and Hokusai's views of Mount Fuji, produced between 1823 and 1835.

2,000 YEARS OF CHRISTIAN ART. By Eric Newton and William Neil. Harper & Row. 318 pp. 200 black-and-white illus. 17 color plates. $9.95.

A collection of anonymous Byzantine artists and architects, as well as great masters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. A study of iconography, structure and technique as they vary in different epochs and adapt to changes of Christian attitudes.

BIRDS OF THE NORTHERN FOREST. By John A. Livingston. Paintings by J. F. Lansdowne. Houghton Mifflin Co. 247 pp. 57 pencil sketches. 56 color plates. $20.

A comprehensive and beautifully illustrated study of the birds of Northern America and Canada.

—Literary Editor

Records: 1966 / Benjamin Boretz

In this annual listing, the "Records of the Year," are those conjunctions of performances and works that would constitute major musical events in any context. Following these, a number of other recordings released during 1966 that make worth while, if somewhat more limited, contributions to the recorded literature are listed according to their aspect of greatest interest: as adequate performances of important literature previously unavailable or inadequately represented on records; as responsible performances of frequently performed literature; as reissues of historic performances; or as reissues of more recent recordings lately out of print. Dates in parentheses refer to Nation *issues in which relevant discussions have appeared; records not previously reviewed will in most cases be discussed in forthcoming issues.*

I. Records of the Year

BOULEZ: *Le Marteau sans maître*. Jeanne Deroubaix, alto; Severino Gazzeloni, alto flute; Georges van Gucht, xylorimba; Claude Ricou, vibraphone; Jean Batigne, percussion; Anton Stingl, guitar; Serge Collot, viola; Pierre Boulez, cond. Turnabout TV 4081/TV 34081S.

BRUCKNER: Symphonies Nos. 4, 7, 9. Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia D4L 342/D4S 742.

DAVIDOVSKY: Synchronisms Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Efrain Guigui, clarinet; Harvey Sollberger, flute; Sophie Sollberger, flute; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Paul Zukovsky, violin; Robert Martin, cello. SOLLBERGER: Chamber Variations (1964). Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University; Gunther Schuller, cond. CRI 204/204SD.

DVORAK: Symphonies Nos. 7, 8, 9. The Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6065/BSC 155.

FINE: Symphony 1962. Irving Fine, cond. *Toccata Concertante*; *Serious Song* for String Orchestra. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2829.

GLUCK: *Orfeo ed Euridice*. Shirley Verrett, Anna Moffo, Judith Raskin, vocalists; Instrumental Ensemble of the Collegium Musicum Italicum and The Virtuosi di Roma; Renato Fasano, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6169.

HAYDN: "*Theresien*" Mass. Vienna Boys' Choir; Vienna Konzerthaus Chamber Orchestra; Ferdinand Grossman, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2854.

JOSQUIN DES PREZ: Motets. Capella Antiqua of Munich; Konrad Ruhland, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9480-A.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9. Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, cond. *Das Lied von der Erde*. Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Häfliger, tenor; New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia D3L 344/D3S 744. (10/24).

NEW MUSIC FOR PIANO. (including, notably, works by Babbitt, Berger, Miriam Gideon, Earl Kim, George

New England Saints

AUSTIN WARREN

There are two strains in the New England character—the Yankee trader and the Yankee saint. This book is devoted to the saints. The Puritans used the term saint to designate members of their church, but Mr. Warren's uncanonized saints are often a complex of scholar, priest, and poet—men whose spiritual integrity was their calling and vocation. This book brings to life New England spirituality from the Puritan poets to Irving Babbitt.

200 pages *$3.75*

The New England Conscience

AUSTIN WARREN

The extreme rigor of the New England Conscience, that exaggerated sense of duty and obligation, caused psychological deformities but also helped assure the survival of the struggling colonies.

Austin Warren, himself a New Englander, examines the characteristic theological, psychological, historical, and literary manifestations of conscience through four centuries of New England history. Professor Warren offers this unique regional portrait with a rare blend of compassionate sympathy and critical detachment.

244 pages *$6.00*

AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK:

Rage for Order

AUSTIN WARREN *174 pages $1.75*

Richard Crashaw:

A Study in Baroque Sensibility

AUSTIN WARREN *272 pages $1.35*

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS

ANN ARBOR

Perle and Mel Powell). Robert Helps, piano. RCA Victor LM/LSC 7042.

PUCCINI: *Turandot.* Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Renata Scotto, soloists; Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. Angel (S) CL-3671.

STRAVINSKY: *Le Baiser de la fée.* Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6203/MS 6803. (11/21).

STRAVINSKY: *Pulcinella.* Irene Jordan, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6281/MS 6881. (11/21).

VERDI: *Don Carlo.* Renata Tebaldi, Grace Bumbry, Carlo Bergonzi, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Nikolai Ghiaurov, soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Georg Solti, cond. London A 4432/OSA 1432.

WAGNER: *Lohengrin.* Sándor Kónya, Lucine Amara, Rita Gorr, William Dooley, Jerome Hines, Calvin Marsh, soloists; Chorus Pro Musica of Boston; Boston Symphony; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6710.

II. LITERATURE OF SPECIAL INTEREST

BACH: St. John Passion. Kurt Equiluz, Max von Egmond, Jacques Villisch, Bert van t'Hoff, Siegfried Schneeweis, vocal soloists; Wiener Sängerknaben; Chorus Viennensia; Concentus Musicus, Vienna; Hans Gillesberger, cond. Telefunken SKH 19. (10/10).

BARTOK: Violin Concerto. STRAVINSKY: Violin Concerto. Joseph Silverstein, violin; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2852. (5/9).

BEETHOVEN: *Missa Solemnis.* Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Fritz Wunderlich, Walter Berry, soloists; Wiener Singverein; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. DGG LPM 19208-9/SLPM 139208-9. (N.B. Another new recording of this work, conducted by Otto Klemperer [Angel 3679 (S)] is also available but has not yet been received for review.)

BOULEZ: *Le Soleil des eaux.* MESSIAEN: *Chronochromie* (with Koechlin: *Les Bandar-Log*); B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Antal Dorati, cond. Angel (S) 36295. (5/2).

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 1. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Eugen Jochum, cond. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 19131/SLPM 139 131.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 9. *Te Deum.* Maria Stader, Sieglinde Wagner, Ernst Häfliger, Peter Lagger, soloists; Chorus of the Deutschen Oper, Berlin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Eugen Jochum, cond. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 19 19117-18/SLPM 139117-18.

BYRD: Consort Music. LAWES: Consort Music. Leonhardt Consort; Gustav Leonhardt, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9481-A.

CAMPION, Coperario, Gibbons, Locke and others: Florid Song and Viol Music in England, 1610-1660. Studio for Early Music; Concentus Musicus, Vienna. Telefunken SAWT 9472-A.

COPLAND: *Dance Symphony* (with Gould: *Spirituals for Orchestra*). Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Morton Gould, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2850. (5/2).

COPLAND: *The Tender Land.* (Abridged Version). Joy Clements, Claramae Turner, Richard Cassily, Norman Treigle, Richard Fredericks, soloists; Choral Art Society; New York Philharmonic; Aaron Copland, cond. Columbia ML 6214/MS 6814.

DALLAPICCOLA: *Canti di Prigonia* (with Dallapiccola: Two Choruses of Michelangelo; Peragallo: *De Profundis*; Petrassi: *Nonsense*); Monteverdi-Chorus, Hamburg; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SLT 43095-B.

DONIZETTI: *Don Pasquale.* Anna Maccianti, Mario Basiola, Ugo Benelli, Augusto Frati, Alfredo Mariotti, soloists; Orchestra and Chorus of the Florence May Festival; Ettore Gracis, cond. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18971-2/SLPM 138971-2.

DONIZETTI: *Lucrezia Borgia.* Montserrat Caballé, Ezio Flagello, Alfredo Kraus, Shirley Verrett, Giuseppe Baratti, Robert El Hage, soloists; RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus; Jonel Perlea, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6176.

DVORAK: String Quartet in A-flat, Op. 105 (with: Smetana: String Quartet); The Guarneri Quartet. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2887.

ELGAR: *The Dream of Gerontias.* Janet Baker, Richard Lewis, Kim Borg, soloists; Hallé Orchestra and Chorus; John Barbirolli, cond. Angel (S) B 3660.

FINE: Fantasy for String Trio. COPLAND: Trio: *Vitebsk.* CARTER: Woodwind Quintet. PISTON: Serenade (with works by Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart); Boston Symphony Chamber Players. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6167.

GOUNOD: *Messe Solennelle Ste. Cécile.* Irmgard Seefried, Gerhard Stolze, Hermann Uhde, soloists; Czech Sängerchor; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; Igor Markevitch, cond. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 19111/SLPM 139 111.

HAYDN: *The Creation.* Ingeborg Wenglor, Gerhard Unger, Theo Adam, soloists; Berlin Radio Chorus and Orchestra; Helmut Koch, cond. Heliodor H/HS 25028-2.

HONEGGER: Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3. Czech Philharmonic; Serge Baudo, cond. Crossroads 22 16 0009/22 16 0010.

IVES: Symphony No. 2. *The Fourth of July.* New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6289/MS 6889.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 10 ("performing version" by Deryck Cooke). Philadelphia; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M2L 335/M2S 735. (10/24).

MONTEVERDI: Mass in Four Parts (1651) (with: *Laudate Pueri*; *Ut Queant Laxis*; and Mass in Four Parts (1640); The Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; George Guest, cond. Argo ZRG 5494.

MOZART: Music for Solo Organ. "Mozart" Organ, Haarlem; E. Power Biggs, organist. Columbia ML 6256/MS 6856.

RACHMANINOFF: Symphony No. 2. London Symphony; André Previn, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2899.

RAMEAU: *Hippolyte et Aricie.* Janet Baker, Angela Hickey, Robert Tear, John Shirley-Quirk, soloists; St. Anthony Singers; English Chamber Orchestra; Anthony Lewis, cond. L'Oiseau-Lyre (S) OL 286-7-8.

DE LA RUE: *Requiem.* Funeral Music, 1500-1550 by Brumel, Vaet, Senfl and others. Capella Antiqua, Munich; Konrad Ruland, cond. Telefunken (S) AWT 9471-A.

RUGGLES: *Sun Treader* (with Helps: Symphony No. 1); Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Zoltan Rosznyai, cond. Columbia ML 6201-MS 6801. (3/7).

TALLIS: Tudor Church Music (*Lamentations of Jeremiah*; *Videte Miraculum*; Lesson; *Sancte Deus*); Andrew Davis, organ; Choir of King's College, Cambridge; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG 5479.

VARESE: *Arcana* (with Martin: Concerto for seven winds, percussion and strings); Chicago Symphony; Jean Martinon, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2914.

III. PERFORMANCES OF SPECIAL INTEREST

BACH: Three Flute Sonatas. Elaine Schaffer, flute; George Malcolm, harpsichord. Angel (S) 36337.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas Nos. 11 in B-flat, 13 in E-flat, 27 in E minor;

Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG LPM 18 939/SLPM 138 939.

BRAHMS: *Liebeslieder* Waltzes. Saramae Endich, Florence Kopleff, Seth McCoy, Theodor Uppman, vocal soloists; Claude Frank and Lillian Kallir, pianists; The Robert Shaw Chorale; Robert Shaw, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2864.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7 in E major (with Wagner: *Siegfried Idyll*; Prelude to *Lohengrin*); Columbia Symphony; Bruno Walter, cond. M2L 290/M2S 690.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. London Symphony Orchestra; Istvan Kertesz, cond. London CM 9480/CS 6480.

DONIZETTI: *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Anna Moffo, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, soloists; RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus; Georges Prêtre, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6170.

HANDEL: *Messiah*. Judith Raskin, soprano; Florence Kopleff, alto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra; Robert Shaw, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6175.

HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. 88 in G; 104 in D. The New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36346.

LISZT: The Operatic Liszt. *Hexameron* (Variations on the March from Bellini's *I Puritani* by Liszt, Thalberg, Pixis, Herz, Czerny and Chopin); *Réminiscences de Norma*. Raymond Lewenthal, piano. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2895.

MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto. TCHAIKOVSKY: Violin Concerto. Erick Friedman, violin; London Symphony Orchestra; Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2865.

MOZART: *The Abduction from the Seraglio* (with *Bastien and Bastienne*) Erika Köth, Fritz Wunderlich, Kurt Böhme; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera, Munich; Eugen Jochum, cond. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 19 213-15/SLPM 139 213-5.

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 29 in A; 33 in B-flat. New Philharmonic Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36329.

RAVEL: Concerto in D for the Left Hand (1930-31). Concerto in G for Piano and Orchestra (1930-31). Monique Haas, piano; French National Orchestra; Paul Paray, cond. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18988/SLPM 138988.

RAVEL: *Daphnis et Chloë*. Choeurs de la Radio Romande, Lausanne; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Geneva; Ernest Ansermet, cond. London CM 9456/CS 6456.

SCHUBERT: Four-Hand Piano Music. Paul Badura-Skoda, Jörg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 39107/SLPM 139107.

SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise*. Six Songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 192OL-2/SLPM 139201-2. (5/9).

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1 in B-flat. "Manfred" Overture. New Philharmonia; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36353.

STRAVINSKY: *Perséphone*. Vera Zorina, Michele Molese, vocalists; Ithaca College Concert Choir; Texas Boys' Choir; Gregg Smith Singers; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6319/MS 6919. (11/21).

VIRTUOSO: (virtuoso piano arrangements by Moriz Rosenthal, Leopold Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Tausig, of works by Chopin, Strauss, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Kreisler, Bizet); Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3912/BC 1312.

IV: Reissues

BACH: *Magnificat*. PURCELL: Music for the Funeral of Queen Mary. Ilse Wolf, Helen Watts, Richard Lewis, Thomas Helmsley soloists; Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra; Geraint Jones, cond. Seraphim 60001.

BEETHOVEN: Seven Bagatelles, Op. 33. Six Bagatelles, Op. 126. Bagatelles, *"Für Elise,"* Fantasie, Op. 77. Artur Schnabel, piano. Angel COLH 66.

BRAHMS: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. HINDEMITH: *Nobilissime Visione*. Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Seraphim 60004.

PISTON: Quintet for piano and Strings. Earl Wild, piano; The Walden String Quartet (with Hovhaness: *Khaldis*); Helioder H/HS 25027.

MAHLER: *Songs of a Wayfarer. Kindertotenlieder*. Christa Ludwig, alto; Philharmonia Orchestra; Adrian Boult and André Vandernoot, conds. Seraphim 60026.

SCHUMANN: Concerto in A minor. *Etudes Symphoniques*. Myra Hess, piano. Philharmonia Orchestra; Rudolf Schwartz, cond. Seraphim 60009.

STRAUSS: *Alpine* Symphony. Bavarian State Orchestra; Richard Strauss, cond. Seraphim 60006.

WEILL: *Der Jasager*. Joseph Protoschka, Lys Bert, Willibald Vohla, soloists; Dusseldorf Children's Chorus and Chamber Orchestra; Sigfried Kohler, cond. Heliodor H/HS 25025.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

It is already a commonplace to speak of the seriousness that underlies the levity of that marvelous aesthetic fourflusher and Fancy Dan, Saul Steinberg. With great relief, after contenting ourselves so long with his books and magazine cuts, we can now see a comprehensive show of his drawings at a sparkling two-gallery exhibition (Janis and Parsons.) Yet Steinberg, he of Chrysler Building *moderne* and Wurlitzer baroque, seems curiously out of date, at least in the topical expectations made by the context of satire. Even his current work still somewhat recalls the perforated wing-tip shoe and chromed tail-fin aggressions of the America he took affectionately to task in the fifties. But, of course, we are dealing with a displaced European sensibility; Steinberg is at once a refugee from the old world, however imbued he is with its traditions, and a nostalgic alien in the new one, however slangy his lingo. Like Nabokov in his cosmopolitanism, he also functions enigmatically between our normal images of caricature and art. This combination of clever culture and dainty whimsy perhaps distills that strange evasiveness which is the lasting flavor of the drawings on display.

I mean not the evasiveness of someone incapable of facing his responsibilities, but rather that of a person whose large talents are forced to seek a self-depreciating tone. That Spencerian doodling out loud, those oddly placed juvenilities, that casual sleight of hand are, it seems to me, various devices or strategies of an artist who finds the tongue-in-cheek the only appropriate response to an overwhelming Surrealist legacy. The urbane and bourgeois triviality of the *New Yorker* cartoon, therefore, turns out to be the coy cover-up of a rather Byzantine artist who has something more substantial to tell us.

With provocative glee, Steinberg is really kicking up his heels about the vagaries and ambiguities in the act of representation. His elaborate signatures, his unreadable official stamps, usually given in a vortex of narcissistic flourishes, may register as an unintended parallel to Abstract Expressionism, but his fascination with Cubism, its morphology and structure, revealed in the present drawings, probes his own identity as a creator.

A man who may indicate a room space by three simple lines can also discombobulate that space by writing upon it, or pasting gummed labels or drawing pictures or word balloons in total defiance of the cavity he has actually created. Needless to say, this is a sophisticated rather than a childish activity. And yet Steinberg will hold on to his retarded angularities in an almost self-protective manner. To see in them farfetched analogies with Cubist facet-planes, as he does, is really to put wit on the defensive. But additionally, it is to camouflage certain processes, now far removed from the spirit of parody. The famous *New Yorker* cartoon, in which a lady asks of a semi-Abstract painting, "What does it represent?," only to be answered by a figure in the picture itself jumping out to ask her, "What do *you* represent?," is very much to the point here. One of Steinberg's typical motifs is the spectator looking upon pictures from whose images he himself seems to have fled. It constitutes a major theme. Another prominent subject is that of the man who draws himself, or is it possibly the drawing who is drawing the man? (So much, at times, do they intertwine.) Both conditions lead somehow back to that of the artist who originally draws the real, as opposed to the "pictured," drawing. Occasionally, in fact, Steinberg seems to be drawing himself into a corner, or whirling off from a spiral or into a crossword-puzzle labyrinth. The cat whose tail imitates the French curves is not nearly as important as the spectacle of the man about to swat the question mark. Steinberg is running, to quote an old aphorism by Lichtenberg, "a little business in obscurantism." Those spidery reveries on other people's identities are evidently his own quests after himself. Such irreverencies as the palm tree in the Cubist landscape emerge as elements in a larger furor to create the artist's own terrain, and to populate it with authentic fantasies and pertinent comments.

Indeed, Steinberg, if he cannot be said to possess any one style, impresses as having a quite distinct personality. The ability to see microcosms in a macrocosm, to make notations in five or six highly variegated coded scripts, to utter large stage whispers: all these are aspects of a remarkably unique mind. Perhaps one of its most singular qualities is his talent in visualizing aural phenomena—it would be hard to call them precisely words or language—by a completely graphic metaphor. Often this concern appears in the tactile quality of lines proper. A scratchy or nervous, or overly fluid, staccato or dotted form of calligraphy constantly invokes sound, in differing matrices of pitch and rhythm and timbre. It is a twittering or squawky articulation for which Steinberg owes the most obvious precedent, of course, to Klee. But he can also materialize the hum of a voice, and even such things as social hypocrisy, by piling up mountains of verbiage emitted by a mouth shaping a mammoth cloud of the word "NO." Here Steinberg invites comparison with no one but himself and his own potentialities in extending and enriching the peculiar sarcasm of his inventions. I find his elegant sensitivity to the static and noise of the local surroundings one of his signal achievements. It prevents him, finally, from being overly illustrational, or too emphatically abstract. That this position has been purchased by the avoidance of all political content does not seem to have been too great a price to pay (even if political coloration had ever been his aim). Rather than the fey diableries of Ronald Searle, or the vulgar doggerel of Osborn, Steinberg speaks with the feral accents of a self-aware—and contained—artist.

Recently, with the addition of watery patches of color, he has moved toward consolidating the substance of his dream. Not merely has the formal effectiveness of his wiry lines been enhanced by contrast with his light brushy touches, but that larger lightness also, which is the aspiration of a truly playful imagination. The buoyancy that his discreet liquidity sometimes lends his subject may be best illustrated by a production called "Mask of Landscape." Four horizontal rows of five, post-card sized, blotted water-color landscapes are arranged in a chart formation. The eye shifts across from left to right, and then from top to bottom: river bank, flat plain, rocky shore and finally, mountain vista, the whole sequence rolling by panoramically. In each tableau there is a perfectly accurate equivalent of a sensory impression, rendered through nothing more controlled than a faint blur. The mind is startled by this staggering implication of its own omniscience, as if it could overleap very definite barriers to its perception of time and place in a cramped, discontinuous format. And yet this perception is dealt out straightforwardly, if miraculously, like four very lucky hands at poker. Along with that other unforgettable image from the earlier collection called "The Passport," of a fingerprint substituting for a man's face, this "Mask of Landscape," denying definition at certain vital points, becomes a cipher in the search for identity. Only here, the identity is the coherence and integration of faculties which are simultaneously harassed and flattered by the simplest pictorial maneuvers, or better, displacements. Altogether, Steinberg offers an entertainment so rare as hardly to be seen in a gallery, but also so touching as to give a glimpse of his own vulnerability.

Books by NATION Contributors

We are pleased to list below books published in 1966 by writers who contributed to The Nation *during the past year. This compilation—a regular year-end feature—includes books published in England, showing equivalent prices in dollars, available on special order from most booksellers.*

V. L. ALLEN. *Militant Trade Unionism.* Merlin Press (England). $1.75.

JOHN BEECHER. *To Live and Die in Dixie.* Red Mountain Editions. $5. $2 paper.

ERIC BENTLEY. *Manual of Piety* (translation of *Die Hauspostille* by Bertolt Brecht). Bilingual edition. Grove. $10.

Edward II (translation of Bertolt Brecht). Grove. $1.45 paper.

JOHN BERGER. *Corkers Freedom.* Panther (London). 70c paper.

The Success and Failure of Picasso. Penguin. $2.25 paper.

HAROLD J. BERMAN. *Soviet Criminal Law and Procedure: The RSFSR Codes* (with James W. Spindler). Harvard University Press. $11.95.

The Nature and Functions of Law (with William R. Greiner). Foundation Press (2nd edition). $9.75.

ROBERT BLY, editor. *The Sea and the Honeycomb.* Sixties Press. $2. $1 paper.

A Poetry Reading Against the Vietnam War. Editor (with David Ray). Sixties Press. $1 paper.

ELISABETH MANN BORGESE. *The White Snake.* MacGibbon and Kee (London). $4.20.

T. B. BOTTOMORE. *Elites and Society* (reprint). Penguin. 85c paper.

Classes in Modern Society (American edition with postscript). Pantheon. $2.95.

EDWARD J. BROWN. *Stankevich and His Moscow Circle, 1830-1840.* Stanford University Press. $5.

KEITH BUCHANAN. *The Chinese People and the Chinese Earth.* Bell (England). $3.75.

RICHARD CARTER. *Breakthrough: The Saga of Jonas Salk.* Trident. $5.95.

Superswine. Trident. $3.95.

CURTIS W. CASEWIT. *How to Get a Job Overseas.* Arco. $5. $3 paper.

Accent on Treason. Venice Publishers. 50c paper.

Fred J. Cook. *The Corrupted Land*. Macmillan. $5.95.

The Secret Rulers. Meredith. $6.95.

Richard Hauer Costa. *H. G. Wells*. Twayne. $3.95.

Vern Countryman. *The Lawyer in Modern Society* (with Ted Finman). Little, Brown, $13.

Mina Curtiss. *Letters of Marcel Proust*. Vintage. $1.95 paper.

David Cornel DeJong. *The Squirrel and the Harp*. (Juvenile.) Macmillan. $2.95.

Isaac Deutscher. *Stalin, A Political Biography*. Penguin (England).

Ironies of History. Oxford University Press. $5.75.

William Eastlake. *Castle Keep* (reprint). Fawcett. 75c paper.

Robert S. Elegant. *A Kind of Treason*. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

Richard M. Elman. *The Poorhouse State: The American Way of Life on Public Assistance*. Pantheon. $5.95.

F. M. Esfandiary. *Identity Card*. Grove. $4.95.

Clayton Eshleman. *State of the Union* (translations of poems of Aimé Cesaire). Caterpillar Press. 75c.

The Chavin Illumination (poem). La Rama Florida (Lima). $3. Both distributed by Asphodel Bookshop, Cleveland, O.

Bernard B. Fall. *Viet-Nam Witness, 1953-1966*. Praeger. $6.95.

Hell in a Very Small Place. Lippincott. $8.95.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti. *Starting from San Francisco* (poems, new edition). New Directions. $1.95 paper.

Edward Field. *Stand Up, Friend, With Me* (reprint). Evergreen. $1.45 paper.

Daniel Ford. *Now Comes Theodora* (reprint). Avon. 75c paper.

Jean Garrigue. *The Animal Hotel*. Eakins. $3.95.

William H. Gass. *Omensetter's Luck*. New American Library. $5.95.

John Gerassi. *The Great Fear in Latin America*. Collier. $1.50 paper.

The Boys of Boise. Macmillan. $5.95.

Federico G. Gil. *The Political System of Chile*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95. $2.95 paper.

David J. Gordon. *D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic*. Yale University Press. $4.75.

Anne Halley. *Between Wars & Other Poems*. Oxford University Press. $2.80.

Smith Hempstone. *A Tract of Time*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95. Fawcett. 60c paper.

Sandra Hochman. *The Vaudeville Marriage*. Viking. $3.95.

Frederick H. Hoffman. *The Mortal No* (reprint). Princeton University Press. $2.45 paper.

The Little Magazine (photo-offset reprint). Evans. $18.

Jeffry Kaplow. *New Perspectives on the French Revolution*. Wiley. $6.95. $3.95 paper.

Henry S. Kariel. *The Promise of Politics*. Prentice-Hall. $1.95 paper.

Simon Karlinsky. *Marina Cvetaeva, Her Life and Art*. University of California Press. $7.25.

Galway Kinnnell. *Black Light*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Edward A. Kolodziej. *The Uncommon Defense and Congress: 1945-63*. Ohio State University Press. $7.50.

Hilda Kuper (co-editor with Leo Kuper). *African Law: Adaptation and Development*. University of California Press. $7.50.

Alexander Laing. *Clipper Ships and Their Makers*. (Young adult.) Putnam's. $3.95.

Sidney Lens. *Radicalism in America*. Crowell. $8.95.

Curt Leviant, translator. *Old Country Tales* by Sholem Aleichem. Putnam's. $5.95.

Richard G. Lillard. *Eden in Jeopardy: Man's Prodigal Meddling with his Environment—The Southern California Experiment*. Knopf. $6.95.

Desert Challenge: An Interpretation of Nevada (reprint). University of Nebraska Press. $1.60 paper.

A. Walton Litz. *James Joyce*. Twayne. $3.50.

Roy Lubove, editor. *Social Welfare in Transition: Selected English Documents, 1834-1909*. University of Pittsburgh Press. $8.

Jacob A. Riis, The Making of an American, editor. Harper & Row. $2.75 paper.

Reece McGee (with Theodore Caplow). *The Academic Marketplace*. Doubleday (Anchor edition). $1.25 paper.

David Markson. *The Ballad of Dingus Magee*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

Harold Mendelsohn. *Mass Entertainment*. College and University Press. $5.95.

Jonathan Mirsky (with others). *Peace in Vietnam*. Hill & Wang. $3. 95c paper.

Barrington Moore, Jr. *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy: Lord and Peasant in the Making of the Modern World*. Beacon. $10.

Terror and Progress USSR: Some Sources of Change and Stability in the Soviet Dictatorship. Harper Torchbooks. $1.95 paper.

Stanley Moss. *The Wrong Angel*. Macmillan. $4.95.

Jack Newfield. *A Prophetic Minority*. New American Library. $4.75.

Joyce Carol Oates. *Upon the Sweeping Flood*. Vanguard. $4.95.

Albert Parry. *The New Class Divided: Science and Technology Versus Communism*. Macmillan. $8.95.

Sherman Paul. *Randolf Bourne*. Univer-

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Glossary of Linguistic Terminology. Columbia University Press. $6.50.

Language of the Specialists, editor. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50.

Invitation to Linguistics (British edition). Allen & Unwin.

Story of Language (revised edition). New American Library. 95c paper.

David Ray. *From the Hungarian Revolution.* Cornell University Press. $4.95.

A Poetry Reading Against the Vietnam War, editor (with Robert Bly). Sixties Press. $1 paper.

Charles Roberts. *LBJ's Inner Circle.* Delacorte. $5.

M. L. Rosenthal, editor. *The William Carlos Williams Reader.* New Directions. $7.50.

A Primer of Ezra Pound. Grosset & Dunlap. $1.45 paper.

William H. Rueckert. *Glenway Wescott* (reissue). College and University Press. $1.95 paper.

Edward W. Said. *Joseph Conrad and the Fiction of Autobiography.* Harvard University Press. $4.95.

James Schevill. *The Black President and Other Plays.* Swallow. $2.50 paper.

Michael Silverton. *Battery Park.* Thing Press. $2.50 paper.

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Writing Essays. Harper & Row. $1.95 paper.

William Stafford. *The Rescued Year.* Harper & Row. $3.95. $2.25 paper.

Harvey Swados. *The American Writer and the Great Depression.* Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50. $3.45 paper.

May Swenson. *Poems To Solve.* (Young adult.) Scribner's. $3.50.

John Tagliabue. *A Japanese Journal* (poems). Kayak Press. $1.50 paper.

Robert Theobald. *The Guaranteed Income: Next Step in Economic Evolution.* Doubleday. $4.95.

William C. Thiesenhusen. *Chile's Experiments in Agrarian Reform.* University of Wisconsin Press. $3.

Saul Touster. *Still Lives and Other Lives.* University of Missouri Press. $3.50.

Martin Tucker, co-editor. *A Library of Literary Criticism: Modern British Literature.* 3 vols. Frederick Ungar. $35.

Moulton's Library of Literary Criticism, editor. 4 vols. Frederick Ungar. $45.

W. Warren Wagar. *H. G. Wells: Journalism and Prophecy* (revised edition). Bodley Head (London). $5.90.

Franklin Walker. *The Seacoast of Bohemia: An Account of Early Carmel.* The Book Club of California. $20.

Jack London & the Klondike. Bodley Head (London). $4.90.

Alexander Werth. *De Gaulle, a Political Biography.* Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

Ruth Whitman. *An Anthology of Modern Yiddish Poetry.* October House. $7.50. $2.95 paper.

Elie Wiesel. *The Gates of the Forest.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

The Jews of Silence. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Raymond Williams. *Modern Tragedy.* Stanford University Press. $5.50.

The Long Revolution. Harper & Row. $2.25 paper.

Culture and Society. Harper & Row. $2.25 paper.

Sol Yurick. *Fertig.* Trident. $5.95.

The Warriors (reprint). Pyramid. 60c paper.

Howard Zinn. *New Deal Thought.* Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50. $3.75 paper.

Harriet Zinnes. *An Eye for an I.* Folder Editions. $3.75. $2 paper.

Paul Zweig. *Les Violences du Narcisse: le Comte de Lautreamont.* Lettres Modernes (Paris). $1.25 paper.

LETTERS

(continued from page 658)

missing pieces of the jigsaw puzzle. For example, the appearance on this "guest list" of Thomas R. Waring, editor of the Charleston (S.C.) *News and Courier,* explains the seemingly unusual attention given to our program by Mr. Waring's paper:

> Most of the material used by ETV in this state has been first rate. . . . Unfortunately, the ETV network dropped a ball Friday night in presenting the first part of a two part series entitled "The Fruit of Fear." The producer of the program is Henry Morgenthau, grandson and namesake of one of the early leaders of the New Deal. The program purported to be a fair analysis of conditions in the Republic of South Africa. It was completely slanted against that anti-Communist country. . . .

The SAIS in New York has distributed reprints of an editorial in the Phoenix *Gazette* (Nov. 4) whose editor, Edwin A. Fitzhugh, was on the 1966 "guest list." I quote in part from this editorial "thank you note":

> While Africans in Guinea attack the U.S. embassy and defile the American flag, Arthur J. Goldberg schemes in the United Nations to hand a vast slice of southern Africa over to just such people. . . . (He) could have stopped the irresponsible Afro-Asian bloc from pushing through the General Assembly a resolution proclaiming that the mandate held by the Republic of South Africa over the old German territory of Southwest Africa was at an end. . . . We say "ridiculous" in the hope that the resolution will prove to be only that, and not a tragedy for the world exceeding in gravity the American involvement in Viet Nam. . . . The risks are such as no American should wish to invite, particularly since right seems more on South Africa's side than otherwise."

My thanks to *The Nation* and Mr. Pollock for focusing attention on an area of the world which gets less attention than it deserves from "independent" U.S. journalists. *Henry Morgenthau III*

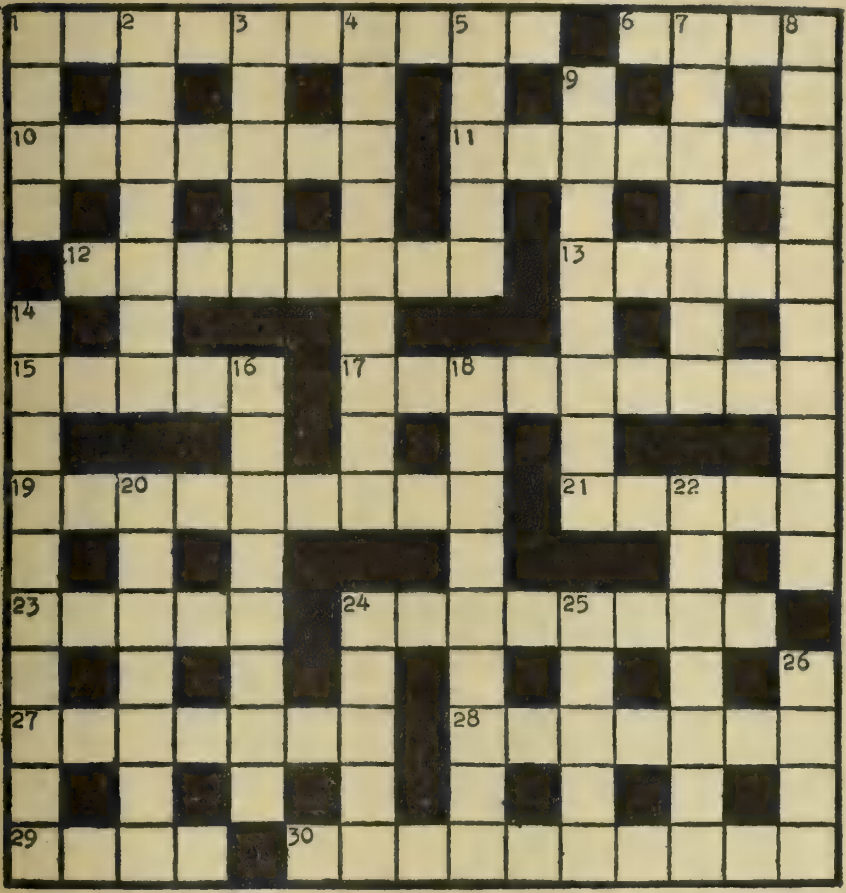
consolations of piety

Rochester, Mich.

Dear Sirs: One does not know whether to rejoice or to cry over the recent statement of American Catholic bishops supporting the war in Vietnam provided it does not exceed reasonable moral limits. Does that mean that Catholics can now feel quite free to drop bombs, napalm, kill peasant children, sanction torture and produce illegitimate babies in Vietnam, but must regard themselves as in a state of sin if they practice contraception? . . . It is quite true that nothing will ever supplant the consolations of piety. *Harold Fromm*

Crossword Puzzle No. 1180

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Such an unusual shade is not affected by shock. (10)
6 It may be the end of the choir, and perhaps even shows it. (4)
10 State briefly what some crazy people do inside a boat. (7)
11 and 29 A rising spot implying a fighting period in China to the baker. (7, 4)
12 You might not be pleased with her to see it rain hard! (8)
13 Bible town in France? (5)
15 It takes footwork to sell something, by the sound of it. (5)
17 New teashop to provide for one with some practice. (9)
19 This might help you along with a light "boom"! (9)
21 Sobriquet for Mac, paired with the last of 4. (5)
23 Proficient at making a little division of the business? (5)
24 Even the less experienced constabulary might so serve! (2, 1, 5)
27 In the end, vice has to be proven! (7)
28 Watch out for the position of the bishop! (7)
29 See 11 across
30 Do they also serve on the distaff side?

DOWN:

1 and 26 Quality, when of Triumph and Cunning? (8)
2 and 18 A fair share of the activity of a revolutionary scout? (4, 3, 4, 5)
3 What this was in reply to Captain Corcoran's statement of health? (5)
4 The dark loaf's on the table, intended for one course. (5, 4)
5 Is he made tipsy when he is wined? (5)
7 A broken headstone marker, astringent when coming up in the garden. (7)
8 One of two classes reputedly touched by the heat of twelve? (10)
9 General retreat might be implied by a cut under the nail. (8)
14 and 24 down What Columbus was looking for was certainly novel! (1, 7, 2, 5)
16 They were reputedly struck several hours later than those referred to in 8.
18 See 2 down
20 One might have to in return, if accounts raise skepticism. (7)
22 Cuts in. (7)
24 See 14 down
25 Hardly a good name for an Amazon.
26 See 1 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1179

ACROSS: 1 Bar Association; 9 and 24 Armored cars; 10 Arrange; 11 In-laws; 12 Asphodel; 14 Sporran; 15 Piped; 17 Edges; 19 Enisled; 21 Eyeglass; 23 Scarce; 25 Tantara; 27 Dress-designers. DOWN: 1 Beatitude; 2 and 21 down Rumble seats; 3 Straw boss; 4 and 26 Odds and ends; 5 In absentia; 6 Torch; 7 Owned up; 8 Real; 13 Greensward; 15 Police dog; 16 Dispenses; 18 Gleaner; 20 Durance; 22 Loads.

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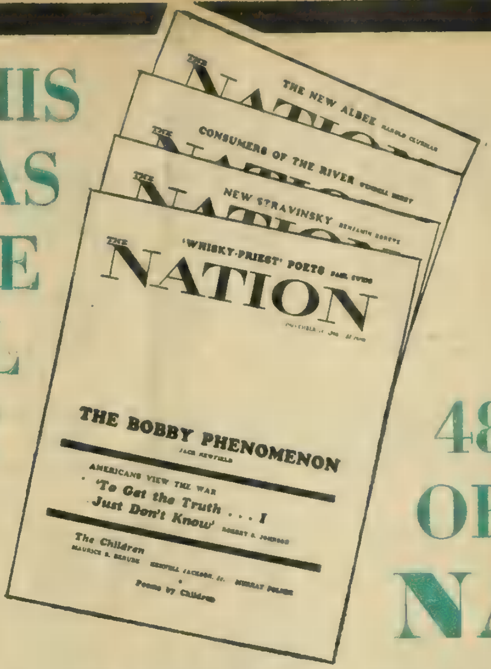

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LETTERS

anger in Australia

Mt. Pleasant, Western Australia

DEAR SIRS: I would like the people of the United States to know how resentful many Australians were over President Johnson's visit. We were due to have a nation-wide election in just four weeks' time, and considered your President's coming here a blatant and unscrupulous attempt to influence public opinion in favor of returning to office the Holt government. Most of your readers will be aware of the subservience to Washington of Mr. Holt and his ministers, a subservience which has caused them to send Australian youth into the illegal and immoral undeclared war in Vietnam. *J. A. Kane*

'not mad, sweet heaven'

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Is Johnson mad? We all know his faults, but is he also mad? He is a bully, more so when frustrated, but is he also mad? As his war continues, as his pride is being wrestled with, as his respect is being withheld . . . will his actions become mad? Whose other fingers are on the button besides those of one who may become mad? What arrangements have been made to prevent bells from ringing when he who may be mad presses the button? Is our whole world in thrall to Lear? . . .

Philip Siekevitz

Spanish aid

DEAR SIRS: Salvador de Madariaga, who shares with Pablo Casals the honorary chairmanship of Spanish Refugee Aid, is now 80 years old. He is a great humanitarian and fighter for freedom, a scholar and diplomat whose voice and pen have long been used in the service of intellectual truth and political democracy throughout the world. In his honor, Spanish Refugee Aid has established a scholarship fund for the benefit of the children of Spanish Republican exiles.

In the past few years we have given help to an increasing number of students. The fathers of many of these students are dead or else ill and handicapped by years of war and exile. These small scholarships, ranging from $150 to $350, cover the cost of books, lunches, carfare and clothing. Through the Salvador de Madariaga Fund we hope to raise $10,000. I hope your readers will join me in honoring this good man in a meaningful way by contributing what they can to this fund.

Hannah Arendt, Chairman
Spanish Refugee Aid
80 East 11 Street
New York, N. Y. 10003

Eleanor Roosevelt

DEAR SIRS: For a book on Eleanor Roosevelt, I would appreciate unpublished stories or anecdotes from anyone whose life she touched. *Stella K. Hershan*
67-66 108th St., Forest Hills, N.Y.

correction

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Miss Patricia Blake, one of the editors of *Antiworlds*, points out an unfortunate error in my review ["Yevtushenko and the Underground Poets," *The Nation*, Nov. 21]. I mentioned Robert Lowell as one of the translators who contributed to *Antiworlds*. In fact, no translations by him appear in that volume, and I am sincerely sorry about the mistake. *Simon Karlinsky*

EDITORIALS

A Dirty Business

The current controversy over wire tapping, in which FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover is pitted against Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, is somewhat like the fights between wild animals which the late Frank Buck used to stage for the movies. Both animals ended up dead, which is what the movie company figured the public wanted. The outcome will not be lethal in the current rhubarb, but that either man can come out unscathed is next to impossible. On the face of it, Hoover has more to lose. He has built himself up as the superman of crime busting, the paragon who stands between the American people and its enemies, foreign and domestic. The image is now likely to be tarnished, and as the two redoubtable in-fighters have at each other, the public may get a valuable education in practical politics.

Hoover's vulnerability stems from the recent history of wire tapping and bugging. The activities of the FBI in these fields are notorious. No one but Hoover could have survived such revelations as the 1961 bugging of Joseph Schipani, which resulted in a reversal of a conviction for income tax evasion; the cases of the Las Vegas gamblers, in which the federal government was arrayed against the state of Nevada; the tapping of the Dominican Embassy's telephone lines (but it is only fair to point out that this was done with the sanction of three Presidents: Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson); and the current Fred B. Black and Bobby Baker instances. (See "Snoopers and Tappers: Law-Enforcement Underground" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, December 20, 1965.) Whatever Hoover's men may have learned in their electronic forays, the number of cases, past and pending, in which the prosecution's efforts have been nullified by tainted evidence is the most impressive feature of their work.

Hoover, under fire, is not one to cower behind a personal Maginot Line. He comes out shooting, and Robert Kennedy is his target. Hoover's letter to Rep. H. R. Gross of Iowa, accusing Kennedy of being fully aware of the FBI's illicit activities while he was Attorney General, has all the earmarks of a carefully rehearsed offensive. Not only Kennedy but practically all the Attorneys General of recent decades have let themselves in for this kind of attack, whenever Hoover chose to launch it. Everyone who knows Washington at all knows that Hoover has been his own boss, only nominally under the jurisdiction of the incumbent Attorney General. On the basis of the table of organization, these officials were responsible for Hoover's actions, but one and all took good care not to cross him or to know too much about what he was doing. Only the President was Hoover's superior—and not much superior at that.

Like his predecessors, Robert Kennedy did not press for information in the area of bugging and wire tapping. The revelations of William G. Hundley, chief of the Justice Department's organized crime section under Kennedy, say, in effect, that he didn't tell Kennedy what was going on because he wanted to spare Kennedy possible embarrassment. For his part, Hoover went his imperious way, patronizing the Attorney General of the moment and taking precautions against having to take the rap himself if things ever went wrong.

Things have gone so wrong now that a showdown cannot be avoided. President Johnson is very much involved in the current complications, but he is in the happy position of being, in theory, above the battle. Hoover and LBJ are old friends. LBJ and Bobby Baker are not friends now, but they used to be. LBJ and Bobby Kennedy are not friends now, and never were. Hoover is surely aware that blaming the wire taps on Robert Kennedy cannot but please the President. By the same stroke, disclosures which might be embarrassing to the President—were Baker tried on the larceny, tax evasion and conspiracy charges under which he has been indicted—have probably been foreclosed by the FBI's eavesdropping on Fred Black, Baker's associate. As far as the President is concerned, things could scarcely have worked out to better advantage.

As far as the public is concerned, the one bright spot in the picture is Sen. Edward V. Long's announcement that he means to get to the bottom of the whole wire-tapping and bugging machinery and the federal government's role in what that quaint, old-fashioned liberal, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, called "a dirty business."

South West Africa

On October 28, 1966, the General Assembly voted by a striking 114 to 2 (South Africa, Portugal) to end the authority of South Africa to administer the mandated territory of South West Africa. The Assembly also set up a Committee of Fourteen (including the U.S. and the USSR) to recommend no later than April, 1967, "practical means" by which to carry out the intention of the resolution to have the United Nations itself assume administrative authority. Not even the most optimistic legalist supposes that South Africa will comply with the decisions; not even the most militant African nationalist believes that the United Nations is prepared at this stage to use force.

What, then, does the resolution purport to do? Is it only some weird game of verbal symbols? Such questions cannot be answered in any very assured way. However, the resolution clearly represents African aspirations rather than states their realistic expectations. It is a part of the long process of mobilizing the international community to support the new nations' insistent demands that the situation in the southern African countries of Angola, Mozambique, Rhodesia, South West Africa and South Africa be changed—through military force if necessary.

The United States needs to come to terms with the choice that must be made. Up to now, we have denounced the South Africans for their racial policies, but avoided giving support to any move toward sanctions. What is more troublesome, the United States has taken no steps to prevent or even discourage American trade and investment with prosperous South Africa. In fact, over the last decade many large United States concerns have made heavy investments in South Africa. A conflict of interest is thus being allowed to grow more severe as the verbal demands of the world community grow more insistent.

The inability to do anything effective about South

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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THE
NATION

Volume 203
No. 22

Africa's policies in South West Africa has led the African states to frustration and anger. South West Africa is not a sovereign state, or even a colony that can claim domestic jurisdiction; it is a territory that enjoys the status of an international mandate. That is, it enjoys an international status the essence of which is that the welfare of its inhabitants is a matter of direct responsibility for the organized international community. And yet this mandated territory with its 80 per cent black population is being administered as a colony in accordance with the crude racist policies of South Africa.

African anger was whipped to fury by the decision of the World Court on July 18 that Ethiopia and Liberia were without legal standing to complain about the conditions prevailing in South West Africa. The vote was 8 to 7, and the majority was white, Eurocentric, and quite "colonialist" in spirit. The Africans felt betrayed once again.

The resolution is the direct aftermath of their anger. It may be an unwise step. South Africa may use the resolution as a pretext for annexing South West Africa, and thereby harden their commitment to maintain control. Furthermore, the General Assembly may have undermined its own ability to obtain judicial relief in the future. The World Court has been made more liberal by the recent election of five new judges; it would be likely to decide a future case differently than it did in 1966. But if the General Assembly now has authority to control the mandate, there is no proper defendant any longer; and if the Assembly lacks the authority there is no organ of the international community on behalf of whom the mandate might be upheld. Perhaps this is only a logical difficulty. In any event, South Africa would be foolish to submit to a second judicial test unless purely as a dilatory tactic; and whatever else, South Africa is not foolish.

The future of South West Africa is clouded by uncertainty. There is no prospect of an internal uprising. The pass system, the widespread use of native informers, and the cruelty of the oppressive regime make it difficult to organize an insurgent or liberation movement. As there is also no prospect of a community intervention under the auspices of the United Nations, it does not appear likely that the inhabitants of South West Africa will be in a position to throw off the shackles of South African rulership for years to come. The Resolution is an appeal to conscience, which Ambassador Goldberg found eloquent words to support. It remains to be seen whether deeds will follow.

No News

Madison Square Garden in New York seats just under 18,000, and by eight o'clock on the evening of Thursday, December 8, late-comers were scouring the balcony and main floor in search of single seats. SANE had sold out the house for a pre-Christmas peace rally dedicated to ending the pointless and heartless killing in Vietnam. There were a number of speakers—some of them men whose names are instantly recognized all over the Western world: Gunnar Myrdal, who had flown from Sweden to attend the meeting, I. F. Stone, Norman Thomas. Pete Seeger sang; Ossie Davis took the microphone and coaxed a collection out of the crowd.

Next morning, some copies of the late edition of *The New York Times* carried a 2-inch notice of this occasion on page 32. To people who phoned in protest, the *Times* explained: "Nothing new was said." Well, perhaps not. It is difficult to find new ways to describe what the United States is doing in Southeast Asia, impossible to find new ways to appeal to the reason of President Johnson and his adherents, almost futile to call upon their honor and humanity. There was no news in Dr. Myrdal's meticulous recitation, nation by nation, of America's utter friendlessness in the world today, and the *Times* probably knew (though to the audience it came as a small extra shock) that Sweden has placed the United States on a list of irresponsible countries to which it will sell no implements of war. Pete Seeger led the whole house in the singing of *Peat Bog Soldiers*, and you could feel a wave of shame and sorrow sweep the huge space—but that is not precisely news.

However, when close to 18,000 New Yorkers gather on a midweek evening to let it be known that they are sickened and driven to despair by the horrors committed in their name, it would seem that a "newspaper of record" should take due notice of the fact. Or do the editors of *The New York Times* think it a common practice for Americans to gather in a great assembly and cry out that their country is wading deep in abomination?

Only in Georgia

If the nation should follow the example of Georgia (which God forbid), elections could become a primary source of litigation, exceeding even automobile liability cases. The confusion attending the Georgia gubernatorial election has been duplicated, even more improbably, in Gainesville, the city in the northern tier of the state which bills itself as the "broiler" capital of the Southland. This poultry town held an election for mayor and one member of the city commission.

Excitement was scarcely at fever heat. Gainesville boasts a population of about 25,000 (that must be greater Gainesville, for reference works give it only about 16,500) and the total vote was 1,348. Worse ratios have been known in other strongholds of democracy, but the striking feature of this election is that the two candidates for city commissioner finished in a dead heat—674 votes each. Howard James, an insurance executive, and Joseph Stargel, office manager for a construction firm, were both willing, able and eager to serve the town, but neither could claim he had been elected. A recount was ordered, then another. There was no getting around it: 674 votes had been cast for James, 674 for Stargel—and there is no provision in the city charter for a run-off election.

What is Gainesville to do? Go to the Supreme Court of the United States, as the state of Georgia had to do in the Maddox-Callaway trouble, or toss a coin, or what? Deciding by lot would probably be illegal, and might subject the city fathers to severe penalties.

As the story got on the press wires, some joker had put the name of Batman on a write-in ballot, and the city attorney suggested that Batman be asked to choose between the Messrs. James and Stargel. Reverting to a more lawyerlike attitude, the attorney confessed he didn't know what to do, nor had he found anyone who could advise him.

But what about the mayoralty? This turns out to be the only happy part of the election. Mayor John Cromartie, president of the Georgia League of Municipalities and an executive in the broiler industry, was unopposed. However, he was in Las Vegas attending a convention, and could give no help in resolving the deadlock.

The High Cost of Imprisonment

When a person is sent to jail, it is not only he—and his family—that suffers. The taxpayers are punished as well as the prisoner, and this is only one aspect of a generally botched penal situation.

The problem of "crime" involves much more than law enforcement, about which currently there is much talk. The other side of the problem—what to do with those offenders you succeed in arresting and convicting—normally gets less attention. Fortunately, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, whose overall report is due for release in January, has taken a broad view of its assignment. Its task forces have been working in five divisions: assessment of the crime problem, police and public safety, administration of criminal justice, corrections, and effects of science and technology.

Pending the presentation of the complete study, the President's Commission has released a report prepared for it by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. The economic aspect alone is disquieting. State and local governments (exclusive of the extensive federal system of penitentiaries and law-enforcement agencies) are spending about $1 billion a year just to keep convicts locked up—and less than $200 million in efforts to rehabilitate them. Dr. Elmer K. Nelson, a University of Southern California professor who heads the corrections task force, remarked that this portion of the report surprised him by revealing "how heavily committed we are to just holding onto people." It is almost as if the criminal population were a precious component of society—giving employment, a sense of superiority, and other benefits of a sort to the respectable elements.

Contrary to the general impression that we "coddle" offenders, the fact is that we rely much more on imprisonment than do other Western countries. We impose, in general, longer sentences, both for major and petty crimes. We "overuse imprisonment" in the attempt to rid ourselves of the expense and danger of confirmed criminality, and the results are costly and inefficient. Although much of the pioneer work in probation was done in the United States, the Council's studies indicate that it is not used nearly enough, and that we are underemploying suspended sentences, fines in lieu of imprisonment and similar measures. The evidence shows that such devices can be used without danger to the public—notably so when probation departments are adequately staffed with well-trained personnel. Probationers do as well as, or better than, released prisoners. The effects of imprisonment tend to be harmful rather than corrective. (See article p. 701 for a striking example.)

On an average day some 1,220,000 persons are under the care or supervision of state and local agencies. Included are some 141,000 in city and local jails, usually for terms of less than a year. Of these, between 60,000 and 70,000 are chronic alcoholics, many of whom no doubt are in jail for custodial care rather than serious misdemeanor. More than 2,550,000 persons move through the prison system each year. One reason for this multiplier effect is that 90 per cent of all persons working in state and local correctional institutions are administrators and guards, while less than 10 per cent are engaged in treatment, academic or vocational work. Adequate guidance and supervision for parolees and probationers are said to be "sadly lacking." The only conclusion one can draw from what has been released in advance of the definitive reports is that American penology as a whole is in need of a major overhaul.

KOSYGIN IN PARIS

DIFFERENCES WITHIN AMITY

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

It would be an exaggeration to say that Premier Kosygin aroused in France as much interest and enthusiasm as General de Gaulle did in the Soviet Union last summer. When I was in Russia in July, a month after his visit, people still talked about the "tremendous reception" he had been given everywhere. To the Russians de Gaulle was a symbol of all that France stood for; he was the man who had cocked a snook at the United States and had cleared out of NATO—the man who, alone among Western leaders, had openly condemned the war in Vietnam.

Mr. Kosygin, by comparison, was colorless, an *haut fonctionnaire*, as it were, not very different from Mr. Gromyko or dozens of other more or less poker-faced Soviet top diplomats and functionaries. True, although he is only head of the government and not head of state, he received head-of-state treatment, de Gaulle driving to Orly airport to welcome him. But to those remembering the 1960 visit of the ebullient Mr. Khrushchev (who could always be expected to say something unexpected, and even outrageous), Mr. Kosygin's performance was a bit disappointing. However, as we shall see, he did once or twice depart from his habit of saying merely the "correct" thing.

Though practically the last (and youngest) active survivor

of Stalin's Politburo (the other survivors, like Shevernik, Voroshilov and Mikoyan, are very old; or, like Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and Khrushchev, have been pensioned off and ordered to keep quiet), Kosygin was never a Stalinite in the real sense. Under Stalin, he was never more than a competent technician who dealt with a variety of economic problems, such as the evacuation of industries to the East during the war and their reorganization once the war was over. Oddly enough, after Stalin's death, he suffered a temporary setback; though remaining a minister, he was removed from the Politburo, and was not re-elected until 1960. His relations with Khrushchev appear to have been rather strained: he condemned the Cuban venture, was more than critical of Khrushchev's management of Soviet agriculture, and deplored his failure to do anything about the first American bombings of North Vietnam. He disliked Khrushchev's garrulousness during trips abroad, and such demonstrations as shoe-banging at the UN.

Kosygin is clearly more than a mere technician today; he is a man with a "world policy," even if that policy has little to do with ideology. Unlike Khrushchev, he did not write off the Chinese as utterly hopeless: he attempted, in February, 1965, to resume some kind of cooperation with Mao Tse-tung; and if he failed in this, he at least made it clear that the Soviet Union could not remain indifferent to the war in Vietnam. Since then, he has steadily insisted that if Vietnam could not be given more effective help, it was because the Chinese were preventing the constitution of a vast Socialist bloc whose sheer weight would force a different policy on the United States. But that Russia—independently of the Chinese—was still a great political force in Asia Kosygin effectively demonstrated when he brought about the India-Pakistan settlement at Tashkent.

There is nothing Kosygin would like better than "peaceful coexistence" with the United States (he said so again in Paris), but that is impossible as long as the war in Vietnam continues. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that he believes firmly in closer bonds with Western Europe, especially economic bonds, and he includes Britain in Western Europe. His regard for France is realistic, rather than sentimental. De Gaulle represents for him a certain "neutralist" current which is not altogether alien; Russia has had, at times, its own "neutralist" undertones. Although he does not, perhaps, take literally de Gaulle's concept of an "Atlantic to the Urals" Europe, Kosygin sees in it certain long-range possibilities for a much closer economic cooperation between East and West, for a gradual disappearance of both NATO and the Warsaw Pact and, most important in the long run, for a definitive "European" settlement of the German problem. That this problem has become more urgent than it seemed even a year ago may be seen from Kosygin's pointed references to the ominous revival of a Nazi party in Western Germany. Kosygin and de Gaulle do not see eye to eye on every aspect of the German problem. The Russians are eager that the Western powers should recognize the accomplished fact of the "two Germanys" and give *de facto,* if not *de jure,* recognition to the East German Republic which (Kosygin remarked) demonstrates, today more than ever, the advantage of having at least one part of Germany free of Nazi influence. De Gaulle, on the other hand, while recognizing the Oder-Neisse frontier, sticks to the principle of self-determination and continues to taunt the Russians with having created an "artificial satellite" in East Germany. He believes that Germany should be united, and form part of a unified Europe that is to be free, as far as possible, of any military blocs, and with "ideological frontiers" reduced to next to nothing. All this, of course, implies that the united Germany should live within the territorial *status quo,* and certain precautions would be taken by all concerned against a new German aggression. Russia, and Britain for that matter, could see no objection to this; the Nazi revival, as Kosygin remarked, must have reminded the English of the London blitz!

There is no fundamental disagreement between France and Russia on the principle of the nonproliferation of atomic weapons, but whereas the Russians would like a definite, signed international treaty, de Gaulle, as a newcomer in the nuclear club, still seems to have certain inhibitions about the dotted line. As *Le Monde* remarked: "France's opposition to proliferation goes without saying, but the Russians would still prefer her to say it." On the subject of that great conference on European security which the Russians would like to call, Kosygin merely declared that it would be for the members of this conference to agree on the agenda; also, it was for them, he said, to decide to what extent and in what form they should try to secure American participation in the talks and an American guarantee for the "European security settlement" that might result.

So Kosygin's visit to France has not produced anything world shaking; plenty of good will, but no agreement, so far, on nonproliferation, or on Germany, while the European Security Conference, though originally de Gaulle's brain child, is still left suspended in mid-air, subject no doubt to a great number of bilateral preparatory talks. Kosygin differed more sharply with de Gaulle on Germany than on nonproliferation ("a solution," he said, "will ultimately be found to this"—obviously with American support); he said flatly that the West Germans (and everybody else, for that matter) should "realistically" accept the existence of two Germanys; "no outside force can change this situation, either now or later."

At the lunch given him by the diplomatic press, Kosygin was asked awkward questions, but unlike Khrushchev who would certainly have flown off the handle, he remained courteous and wholly unruffled. Trotsky? No, there would be no rehabilitation of Trotsky, since Trotskyism had done the Soviet Union the greatest harm. "Why are no French newspapers other than the Communist *Humanité* read in Russia?" Here Kosygin quibbled: "Our people prefer to read *Humanité* but, of course, there might be other papers they'd like to read, too; but that depends on you, gentlemen of the press." This was pretty clumsy, considering that in Warsaw *Le Monde* and many other French papers are available on the bookstalls.

However, Kosygin did not dodge another question that was also obviously meant to embarrass him. An American correspondent referred to the fact that "many Jewish families had been separated by the war; some members were in the Soviet Union, others abroad; could they ever meet, as Greek and Armenian families in the same position had met?" The question was put cautiously, and seemed to refer to possible reciprocal visits by members of the same family; Kosygin took the whole problem in its broader aspects. While making the usual denial that the Soviet Union practiced anti-Semitism, or any kind of discrimination against Jews, he made the rather startling statement that not only was there no objection to members of the same family meeting one another, but also "for those who wanted to leave the Soviet Union the door was open, and there was no problem whatsoever."

In *Russia Under Khrushchev*, a book I published a few years ago, I had a chapter on "The Two Jewish Problems in Russia." I showed that there was a minority of old-fashioned, orthodox or Israel-conscious Jews who resented the Soviet measures taken against their specifically Jewish or Yiddish culture, which the Soviets considered archaic, bourgeois-nationalist and denoting "split loyalties" (to put it mildly). On the other hand, a much larger group of Jews objected to the obstacles placed in the way of their complete assimilation with the Russians or Ukrainians, to the fact that even if they changed their name to a Russian name, they still were called "Jews" on their passports and were subjected, in certain cases, to prejudice, if not outright discrimination.

The question that really arises, after Kosygin's statement, is whether the Soviets will welcome the departure of the "unassimilated" Jewish minority of perhaps not more than 500,000 people, and whether, as against this, they will authorize the complete assimilation of those approximately 2 million Jews who do not, in the main, want to rank as Jews, and many of whom hold highly responsible positions in practically all fields of activity—industry, science, journalism and theatre, the cinema, music, etc.

Kosygin was also asked questions on Vietnam and China. On the former he said he could do nothing but respect the conditions for a cease-fire laid down by Hanoi and the Vietcong; as for China, he merely referred his questioners to the article published in *Pravda* on November 27.

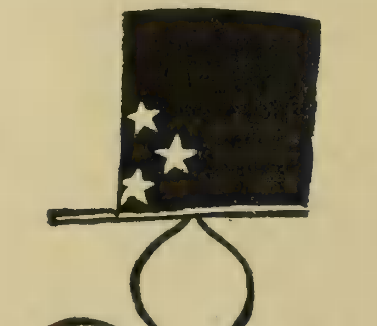
I read this very long article carefully and, oddly enough, it reminded me of something I had read in the Soviet press eighteen years ago: Mao Tse-tung was being treated much as Tito had been treated in those days. In one respect the resemblance was particularly marked. Just as the Russians had asserted that there were, in 1948, many good Marxist-Leninist Yugoslavs who were loyal to the Soviet Union and were being persecuted (and even murdered) by Tito, so now there were said to be Chinese Communists who agreed with Moscow and wholly disapproved of Mao's "anti-Leninist" line.

All the fury of the "cultural revolution"—Mao's creation—was really directed not against American imperialism but against the Soviet Union. By branding "revisionist" the Soviet Communist Party and practically all other Communist parties, Mao had isolated China. The *Pravda* article clearly suggested that the Stalin "personality cult" was child's play when compared with the cult of Mao, who "placed himself above Marx, Engels and Lenin." Moreover, this Maoism was not merely an internal matter, since the "cultural revolution" had strong international pretensions. Without recalling that the Russians stopped their economic help to China as long ago as 1960, *Pravda* taxed the Chinese with black ingratitude.

Much is made in *Pravda* of the "Leninist cadres" of the Chinese Communist party who (like Zujovic and Hebrang in Yugoslavia) are now being persecuted; the Red Guards (whom *Pravda* curiously calls "the Red Okhrana") are supported by the police and the army; the purpose of the cultural revolution is to complete the divorce between China and Russia and, if possible, to bring about a war between the Soviet Union and the United States. *Pravda* even talks about "collusion" between China and the United States. It also draws attention to the violent anti-Soviet broadcasts in Russian that are sent out by a dozen hard-working Chinese wireless stations. Despite Chinese claims to the contrary, the Russian paper asserts that Mao has no following outside his own country (a point virtually conceded by the Albanians, recently, with their boast that "Mao is not afraid of being isolated").

But the paper's main argument, of course, is that China is disrupting the international Communist movement, is thus hampering truly decisive help to Vietnam, and is chauvinist and anti-Russian.

Even more interesting than this *Pravda* attack on Maoism is the account given in *Izvestia* for November 22 of a visit made to China by a Russian delegation from the Soviet-Chinese Friendship Society. The trip had to be cut short because everywhere they went the Russians



were insulted as "revisionists" and likened even to the Nazis! When the visitors talked of improved living standards in Russia, the Chinese cried "bourgeois degeneration"; one Chinese factory director said to them: "Piecework is substantially selfish and is the essence of revisionism." And one of the Russian delegates commented: "The odd thing is that, having got rid of their capitalists and landlords, *the Chinese seem to be glorying in poverty which they seem to want to perpetuate! What a caricature of Marxism!*"

The delegates were astonished when they went to a concert at a workers' club. The girls' choir sang quotations from Mao Tse-tung, and followed this exercise with a dance performed to the accompaniment of additional extracts from Mao's works. Their "most painful moment," one delegate reported, was when they visited a children's home. Here a toddler of 3, on being told that they were Soviet comrades, said (insofar as he had learned to speak at all): "Soviet revisionists, bad people." Then these young citizens broke into a chant about imperialism, Soviet revisionism, etc. A delegate asked the teacher if they ever sang about chickens and rabbits: "No, songs about Mao, and political slogans were more important." What makes all such stories so striking is not that they prove the political or even ideological differences between the Russians and the Chinese but that they show a profound psychological incomprehension between the two peoples. That was the point made to me by many Russians during my last visit to Moscow: "We seem to have a common language with West Europeans, even with Americans; with the Chinese we have no common language, no mutual understanding. And that is much more tragic, in the long run, than any political disagreements."

What then of the Chinese "Zujovics and Hebrangs"—those pro-Soviet Chinese Communists—to whom *Pravda* refers? Are they a real political force in China, or are they, like the pro-Stalin Yugoslavs of 1948, mere rare exceptions who cannot in any way alter the course of history? The impression one gets is that Russians are at least as puzzled by what is really going on in China as we are.

The Russians, now relatively rich (thanks largely to major changes in agricultural policy since Khrushchev; they have had a bumper harvest this year) find Chinese egalitarianism and the austere cult of poverty particularly baffling—and embarrassing. It is scarcely surprising that Kosygin should have preferred not to discuss all this in front of bourgeois audiences in France. Would he not also have had to say that if the Chinese were at present impotent in their world-revolution ambitions, the Russians were really not interested in world revolution at all, for all their talk about "proletarian internationalism"?

Not that Kosygin was (as has been suggested by some papers) standoffish or unfriendly to the French Communists. He had a "fraternal" meeting with their leaders during his "pilgrimage" to the small flat where Lenin once lived, but during his visit to aircraft factories (at one he saw the still uncompleted Concorde), he merely smiled and waved at the workers, and spent all his time talking to the French directors and top technicians. The fact, an irony of international relations, is that while the French Communists want the Gaullists defeated in the March general election, Kosygin would much prefer de Gaulle and the Gaullists to continue their rule of France. This great display of Franco-Soviet friendship (Pompidou is shortly going to Moscow) is not entirely unrelated to the French election; de Gaulle hopes to get for his supporters quite a number of Communist working-class votes.

PROFITS OF WAR

THE PUTSCH AGAINST McNAMARA

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Little noticed during the Vietnamese escalation has been the quiet coup of defense and air-space contractors against the reform efforts of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. The main salient of the coup came in mid-1965 with the muzzling of the General Accounting Office (GAO), Congress' own "Inspector General." Now a new curtain of secrecy has fallen.

However controversial his foreign policy role, McNamara's conduct of the Department of Defense (DOD) has won admiration among all except those who have been beneficiaries of the system of power and special privilege built up by two decades of cold war and permanent crisis. From the start, he set about the difficult task of finding new contract yardsticks. He applied a program of cost/effectiveness analysis to all budget requests and placed future budgeting on a five-year "program-package" basis. To correct the military propensity for rushing into large-scale contracts on the basis of inadequate information, he adopted a step-method of moving from program definition and feasibility studies through gradually larger research and development (R&D) and hardware contracts, attempting to weed out duplication and unpromising efforts at as early and inexpensive a stage as possible. McNamara played an important role in formulating the Administration's new code of ethical practices and the recommendations of the 1962 Bell Report (on administration of R&D contracts), forcefully implementing these in the DOD. In 1962, he announced "Project 60," which aimed at consolidating DOD's control of all defense procurement, eliminating the unruly, fragmented and refractory decentralization which had resulted in service duplication, competition and evasion of DOD authority.

McNamara's efforts were initiated in the first months of the Kennedy administration and reached heights of success and promise just before the Vietnamese escalation. In early 1965, President Johnson extended the "method" to the entire Administration, ordering all agencies to be operating on the new system by fiscal 1967. It seemed that the main battles had been won and that, despite huge war spending in Vietnam, the gang of contractors, grown fat and sassy at taxpayer expense, would now be in for leaner days. Backed by a team of tough and knowing scientific managers and managing scientists, McNamara had by 1965 humbled the Air Force, unified procurement, and initiated administrative controls which, for the first time, made possible top-level discipline of the sprawling contractor-military empires.

However, the forces of the "Contract State" did not become loyal soldiers in the President's war against waste. Rather, they demonstrated determination, durability and undiminished political and economic power. The very reforms were subtly converted to enhance the system, utilizing every loophole, the inertial resistance of the lower bureaucratic echelons, the intervention of influential Congressional committees and the President's need to win support for new welfare programs and Vietnamese policy.

The McNamara regime has used the General Accounting Office as a real management tool, matching the GAO itself in enthusiasm for efficiency and economy. As a result, a great majority of legislators have manifested growing annoyance and disillusionment with the GAO. Where Congress had previously used GAO charges primarily as a lever for political bargaining with the Administration, they now faced the prospect of genuine action to eliminate waste.

The spokesmen of the contractor community have made clear that their real concern is with the impact of the McNamara reforms, aided and abetted by GAO audits. Boeing's Howard W. Neffner declared:

> As a result of its expanding role within government, GAO has become intimately involved in the daily activities of many government agencies. In the exercise of its more recently acquired right to audit contractors, GAO is attempting a similarly deep penetration of industry. The promising nature of GAO criticism, and the efforts made to enforce its recommendations are already dominant factors in procurement policy and practise.

H. M. Horner, chairman of United Aircraft, stated: "Increased Congressional guidance of GAO is needed to make sure that that agency does not, through its wide powers, seek to impose unwise policies on the executive agencies, which may lead, among other things, to increased defense procurement costs and to undermining the integrity of government contracts." Contractors went so far as to promote a passive resistance campaign against the GAO, closing their doors and their books to the auditors of the comptroller general.

Department of Defense reforms based upon GAO reports were seen by contractors as representing a philosophy fundamentally subversive to "free enterprise": They constituted, in the words of Lockheed's president, "a contrary philosophy that contractors whose business is primarily with the government are, in reality, agents of the government rather than private businesses. . . ." A trade association officer declared that, in the comptroller general's view, defense industry was "analogous to a regulated industry and hence profits on negotiated defense contracts are to be limited in somewhat the same fashion as utility company profits are limited by regulatory commissions."

In a 1965 inquiry into GAO practices, members of the Holifield subcommittee (House Government Operations Committee) behaved like prosecuting attorneys toward GAO officials: Instead of Lockheed, GAO was investigated. While vigorously and scathingly inquiring into federal grants and contracts to universities, Congressmen tend to treat government contractors with deference, sympathy and an elaborate ritual of manners.

In the middle of that investigation, Comptroller General Joseph Campbell resigned "for reasons of health." He had been a valiant comptroller for almost ten years, pursuing the tough auditing practices which enabled Congressmen to pose as defenders of the nation's purse, an attitude that often served the public interest. In 1965, however, the forthright style of GAO reports was not appreciated, and the cross fire Campbell faced certainly made it plausible that his heart condition prevented him from defending his honor and his agency in that hostile atmosphere.

His departure permitted legislators to select a comptroller general more understanding of the new mood of Congress. The choice fell on Elmer Staats (he assumed the post in March, 1966) who, as deputy budget director during the Eisenhower years, had cultivated close and effective liaison with Democratic legislators and was widely considered one of their key men in the Republican administration.

During the year which intervened between the subcommittee's investigation and the report to the House, dickering over guidelines went on quietly and with perfect effect. The report describes and justifies the new guidelines. The key revisions (as stated by Acting Comptroller General Frank H. Weitzel):

Deletion of names and specifics. Specific "deficiencies" of contractors and contracting agencies would no longer be reflected in public GAO documents. The agency was "modifying our practices to provide that the titles of our reports to the Congress be couched in constructive terms rather than in the terms of the deficiencies being reported." Detailed comments would be couched "in as constructive a vein as possible." Emphasis would be shifted from specific instances of fraud, wrongdoing and mismanagement to "the corrective measures needed." Reports would focus on "basic causes of adverse conditions." Individual examples of waste or inefficiency ". . . will serve as indications of, and will be used in our reports as illustrations of, the need for management improvements rather than necessarily the subjects of individual reports to the Congress." The agency has "discontinued the practise of (1) disclosing in our reports the identities of individuals immediately responsible for actions or operations we are criticizing and (2) including in our reports recommendation for disciplinary or other personnel action."

Such information "when warranted or requested" would be conveyed to "appropriate agency officials and to interested Congressional committees or members by separate letters."

Recovery left to others. Weitzel noted that in audits of cost-type contracts, GAO had often taken the position that a prime contractor had failed to exercise "due care" in protecting the government's interest, "and we therefore recommended a recovery on the basis of common-law right." This was in accordance with the Armed Services Procurement Regulations which recognized "due care" as a criterion for determining reasonable and therefore allowable costs. The procedure would now be dropped, and instead GAO would recognize that "the authority for determining the reasonableness of costs rests with the contracting agency." In the future, recommendations for recovery of excess costs would be submitted to the contracting agency "for consideration as a matter under the contract rather than on the basis of common-law right. . . ."

Referred cases to be secret. Discovery of outright fraud or other law violation would continue to be referred to the Justice Department, but in camera. "In view of the possible adverse effects that such public disclosure might have on the individuals or company involved, we have decided that such referrals, when made, would not be mentioned in our reports to the Congress." During the period from 1958 to 1964, forty-one such instances, involving most of the contractor giants, have been reported and referred to Justice. More than half of these have resulted in "voluntary refunds," an admission of guilt and a token expiation. Only a handful of cases have gone to court, there to be feebly prosecuted and usually lost; the balance have been pigeonholed on the grounds of insufficient evidence or reluctance of the agency concerned to press the case.

"Good Conscience and Equity" recoveries. Noting that "The Truth in Negotiation Act" provides that contractors certify cost estimates and that all negotiated cost-type contracts contain a clause for adjustment of increases "resulting from inaccurate, incomplete, or non-current data," the GAO would hereafter refrain from seeking voluntary refunds on contracts entered into prior to the law's effective date (December 1, 1962) "except in unusual instances." In citing this policy, the GAO smuggled in a sharp indictment of contracting practices:

> We have observed and reported many cases of excessive prices resulting from unrealistically high cost estimates submitted by the prospective contractor for negotiation purposes. . . . Often it was our view that the prices proposed were unrealistically high considering the information available at the time as to the probable cost of production. Sometimes the available data indicated a cost substantially below that included in the composition of the price proposed. . . . At other times the contractor refused to furnish cost information, but the proposed price greatly exceeded the anticipated cost plus the rate of profit normally allowed. . . . In those cases . . . we recommended that the agency seek an adjustment . . . on the basis of good conscience and equity even though there was no legal liability. . . .

Release of reports to the press. GAO audits have protected the public interest primarily through publicity resulting from direct release of reports to the press. "We have been concerned with a few complaints from contractors that they first become aware through news media of the issuance of final reports on contracts with them." To avoid this embarrassment, the agency would "insure delivery of the reports to Congress, the agencies, and contractors concerned before distribution to others. . . ." The contractor's position would ordinarily be made a part of the report, although he might not be identified therein.

The agency would also demonstrate more respect for contractor demands that reports omit information which might disclose "trade secrets and other proprietary business information."

Withheld payments. During the inquiry, three cases had developed in which GAO audits revealed such gross irregularities that the agency in question was compelled to order withholding of payments to the contractors. The committee report noted that "after these issues were reviewed and discussed at the hearings," the matter had been reconsidered and "the Comptroller General decided that further withholding of payments would not be necessary in the three cases. . . ."

Finally, the GAO declared that it would review the organization and function of the new Defense Contract Audit Agency (DCAA) of the Department of Defense in order to "avoid unnecessary duplication of effort. . . ." This innocent statement conceals a device which Congressional leaders show signs of using to undermine completely the authority of GAO to demand access to contractor's records, books and pricing data in cost-plus contracts.

Judging by the report, the Holifield committee has succeeded in convincing GAO that "a large part of the responsibilities for policing the Truth in Negotiation Act necessarily falls to the Defense Contract Audit Agency." However, while the law gives GAO this power, it has not given DCAA a similar right. The report notes that "if the Department of Defense is to acquire the access privilege on a sustained or permanent basis, it probably should be a matter of Congressional rather than administrative decision." Having seriously undermined GAO's will to use this power, the Congress has made no move to empower the DCAA to assume this essential responsibility. In fact, the committee paused in its report to justify reluctance to act on the matter:

> While it appears at first glance that there can be no objection to granting contractual privilege of access to company books and records in public contracting, knotty questions will arise when contractors are compelled to assert this privilege against sub-contractors who are also competitors in other respects.

The muzzling of the GAO by pressure, subterfuge and gentlemen's agreement was accomplished silently and smoothly, with almost no repercussions and only token protest. I failed to find a single mention in a survey of nine of the nation's most responsible newspapers, including the reproving and respectable *New York Times.*

The Congressional spanking produced results well before the Campbell resignation and the end of the inquiry. In regard to cases referred to the Justice Department for recovery of overcharges or for criminal prosecution, the committee notes that "the backlog . . . has been reduced" and that "no new cases have been referred by the GAO to Justice." In regard to GAO's intention to refrain from recommending voluntary refunds, "even when it believes

prices charged by the contractor were excessive," it is disclosed that "since July 1965, none of the reports issued by the GAO have recommended voluntary recoveries from contractors, except in one instance where the DOD concurred."

This "broader and more positive" approach has resulted in a precipitous drop in the number of GAO reports. For the last half of calendar year 1965, total reports were less than one-quarter the number published in the last half of 1964. In addition, fifty-seven reports were "indefinitely postponed" during the period September, 1965, through March, 1966. Twenty-nine other investigations would not be issued as final reports. Staats announced in August, 1966, the preparation of a generalized report, based upon the audits of 242 negotiated prime contracts and subcontracts, having a dollar value of more than $600 million and involving eighty-five primes and eighty-nine subs. This "constructive" analysis of a general problem would serve, he said, more effectively to aid the Congress and the public than the multiple separate and specific reports of the past.

A number of Congressmen have expressed dissent, inserting minority views in the committee report. Congressman Jack Brooks (D., Tex.) declared that

> . . . many of the recommendations contained in the report, in my opinion, will deter rather than encourage improvements in GAO audit procedures. . . . I do not subscribe to the endorsement of policies limiting access of the press and the public to information in the GAO reports, particularly with reference to the referral of matters to the Department of Justice.

He charged that the committee disclosed little discussion, cited only three examples, and gave no evaluation or classification of deficiencies in specific GAO audits. Nor, he added, "is any significant evidence of this type found in the hearings." The conclusions of the report "can only intensify the difficulties confronting the GAO in maintaining an effective contract audit system. . . ." Congressmen John W. Wydler (R., N.Y.) and Clarence J. Brown, Jr. (R., Ohio) endorsed the report but with qualification: "While we approve generally of GAO's 'self-appraisal and improvement' we do not wish to imply any endorsement of decisions in derogation of the public's right to know." Congressmen Robert Dole (R., Kan.) and Donald Rumsfeld (R., Ill.) wrote that the report "could tend to place the GAO on the defensive in its future contract audit operations." They called for the appearance of Comptroller General Staats before Congress to present his personal evaluation of the guidelines, concluding "the GAO is an arm of Congress. Let's not disarm it."

Two other Congressmen later added their voices. Rep. Richard H. Poff (R., Va.) told an aerospace journal he did not approve of any effort to "gag and sterilize" the investigative arm of Congress, especially when the party in office has such big majorities in both Executive and legislative branches. Rep. James A. Haley (D., Fla.) called for a public outcry against the Holifield committee which, he said, was trying "to diminish GAO's effectiveness and cover-up information the public has a right to know."

The real tendency of the GAO muzzling became clear in July, 1966, when the agency was forced to play a shabby role in an effort by the House Armed Services Special Investigations Subcommittee to attack and discredit the whole McNamara cost-reduction and reform program. In July, 1965, the Secretary of Defense had issued a third annual report on the cost-reduction program, claiming savings from actions during the 1964 fiscal year of $5.3 billion and predicting a rate over $6 billion by 1969.

In 1966, Rep. Porter Hardy, Jr. (D., Va.), opened an investigation of these claims and clearly demonstrated a disposition to dismiss them as either imaginary or as a factor directly compromising the combat effectiveness of U.S. troops in Vietnam. (The contradiction between these two interpretations failed to trouble him.) The hearings did not support either conclusion, since GAO representatives, set to work on McNamara's figures, found only minor discrepancies in the reported savings (some of which, indeed, turned out to have been understated). The testimony made clear that a reasonable man might quarrel with some of the standards employed to identify and define savings, but even here it was clear that top DOD leadership was striving to improve the criteria and was aware that separate services were inclined to interpret figures so as to make the most of reported savings.

The overall effect was to dramatize the difficulties which beset McNamara's attempt to impose a degree of administrative integrity over the sprawling and refractory agencies of his domain. In spite of this, the Armed Services subcommittee managed to construe every scrap of negative information in a way to support their attack, and to justify their drastic recommendations. In a prologue to its recommendations, the report sought to overcome the weakness of evidence in its case:

> The sprinkling of a few true savings actions in a pot containing many which are either invalid or questionable does not turn the mixture into pure gold. Instead, the de-

> based result could make the whole program suspect, causing it to lose its value and force as a powerful aid to real economy.

Among other things, the committee called upon McNamara to "reduce the pressures of the present quota system, to lessen the possibility of defense judgments being made on an economy basis rather than a military basis." To beef up its charges, the subcommittee implied that much of the story remained classified and that real shortages had occurred as a result of Defense management. One may search the actual testimony in vain for some general indication of the impact of the alleged classified information.

The events attending the GAO muzzling are secondary to underlying problems of public contracting which cut to the heart of the evolving nature of American society. Government functions at all levels are being put out on contract today at an unprecedented rate, and contracting for space, defense and science has become a method not merely for procuring goods and services but also for social management, the allocation of national resources, and for the pump-priming of jobs, income and the production level of the economy. Federal contracts have become a significant part of the general patchwork of subsidies (for consumer industries, transportation, education, welfare programs, etc.). Public contracting has always been a patronage tool ("honest graft") which raised difficult and sensitive conflict-of-interest and management problems. Today, the scale and scope of the system give a new urgency to these problems. What is to be done?

Claims made in behalf of "free enterprise" by defense, aerospace, science, road-building and other companies that subsist and grow entirely on public funds are specious and serve only to protect them from adequate public supervision. It is nonetheless clear that some kind of partnership between private enterprise and government is desirable and inevitable. Government responsibilities are too broad and manifold to be conducted entirely by civil servants in a vast bureaucracy. The pluralism provided by the private economy, at least in those areas where the profit motive and competition still operate, is an excellent safeguard. It constitutes a kind of outrigging for the social system which maintains its resilience through checks and balances not merely in government but also between government and all kinds of more or less independent organized interests (social, economic and political). The present system has much to recommend it and methods are available to control or rectify its dangerous tendencies.

An American ombudsman? The DOD's new Central Audit Agency can do an important part of the job which the GAO heretofore has performed alone, giving the civilian leadership of the department greater access and control over the negotiated procurements, now at $30-plus billion a year and certain to grow larger. But the new agency is neither government-wide nor independent of the Defense Department. After McNamara, its role may be drastically altered and the newly unified DOD powers distributed again among the parochial and self-serving armed services. The sole government-wide agency is the Bureau of the Budget, which has only incidental post-audit responsibilities, and of course lacks independence from the ongoing interests of the Administration. In spite of Congressional interest in GAO as a weapon of political bargaining, its indispensable role is to provide Congress and the public with information on government expenditures from a source independent of the Executive and of the agencies of the vast federal establishment.

However, the "Inspector General" function should be protected from the vicissitudes of politics and from inordinate control by any parochial agency, Congressional bloc or transitory aberration of public opinion. Theoretically, Congress represents many conflicting regions, blocs, interests and parties. However, its pluralism has been severely eroded by the unexamined institutions of the Contract State that have sprung into being with war and permanent diplomacy. The stake that almost every member has in the distribution of federal largess tends to undermine and corrupt independence and to restrict criticism to rare Congressional outsiders whose main motivation is that they and their constituents are not sharing in the loot. Thus the Inspector General requires a legal basis of independence similar to that of federal judges.

Perhaps the institution of the ombudsman, a Swedish invention, should be tried. The word translates as "a man who represents the little people." Sweden incorporated the institution in its constitution of 1809, primarily to guarantee civil rights. England adopted it in 1966 as a means of giving the people another route of representation in the growing number of government-operated industries. Michigan recently appointed an ombudsman of sorts on an experimental basis, and last June Nassau County, New York, appointed a retired judge as Commissioner of Accounts with ombudsman duties in such areas as road repair, snow removal and street lighting. The ombudsman provides the public with a servant who does not depend upon their votes for early re-election and presumably will not look toward special interests for eventual reward.

The contract-auditing function can work exactly as did the GAO at its best, prior to April, 1965. But its independence must be vouchsafed by granting the comptroller general a term at least two years longer than that of the longest elected term of federal office (that is at least eight years). The GAO staff must enjoy secure civil service status, adequate salaries, high standards and the prestige which appointment of a respected senior statesman, industrialist, labor leader or other distinguished professional to the top post might induce. Full public disclosure of all audit investigations must be guaranteed.

Such a system, however carefully designed, would be subject to corruption, and there will always be a temptation to create one more watchdog office or agency to police the last one created. This argument does not destroy the ombudsman notion. It is stupid to trust no one, just as it is puerile to assume that the ombudsman will relieve the Congress, the Defense Contract Audit Agency, the Defense Secretary, the President, the leaders of both political parties, the spokesmen of organized interest and pressure groups, or any other would-be active citizens from the perennial challenges of life in a democratic society.

The need for yardsticks. It is also essential that government have within its capabilities a yardstick for contractor costs and performance. Where genuine competitive pricing and open bidding (without collusion) are practiced, the law of supply and demand provides a measure sufficient to protect public interest. But in the ever-larger areas where government is the sole customer, where there is no civilian market for comparison, or where quasi-monopoly and administered prices prevail, the government must create and conserve a yardstick of its own. For example, in the area of road building, both federal and state governments can maintain a full complement of road-building crews in the status of civil servants, reserving samples of highway construction projects in selected areas of the nation for "in-house" pricing purposes. Similarly, in defense, space and science, we must halt the decline of real in-house capabilities, and must maintain government arsenals, navy yard shipbuilding programs, university-administered lab and testing facilities, federal labs and factories.

Public disclosure of conflicts of interest. In June, 1966, the DOD required that generals, admirals and top-level civilian employees disclose all their financial holdings and outside employment. In addition, lower ranking civilians and officers must file such statements if their duties involve procurement or contracting. This conflicts with traditional standards of privacy but when coupled with an upgrading of career government employees in salary, advancement opportunity and assignment of authentically important and challenging work, it may be a minimal step. And it is not too farfetched to liken the position of major government contractors to that of career officers and civil servants, and to require of them a similar disclosure. Access to books and records of corporations engaged in government work of an annual value above, let us say, $100,000, might go far toward changing not merely the name but also the substance of the game.

Something might be done also to organize bodies of citizens representing functional groups, skill groups and interest groups that have a direct concern with some aspect of activities undertaken by government and its contractors. Such citizen groups might be given an advisory role similar to that which Sargent Shriver has sought for the poor in the management of poverty programs.

Doubtless other protections will suggest themselves. The key requirement is to build checks and balances on all levels of those activities primarily public in character and conducted with public funds to carry out politically agreed-upon public objectives. If this requirement is not met, the McNamara system will prove a mere temporary inconvenience to the beneficiaries of the Contract State, who will merrily go marching on.

ARKANSAS PRISON FARM

THE WHIP PAYS OFF

ROBERT PEARMAN

Mr. Pearman is a reporter on the Kansas City Star *who writes frequently on state penal problems.*

After O.E. Bishop, superintendent of the Arkansas state penitentiary, has sentenced a man to be whipped, he sits at his desk and waits until the punishment is carried out. If the door is open, he can hear the sounds of the strap falling in a room just down the hall, but Captain Bishop (in Arkansas all wardens are called "Cap'n") never watches the whippings. He has no stomach for such things.

"I'd just rather see anything other than that," says the superintendent, who took over his present job last January, after seventeen years as sheriff of Union County. "I know you have to have some means to cope with the things that happen here. That's why I want to build the facilities for solitary confinement. I just think it would work better."

The Arkansas state penitentiary is really two massive prison farms, the Cummins farm near Grady and the Tucker farm, several miles to the north. The whipping of inmates has been a way of life at both farms for as long as anyone can remember. Inmates have been whipped for "not digging a ditch fast enough"; for "missing some cucumbers" or "overlooking okra" while picking them in the fields; and for complaining about being whipped.

Last September, James Howard Cobb, 31, of North Little Rock, a prisoner in California, brought a damage suit because, he charged, he was subjected to "willful and malicious beatings" while in the Arkansas state penitentiary. "On two different occasions plaintiff was harnessed to a plow along with seven other inmates and made to pull the plow from 5 A.M. until 5:30 P.M.," Cobb's petition charged. It alleged that he and the others were then whipped and made to pull harder.

The sting of the lash has been felt in more than one prison in the United States, but since last January the whip has enjoyed a new status in the Arkansas penitentiary. It is now legally sanctioned and officially recognized. In no other state, prison officials believe, is whipping thus "officially approved."

Both the Cummins and Tucker farms are unhappy institutions. Last August, Gov. Orval Faubus directed drastic personnel and trusty changes at the Tucker farm after receiving a state police report of wrongdoings there. The Governor said the investigation revealed that the rules of punishment were not being observed; that money was being extorted from inmates by prison personnel, and that liquor was being allowed to reach the inmates. He dismissed all three wardens at Tucker, and fifteen trusties were transferred from Tucker to Cummins.

Trouble broke out a month later at Cummins when 144 inmates sat down in their barracks and in the fields to protest the food and the working conditions, and to demand more privileges. At least, that was what prison officials said the strike was about. A letter, painstakingly written in pencil, smuggled out of the prison, and printed in the Arkansas *Gazette,* told a different story. "We are worked from sunup until sundown at times in rain, cold, snow, until we are soaking wet or half frozen. Like human machines we are talked about, humiliated, beaten, half fed, and when we complain we are told we were sentenced to hard labor and there is nothing illegal in what they are doing." The letter added that young prisoners are sometimes forced to commit homosexual acts with the trusties.

Captain Bishop broke up the strike with the state police and tear gas. The men were denied application for parole and the leaders were taken out and whipped. The letter commented: "And 10 men, after we were finally forced out, whom they considered our leaders, were charged with insubordination and refusing to work and given 8 lashes apiece with a strap, better known here as the hide. All because we ask to be treated like human beings and men and not animals, which here we have been treated much worse than animals."

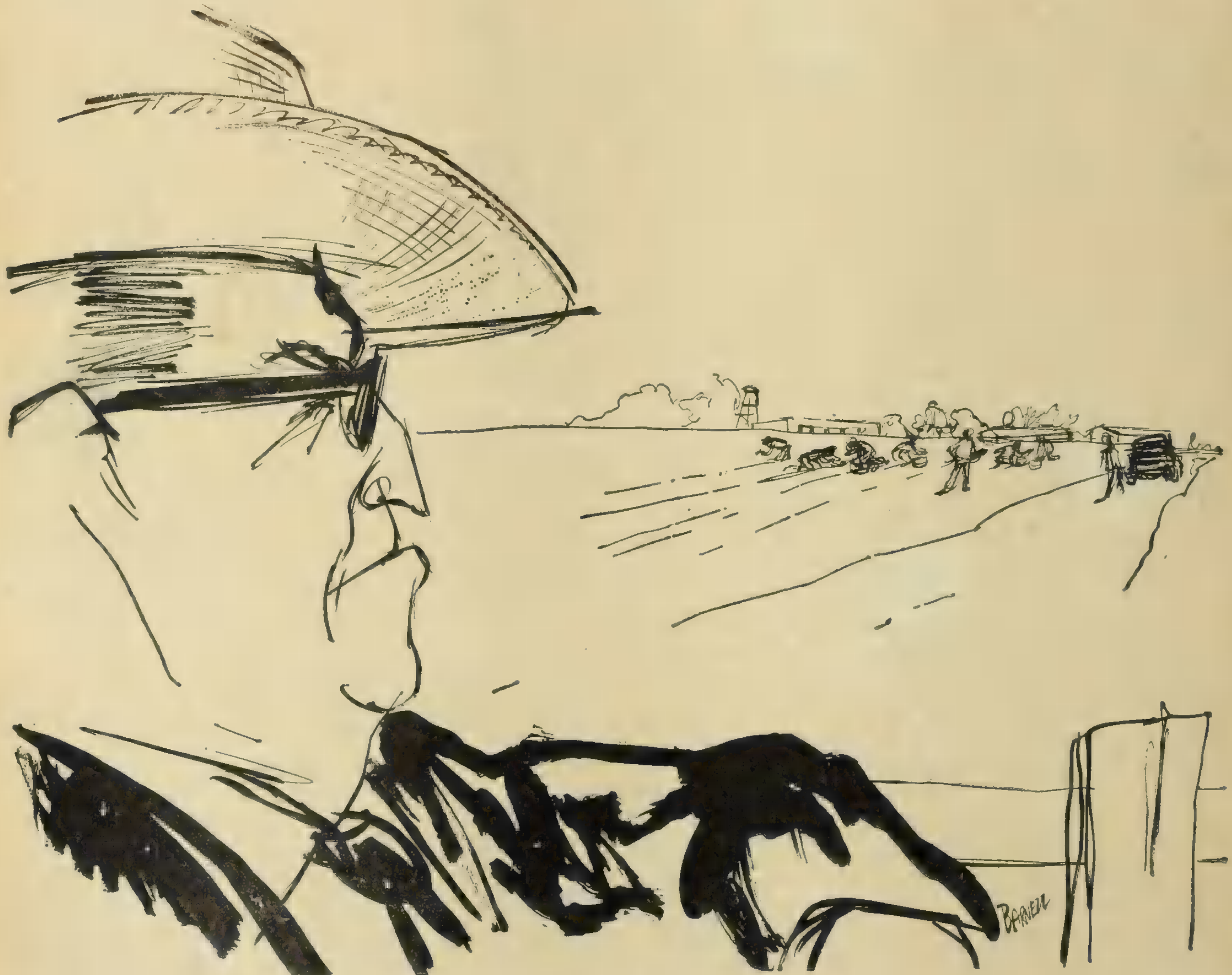
Winston Talley, one of three inmates who first forced the issue of the whip into the federal courts, charges that inmates were punished by a needle being stuck a half-inch under their fingernails. Of the strap he testified in federal court: "You feel like somebody is pouring hot grease on you. It leaves your hide purple and black." Talley testified that he had been whipped about seventy-five times in four years. Once, he said, Mose Harmon, a 300-pound field warden, "hit me until he got tired and fell up against a truck and grunted."

On the morning after he testified, Talley was back at the Cummins farm. All parties later agreed that he was at once called from the fields and lashed again. Talley stated: "Cap'n Harmon call me out of the field on the morning following the hearing, approximately 7 A.M. Cap'n Harmon said: Get down, I'm whipping you for lying yesterday. I think I still owe you about twenty-five and I might as well get started right now. He asks me if I was counting these after he had hit me eight times. I answered 'No, Sir.' He then hit me once more and said get away."

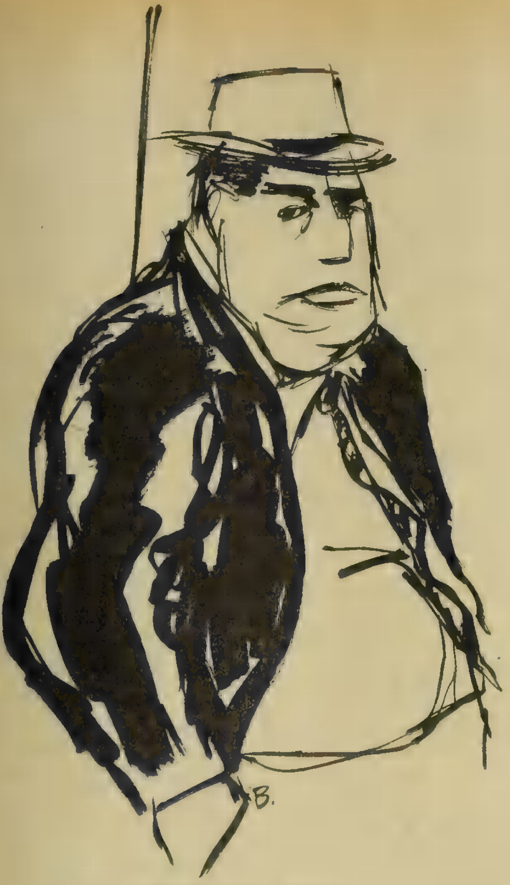
But Harmon said that he had whipped Talley because he was openly agitating that the prisoners not work, and that while he, Harmon, had remarked that this might teach him not to lie in court, he had not punished the convict for his testimony or for filing the petition.

The judge who heard Talley's testimony did not ban the whip in the Arkansas state penitentiary, but he said the whipping must not be excessive, must be inflicted as dispassionately as possible, and must be inflicted under recognized regulations. Until the rules were drawn up, the judge stipulated, there were to be no more whippings.

The state penitentiary board went right to work to draw up the rules: Whipping in the fields was forbidden. Whippings were limited to ten lashes. Inmates (trusties) were forbidden to whip other inmates. A Board of Inquiry was



Supt. O. E. Bishop



Warden Mose Harmon

established to decide how many lashes should be given. The offenses for which an inmate could be whipped were listed: homosexuality, agitation, insubordination, making or concealing weapons, refusal to work when medically certified as fit, and participating in or inciting a riot.

Said Captain Bishop: "I read the new regulations to the men myself, and they were pleased with them."

Use of the leather strap—4 feet long, half an inch thick, with a wooden handle—isn't the only thing that distinguishes the Arkansas state penitentiary. In many ways it is the most peculiar prison in America.

There are no walls or fences at either farm and only the convicts carry arms. The guard on the road is a trusty, the men who carry shotguns and rifles to watch the men in the fields are trusties, the men who stand duty in the towers and patrol the prisons at night are trusties. None of the wardens carries a weapon, but they oversee the trusties who do.

Every morning when the men go to work the fields, the armories at either end of the main prison building are opened and the trusties are handed shotguns and rifles and ammunition for them. There are two riflemen and four shotguns to each "long line" (working party). In the fields white trusties guard white work lines; Negro trusties guard Negro work lines. In the mess hall, white inmates eat at one end, Negro inmates eat at the other. About 43 per cent of the inmates are Negroes. The men with the shotguns stay 50 to 75 yards from the convicts in the fields. The convicts with the rifles are from 100 to 150 yards away. They have a twofold function: They protect the men with the shotguns should they be rushed by the line, and they are a deterrent in case the shotgun man tries to make a break or runs amok with the weapon.

There are 15,000 acres at the Cummins farm and 4,500 acres at Tucker. The land is flat and mostly treeless, and there is a kennel of bloodhounds. Of course, the men with the best opportunity to escape are the trusties. Sometimes they take their weapons with them. "That usually gets them killed," one warden says candidly.

"These boys do have a certain amount of authority . . . and sometimes we do have problems," Captain Bishop admits. "Sometimes one of the men more or less resents having an inmate tell him what to do, but it's not a big problem."

The factor that is a problem, that underlies the whippings for "overlooking okra" and the convicts patrolling with shotguns tucked into their arms, is money. Back in 1897, a law was passed to acquire the Cummins farm and to establish there a "self-supporting" institution. Today the Arkansas penitentiary pays for itself, and in years of good crops and prices it makes money. In the fiscal year 1964, it showed a net profit of $431,481.75 after major expenses of $91,237.74 to feed the prisoners, and $56,656.78 to feed the livestock.

There are 1,900 prisoners at the Cummins and Tucker farms, and only thirty-five salaried employees, including the superintendent and his staff, an executioner, two chaplains, two doctors, bookkeepers, a chief warden and eighteen field wardens. The budget could never balance if there were a salaried guard force. For example, in Missouri, a state whose prison staffs are notoriously underpaid, the 300 guards at the state penitentiary at Jefferson City are paid $1.5 million annually to keep watch over approximately the same number of prisoners as are incarcerated at Cummins and Tucker.

The convicts who perform the labor in the fields—who in fact are sentenced to do so by the Arkansas courts—are paid nothing. A man in the Arkansas state penitentiary may earn money in only one way: he may sell his blood for $5 a pint, of which $1 goes to the inmates' dress-out fund.

There are no shops or prison industries. The men learn trades by doing the prison housekeeping or they work in the fields. Good tractor drivers are always in demand when it comes time for parole, Captain Bishop asserts. "We're training cotton pickers," said Grady Woolly, of El Dorado, a member of the state prison board. It takes 600 men working six days a week for three months to pick the cotton that machines could pick in a few days.

The only men at the Arkansas prison who do not perform labor are those condemned to death. Last spring there were twelve men, eleven Negro, one white, awaiting execution in the isolation cells at the Tucker farm.

Although Arkansas politicians have often sold the "self-supporting" aspects of the prison system to voters, the whippings were called off only three times—always during heated election campaigns—in the long tenure of Governor Faubus. But each time, the Governor said, the prison superintendents restored the punishment. And today Captain Bishop argues some form of discipline must be available to him to keep the prisons in check. At Tucker there are isolation cells but at Cummins there are none.

Governor Faubus, who will hand over the reins of state government to Winthrop Rockefeller next January, asserts that he has always left the question of the strap to the decision of the penitentiary board and to the prison superintendent. But Faubus himself has some definite ideas about what a penitentiary is for and how it should function. The purpose of a penitentiary, the Governor has said, is to punish, not to rehabilitate, the inmates.

"Punishment is the greatest deterrent to crime," the Governor said, adding that the law and the courts recognize this when they sentenced the men to hard labor.

Dan D. Stephens, who preceded Captain Bishop as superintendent, held similar views. "Rehabilitation isn't something you can teach a man," Stephens said. "It's a state of mind that can come to a man in the strangest places, even in the middle of a cotton field on a prison farm."

To penologists the principal horror of the Arkansas system is not the use of the strap—although all professionals condemn that too—the real horror is the arming of 300 convicts to keep watch over the others. It is a cardinal rule of prison administration that no inmate should ever be allowed to exercise control over another. In Arkansas some inmates have the power of life and death.

But there are growing indications that many people in Arkansas are not happy with the prison and that the new Governor may try to do something about it if he can convince the legislature to provide the money.

Some time back, the prayer chairman of the Baptist State Women's Missionary Union added the conditions at the state penitentiary to her list of things requiring some prayerful attention.

Captain Bishop sees a need for change: "People who want to criticize this institution, this way of operation, are perfectly welcome to do so," he said. "But at the same time, I think that any time you keep 2,000 of these guys down here and don't have any more trouble than we have, then I think this operation has some good things about it. It could be better, I know. We could improve it if we had more paid personnel."

In early October the state prison board, which had actively resisted and resented any criticism of the state prison system, began to do some criticizing of its own; it called for a change in the law that provides for confining prisoners at "hard labor" and does not call for rehabilitation. Board members even talked about taking advantage of federal aid to set up psychiatric service to screen convicts.

And although they, like Governor Faubus, have long prided themselves that the prison is "self-supporting," they began to call for a departure from the concept. Charlie Adams of Hughes, a board member, pointed out that the hard-labor provisions ruled out any educational or job training program.

He is entirely right. In his campaign, Rockefeller promised to hire a professional penologist to run the state prison system. But that implies a tremendous outlay of funds to hire officers, to set up vocational training, and to provide adequate counseling and rehabilitation. None of that is possible as long as countinghouse standards are applied to the penal system. The Arkansas prison would have to stop making money and start remaking men.

SPEECH WITHOUT ASSEMBLY?

The Court v. the Demonstrators

THOMAS I. EMERSON

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The recent decision of the Supreme Court in *Adderley* v. *Florida* upheld, by a 5-to-4 vote, the conviction for trespass of a group of Negro students demonstrating on the grounds of the Tallahassee jail. The case is the first in which the Court has sustained a conviction, under Southern police laws, of peaceful demonstration for civil rights. In this respect it undoubtedly reflects a change in attitude, both of the country and of some members of the Court, toward the "direct-action" tactics of civil rights and other groups. Had the Court been willing to stretch in the other direction, as it has on previous occasions, it could certainly have resolved this particular controversy in a different way.

But the case is also significant for another, perhaps more fundamental, reason. It raises serious questions concerning the legal foundations of the rights, embodied in the First Amendment, to assemble peaceably and to petition for a redress of grievances. More particularly, the decision casts disturbing doubt upon the right of the citizen to use public open places for purposes of assembly. In order to understand the importance of the decision in this respect, it is necessary to recall some facts concerning the right of assembly, and to review prior decisions of the Court that established the legal framework for the exercise of this right.

The constitutional right of peaceable assembly—or demonstration, in modern parlance—has long been recognized as the common man's chief mode of making his presence felt in the conduct of political and other affairs. Lacking access to the mass media, and deprived of direct influence in higher places, the ordinary citizen seeking to communicate with his fellows is forced to take his case to the streets, parks and other public open places. It is his principal way to reach an audience, and it is a major tactic in any effort to keep Establishment politics halfway responsive to common needs.

Justice Black, nearly two decades ago, emphasized the crucial importance of public assemblies in the effective functioning of a democratic society. Dissenting in a case in which the majority had upheld a city ordinance prohibiting the use of sound trucks that made "loud and raucous noises," Justice Black pointed out that "public speaking" was an "instrument of communication" of equal importance with, though serving a different function than, the "press, radio or moving pictures." He went on:

> There are many people who have ideas that they wish to disseminate but who do not have enough money to own or control publishing plants, newspapers, radios, moving picture studios, or chains of show places. Yet everybody knows the vast reaches of these powerful channels of communication which from the very nature of our economic system must be under the control and guidance of comparatively few people. On the other hand, public speaking is done by many men of divergent minds with no centralized control over the ideas they entertain so as to limit the causes they espouse. It is no reflection on the value of preserving freedom for dissemination of the ideas of publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other literature, to believe that transmission of ideas through public speaking is also essential to the sound thinking of a fully informed citizenry.

Actually, public assemblies possess important advantages for effective expression that are not found in other forms of communication. They permit face-to-face contact between the speaker and his audience, and thereby enhance the power of the message. For the participants they invoke feelings of solidarity and mutual support. For the onlookers they evidence the intensity and dedication with which expressed views are held. For the community as a whole they may be sufficiently upsetting to force reconsideration of the issue in controversy. All in all, the public assembly has a direct impact that is achieved by no other form of communication.

It is therefore not surprising that, throughout the years, the public assembly has been an essential technique for propagating new, minority, or unconventional opinion. In England it figured prominently in political reform movements from the 17th century on, as well as in the activities of such groups as the Salvation Army and the suffragettes. In the United States, the insurgent colonists, the abolitionists, the suffragettes, and many minority political parties have relied heavily on various forms of public assembly to advance their viewpoints. Without public assembly, the labor movement could hardly have won its struggle for public acceptance and political support.

The public assembly retains its vitality. In recent times the civil rights movement has developed novel types of public demonstration, and the peace groups have found such forms of communication indispensable. So have housewives protesting high prices, and the outraged home owner battling bulldozers intent on putting the newest superhighway through his living room. It should be also remembered that many groups representing the conventional order of things, from political parties to fraternal organizations, make extensive use of public assembly.

There is no doubt that the public assembly entails some risks and some discomforts to society. The mere congregating of large numbers of people, especially in tense situations, may set the stage for violence or disorder. The face-to-face encounter of speaker and audience diminishes the likelihood of fully considered action or reaction. And public open places have many other uses, to which the public assembly has to be accommodated. But these perils must be faced, and the inconveniences endured, unless a vital aspect of free expression is to be lost.

The task of the courts, and particularly the Supreme Court, is to establish the constitutional ground rules by which a vigorous and viable system of public assembly can function. At the heart of such a system is the basic right of citizens to assemble peaceably in public open places.

If such a constitutional right does not exist, then the government can cut off at will all meetings, parades, demonstrations, canvassing, picketing and similar activities that utilize outside public space. Or, if the government chooses to permit such use, it can limit the privilege in any way it sees fit, provided it does not act arbitrarily or show discrimination.

A constitutional ruling to that effect would leave the citizens with only a shadow of the right to assemble peaceably. By and large, there does not, and cannot, exist any constitutional right to meet or demonstrate on private property without the consent of the owner. There are exceptions to this rule, as in the case of company towns, and there are situations where consent may be implied, as in the sit-ins at lunch counters. But generally speaking, private facilities are foreclosed except by the grace of the owner. Nor is the right of public assembly adequately served by any right to meet in public closed places, such as town halls or school buildings. Even if a constitutional right to use such facilities were to be recognized, the indoor meeting does not alone answer the needs of an effective system of public assembly.

The importance of firm adherence to a positive right to assemble in public open places is somewhat lessened, but by no means eliminated, by constitutional doctrines of equal protection. It is clear that, to the extent the government may decide to make public open places available, it must make them available on a nondiscriminatory basis. And it has been suggested that since the government will not undertake to prohibit all meetings and parades—American Legion and Sons of St. Patrick included—it will have to afford equal facilities to unorthodox groups as well. In normal times or circumstances that might be the case. But the system must be geared to meet abnormal conditions. And it is quite likely that a community under tension —in Mississippi or Alabama, for example—would elect to cut off all public assemblies, at least for a time.

Moreover, the rule against discrimination presumably would not prohibit "reasonable" differentiations. It would forbid distinctions based on race or political views. But it might permit certain "educational" or "religious" forms of assembly while prohibiting "political" forms. Thus, much dissenting expression would be eliminated.

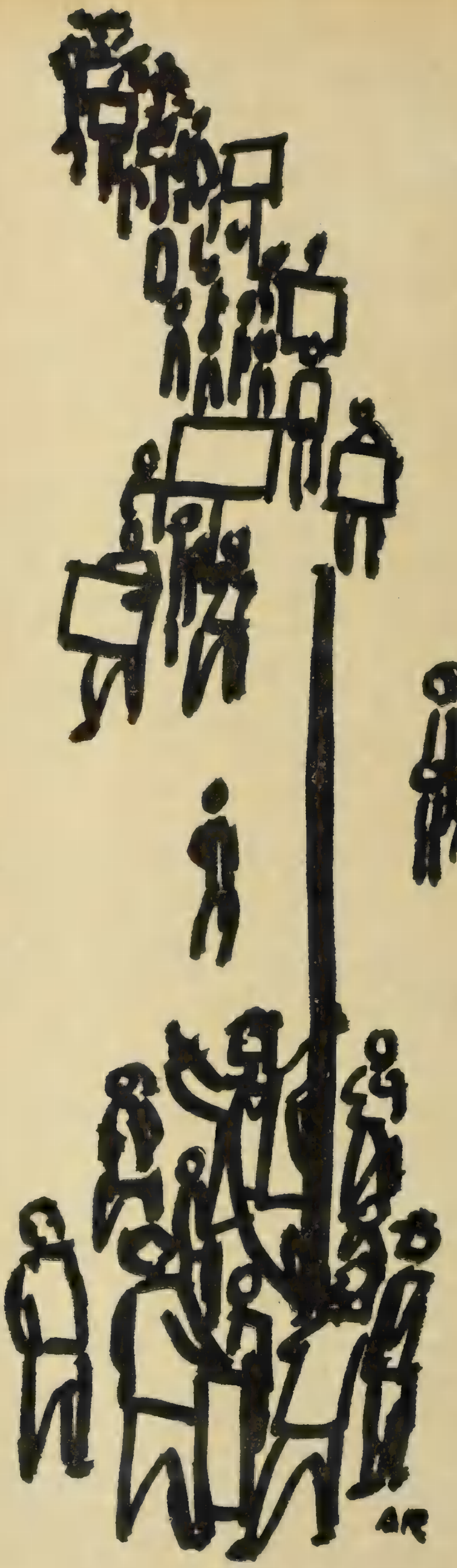
The legal rules must, of course, make some provision for resolving the various issues which arise from an acceptance of the right to use public open spaces for assembly. They must establish the point at which the public assembly no longer involves expression but action, and therefore becomes subject to control in the interests of order. They must also establish the means by which a community can maintain other uses of its open spaces, and therefore accommodate competing interests. And they must lay down the principles under which permit systems or other methods of administering the rules can function effectively without choking off the basic right.

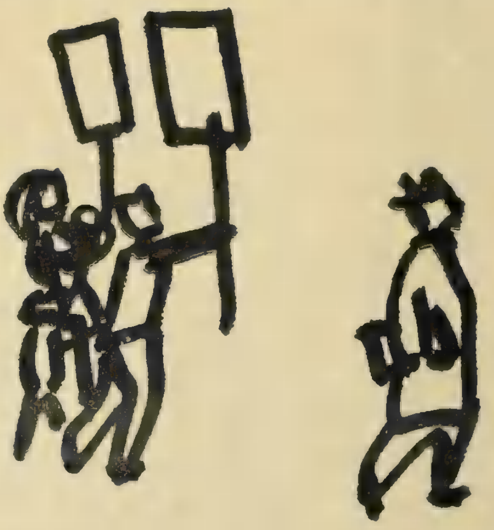
But all these are matters of *regulation.* To deny the right itself is to give the government the power of *prohibition.* It is the equivalent of authorizing the government to deny citizens any right to publish a newspaper, print a book, make a movie, or broadcast over the air waves. It would, in short, allow the government to suppress one major medium of communication, the one most vital to the minority or submerged sectors of the population.

The Supreme Court first addressed itself to these issues in *Davis* v. *Massachusetts,* decided in 1897. In that case a Boston ordinance provided that no person "shall, in or upon any of the public grounds, make any public address, discharge any cannon or firearm, expose for sale any goods, wares or merchandise . . . except in accordance with a permit from the mayor." Davis was convicted for making a speech on Boston Common without permission of the mayor. The Supreme Court affirmed the conviction, saying: "For the legislature absolutely or conditionally to forbid public speaking in a highway or public park is no more an infringement of the rights of a member of the public than for the owner of a private house to forbid it in his house."

The Davis rule, equating public and private property, flatly denied the right of public assembly. But four decades later, in 1939, the Court took another look at the issue. The case involved a suit by the CIO to enjoin Mayor Hague from interfering with the holding of public meetings and the distribution of leaflets on the streets of Jersey City. The Supreme Court refused to follow the precedent of the Davis case and upheld the CIO. Justice Roberts, speaking for himself and Justice Black, said: "Wherever the title of streets and parks may rest, they have immemorially been held in trust for the use of the public and, time out of mind, have been used for purposes of assembly, communicating thoughts between citizens, and discussing public questions. Such use of the streets and public places has, from ancient times, been a part of the privileges, immunities, rights, and liberties of citizens."

While there was no majority opinion in the Hague case,





it was generally assumed thereafter that the Roberts statement embodied the law and that a constitutional right to use public open places for public assemblies did exist. Other statements of the Court during the 1940s tended to confirm this position.

Thus the matter stood when the first case to raise the issue in the context of a civil rights demonstration reached the Court in 1963. In *Edwards* v. *South Carolina,* a group of 187 Negro students marched to the Statehouse in Columbia, S. C., and walked through the capitol grounds, carrying placards protesting segregation. When ordered to leave, the students refused. Instead, they sang songs, clapped and stamped their feet; one of their leaders made a speech. Although a crowd of 200 to 300 whites gathered, showing some hostility, there was no violence or disorder. The students were charged with breach of the peace. Their convictions were overturned by the Supreme Court, Justice Clark alone dissenting.

Justice Stewart, who wrote the Court's opinion, did not expressly deal with the question of whether the students had a constitutional right to use the capitol grounds for their demonstration. But he did say that the demonstration was a clear exercise of "petitioners' constitutionally protected rights of free speech, free assembly, and freedom to petition for the redress of their grievances." He then went on to hold that the South Carolina breach-of-peace statute, construed to prohibit the conduct involved, was so "vague and indefinite" as to violate constitutional rights. The general view taken of the decision was that the Court was accepting the Hague rule.

But two years later, in *Cox* v. *Louisiana,* serious doubts were cast. In this case the Supreme Court reversed convictions of the Rev. Elton Cox for leading a mass demonstration of some 2,000 students who marched from the Old State Capitol building in Baton Rouge to the courthouse, where they sang, prayed and listened to a speech. They were protesting the arrest of some fellow students who were confined in the jail, located in the courthouse building, for picketing stores which maintained segregated lunch counters. A large crowd of whites was present, but again there was no violence or disorder.

The conviction of the Reverend Cox for breach of the peace was set aside on the ground that his conduct did not actually amount to a breach of the peace and that the breach-of-peace statute was too broadly drawn. In this respect the Court closely followed the Edwards case.

But Cox was also convicted on a second charge, that of obstructing public passages. The Supreme Court did not consider the obstruction statute to have the defect of vagueness, which had been fatal in the breach-of-peace statute. Moreover, strictly applied, the obstruction statute effected a total prohibition of the use of the streets for public assemblies. In this phase of the case, therefore, the basic right to use public open places appeared to be involved.

Nevertheless, Justice Goldberg, writing for the majority, held it unnecessary to decide the question. He found that the obstruction statute had not been strictly enforced; that some meetings and parades had been allowed; and that this delegation of uncontrolled discretion to the Baton Rouge authorities to permit or prohibit assemblies violated First Amendment rights. This disposition of the matter created no new doctrine.

More significant was Justice Goldberg's introductory sentence: "We have no occasion in this case to consider the constitutionality of the uniform, consistent, and nondiscriminatory application of a statute forbidding all access to streets and other public facilities for parades and meetings." He thus expressly refrained from affirming the doctrine of the Hague case and deliberately left the matter open.

Justice Black, concurring in the Cox case, did deal with the question left open in the majority opinion. It was his view that the First and Fourteenth Amendments took away, from federal and state governments respectively, "all power to restrict freedom of speech, press, and assembly *where people have a right to be for such purposes*." (Justice Black's italics.) "This does not mean," he went on, "that these amendments also grant a constitutional right to engage in the conduct of picketing or patrolling, whether on publicly owned streets or on privately owned property." Thus Justice Black squarely took the position that the government could ban, provided it did so without discrimination, most forms of assembly in public open spaces.

The Adderley case resembled in many ways the Edwards and Cox cases. A group of about 200 Negro students from Florida A. and M. University in Tallahassee marched from the university to the county jail, about a mile away. They were protesting the arrest of fellow students, then confined in the jail, for attempting to integrate public theatres the day before. The group entered the jail driveway and went up to the entrance. When a deputy sheriff requested them to move back, they did so. They then "stood or sat, singing, clapping and dancing, on the jail driveway and on an adjacent grassy area upon the jail premises." When the sheriff arrived he ordered the students to leave and, when some of them did not, arrested them for violating the trespass statute. Here also there was no violence or disorder.

Justice Black wrote the opinion for the majority of five who upheld the convictions. He distinguished the case from the Edwards and Cox cases primarily upon the ground that those decisions had rested on the vagueness of the breach-of-peace charges, whereas no such flaw inhered in the trespass statute. Reaching the central issue, the opinion declared, in language reminiscent of *Davis* v. *Massachusetts*: "The State, no less than a private owner of property, has power to preserve the property under its control for the use to which it is lawfully dedicated." And it concluded: "The United States Constitution does not forbid a State to control the use of its own property for its own lawful nondiscriminatory purpose."

Justice Douglas, joined by Chief Justice Warren and Justices Brennan and Fortas, delivered the opinion for the dissenters. "The jailhouse," he pointed out, "like an executive mansion, a legislative chamber, a courthouse, or the statehouse itself . . . is one of the seats of government whether it be the Tower of London, the Bastille, or a small county jail. And when it houses political prisoners or those whom many think are unjustly held, it is an obvious center for protest." Stressing the significance of the right to assemble and petition, in much the same language that Justice Black had used in the sound-truck case, Justice Douglas went on:

> There may be some instances in which assemblies and petitions for redress of grievances are not consistent with other necessary purposes of public property. A noisy meeting may be out of keeping with the serenity of the statehouse or the quiet of the courthouse. No one, for example, would suggest that the Senate gallery is the proper place for a vociferous protest rally. And, in other cases it may be necessary to adjust the right to petition for redress of grievances to the other interests inhering in the uses to which the public property is normally put. . . . But this is quite different than saying that all public places are off-limits to people with grievances.

The reach of the Adderley decision is by no means clear. It could mean a total withdrawal from Justice Roberts' (and Justice Black's) position in the Hague case. That is to say, the Court may be stating that the use of public open places for assembly purposes may not only be regulated but may be totally prohibited. Taking into account Justice Black's views in the Cox case, it seems fairly certain that that is what he means. And the dissent of Justice Douglas seems to read the majority opinion in this way.

If the decision carries this far, it can be described only as a disaster. For reasons already explained, a major portion of the constitutional structure protecting freedom of assembly rests on the basic right to utilize public open places. To abandon the Hague doctrine is to leave the legal system incapable of assuring any health or even life to the common man's medium of expression.

It is quite possible, on the other hand, that some of the Justices on the majority side did not mean to go that far. They may have had in mind merely to carve out some public areas to which the right of assembly does not extend. Thus Justice Black notes that a jail "built for security purposes" is different from the capitol grounds.

If this be the purport of the decision it is less alarming. The system of public assembly is not destroyed by a rule prohibiting demonstrations on jailhouse grounds. But even from this viewpoint the decision remains disturbing.

The concern arises over the method by which the Court reaches its conclusion and the implications of its reasoning. As Justice Douglas points out, a jail is, historically and currently, "an obvious center for protest." In the case before the Court the conduct of the students involved no violence or threat of violence, created no disorder, resulted in no obstruction that could not have been rectified by the authorities present, and brought no danger to the security of the jail. Why then prohibit such a demonstration?

The majority's answer is simply to rely upon the trespass law. But the trespass law is based exclusively upon the concept of ownership. It merely reiterates that ownership entails the right to keep uninvited persons off the premises. As already noted, this fact of ownership, so far as public open spaces are concerned, ought not to operate by itself to prevent exercise of the right of assembly. In terms of the basic requirements of a system of free public assembly, that factor is irrelevant.

If the Court had intended to preserve the Hague rule, it should have approached the issue in a different manner. It should have considered those factors which are relevant to appropriate regulation. This would have involved an appraisal of the specific circumstances of the demonstration: the time it occurred; the extent to which it interfered with other uses of the space; the threat in the situation of violence or disorder. Had it done this, as the minority did, one can hardly believe the majority would have reached its same conclusion.

In short, resort to the trespass rule, based wholly on the ownership factor, is consistent only with a theory of total prohibition. The failure of the Court to take the other approach suggests that repudiation of the Hague doctrine is indeed far advanced.

One other trend, discernible in recent treatments of the right of public assembly, is equally alarming. In support of his view that public property could be wholly closed to demonstrations, Justice Black took the position in the Cox case that "patrolling and marching" are "conduct" [action] and not "speech," and hence are not included within the protection of the First Amendment. Justice Goldberg expressed similar views in his opinion for the majority. He "emphatically" rejected the proposition that the First Amendment afforded the same freedom to "conduct such as patrolling, marching, and picketing on streets and highways" as it does to those "who communicate ideas by pure speech." The point was not mentioned in the Adderley case.

Such a doctrine drastically narrows the scope of the right of public assembly. Actually, taken to its logical conclusion, the argument would remove virtually all forms of assembly from the protection of the First Amendment. Why, for instance, does the holding of a street corner meeting involve any different kind of conduct than patrolling with placards on the same corner? (Labor picketing, which automatically evokes economic coercion, is a different matter.) Moreover, even the elimination of "patrolling and marching" would cut deeply into the rights protected.

It is difficult to see how these views of public assembly can be justified. The First Amendment, in express terms, guarantees not only freedom of "speech" and of "the press" but also "the right of the people peaceably to assemble." Obviously this right of assembly contemplates more than "pure speech." Any adequate interpretation of the First Amendment requires that the Court bring within its protection those forms of conduct which are integral parts of, and essential to, exercise of the right of expression. Surely "patrolling and marching" are essential to make effective the right of assembly as a vital "instrument of communication." Here also the Court, while not yet fully committed to the new doctrine, seems headed in the wrong direction.

The Supreme Court in the Adderley case undoubtedly was concerned that demonstrations and direct action not deteriorate into the settlement of political issues through violence on the streets. This concern is shared by the whole country. The community possesses adequate power, however, to deal with violence or other forms of action. Moreover, it must be remembered that all important social and political movements in this country have been accompanied by strain on local law and order. The tensions between change and order cannot be totally eliminated, but they can be accommodated, among other ways, by an effective system of free expression. One leaves the Adderley decision with the unquiet feeling that the constitutional foundations of such a system are being compromised.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

English In Its American Fashion

MODERN AMERICAN USAGE: A Guide. *By Wilson Follett. Edited and completed by Jacques Barzun, in collaboration with Carlos Baker, Frederick W. Dupee, Dudley Fitts, James D. Hart, Phyllis McGinley and Lionel Trilling. Hill and Wang. 436 pp. $7.50.*

MARIO PEI

Mr. Pei is a linguist, teacher and author of numerous articles and books on language.

Wilson Follett, essayist, editor and teacher, left at the time of his death in 1963 an unfinished manuscript, more than two-thirds completed which, by the words of his own 1958 prospectus, aspired "to do for the America of 1960 what Fowler did for the England of 1926." The unfinished manuscript was edited and completed by Jacques Barzun in collaboration with the distinguished group listed above.

Despite the confidence inspired by this impressive roster of names, the reviewer is faced with a release issued by Follett's widow. This states in part:

> . . . readers . . . [who] are familiar with Mr. Follett's editorial and critical writing, will be struck by the disparity between the qualities of this posthumously edited work and the style, rhetoric, linguistic exactness, and editorial workmanship that distinguished Mr. Follett's work while he was living. . . . For the benefit of such readers, some of whom will wish to determine for themselves whether they are or are not reading Follett, and as a matter of record that I think no more than the just due of an uncommon editor, writer, and teacher of writing, I shall shortly ask Harvard College and the Library of Congress to accept copies of the original 175,000-word manuscript from which *Modern American Usage* was prepared. . . . Meanwhile, the availability of the original manuscript will in part rectify the oddness of an edited work that variously and vaguely attributes authorship to one dead writer and seven living ones and documents neither the contribution nor the editing of any one of them.

The question of individual responsibility thus becomes a matter of exegesis, to be slowly and accurately worked out by future scholarship. Meanwhile, we are faced with a marketable book which must be reviewed on its collective merits. The reader must be reminded at the outset that whatever is said about the work applies to the book itself, and is not to be interpreted as a judgment on either Follett, or Barzun and his collaborators, at least until such a time as individual contributions are thoroughly established.

The philosophy underlying the work is set by Follett himself, in his prospectus of 1958:

> My book is not going to be written to bless the uses of language that I find no better than tolerable. In this respect it is at the opposite pole from general dictionaries, which exist to record whatever is and rest on an assumption that what is good enough for many is good enough for all. I am not interested in language on this permissive basis—in diction that is merely allowable or defensible. Never mind what can be endured: my objective is what is really good, what is best. . . . It is time we had an American book of usage grounded in the philosophy that the best in language—which is often the simplest—is not too good to be aspired to. Let who will define good usage as what a swarm of folk say and write by reason of laziness, heedlessness, or plain ignorance: *Modern American Usage* will tacitly define it as what the judicious say and write as a result of conscious discriminations.

Practically nothing in the work itself contradicts this basic point of view. In the introductory section the point is made that change does not necessarily mean life, but may mean death too, as proved by the fact that modern science arrests "natural" change, such as the spreading of cancer cells, by "artificial" and deliberate devices. Conscious purpose and reason interfere with "nature," and the result is embodied in the written tradition. Language does not consist of "speechways" alone, and the written, literary tongue, which some extremists among descriptive linguists refuse to dignify by the name of language, has its rights.

Further along, issue is taken with the descriptivistic doctrine, and normative grammar is defended and upheld. "Prose is not necessarily good because it obeys the rules of syntax, but" (Joyce and his admirers to the contrary) "it is fairly certain to be bad if it ignores them." The hostility to Latin among linguists and educators is described as "perverse" and is properly castigated.

This sets the volume in an anti-descriptivistic, anti-untutored-usage category which is altogether at variance not merely with the advocates of "Leave Your Language Alone!," but even with such half-reasonable apostles of popular usage as Bergen Evans. To what extent does this conservative philosophy of usage tend to duplicate Fowler's? There are sections of the book which are reminiscent not merely of the recent, watered-down versions of that writer's *Modern English Usage* produced by Margaret Nicholson and Sir Ernest Gowers but even of the earlier, infinitely prescriptive *The King's English* which Fowler prepared in collaboration with his brother in 1906.

In that work, the Fowlers presented long lists of quotations from the greatest English authors, from Chaucer down to Dickens and Thackeray, and labeled their usages "incorrect" on the basis of their own *arbitrium*. Follett tells us: "The argument from mere precedent which takes the form 'if it was good enough for Thackeray, it's good enough for me,' could make one's writing a mere concentration of solecisms, since every good writer has resorted to expressions without which he would have been a better writer." Again, in connection with the use of *like* for *as*, we are reminded of "the futility of the argument from history." Yet history, in the person of Byron, is cited only two pages before in connection with the distinction between *lie* and *lay*, whose overlapping forms are said to "cause more trouble than they are worth, and trip up even careful speakers."

This is a bit confusing. Even more confusing is the Appendix on *shall* (*should*), *will* (*would*), where the Follett volume starts off by taking issue with the Fowlers' snippy pronouncement about what is right and wrong (only southern Englishmen really know how to use those forms, according to the English authors), but then goes on to restate, at a cost of over 20 pages, nearly all of the Fowler prescriptions, including such natural ones as the proverbial stricture on "I will drown! Nobody shall save me!," and such unnatural ones as "He said he should be too busy to come today" (use *should*, not *would*, because in direct discourse you would expect *shall*, not *will*). Follett concludes by advising us that "with a little effort, 'anyone' can gain a command of the principles" (the quotes around 'anyone' are mine).

So far, with the single exception of the one surprising bit of permissiveness about *lie* and *lay*, prescriptivism is in the saddle. There is another concession to modern times in the toleration and even encouragement of the split infinitive. But as against this, we have a mass of examples which even a linguistic conservative like me would tend to regard as unnecessary quibbles; for instance, the distinction between *This is not a very good book* and *This book is not very good* (the first is said to imply that the writer had been led to believe the book was good; the second is said to express the writer's own conclusion). Despite the 2 pages devoted to distinctions between *although* and *though*, the only one that really makes sense to me is that *though* may be used at the end of a sentence and *although* may not. The distinction between *chivalric* and *chivalrous* is perhaps too finely drawn, as is that between *personage* and *personality* and even, for modern times, that between *less* and *fewer*, when we consider that *more* is the opposite of both.

Like Evans, Follett objects to a number of cliché expressions which have by now become second nature to American speakers. Some of Follett's aversions are *compared with*; *if and when* (yet it is conceivable that *when* may come into legitimate play once the condition presented by *if* has been fulfilled); the use of the suffix *-ful* in *meaningful, suspenseful, flavorful*, which are classed right along with such monstrosities as *insightful, characterful, resultful*; *on the other hand* (here Follett seems to imply that this is justified only by a previous *on the one hand*); *in whole or in part* (precisely what is objectionable in *one-fourth of the school districts are already integrated in whole or in part*?); *as per your memorandum* (is the business world not entitled to its jargon?); *personal guidance* (is there no such thing as mass or group guidance?), *language laboratory* (Follett calls it a misnomer, and would prefer *language gymnasium*).

Follett joins Fowler in advocating the use of *that* as a defining or restricting relative pronoun, of *which* as nondefining. For this there is no historical, etymological or literary justification, and the distinction between "restrictive" and "nonrestrictive" clauses is tenuous at best.

Follett objects to the use of the suffix *-wise* in such forms as *marketwise, percentagewise*, and calls it a sample of "inarticulate" English. He evidently fails to recognize that English, having largely discarded traditional case-endings, occasionally experiences the need to restore them, and that the *-wise* suffix supplies a perfect parallel for the Latin ablative of manner or specification, just as the *-ward* of *skyward* gives us a limit-of-motion case. But there is no mention in Follett, even under the heading "Danglers," of the ugly current ellipsis represented by *So far as the new taxes, I'm in favor of them.* (Even the late President Kennedy was occasionally guilty of this solecism.) As between *saleswise* and *so far as sales*, unfollowed by *are concerned*, I should prefer the former, which also saves time and space with no detriment to meaning.

In view of the book's strongly prescriptive tendencies, it is surprising to find the current repetition of the conjunction *that* receiving what amounts to absolution: *He said that if you came today that I should give you this book.* In addition, there are several omissions of general malpractices. Gobbledygook is nowhere mentioned (the nearest censured relatives are scientism, vogue words and "the pseudo-science of the ologists"); but *senior citizen* comes in for a deserved drubbing. Under "Uses of the possessive," we look in vain for the type of remote possessive that is glorified in the writings of one of our most prominent descriptive linguists (*The girl I was telling you about yesterday's father*), or, under other appropriate headings, for those other gems of language: *Somebody left their books on this table* and *Forget about you haven't had your lunch yet*, similarly quoted with warm approval by the same descriptivist, Robert A. Hall, Jr., in his *Introductory Linguistics*. Under *-ability*, we are told about the two endings *-able* and *-ible*, but it would have helped the cause of good usage if lists of common words where the endings are confused had been provided.

Not too much reference is made to foreign languages, but we wonder about the literal translations of *à fond* as "to the bottom" and *au fond* as "at (the) bottom." *Canti fermi* is labeled as Latin, but unless *fermi* is changed to *firmi* it qualifies much better as Italian. In England the Foreign Office would be more likely to *secretise* than to *secretize*. *Diction* is equated with vocabulary or choice of words rather than with delivery, despite its etymological derivation from *dico*, "to say." *Imply* is etymologically explained as "to fold in," but *infer* is presented in the same sentence as "to draw from," which makes one wonder whether etymology or usage is the criterion. *Reaction* is said to be "by definition" (whose definition?) "automatic, unconscious, uncontrolled." Why is *uncontrollable* the only possible form? (*incontrollable* has been in use since 1599). *Now* is said to have gone into an eclipse in the face of *currently, presently*, etc., but a current radio-TV ad features *the now car*.

Euphemisms (listed under "Genteelisms") justly include, among other words, *disturbed, adjust, backward* and *underdeveloped*. Follett's "Vogue Words" include forms to which semantic time-bombs have been attached, such as *discrimination* and *collaborator*. Other misused words are *available* (a magazine's *This article is unavailable to us*, accompanied by a rejection slip); *communicate* (used in dozens of different ways where *speak, say, tell* would serve equally well); *contact* as a verb; *to implement*; *to process* (*Your check is being processed*, a euphemism for *is being held up*); *to structure* (and how about the military *destruct* where we already have *destroy*?); the ineffable *exciting*, now used *à tort et à travers*; and, of course, *hopefully* as a loan-translation of German *hoffentlich*, whose rapid march into widespread and indiscriminate usage is such that we cannot even "hopefully" hope to halt it. There is *togetherness*, tracked down to Khalil Gibran (may his tribe *not* increase!). Under *up* we miss the vogue phrase, *to point up*, beloved of editors.

The final section on "Punctuation" starts off with a basically accurate statement to the effect that the modern system flouts both the ear and the eye. One wonders why stylistically minded copy editors have to interfere with a writer's own consciousness of what he wants, in accordance with his own sense of logic and voice-spacing. Why has the hyphen been all but banished from the printed language? It would so simplify Follett's problem of *fishing-hat*, or of *speech-form* and *father-fixation*. Why can we no longer have it after *non-*, or *semi-*, where it seems to serve a useful purpose? Once, when my *non-national* came back in proof as *nonnational*, I wondered, for a few brief seconds, whether I had created by implication a new noun, *nonnation*, and a new verb, *to nonnate*.

But then Follett insists, with some copy editors, that there should be a comma before *and* in a series such as *France, Spain, and Italy*, and claims that only reasons of space justify its omission. Yet there is no such break of the voice after *Spain* as there is before, unless one is speaking very emphatically. The comma is condemned in such a line as *and, behind us, crept the night*; but it is recommended for *the states east of the Mississippi, where weather conditions are favorable*, if one wants to imply that he is speaking of only some of those states; and the question arises, if a distinction must be made, why not say *those states* instead of *the states*? Under "Informal

'U.S. OFFERS CONDOLENCE AND AID TO VIETNAMESE BOMBED IN ERROR'

New York Times, 9/29/66

1

There is rejoicing at Hombe:
Only thirty-five persons died,
Only seventeen were injured
As compared with a hundred and sixteen thatch and wattle homes destroyed.
This means that most of the people
Must have been out of the hamlet
When the Marine pilots
Made their little mistake,
Bombing not reds but allies,
Members of the militia force, their wives and children.

2

There is rejoicing at Hombe:
Each dead person's next of kin
Has already received
The standard condolence payment,
Four thousand piastres or about thirty-four dollars,
And lesser amounts
Went to the wounded, depending
Upon the extent of their injuries.
Furthermore, survivors
Are expected to sue the United States
For additional compensation —
A standard procedure, virtually,
In such circumstances,
Circumstances virtually standard by now.

3

There is rejoicing at Hombe:
Never before have the villagers
Made a profit out of the death
Of a nearest relative. Never
Has the richest of them supposed
That a life could be worth so much money
Or that governments could be sued
For what, after all, must happen sooner or later.

4

There is rejoicing at Hombe,
Mingled with dissatisfaction:
Bomb us again, they beg,
Our protectors, our liberators,
We still have people to spare
But not enough rice to feed them,
Now that the fields are churned up.
Let the survivors be few,
So that cousins and uncles and nieces
May earn them wealth more like yours,
Whose corpses in funeral parlors
Lie radiant, as good as alive,
Or frozen await resurrection.
Let them leave the site, then, for ever,
And the ghosts of kin they had loved.
Blast Hombe out of your maps and our minds.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Colon," an "informal" usage is recommended which strikes me as quite unusual: *Then he wondered How the devil did I ever get into such a fix?* Would not colon and quotes be better? Or indirect discourse?

The relative position of closing parenthesis and period is left to the writer's discretion and the logic of the situation (one feels like saying: "Tell it to the copy editors!"). But then we are told: "The period goes inside the closing quotation mark." Why, if it is the logical conclusion of everything that has gone before, including what is not contained in the quotes?

Perusal of Follett and earlier manuals of usage leads to certain considerations which bear upon the language in general and its vagaries. In the matter of pronunciation, Follett gives [illegible] the sole plural of *alga* a pronunciation *-jee* for a written form *algae*; *-ee* for *alumnae*, *-eye* for *alumni*. This is somewhat on a par with British *paytuhr* and *maytuhr* for Latin *pater* and *mater*. Ought not more respect be shown for the original Latin? Webster III, for all its modernism, gives the Latin as well as the British public-school pronunciations.

Follett distinguishes carefully between masculine *bourgeois* and feminine *bourgeoise*, but offers *bravo* as the sole operatic exclamation of approval. Again, Webster III, along with Fowler, gives the correct feminine *brava*.

English is replete with confusing pronunciations, spellings and meanings. It might not take too much effort to straighten out the most glaring cases, were it not for the fact that we have no Voice of Authority, such as a Language Academy. Take the case of *forgo* and *forego*, pronounced alike, but not to be confused. The *for-* of *forgo* is an intensive prefix akin to German *ver-*, while *fore-* is temporal, and from the same root as *before* (German *vor-*). One means "to do without," the other "to precede." Or take the utter confusion that prevails in the case of *fulsome*. Follett and other manuals of usage imply that it should appear only in the sense of "disgusting" or "nauseating," but the Oxford dictionary, among others, presents it in the primary historical meaning of "abundant," "plentiful," "full," "plump." All etymologize *fulsome* from *full*, but it seems likely to me that somewhere along the line there was a merger of *fulsome* from *full* (Anglo-Saxon *full*, later *ful*) and *fulsome* from *foul* (Anglo-Saxon *ful*, pronounced as in *fool*, later *ful*), which would account for the discrepancy in meaning. Take, as a third horrible example, *viable*, which is derived from French *vie* (in turn derived from Latin *vita*) and has to do with life, but tricks even etymologists into thinking it comes from Latin *via*, "way," with the result that many use it as a synonym for "passable," "something for which a way can be found, or a road built."

Prof. Parry Moon of MIT once undertook a project to standardize scientific terms in various languages so that they would have similar forms and uses (as a single example: chemical binary compounds, which in English bear the *-ide* suffix of *iodide, sulphide,* have in Italian the suffix *-uro*, as in *ioduro, solfuro*; it was Moon's idea that either English should accept *-ure*, or Italian should accept *-ido*, so that we would have *ioduro* and *iodure*, or *iodido* and *iodide*). But far more than scientific terms seem to call for standardization in this age of expanding international communications. Both Follett and Fowler issue fulminations against *transpire* in the sense of "to happen." In the Romance languages, the root of *transpire* means "to sweat," as it once did in English, so that where we have *perspiration*, French has *transpiration*. *Constipate*, which etymologically means "to press together," is primarily used in English for a condition of the bowels, but in the Romance languages for a state of the nasal passages. As a boy of 8, fresh from Italy, I can recall the guffaws that went up in class when I explained my previous day's absence because of a head cold on grounds of "constipation." Would there not be a way of standardizing these usages internationally, and thus doing away with hundreds of deceptive cognates and "false friends"?

Logic goes out the window, Follett implies, when we speak of *unbending* and *to unbend*. He might have added the opposite meanings of *cleave* (*to cleave to*; *to cleave in two*). Of course, all language and all languages are illogical. But English is among the worst offenders in this respect. When Follett tries to outline the uses of transitive and intransitive verbs, he glosses over that enormity, unparalleled in any other language I know, whereby English uses a verb in the passive with a direct object following, and a grammatical subject which is logically the indirect object (*I was given this money*; *He was told this story*). From the standpoint of logic, it seems to me that this is just a little worse than even Spanish *Se me dió el dinero* ("The money gave itself to me"), or *Se mató al hombre* ("It killed itself the man," meaning "The man was killed"); and no amount of rationalization by Jespersen will convince me of the contrary.

The use of the *-ly* suffix, normally adverbial, but often adjectival, is another sore spot. *Go slow* or *Go slowly*? *The dog wagged its tail in a friendly manner,* but hardly *The dog wagged its tail friendlily.*

In conclusion, manuals of usage, while they serve a purpose, are not the panacea imagined by some of their worshipers. Neither are they the diabolical devices described by some descriptive linguists (one of the latter recently compared them to quack cancer cures). There is in them, as in the language they attempt to describe and prescribe, an arbitrary element which is inherent and, one is almost tempted to say, indispensable. There is also a perennial clash between historical etymology and current usage, and no manual writer so far, to my knowledge, has attempted altogether to eschew the one or the other. When history and present-day usage are blended, it is a little like mixing oil and water. Shake well, and you get not a solution but a suspension of particles of one liquid in the other.

Return to the Bush

SOUTH OF THE MOON: On Stanley's Trail Through The Dark Continent. *By Blaine Littell. Harper & Row. 300 pp. $6.95.*

SOUTH WEST AFRICA: The Last Pioneer Country. *By Thomas Molnar. Fleet Publishing Co. 160 pp. $4.*

EDWARD T. CHASE

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The dominating question about the Third World, *le tiers monde* that comprises the emerging states of Latin America, Asia and Africa, is: *can it sustain workable governments and economies based upon the consent of the governed?* Here is a prediction about sub-Saharan Africa by Blaine Littell:

> What is happening is a steady, inexorable return to the bush. . . . It is an almost imperceptible movement, this return to the past, and those who are looking for masses of marching men accompanied by martial music and ringing proclamations will never see it. Rather it is a quiet drift, but the trail is clear, marked as it is by abandoned cars which need only gasoline to make them run again, by discarded radios requiring only batteries to bring them back to life, and by vanishing roads and crumbling, vine-choked plantation homes. It will not take nature long to obliterate these final reminders of the white men's occupation of this land. . . . I do not see anything on the horizon, I can imagine nothing which will halt or even slow this return to the bush.

Thus does ex-C.B.S. foreign correspondent, erstwhile New York *Herald Tribune* reporter, writer for *The Reporter* magazine, Yale-Columbia alumnus write off Africa in *South of the Moon.* It is at the close of his account of his five-month re-creation via Land-Rover of Sir Henry M. Stanley's three-year journey of 1874-77. Mr. Littell's book arrives at a time when intensified tribal warfare, assassinations, the United Nations uproar over Rhodesia and over the South West Africa cases bespeak a continent in disarray; so perhaps Littell's pessimism would seem unremarkable. But in fact it derives from private ruminations after months of direct observation "in the bush," far away from the headlines.

It is particularly unsettling to see that Littell's view now coincides with the traditional outlook of cynics like Thomas Molnar, who proclaim that, given independence, the African must fail, at least for as far as one can see into the future. Mr. Molnar is an outspoken admirer of apartheid and he shares with Mr. Littell the capacity to make portentous inferences from the sight of abandoned automobiles, left by indolent savages to rot on the veld. To Molnar's credit, however, he, like Littell, has traveled to Africa to see for himself. His special value as an observer is that he has just been to South West Africa, that most remote of immense areas, the size of France and Great Britain combined. His reporting helps to make comprehensible some of the bewildering claims and counterclaims now being made at the United Nations.

So at this stage in the adventure of African independence, now ten years after the emergence of a free Morocco and Tunisia (and Ghana in 1957, Guinea in 1958), these two new books struggle again with the white man's perennial anxiety: is the Negro inferior? In the fierce controversy about what is possible as well as probable in Africa, ultimately one always gets back to this hoary issue. No matter its apparent impertinence, the reality is that the race question cruelly shapes every prognostication about Africa's future. No matter that undigested abstractions are tossed about in such debates. Ideas that prevail, whatever their lack of merit, have their consequences in thousands of decisions, large and small. Embraced by a sufficient multitude, the very idea of Negro inferiority can project a bigot into a governorship in Georgia, or certify the sense of righteousness among the Rhodesian white minority or, more subtly, demoralize the black man even where he now holds sway. Recently in Tanzania, for instance, I asked the white lady managing the store at a state-owned camping lodge why a "native," most of whom are desperate to be part of the tiny wage-based economy, did not have the job. Their own leaders know they can't cope with money, she replied. (This, incidentally, after misquoting to me the prices for film and then giving me the wrong change for my purchase.)

To be fair, Littell's is an account sympathetic to the Negro, but the brunt of his anecdotes stresses Negro unpredictability, irrationality and inadequacy. Many of his stories are wonderfully funny, some are horrifying. He concludes, in his embarrassing final pages, that the African reverted to the bush is somehow the better for it: "The jungle; the bush; the open savanna. It was here, where he was born, that the black man would return to slough off the imperfectly grafted skin of civilization, to regain his sense of superiority. Yes, here *he* was superior—to the animals he stalked and to the white man who had stalked him."

Littell's approach is impressionistic; Molnar's is a show of "logic." Molnar denounces the liberals sympathetic to South West Africa's freedom as irresponsible ideologues, ignorant of both the "incredibly complex situation" created by the ten tribal groups and primitive level of the natives, and of the wisdom of South Africa's harshly disciplined, paternalistic running of the country. He sees the Negroes as benefiting from their forced restriction to workers' compounds in the Police Zone, six men to a room, on their yearly exile from their families on contract jobs in the diamond mines. To illustrate how benevolent the white managers are, Molnar reports that "14 menus are worked out so that the same dish cannot appear on the table more than twice a month." The 600,000 Negroes should be grateful for whatever exploitations they are subject to by the 80,000 whites, Molnar suggests, since, as he so strongly emphasizes, until the Germans came in 1907, the black man lived under the constant threat of death from his fellow blacks.

Molnar has much to say, mostly negative, about the United States, some of it curiously ambivalent. He is still outraged over our treatment of the Indians and scores American hypocrisy with this anecdote: "A round table was called together in 1964 in Washington by a self-styled 'peace promoting' organization, which shall remain charitably unnamed. The announced objective was to invite various people knowledgeable on Africa, and some South Africans as well, and discuss ways and means to 'help' South Africa get out of its 'tragic situation.' The hypocrisy of the whole affair was in itself sickening; but the scandal cried to heaven since we gathered at the Cosmos Club where no black man was admitted to enter!" O.K., *touché*.

The American, Ernest Gross, chief counsel in the South West Africa cases before the World Court, is his *bête noire*. Despite his sensitivity to hyprocrisy, Molnar, however, never discloses throughout his long account of the cases the substance of Mr. Gross's charge: that in the forty years South Africa has run South West Africa no native ever has been qualified in law, medicine, engineering, nursing; none can be employed in a skilled occupation; none can join a union or move without permission or have a say in government or administration, or live except where one is told.

This would appear to have a bearing on the opening question of whether sub-Saharan Africa can sustain a viable government based on the consent of the governed. Are Littell and Molnar so wrong in their doubts? The only honest answer is "not necessarily." What cries for emphasis, rather, to put this into perspective, is to consider how desperately difficult it has been for peoples throughout most of the world to achieve this condition, some with states centuries old. Consider Europe in the 1930s and '40s, and much of the rest of the non-African world today. The American has trouble digesting the notion of the single-party state. But in a brand-new country, divided by ancient tribes in which the strongest nationalist movement in effect has become the state, is it reasonable to ask for a traditional two-party system? The happiest development and an immensely significant precedent is in Tanzania where the brilliant Julius Nyerere has devised the scheme of authorizing the single party to put up two candidates locally. The result has been political competition, a real choice for the voter.

The gravest doubts about Africa's future must arise from the economic situation. The populations of sub-Saharan Africa's countries are 90 per cent rural, with less than 20 per cent of the labor force in a wage economy. The agriculture worked by 80 per cent of the population is low in productivity, severely limiting the surplus on which greater diversification could be built through trade—where 80 per cent of families are farming, the market for food is only 0.25 of a family per farmer. Not until only 40 per cent are in farming does the market become 1.5 families. And whatever economic growth is attained tends to be undermined by a population growth of 3 per cent yearly.

Littell "can imagine nothing" to halt a reversion to the bush. Maybe. Yet Kenya already has accepted the principle of state-supported birth control. Other nations will follow suit. And the prodigies of mid-20th-century technology—which rebuilt a war-devastated Europe in a decade—surely hold out at least an *imagined* solution for these lands, now so accessible, thanks to the new technologies of jet air travel, instant communications and modern teaching tools.

More and More Alike

AS A CITY UPON A HILL: The Town in American History. *By Page Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. 332 pp. $6.95.*

SEYMOUR J. MANDELBAUM

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Page Smith's study of the small town in American history is essentially a deeply felt critique of urban society and culture. The city, he laments, encourages men to choose friends who have common interests, backgrounds and aspirations. "The result has been a progressive constriction and narrowing of personal relationships and their progressive impoverishment. Like accentuates like; boredom and ennui are bred by the homogeneity of subgroups with the larger community; and often a spurious heartiness masks a coldness of response and the careful maintenance of defences against unsolicited or unwelcome intrusions."

The city, he insists, is "depersonalized." Its values and controls "are increasingly developed outside the community by the vast industry whose business it is to produce in their laboratories synthetic values that are presented as 'entertainment' and as 'education,' and that are in truth as ephemeral as the daily paper." The freedom of the city has weakened local orthodoxies but has put in their place national dogmas which "have to be honored even more wholeheartedly and certainly more unanimously than before."

That's the moral guts of the book—not its subject. Smith's substantial theme is contained in the observation that up until the first decades of the 20th century most Americans lived in small country towns. A great many of these towns—how many is not clear, but more than we commonly imagine—were relatively homogeneous in their social composition, and enjoyed a sense of common purpose of identity. In its earliest forms, this sense was expressed in a formal church covenant; later, implicit secular covenants defined the nurturant boundaries of successful social units. These towns developed men who were inner-directed, untroubled by their own identity, and secure in their values. Launched in the world, they were unusually creative in fields which required independent judgment, patience and moral earnestness: the ministry, teaching, medicine and science. The towns themselves were capable of supporting the national community and national men of power without being engulfed by them. They were also coherent units, amenable to description and analysis and hence capable of literature.

In the 20th century the last of these communities have died or are dying. There were two important signs of morbidity. The first was the transformation of a charitable moral environment, which respected sexuality, into a repressive code of injunctions; the second was the replacement of the ethic of the covenant with the praise of the rugged individualist. The major cause of death, Smith argues, was the spread of urban influence. "Towns, whatever their origins," he writes, "grew more and more alike, not because of any logic inherent in the towns themselves, but because they came increasingly under the influence of urban culture and urban values."

The victims may have been more willing than Smith admits. He distinguishes between communities which were colonized by a single group or covenanted in a formal manner and those which grew out of bits and pieces of people—"cumulated," he calls it—because of unique economic opportunities available at a particular location. The two types of towns were essentially different, he argues, in their social organizations and their value systems. His own evidence suggests, however, that this may not be the case. He notes that covenanted towns were endemically unsuccessful in their business enterprises. At the point that they succeeded, they bit the urban dust. The other side of the same coin, which Smith does not explore, is the emergence of coherent "covenanted" communities in the unsuccessful remnants of once flourishing "cumulated" regions. Formerly prosperous coal towns in Appalachia illustrate this regression.

If differential success in the market place distinguishes the communities, then perhaps we need a more sympathetic image of the urban seducer. Americans, from very early in their history, have apparently valued both individual achievement and the pleasures of community. They have gambled on the main chance and, when necessary, have been willing to sacrifice community for cash. Quite literally, the towns reached out for the city, rather than the other way around.

This alternative hypothesis does not really detract from the main thrust of Smith's work. It's very likely, just as he says, that growing up in a stable small town is not quite the same as growing up in a city. A nation of cities is different from a nation of small towns. Cities which are manned by families old in urban ways are different from those flooded by new small-town recruits.

It is not at all clear, however, just what these differences are. Is Smith's characterization of urban society—deeply felt but not documented—correct? If we are truly becoming more bored, sterile and impersonal, what can we do about it?

The question of truth and the problem of action are separable. Correct or not, Page Smith is doing something about his view of urban civilization. After eleven years at UCLA he has moved up to Santa Cruz as provost of Cowell College in the university complex there. The Santa Cruz colleges are designed to be intellectual and social units which will provide an intimacy and interdisciplinary dialogue that critics charge is notably lacking at Berkeley. There is a strong resemblance between Smith's ideal town and the new colleges amidst the redwoods.

Santa Cruz is too young to know whether there are any costs in its design. What qualities that even Smith values will be lost or prove impossible? If Smith's criticism of the city is wholly correct, it is hard to imagine any costs in Santa Cruz's plan of organization. But the criticism is suspect. It smacks heavily of damning America for being dominated by the shallow values of the mass media—and then calling in witness only the mass media themselves. Smith talks freely of the impersonal city and ignores the impressive literature on the continuing importance of interpersonal relations in shaping the communities in which even city men live. He asserts that over the last several decades urban Americans have tended to talk less frequently and less intensely with men who differ from themselves in ethnic origin, occupation, income, religion or social perspective. He presents no evidence and would be hard pressed to prove the assertion. My sense of the matter is that its opposite would be a great deal easier to prove. Somehow the research in this sophisticated book never really touches or tests the core of Smith's own perspective upon American history and his emotional response to American culture.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

Historians of urban design show increasing interest in the formative role of the enlightened client on architecture and planning. The client with the vision to initiate ideas has at times left a more personal imprint on urban design than have the architects in his employ. In contemporary urban planning the single client has largely been replaced by the corporate or bureaucratic client, and the vision or whim of the individual has yielded to market analysis and the balanced compromise. Planners of New Towns in Europe, South America, Asia, have the state as their client, but in this country sizable New Towns still rise at the initiative of individuals pursuing profitable investment and—in some cases—following their personal vision of the commonweal.

In a previous article I examined Reston, Va., a New Town which has the personality of Robert E. Simon stamped over its design and rightly carries the initials of its developer in its name. Simon's planners, Whittlesey & Conkin, gave Reston an identity reflecting his determination to provide the good life in a perceptual environment of high quality.

Another rare kind of client, one who promotes an enlightened social philosophy, is James Rouse of Baltimore, widely known as banker, owner of shopping centers, champion of urban renewal and developer of the New Town, Columbia, Md. Mr. Rouse sees the city as the bearer of civilization and measures its worth on whether or not it contributes "to the growth development of mankind." Being dissatisfied in this respect with the performance of existing cities, Rouse set out to build his own, a "truly rational" city providing "the most viable soil for the growth of people," where they can live the full life as Rouse envisages it.

Listening to Rouse, one may surmise that social planning became his obsession—a sort of practical religion—yet he also pursues successful investment by shrewd business methods best exemplified in the strategy of planning his New Town. Unlike Simon, who bought an estate at bargain price and then decided to use it for a New Town, Rouse's organization —Community Research and Development, Inc. (CRD)—first determined the size of the future community and then made a systematic search for the best site. It was found in rural Howard County, Md., halfway between Washington and Baltimore, where large contiguous parcels could still be assembled for less than $1,500 per acre. Next, Rouse negotiated a $20 million loan with the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company. It was a pioneering financial arrangement whereby repayment was deferred until the start of actual construction, thus assuring time for careful planning.

For his New Town staff, Rouse raided the National Capital Planning Commission and secured for CRD both William Finley, author of the "Year 2000 Plan," and Morton Hoppenfeld, his chief planner. The new CRD staff met regularly for six months with a work group of fourteen leading social scientists; collectively, they fathered the organization pattern of Columbia. Meanwhile, working in secrecy through dummy corporations, Rouse assembled 15,600 acres of land and in October, 1963, dumfounded the Howard County commissioners with the announcement that he controlled 10 per cent of the county's area. The commissioners—committed to preserve the rural character of the county—now became the targets of Rouse's two-pronged attack of evangelistic zeal and economic argument. After one year of siege, Howard County was won over to the cause and granted Rouse special zoning for Columbia.

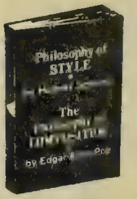
Planned for a population of 110,000 by 1980, the New Town will generate 27,000 jobs, and it is expected that at least half of the job holders will live in Columbia. Rouse envisions a community with a diversified population and intends to provide housing for everyone employed in his town, from the $10,000 unit of the janitor to the 10-acre estate of the top executive. In contrast to Reston, with its villages focused on various forms of recreation, Columbia's concept is based on education. Neighborhoods of 300 to 500 families cluster around a nursery and elementary school. Five or more neighborhoods form a "village" focused on a high-school complex. Each village will also have a 2-acre green or plaza, shops and offices, a village hall, branch library, young people's club, an amphitheatre and 3 acres of land reserved for churches. Nine to ten villages will be served by a town center, with a community college and various civic and cultural buildings, in addition to a large shopping center.

Rouse hopes that this logical organization will endow each resident with a sense of belonging to the community, similar to the attachment of country folk to their villages and small towns. Critics like Berkeley's Christopher Alexander find however that the pattern suggests a hierarchy of closed social groups "based on associational ties of different strength" which are absent in modern urban society. Although Rouse speaks of a laboratory city, of an "urban test tube" where such ideas as "opportunity structures" can be examined, the social planning concept of Columbia is not boldly experimental but just a compendium of many things good and desirable. This lack of boldness may not be Rouse's fault: in meetings with his academic advisers it was generally Rouse who advanced brilliant and adventurous ideas while his consultants were more cautious. Still, the proposed pattern is clearly superior to that of the unstructured suburb or "non-community," to borrow a word from Rouse, who also claims that Columbia "may not be perfect but will be better."

To what extent will Rouse's lofty ideals and the logic of the social planning concept be matched by the physical pattern? What will be the impact of Columbia's visual environment on residents and visitors? In answering these questions one's ideas must be based on the plans and models of CRD, since ground has been broken at Columbia only recently. The edges of the New Town are defined by state and interstate highways, with Route 29, the "Columbia Pike," bisecting the town and providing access from four cloverleaf interchanges. By following the mainstream of traffic a visitor will easily discover the town center as the hub of regional shopping. The 1,800-foot-long shopping mall will be far bigger than the town alone could support. This vast shopping area will be surrounded by parking and girdled by a distributor loop for the traffic. A larger loop will embrace the commercial core, as well as the community college, a cultural campus and the town plaza of Columbia, separated from Route 29 by an artificial lake. In theory, the regional shoppers are needed to support Columbia's cultural facilities, but in physical appearance the cultural and civic areas are mere appendages to the shopping center, and the buildings of the town plaza reflected in their lake appear as a sublimated form of advertising aimed to attract traffic from the Columbia Pike. The center's movement pattern favors the visiting shoppers, and residents driving to their plaza will have to weave through the out-of-town traffic. To minimize this inconvenience, a minibus system will be operated for residents who comprise the important "captive market."

In contrast to the bustling town center will be the quaintness of the residential areas. A visitor proceeding through gently rolling hills will pass tree-shaded low-rise settlements with slightly increased densities around the village centers. Houses of all kinds will be provided by various builders. Confronted with a quasi-amorphous, vaguely repetitive pattern, the visitor may not immediately realize that he has arrived at the New Town unless he is struck by the presence of carefully designed small-scale elements: lampposts, signs, benches. He will find a street pattern of loops, clusters and cul-de-sacs borrowed from that thirty-year-old bag of tricks of the garden city planner and may experience the same difficulty in locating a friend's house as in any fanciful curvilinear subdivision. He will vainly seek guidance by architectural coherence or an overall town structure like the "sinews" proposed for Reston, but he may take comfort from the well-studied system of direction signs.

Planner Morton Hoppenfeld explains this casual residential pattern as having allowed "the land to impose itself as a discipline on the form of the communty." If so, it is a mild discipline. Powerful topography, a mountain range or a river, can indeed structure the most disjointed agglomeration by providing orientation, a sense of location, of "there-ness." But in the absence of such features it is the task of the urban designer to provide visual guidance by a clear overall per-



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ceptual pattern. Leaving the creation of a sense of order to the accidents of topography, or to the social planners, amounts to the abdication of a key responsibility by the urban designer. Of course, the vast size of the town and the resulting low densities make it difficult to propose a cohesive pattern. The area is about 24 square miles or nearly ten times as big as the island city of Venice which has a population of 170,000, not counting pigeons, cats and tourists. Columbia also includes many enclaves not controlled by CRD—it is in Rouse's words a great "Swiss cheese"—and the "holes" add to the confusion. But since 3,700 acres will be reserved for recreation, the continuity of these green areas may link Columbia's villages in a comprehensive structure.

To me, Columbia's low density is a most questionable feature: compact spatial configurations like the old-fashioned street act as funnels for traffic and bring about the random, accidental contacts, the unpredictability and surprise of urban life. High densities and complex, overlapping land uses foster the competition, conflict and tension which are the salt and pepper of "urbanity." And since low physical proximity leads to increasing stratification, the looseness and spread of Columbia may counteract the stated goal of socio-economic integration. I cannot see how comfortably spread Columbia will arouse the dynamism essential to a society that aspires to contribute to the "growth development of mankind." In this the physical design is not equal to Rouse's great vision.

Both Reston and Columbia have been hailed as models for the future, yet they may remain isolated prototypes of the New Town, conjured up by individual enterprise. In the vicinity of the metropolitan areas where New Towns are most in demand, it is becoming impossible to find large tracts at prices that would make such ventures financially attractive to private developers. In the future some degree of government participation will be necessary, since New Towns are needed as the best alternative to capricious and wasteful suburban sprawl. Recognizing this, the Kennedy administration actively promoted the New Town idea, and President Johnson recommended on March 2, 1965, a program of "federally insured private loans backed by federal mortgages . . . to finance the acquisition and development of land for entirely new communities. . . ." In the terms of this cautiously worded bill, public bodies would assemble the land and resell developed land to private builders for construction. Unfortunately, Congress rejected this program and government interest has since shifted from New Towns back to the metropolis with the "Demonstration Cities" program.

This change in government emphasis is perhaps connected with the fact that the budding of New Towns has attracted increasingly acerbic criticism from leaders of center-city renewal. Thus Edmund Bacon of Philadelphia has implied that the New Towns may sap the vitality of the central city even more than do the bedroom suburbs, since they will lure those middle-class residents who remained loyal to the core city for the sake of urban amenities which the New Towns now attempt to supply. In CRD news releases one can find support for Bacon's contentions: Baltimore research firms are moving their plants, lock, stock and taxes to Columbia, taking with them the families of engineers, scientists and researchers. George Kostritsky, whose initiative once triggered Baltimore's spectacular Charles Center renewal, is concerned that the New Towns may contribute to racial stratification and compound the troubles of the core city. Rouse's pledge that CRD will be "color blind" in selling houses and apartments at Columbia does not quiet all suspicions. The type of employment offered includes relatively few blue-collar jobs. Negro home seekers in New Towns will be middle class or at least "upwardly socially mobile," and it worries sociologists like Hans Spiegel that their departure may deprive the central ghettos of much-needed leadership. In compensation, Spiegel demands that the New Towns should include 5 per cent hard-core, multiple-problem families in the lowest income bracket. These could be assimilated by a healthy new community and their inclusion would help to redress the balance with the center. But such a move is hardly attractive to the private developer who —no matter how idealistic—seeks profit or at least tries to break even.

None of this proves that we have to choose between center renewal and the development of New Towns; both are needed and should be complementary. A truism worth repeating is the fact that within the next forty years we shall have to duplicate all the housing built since the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Cape Cod. Even with accelerated urban renewal, the center cities will not be able to accommodate this demand. Hence a comprehensive national policy for the development of New Towns is needed. In this perspective, the great initiatives of Simon and of Rouse may have a historic importance beyond the success of Reston and Columbia. By exciting popular interest and building their demonstration New Towns they have helped to make the New Town idea familiar and acceptable to many Americans. With time, this familiarity may secure for the planning of New Towns high priority on the list of national goals toward a Society that may not be Great but will be, as Rouse hopes, "better."

Agit-Prop Pop Opera

JAMES O'CONNOR

Mr. O'Connor is a member of the Economics Department of San Jose State College.

A middle-aged Negro jockeys an old Ford and flat-bed trailer into the parking space on San Francisco's Haight Street. The sad-eyed heads and acid freaks watch the maneuver from the Psychedelic Shop a few yards away. One of the actors slips a coin into the parking meter; another looks both ways—no fuzz in sight. From the inside of the car the signs are moved into the street: "Haight-Ashbury Vietnam Committee," "I'll Follow Him as a Nurse," "We'll Petition McNamara." The sidewalk fills up with the paraphernalia of agit-prop theatre—signs, comic-strip balloons, a first-aid box, tape recorder, speakers, costumes, outrageous military uniforms. Across the street in front of Be-Jay's Baby Shop two tourists stare. The tykes in the second-floor bay window looking directly down on the trailer are bug-eyed. Passers-by are suddenly stopped in their tracks by a loud, raspy tape of the Fugs singing *Kill for Peace* and Tom Lehrer doing *Send the Marines,* while the actors frug on the sidewalk and on the trailer. The overture of San Francisco's only pop opera, *Romeo and Pagliacci,* signals the start of the show's fiftieth performance.

"The Haight-Ashbury Vietnam Committee is one of the most active neighborhood peace groups in the Bay area." Nina Serrano Landau directs the show and trains the agit-prop theatre's cast, which includes political activists (not actors) and two of her own children. She has produced, directed and acted in shows around the Bay area for half a dozen years. She is an innovator. "But the war has dragged on and the committee wanted to get their message across to a wider audience. They wanted their message dramatized. In conventional theatre, the players are in motion and the audience is at rest. The opera reverses this relationship. We have to perform on a trailer or truck. Our audience is in motion and we have to stop them.

We have to arrest their attention in the time it takes to stroll past the trailer. And we have to keep it for the time it takes the police to land on our heads." [Space is extremely limited and so is time, and to block the show things have to be kept very simple and direct.]

Now the opera is going full blast. The characters are identified by signs and it is impossible to lose the thread of the plot. Mom is sad because Romeo the Boy has been drafted. L. B. McNamara resists a plea for his deferment. Pagliacci the Girl decides to become an army nurse and join her lover, Romeo, in Vietnam. Both are killed in battle. The libretto is punchy and stylized. The score of familiar old tunes disarms the audience and puts it in a receptive mood.

The familiar melodies and sentimental plot constitute the solutions to the troupe's fundamental artistic problem. The pedestrian is at first embarrassed, stops. An anti-war street opera is not quite proper; yet he has been sought out by aggressive young people in costume and told to look and listen. The mood is not hostile or threatening; the pedestrian must be disarmed, won over. The melody of *Oklahoma* (with the words, "Stop the War Machine"), the strong rhythms, the bad jokes, the silly but almost believable tragedy of Romeo and Pagliacci are the tools of the agit-prop opera: today's pop culture dramatized for a simple message —*Stop the War.*

"God knows what our immediate inspiration is. Medieval theatre for one thing." Miss Landau mentioned particularly the Wisconsin Idea Theatre. The theatre conducted classes in which country people wrote plays about their immediate problems. But there was no theory of people's culture, and the idea died when the slogans were exposed as empty— "Make the boundaries of the university the boundaries of the state," "Recreation is the time to recreate our historic past." This was the Socialist pageant theatre of another age. "The psycho-drama and socio-drama movements of a dozen years ago, too. And the early improvisational techniques employed by SNCC and CORE to prepare nonviolent resisters." How much of the agit-prop opera is mere self-gratification? "I don't know."

During this performance on Haight Street teenie-boppers, heads and blonde demigoddesses carting around heavy knapsacks made an apathetic audience. At first the troupe did not establish contact with the audience. Then a few tourists, a gang of kids, some straight couples drifted up to the trailer. The police were nowhere to be seen and the risk of a ticket for carrying people in a trailer was slight. A second performance was decided by an impromptu conference among the actors. The show started to roll again, and the troupe was more spirited, movements were made with a great deal more assurance. There was no stagy acting or mime as such; the cast mouthed pre-recorded lyrics played over two speakers, jumped around, struck poses, crumpled to the trailer bed during the death scene. It was immediate, expressive, unself-conscious; the cast obviously wanted to share its pleasure. If the material were more complicated, the show would have been embarrassing. But the cast was the material; all else—songs and lyrics—were props. Suddenly the simple truth of this pop opera is apparent; the medium itself contains the real message. The joy itself of sharing a sense of optimism and good humor opposes the war. The climactic chant at the end of the performance—"stop the war machine, stop the war machine, stop the war machine" —is a ritualized expression devoid of ideological content. The troupe is not making a moral statement but rather living a public experience and inviting the onlooker to join.

"In Berkeley a lawyer danced through the streets. In Golden Gate Park the audience joined hands and danced with us. At Hunters Point (a Negro ghetto) the local residents saved us from possible trouble at the hands of an amateur-intellectual black nationalist theatre gang. Kids want to get into the opera. The only thing we really want to do is to get people together, transform them into a cohesive group as an audience for a brief moment, and make them reflect a little. The war is ridiculous, isn't it?"

The street lights came on and the cast began to pack up their equipment. They would park somewhere else and perform again. A few people had been themselves, briefly, and art had been a weapon. The war machine will continue to roll on, and some of the anti-war crowd will insist that only conventional political activity can be effective. Watching her 8-year-old daughter pass out the last of the anti-war leaflets the troupe always distributes after the show, Nina Landau agrees that message theatre has very sharp limitations as a political instrument. The opera itself is anti-war but contains no clear ideological message. The listener is reminded again that the play cannot be very complex, that the musical-pop opera form was chosen because it is adaptable to strong, simple statements. During a performance in Los Angeles at the New Politics conference, many New Left politicos in the crowd did not turn a head. They were too intent on pursuing their ideological disputes over whether to support Brown or no one. The ideological left-wing press has all but ignored the opera. But the underground press—the *Los Angeles Free Press* and *Berkeley Barb* —embraces and supports the troupe.

"But isn't that because you do not offer anything to oppose the war except yourselves?" This is a recognized problem. The second opera, *Li'l Red, White and Blue*, will appear on the streets and in the parks shortly. It is bitter, more concrete, more realistic, more serious. The troupe is becoming dissatisfied with *Romeo and Pagliacci*. They have performed it too many times and it has served its purpose. In the future there will be less self-gratification, more art and more politics. Nevertheless, it is certain that the medium itself will continue to be the real message. Imitations are springing up on the West Coast; political groups are asking for help to dramatize their cause. Suddenly there is a sense of responsibility.

Just before the troupe packs in and drives off in the car, Nina Landau's daughter is asked by the listener: "Why don't more people stop for the leaflet?"

"Just stupid," she answers.

THEATRE / Robert Pasolli

Mr. Pasolli became a free-lance writer in the theatre after working on Broadway, at Lincoln Center and, on a Ford Foundation grant, at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis.

Off-off-Broadway, the theatrical delights of satire, playfulness and scatology seem lately to have all but eclipsed the frankly serious poetic or metaphysical play. To an extent, this is simply a matter of operating from strength; those lighter genres are easier to do well with the limited means of coffeehouses, churches and lofts. Furthermore, such productions are more amenable to the fuller theatricalism characteristic of Off-off-Broadway (compared to, say, Off-Broadway) and hence more challenging to the visionaries who are its best practitioners. I don't for a moment regret the emphasis on play and sport on the stage, but I want to applaud the dark poeticism of two good new plays I saw recently—precisely because they are successful examples of a genre to which Off-off-Broadway and its supporters are increasingly inhospitable.

Theatre Genesis, at St. ~~Marks in~~ the Bouwerie, has just done *The Key* by a playwright named Kit Jones. For a one-act monologue, the play is uncommonly full-bodied, escaping through vivid theatrical imagery and a reverberant theme the paucity of spirit that is the special curse of monologue. Not that *The Key* will rival Beckett's monologues; it lacks the demonic insight of *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Happy Days*, as well as their implacable, imperious rigor. But Kit Jones's play artfully and in short order presents us with a dense, engrossing drama—one that has the authority of fullness of life.

The semi-surrealist action of *The Key* is set in a naturalistic framework, which serves to lead us into and out of the hero's private experience. Arriving at his apartment door, William Smith gropes for his key and experiences a moment of panic before he finds it. The emotion triggers his account of the adventure from which he has just returned home; he tells it as much for himself as for us. We learn that he has been a conscientious librarian for fifteen years; that he leads a tight and tidy life; that he doesn't earn much money. We sense that he is a man whose taut psyche is about to snap; indeed, we come to the realization that his adventure is the breaking of the first cord.

Smith has spent the day in frenzied pursuit of a stranger who had snatched his apartment key as he left for work that morning. The chase led him throughout the city—up through tenements, down into the subway, into the library where he works, up through the stacks and down to the basement. The events and encounters of the chase are acted out and occasionally emphasized by a recorded voice-over account, suggesting interior monologue, which reinforces the sense of Smith's groping within the bizarre adventure.

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Just how bizarre it really is comes through gradually: Smith is chasing a phantom. He has imagined the theft, mentally embodied the thief and then given actual chase. His phantom eludes him, however, at the moment of confrontation. Smith imagines the thief to have brushed past him, slipping the key into his pocket as he goes. In possession again, Smith can return home.

The flash-back account finished, Smith returns to the landing outside his apartment door to round out the play. From his fumbling for the meaning of his experience and from his carelessness with his hat, which falls down the stairwell as the play ends, I took it that his psychic distintegration had just begun.

The Key is an existential account of a man's descent into hell, with suggestions that it is only the first trip. The playwright makes it clear that Smith has been denied the achievements of life's possibilities: meaningful relationships, money and personal sway, professional position. In Smith's imagination he is now deprived of the one thing he did have—entry to his own private world, his home, his lair. With the loss of identity, which is the loss of self, Smith's disintegration is about to become total.

Jones rigidly delimits his depiction of Smith's experience to the manner in which Smith sees it. As fiction *The Key* shares the method of Sartre's *Nausea* and Camus' *The Stranger*, two reigning documents of existential malaise; to some extent it parallels their achievement in that it makes the particular so vivid that one hears reverberations to the general.

The Key is an imaginative, carefully structured, vividly imagistic play. Its occasional dramatic arbitrariness and its straining of theatrical means in rendering surrealistic adventure seem to me minor limitations. (As directed by the author and performed by Dennis Helfend, the production at Genesis was a creditable job.) I don't know who Kit Jones is, but neither did I know who the now vigorous playwrights Sam Shepard and Leonard Melfi were before Genesis began to produce and encourage their work. Genesis, it is to be remembered, means birth.

Another adventure play was recently presented at the Judson Poet's Theatre. Maryat Lee's *The Tightrope Walker* is more diffuse than *The Key*, but also more ambitious. Despite a degree of indefiniteness, it is a work of strange beauties. The tightrope walker is the artist, his roots in heaven, who pays with human isolation for his exhilarating gifts. To care for earthly contacts is to deny his art—"the wings turn into ornaments and eventually drop off," a master tells his apprentice, warning him not to get involved on earth. The play's action recounts the perilous adventure by which a young artist comes to recognize the truth of this advice.

Yoloy, the apprentice walker, yields to the tug to earth that plagues him on the tightrope. He locates the source of the pull—a former high-wire artist named Dell who fell to earth through human involvement—and attempts to take her back aloft. For a time he deals with the situation on earthly terms, fighting rationally and physically against Dell's ties to another earthling. Failing, he withdraws to return without her and this turns the trick. As in the Orpheus and Euridice legend, which the play parallels except for Orpheus' weakness at the last moment, Yoloy's strong example inspires Dell to follow him. Thus his artistic dedication redeems both of them.

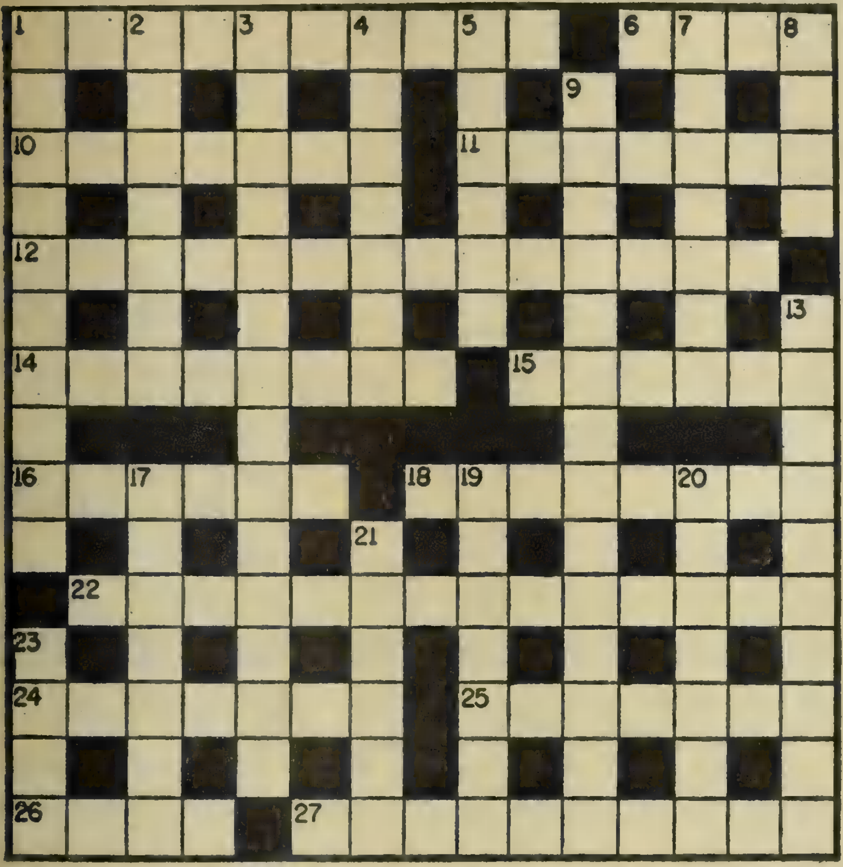
As impressive as is the play's elaborate metaphorical conception, its special beauty is in the high-flown poetry of the language. Miss Lee has written in rhythmic cadences, liberally dosed with images related to flight and freedom. The particularly apposite image of the rope, representative both of the walker's art and the earthling's imprisonment, is ubiquitous.

The Judson production, directed by Foulkes Taylor, was something short of satisfactory; most regrettably it lacked forward drive. But performances by Richard Mason as Yoloy, Lee Worley as Dell and Robert Bonnard as the master walker were good, and Marvin Peisner's portrayal of Dell's earthly nemesis was superb.

The Tightrope Walker represents a successful renewal of the Judson's reputed hospitality to serious, high-flying theatre pieces during the early '60s, when the Poet's Theatre came into being. In recent years this most prominent of Off-off-Broadway groups has become known for a brand of impish, irreverent playfulness that has made it many friends (including me), but which is only one side of the new-theatre coin. Ironically, a production of the familiar sort, offered on the same bill with *The Tightrope Walker* was a wearisome failure despite the standard ingredients of music by Al Carmines, direction by Larry Kornfeld and performances by several Judson regulars. The doctored-up version of *The Love Cure*, linking Kornfeld's comments on American *moeurs* with Molière's satire on medicine, was a piece of hokum with almost no moments of delight and certainly without self-justifying relevance.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1161

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 As the soldiers left, the French market has to remove something. (7, 3)
6 Young state? (4)
10 How the beer may have been carried by the dog? (7)
11 One might hope it to be a flower with directions for insuring silent spring. (3, 4)
12 Establishment, if you want the truth! (14)
14 Sent up by enough 16? (8)
15 Bum steer a prankster might give? (6)
16 Lunge affected by most of the oxidation—or even oxygen, nowadays. (6)
18 Piccadilly and Oxford? They might put on quite a show there! (8)
22 What might happen when you shoot at the floor? (Notice their holdings!) (8, 6)
24 Nautical command, but the man seems to get a "Nyet!" (5, 2)
25 It might be tacked on a splintered tree, tho! (7)
26 See 7 down
27 Little George stops to see some mathematicians of the country. (10)

DOWN:

1 One might judge that mother gets a general idea of the price! (10)
2 Not really the shape of the star in "Twinkle, Twinkle"! (7)
3 See 7 down
4 True and false—for a comedian! (7)
5 Excessively ornate state, should you read an article on it! (6)
7, 8, 26, 23 and 3 Implying shop-lifters get a little assistance from higher authority. (3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 10)
8 See 7 down
9 If you're planning to change any of your habits, you might look into these. (7, 7)
13 Their output might be suspended in 9. (5, 5)
17 Proving there's a bit of a boy in any old rake, whether it comes to music or food! (7)
19 Match set, perhaps, when one did. (7)
20 The ways of the city? (7)
21 Goes to a certain amount of trouble to provide low-type foil. (6)
23 See 7 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1180

ACROSS: 1 Astonished; 6 Apse; 10 Caravel; 11 and 29 Warming oven; 12 Harridan; 13 Douai; 15 Pedal; 17 Osteopath; 19 Spinnaker; 21 Knife; 23 Adept; 24 In a pinch; 27 Evinced; 28 Oversee; 30 Waitresses. DOWN: 1 and 26 Archness; 2 and 18 Turn and turn about; 3 Never; 4 Salad fork; 5 Edwin; 7 Primula; 8 Englishmen; 9 Braddock; 14 and 24 A Passage to India; 16 Lunatics; 20 Itemize; 22 Incises; 25 Irene.

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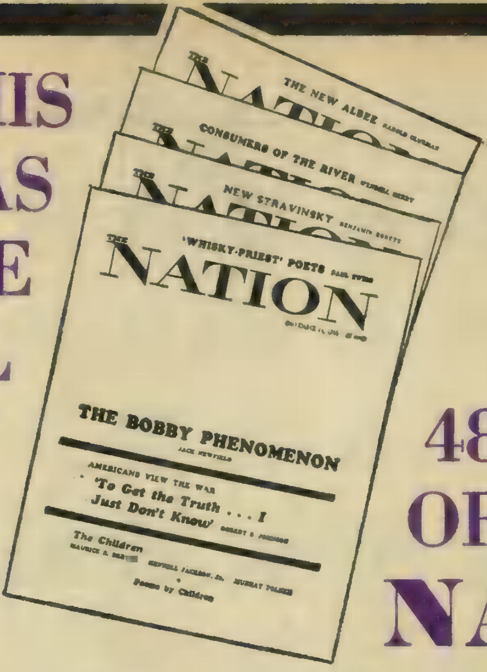

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